The American Hymnal

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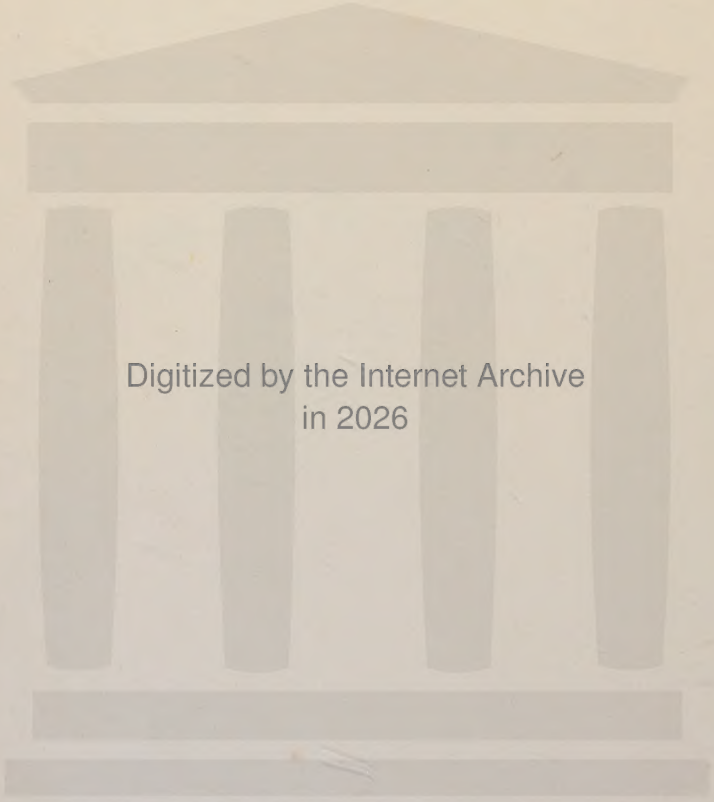
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The American Hymnal

EDITED BY

W. J. DAWSON, D.D.

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The Century Co.

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THE CENTURY CO.

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Editor's Note.

IN the preparation of *The American Hymnal*, the editor has been guided by the following general principles:

FIRST, that the Hymnal should be sufficiently catholic and complete to appeal to all bodies of Christians irrespective of sect or denomination; and that it should be sufficiently varied in its contents to meet all the normal needs of the Christian worshipper.

SECOND, that it should include as many as possible of the older hymns of the Church, which are sacred by tradition, memory, and association.

THIRD, that it should also include a large body of new hymns, which adequately express the eternal spirit of devotion, in forms which correspond with the active spiritual ideals of our own time.

The editor believes that the time has come for a Hymnal which attempts to realize these ideals. The true unity of the Churches is better expressed in hymnology than in theologic statements, because hymns are the expression of spiritual desires and aims held in common by all devout souls. But every age is apt to lay emphasis on certain aspects of religion which exhibit a superior vitality in the common thinking of the time, and every age is constrained to seek a new vocabulary for its emotions. While, therefore, no Christian congregation can afford, or would desire to be indifferent to the great catholic hymns of the centuries, it will nevertheless be increasingly desirous, in the degree of its own sincerity, to express the eternal spiritual life of man in language which is consonant with prevalent ideals. It has been the aim of the editor to gather together in one hymnal both those hymns of an earlier generation which are yet vital in their appeal and classic in their associations, and those more recent hymns which are the faithful utterance of our own conceptions of truth; and it may be added that in the writings of many modern poets there is a great mine of wealth, of which the churches have hitherto made but scanty and partial use.

Editor's Note

A large number of seasonal and festival hymns have been included; together with the best hymns that express the religion of childhood and youth.

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to many friendly critics who have given the editor the benefit of their experience and knowledge; and also to those who have cheerfully placed copyright matter and music at his disposal.

Valuable editorial assistance has been contributed by the Rev. Milton S. Littlefield.

The setting of the hymns has been entrusted to Mr. George Whelpton, of The Century Co., musical editor of *Hymns of Worship and Service.*

W. J. Dawson.

New York, 1913.

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Liturgical Forms and Prayers

Selected and Arranged by

W. J. Dawson, D. D.

Beatitudes

The Minister Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

The Congregation *Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.*

But his delight is in the law of the Lord;
And in His law doth he meditate day and night.

Blessed are the poor in spirit;
For theirs is the kindgom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn.
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek;
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness;
For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful;
For they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart;
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers;
For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness, sake;
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.
Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven.

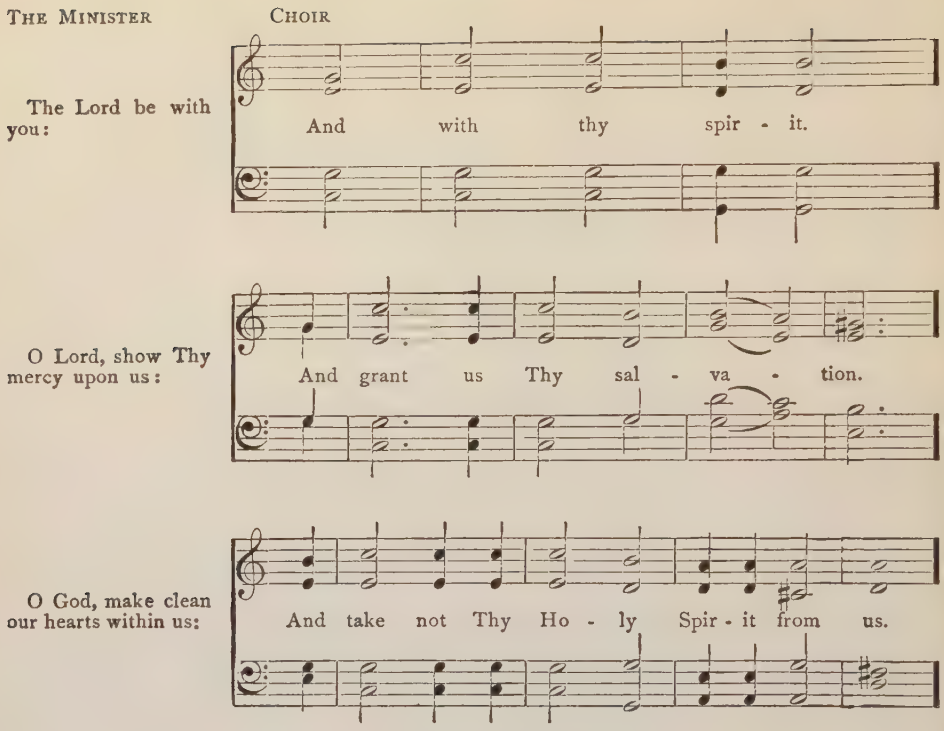
Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect.
Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the holy city.

The Apostles' Creed

I BELIEVE in GOD THE FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth: And in JESUS CHRIST His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.


THE MINISTER
CHOIR
The Lord be with you:
And with thy spir - it.
O Lord, show Thy mercy upon us:
And grant us Thy sal - va - tion.
O God, make clean our hearts within us:
And take not Thy Ho - ly Spir - it from us.

The Lord's Prayer

OUR Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

✠

ALMIGHTY God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of Thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love Thee, and worthily magnify Thy Holy Name; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

A General Confession

(To be said by the Minister and Congregation)

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father: We have erred, and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We

have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare Thou those, O God, who confess their faults. Restore Thou those who are penitent; according to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake; that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name. Amen.

A General Thanksgiving

(To be said by the Minister and Congregation)

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we, Thine unworthy servants, do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving kindness to us, and to all men; we bless Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And we beseech Thee, give us that due sense of all Thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful; and that we show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to Thy service, and by walking before Thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

A Prayer for All Conditions of Men.

O GOD, the Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we humbly beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men; that Thou wouldest be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them, Thy saving health unto all nations. More especially we pray for Thy holy Church universal; that it may be so guided and governed by Thy good Spirit, that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. Finally, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities; giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

A Prayer For the Unity of God's People

O GOD, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace; Give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away whatsoever may hinder us from union and concord: that as there is but one Body and one Spirit, and one hope of our calling, one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all, so we may be all of one heart and of one soul, united in one holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity, and may with one mind and one mouth glorify Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Prayer For Missions

O GOD, who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the whole earth, and didst send Thy blessed Son to preach peace to them that are far off and to them that are nigh; Grant that all men everywhere may seek after Thee and find Thee. Bring the nations into Thy fold, and add the heathen to Thine inheritance. And we pray Thee shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom; through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Prayers on Social Subjects

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech Thee to assist us by Thy heavenly grace, that we may follow the example of our Saviour Jesus Christ, in pitifulness of heart towards all those who are forlorn and distressed, in the desire to raise the fallen and protect the weak, in willingness to spend and be spent in the service of others; that all our hopes and desires being truly fixed on righteousness and justice, we may without weariness or wavering fight the good fight, and in the end, having finished our course in faith and patience, may have an abundant entrance ministered unto us into Thine eternal kingdom: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

ALMIGHTY God, we beseech Thee to prosper the godly endeavors of all such as desire Thy kingdom and toil for the general peace and happiness of mankind; granting them wisdom and discretion in all their undertakings, patience under their difficulties, triumph over their enemies, and a happy issue out of all their struggles, to the end that Thy kingdom may come and Thy Name be glorified; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

O CREATOR and Preserver of mankind, whose will is that not one of Thy children should perish, but that all should have eternal life; we beseech Thee for increase of the heavenly gift of charity, that we may account nothing common or unclean which Thou hast made, nor despise those who through ignorance and temptation have wandered into sin, nor hate those who, following the evil of their own hearts, have wrought wickedness in the earth; but help us rather to imitate the example of Thy Son and our Saviour, in patience toward the infirmities of mankind, and hope for the redemption of those who are furthest off from Thee; seeking ever to overcome hatred with love and evil with good, that others may see our good works, and glorify with us our Father in heaven; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

ALMIGHTY God, our Father in heaven, who didst manifest Thy glory in the great humility and poverty of Thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord; we beseech Thee that Thy grace may visit all who endure hardship and narrowness

Enable us, we beseech Thee, that so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with Him continually dwell, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.

Whit-Sunday

O GOD, who at this time didst send to Thy faithful people the Holy Spirit, to illumine them with the knowledge of Thy truth, to comfort them in their distresses, and to reveal to them the world to come; Grant us, by the same Spirit, to have a right judgment in all things, and evermore to rejoice in His holy comfort, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, who liveth and reigneth with Thee, in the unity of the same Spirit, One God, world without end. Amen.

All Saints' Day

ALMIGHTY God, who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and hast prepared for all those who truly serve and follow Him such joys hereafter as ear hath not heard, nor eyes seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to comprehend: Grant us grace so to follow Thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come at the last to those unspeakable joys which Thou hast promised to all who unfeignedly love Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Thanksgiving Day

ALMIGHTY God, Creator and Preserver of all Mankind, Father of all mercies, in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life: we Thine unworthy children do give Thee humble and hearty thanks for all Thy mercies vouchsafed to us through another year. We bless Thee for the good gifts of life, health, and happiness; for the inestimable benefits of national prosperity and peace; for the gift of Thy Holy Spirit, directing Thy servants into the knowledge of Thy truth and the desire to do such things as are pleasing in Thy sight; but especially at this time we thank Thee for the gracious ingathering of the fruits of the earth, and Thy promise that the seasons fail not. Grant us, we beseech Thee, grateful hearts for these Thy mercies, delivering us from all pride, vainglory, and hardness of heart, that we may administer Thy bounties in charity and justice, so that all things being ordered upon the best and surest foundation, peace and happiness, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations. To this end we beseech Thee to endue Thy people with righteousness, and to grant to the President of these United States, and all who are set in authority over us, the spirit of wisdom and a sound judgment, that they may always incline to Thy will, and walk in Thy way. Finally, we beseech Thee, to pardon all our manifold offences. Grant us to learn both by Thy punishments to amend our lives, and for Thy clemency to give Thee praise and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Prayer for National Blessings

MOST Gracious God, who dost from Thy throne behold all the dwellers upon earth, we heartily beseech Thee for Thy servant, the President of these United States, that he may always incline to Thy will and walk in Thy way; and that Thou wilt likewise bless all who are set in authority over us, that their consultations may be directed to the advancement of Thy glory, the good of Thy Church, the safety, honor, and welfare of the Nation; that all things may be so ordered and settled by their endeavors, upon the best and surest foundations, that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations. These, and all other necessaries, for them, for us, and for Thy whole Church, we humbly beg in the Name and Mediation of Jesus Christ, our most blessed Lord and Saviour. Amen.

Dedication of the Alms of the People

(*To be said by the Minister*)

FATHER in heaven, may these offerings bear fruit unto the glory of Thy Holy Name. Only of Thine own have we given Thee, for all that we have cometh of Thine hand and is Thine. Keep this, we humbly beseech Thee, forever in the thoughts of our heart, that as stewards who shall be found faithful we may be able to render unto Thee with joy a full account of our stewardship. Amen.

or this

FATHER in heaven, we thank Thee for the assurance that Thou wilt accept the offering of every man who giveth it willingly with his heart, and we humbly beseech Thee to make these offerings bear fruit unto the glory of Thy Holy Name. Amen.

✠

O LORD, we beseech Thee mercifully to receive the prayers of Thy people who call on Thee; and grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

O GOD, who knowest us to be set in the midst of so many and great dangers, that by reason of the frailty of our nature we cannot always stand upright, Grant to us such strength and protection as may support us in all dangers, and carry us through all temptations; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

ALMIGHTY and Everlasting God, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve; Pour down upon us the abundance of Thy mercy; forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

ALMIGHTY God, who seest that we have no power of ourselves, keep us both outwardly in our bodies, and inwardly in our souls, that we may be defended from all adversities which may happen to the body, and from all evil thoughts which may assault and hurt the soul; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

O GOD, the Father of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, whose goodness is inexhaustible, God and Ruler of all things, who art blessed forever; before whom stand thousands and thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, the hosts of holy angels and archangels; sanctify, O Lord, our souls and bodies and spirits, search our consciences, and cast out of us every evil thought, every base desire, all envy and pride, all wrath and anger, and all that is contrary to Thy holy will. And grant us, O Lord, Lover of Men, with a pure heart and contrite soul, to call upon Thee, our holy God and Father who art in heaven. Amen.

✠

ALMIGHTY God, who alone canst order the unruly wills and affections of sinful man: Grant unto Thy people that they may love the thing that Thou commandest, and desire that which Thou dost promise; that so, among the sundry and manifold changes of the world, our hearts may surely there be fixed, where true joys are to be found; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

O GOD, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed: Give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness; through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

✠

O GOD, who hast prepared for those who love Thee such good things as pass man's understanding; pour into our hearts such love toward Thee that we, loving Thee above all things, may obtain Thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

✠

LORD of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things: Graft in our hearts the love of Thy name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with all goodness, and of Thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

LIGHTEN our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord; and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thy only Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

A Prayer of St. Chrysostom

ALMIGHTY GOD, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto Thee; and dost promise that when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name Thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. Amen.

The Benediction

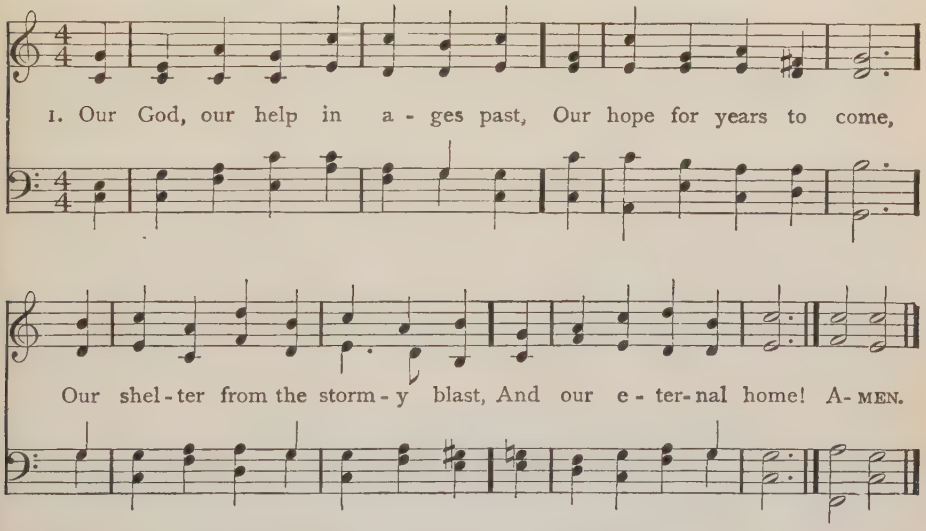
THE Peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: And the Blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. Amen.

or this

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all evermore. Amen.

The American Hymnal

1 **ST. ANNE** C. M. William Croft, 1708



2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

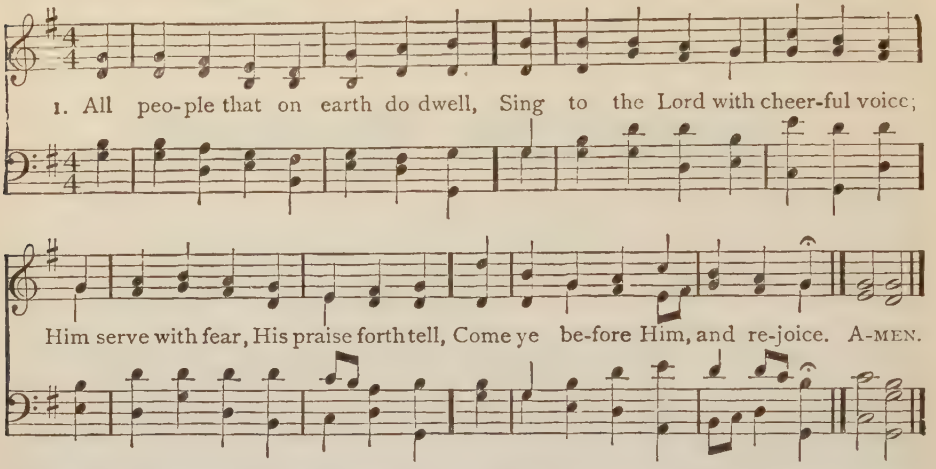
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home,

Isaac Watts, 1719

2 THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Louis Bourgeois, 1551


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice. A-MEN.

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

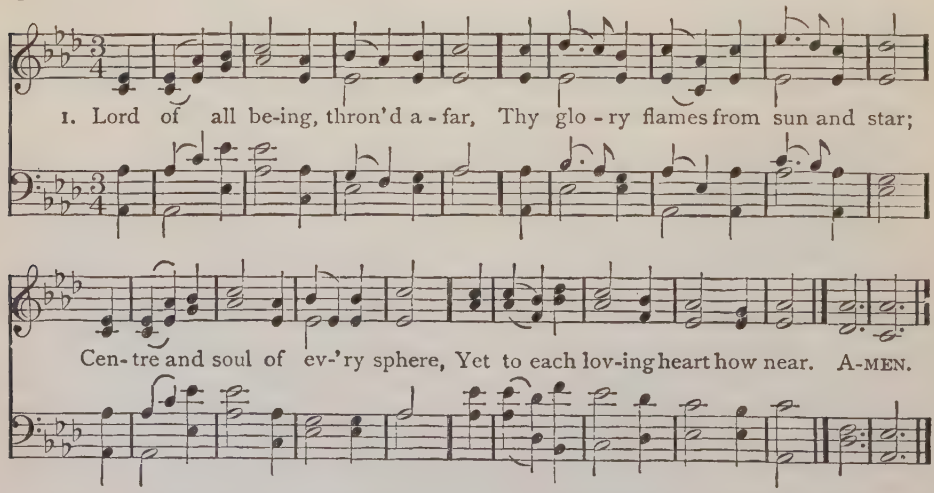
3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto.
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why, the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1561

3 LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847

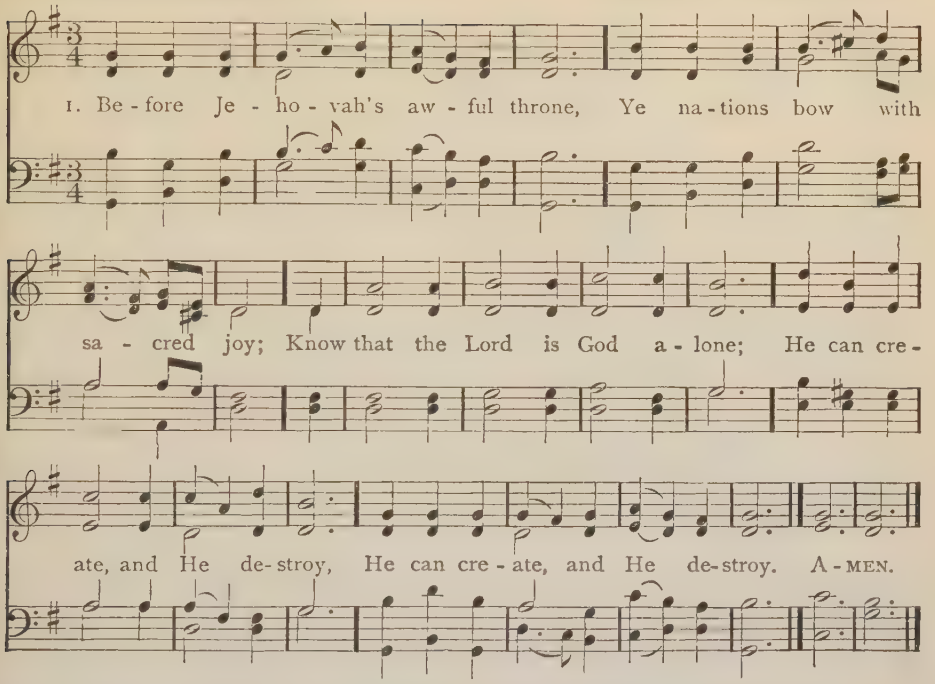

1. Lord of all be-ing, thron'd a-far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;
Cen-tre and soul of ev-'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near. A-MEN.

2 Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night,

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 PARK STREET L. M.

Frederick M. A. Venua, 1810


1. Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with
sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre -
ate, and He de - stroy, He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy. A - MEN.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719

(LOUVAN)

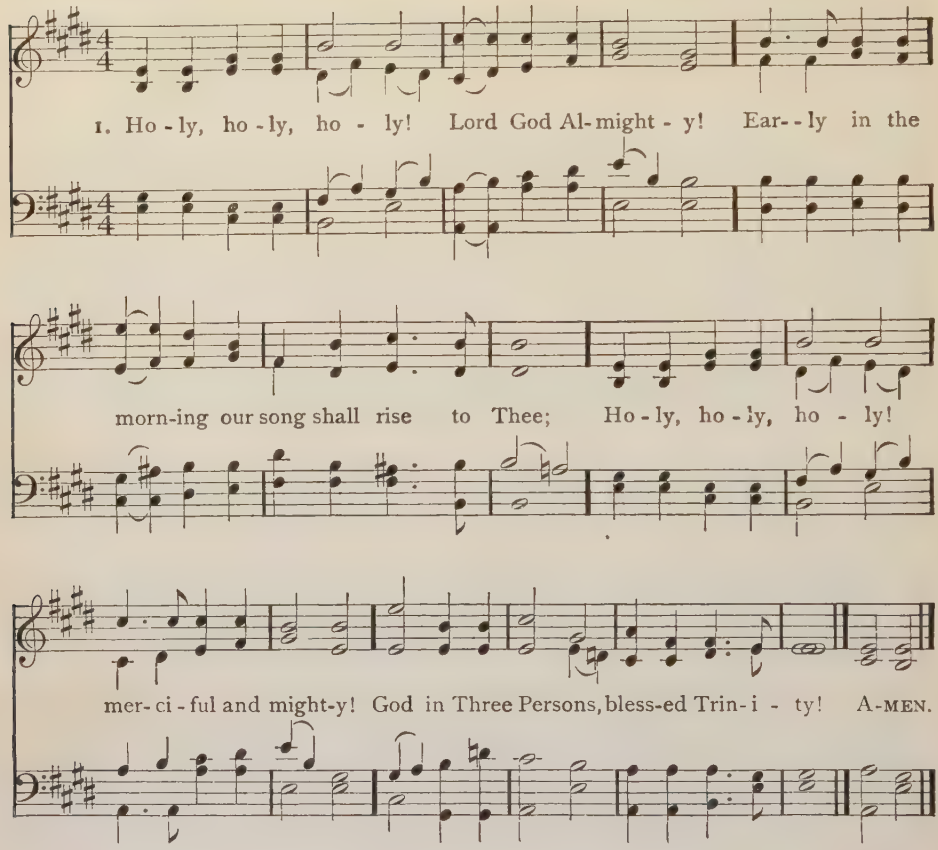
4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is [love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809

5 NICAEA 11 12 12 10

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear--ly in the
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
mer- ci - ful and might-y! God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin- i - ty! A-MEN.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

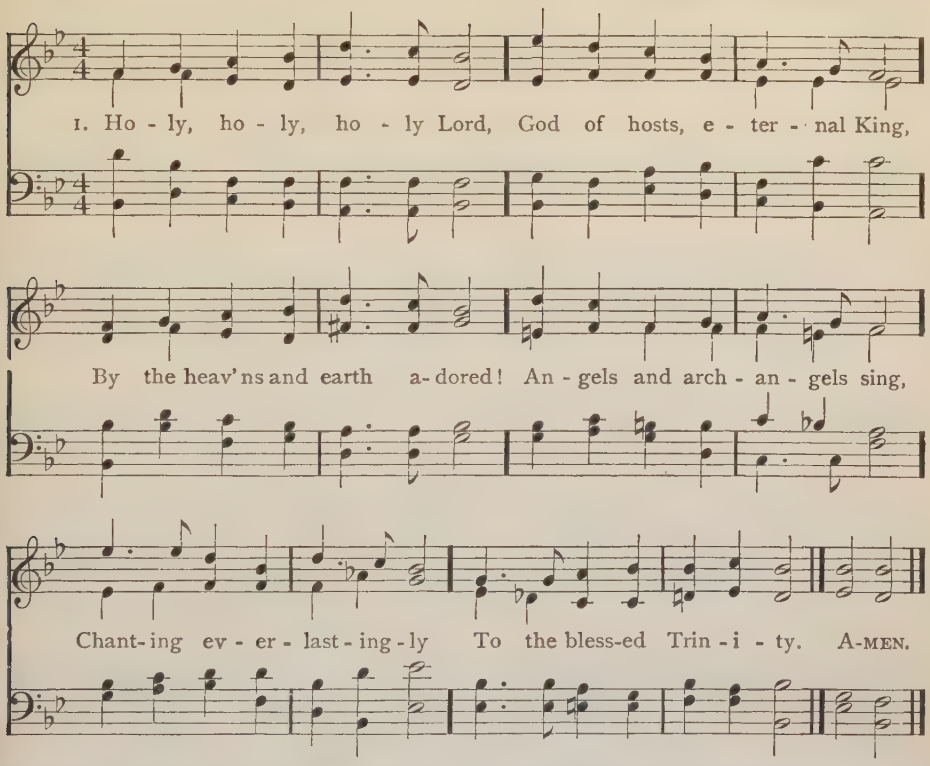
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

Reginald Heber

6 ST. ATHANASIUS 7 7 7 7 7 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872


1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,
By the heav'ns and earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,
Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A-MEN.

2 Since by Thee were all things made,
And in Thee do all things live,
Be to Thee all honor paid,
Praise to Thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before Thy throne,
Speeding thence at Thy command;
And, when Thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

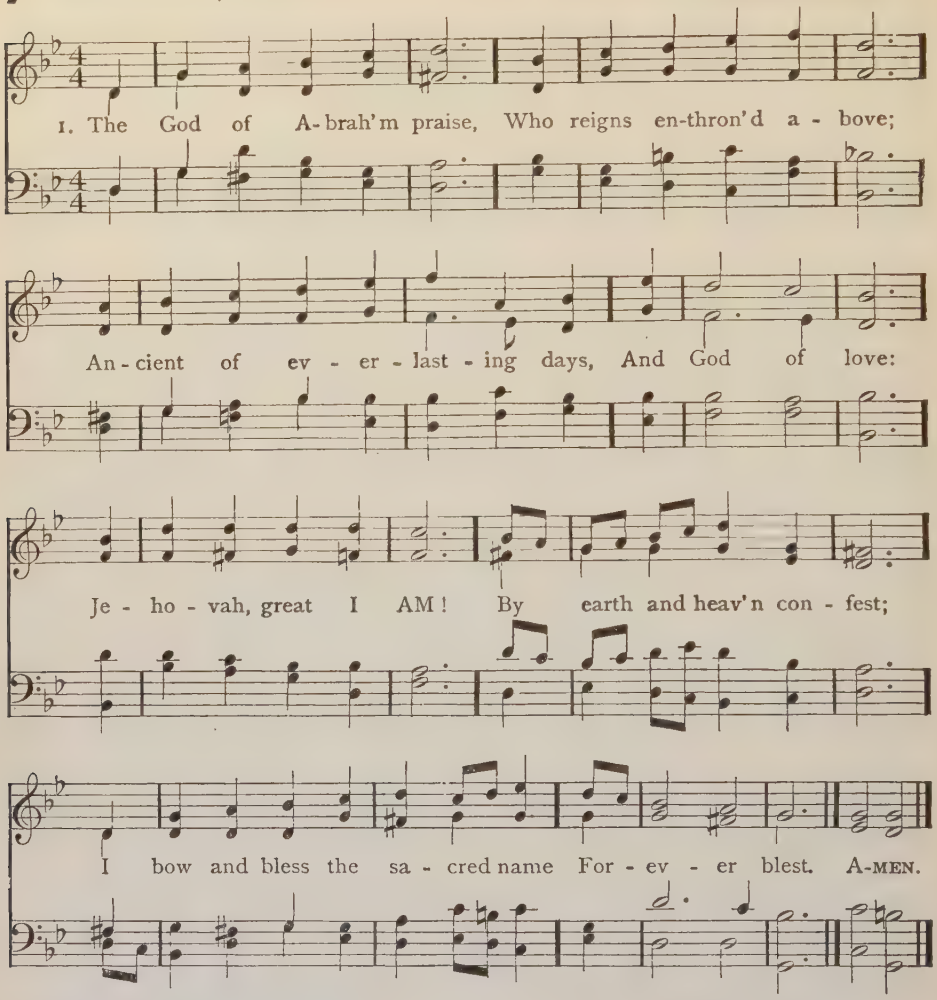
5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee.
Thee, the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three!
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

7 LEONI 6 6 8 4 6 6 8 4

Hebrew Melody


1. The God of A-brah'm praise, Who reigns en-thron'd a - bove;
An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:
Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con - fest;
I bow and bless the sa - cred name For - ev - er blest. A-MEN.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth we rise and seek the joys
At His right hand:
We all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And Him our only Portion make,
Our Shield and Tower.

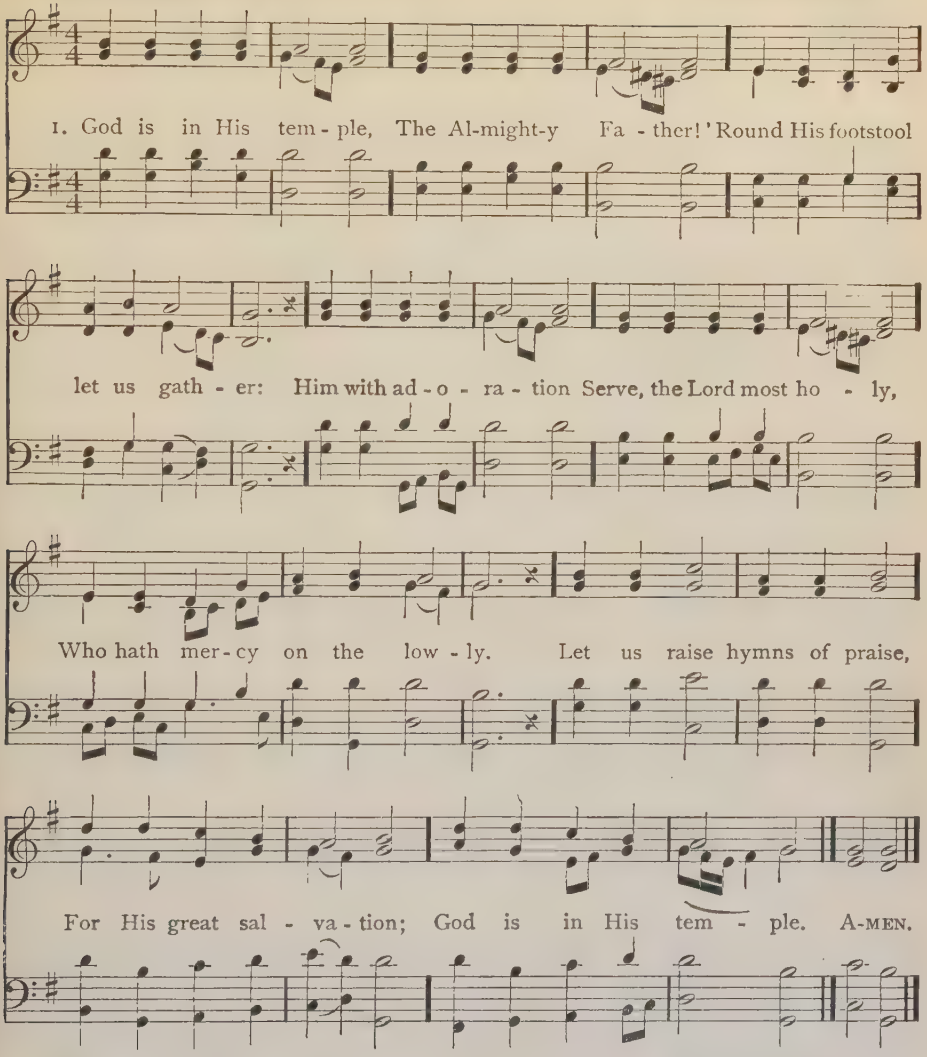
3 The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide us all our happy days,
In all our ways:
He is our faithful Friend;
He is our gracious God;
And He will save us to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn;
We on His oath depend;
We shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
We shall behold His face,
We shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.

Thomas Olivers.

8 GRÖNINGEN 6 6 8 6 6 8 3 3 6 6

Joachim Neander


1. God is in His tem - ple, The Al-might-y Fa - ther! 'Round His footstool
let us gath - er: Him with ad - o - ra - tion Serve, the Lord most ho - ly,
Who hath mer - cy on the low - ly. Let us raise hymns of praise,
For His great sal - va - tion; God is in His tem - ple. A-MEN.

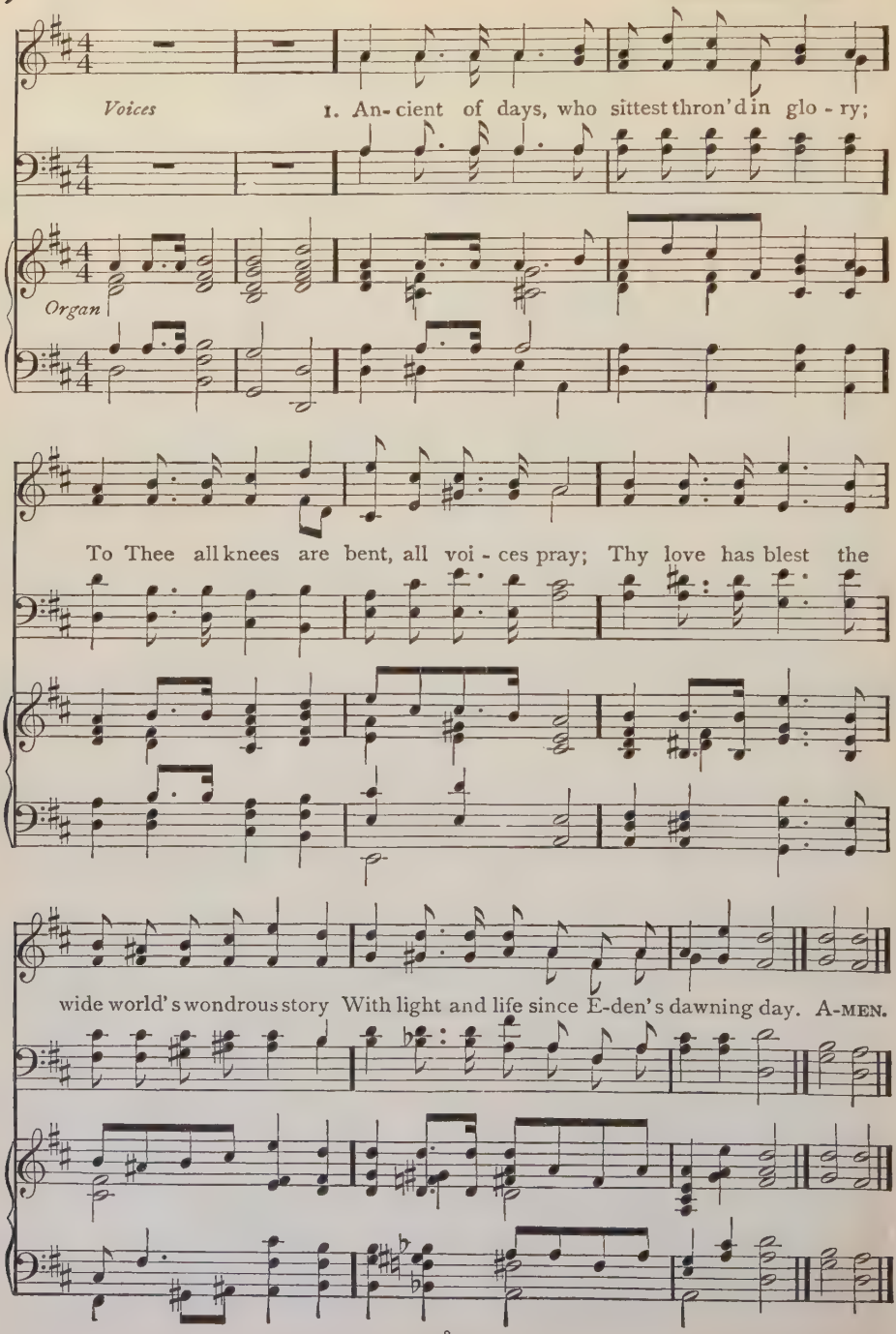
2 Christ comes to His temple;
We, His word receiving,
Are made happy in believing.
Lo! from sin delivered,
He hath turned our sadness,
Our deep gloom to light and gladness!
Let us raise
Hymns of praise,
For our bonds are severed;
Christ comes to His temple.

3 Come and claim Thy temple,
Gracious Holy Spirit!
In our hearts Thy home inherit;
Make in us Thy dwelling,
Thy high work fulfilling;
Into ours Thy will instilling.
Till we raise
Hymns of praise,
Beyond mortal telling,
In the eternal temple.

W. T. Matson

9 ANCIENT OF DAYS 11 10 11 10

J. Albert Jeffery, 1886


Voices
1. An- cient of days, who sittest thron'd in glo - ry;
Organ
To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray; Thy love has blest the
wide world's wondrous story With light and life since E-den's dawning day. A-MEN.

2 O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes bewildering;
To Thee, in reverent love, our hearts are bowed.

3 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behaviour,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

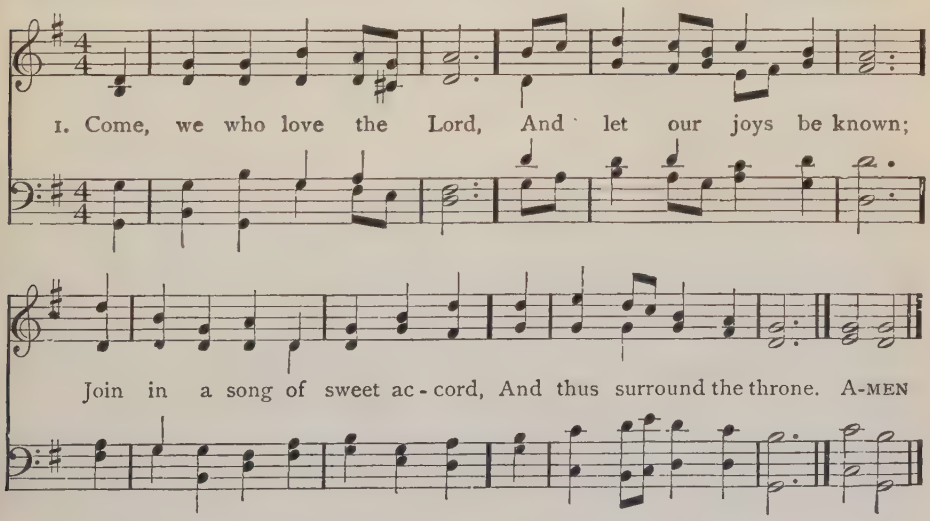
4 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

5 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us always.

William C. Doane, 1886

10 ST. THOMAS S. M.

Aaron Williams, 1762



2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

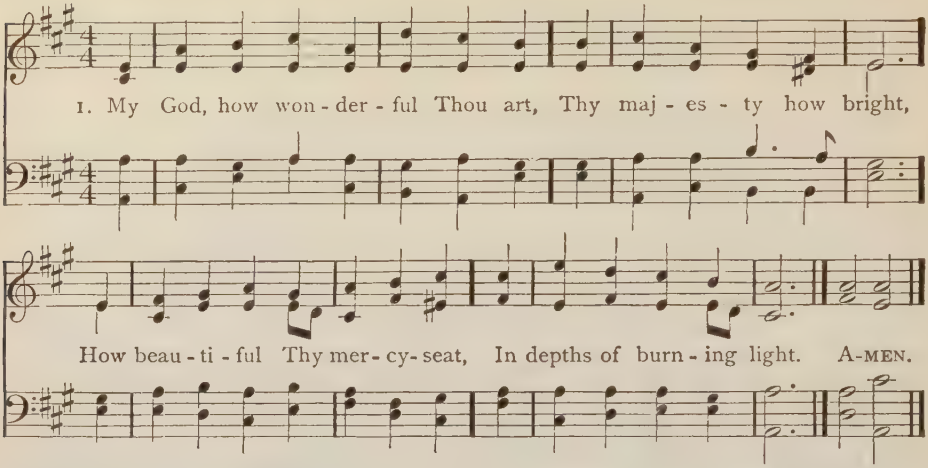
4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Emmanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1709

11 LANCASTER C. M.

Samuel Howard



2 O how I fear Thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee, with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

3 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

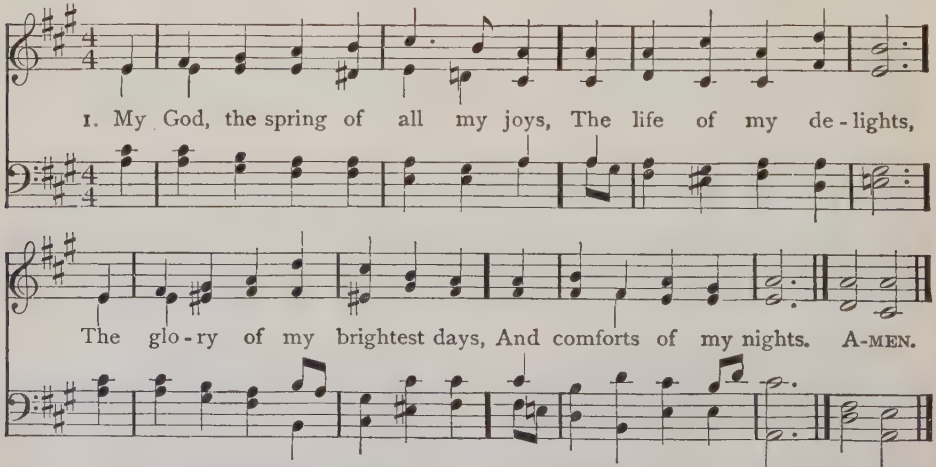
4 No earthly father loves like Thee
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done
With me Thy sinful child.

5 Father of Jesus, love's reward;
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,
And gaze, and gaze on Thee.

Frederick W. Faber

12 GOUDA C. M.

Berthold Tours



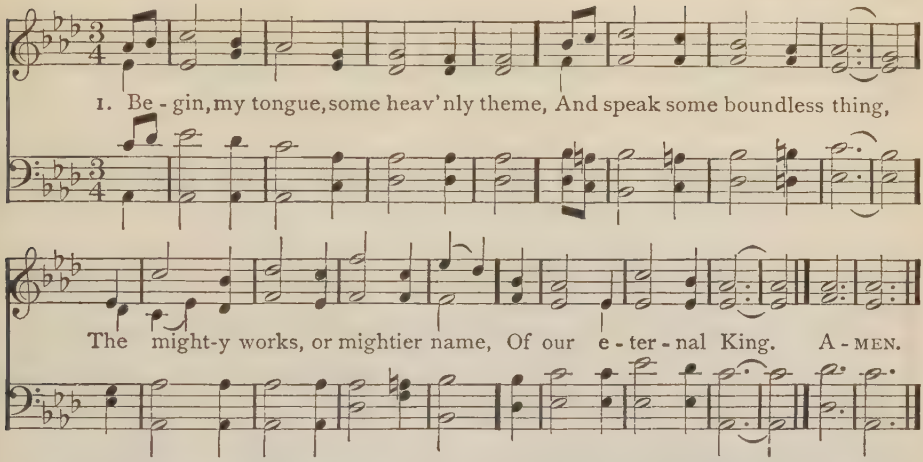
2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His mercy mine
And whispers, I am His.

Isaac Watts

13 MANOAH C. M.

Franz Joseph Haydn


1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing,
The might-y works, or mightier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A - MEN.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
The love and truth of God.

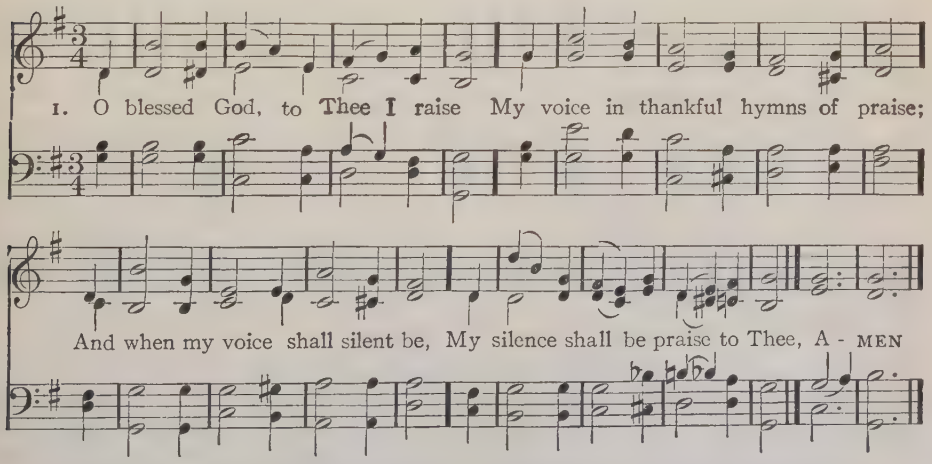
3 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

4 O might I hear Thy heavenly tongue
But whisper "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts, 1707

14 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate


1. O blessed God, to Thee I raise My voice in thankful hymns of praise;
And when my voice shall silent be, My silence shall be praise to Thee, A - MEN

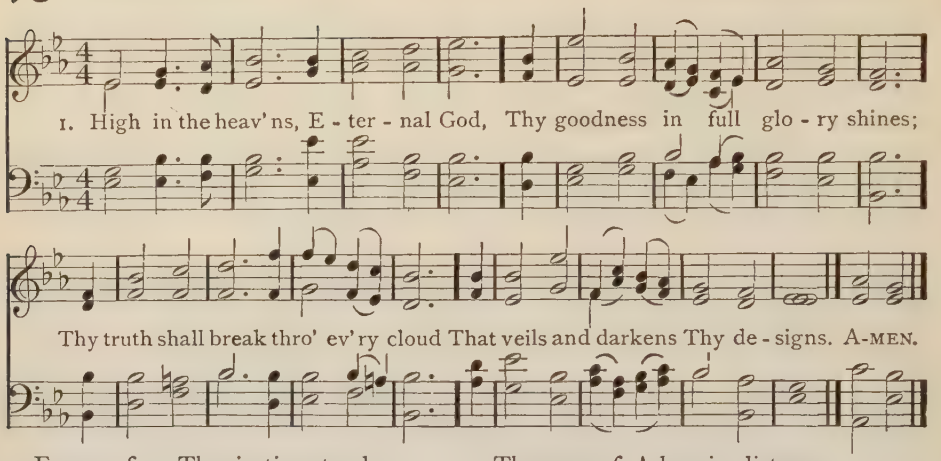
2 For voice and silence both impart
The filial homage of my heart,
And both alike are understood
By Thee, Thou Parent of all good;

3 Whose grace is all unsearchable,
Whose care for me no tongue can tell,
Who lov'st my loudest praise to hear
And lov'st to bless my voiceless prayer.

Anon.

15 TRURO L. M.

Charles Burney, 1789


1. High in the heav'ns, E - ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and darkens Thy de - signs. A-MEN.

2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

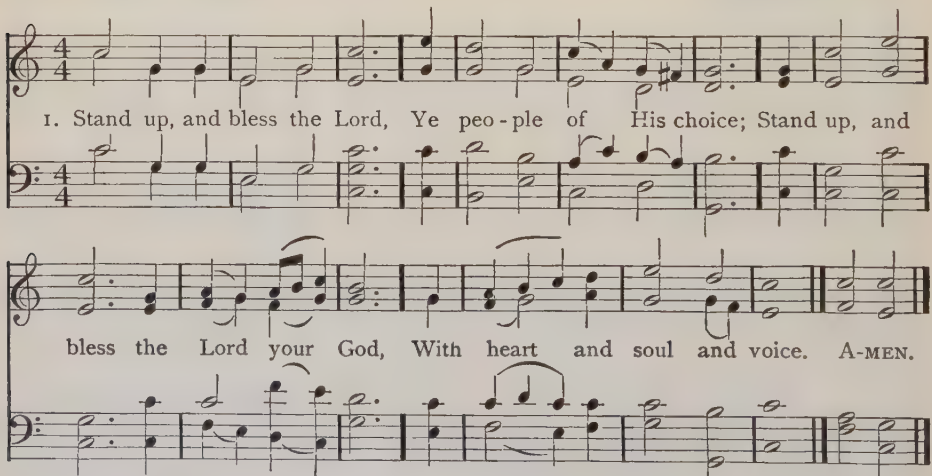
3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.

4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

Isaac Watts

16 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



2 O for the living flame
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought.

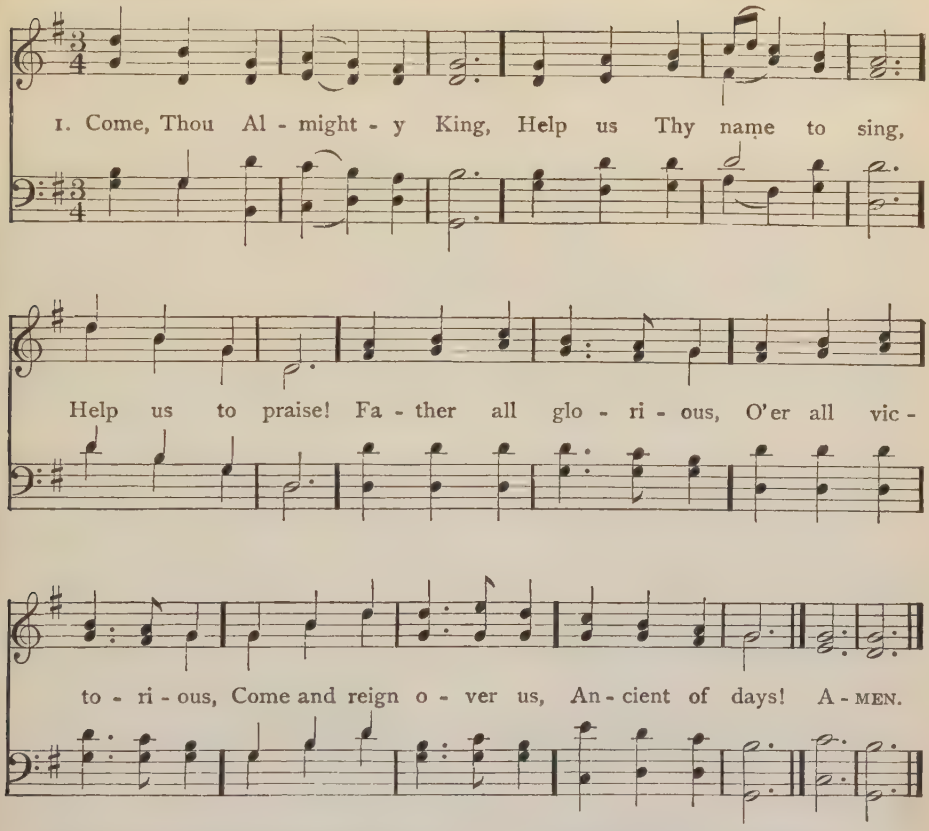
3 God is our strength and song
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

4 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1824

17 ITALIAN HYMN 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Felice de Giardini


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise! Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days! A - MEN.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

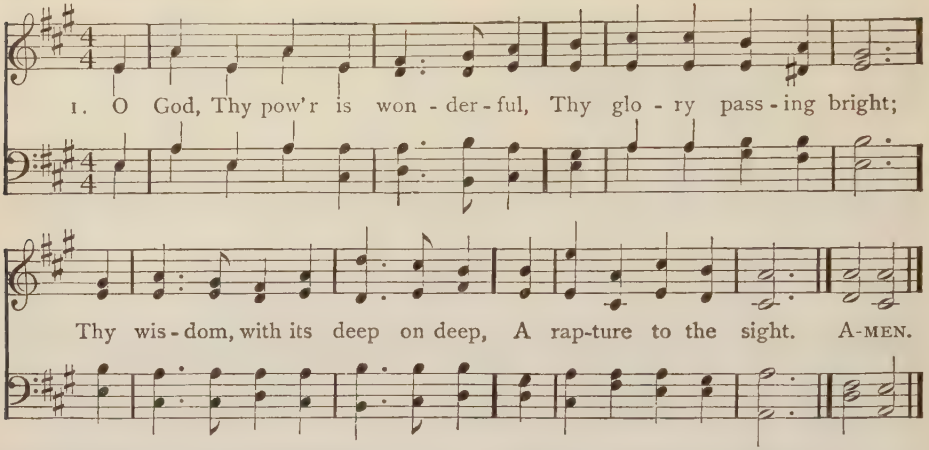
3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1757

18 BRENT C. M.

Samuel Weekes



2 Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

3 There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

4 All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed;

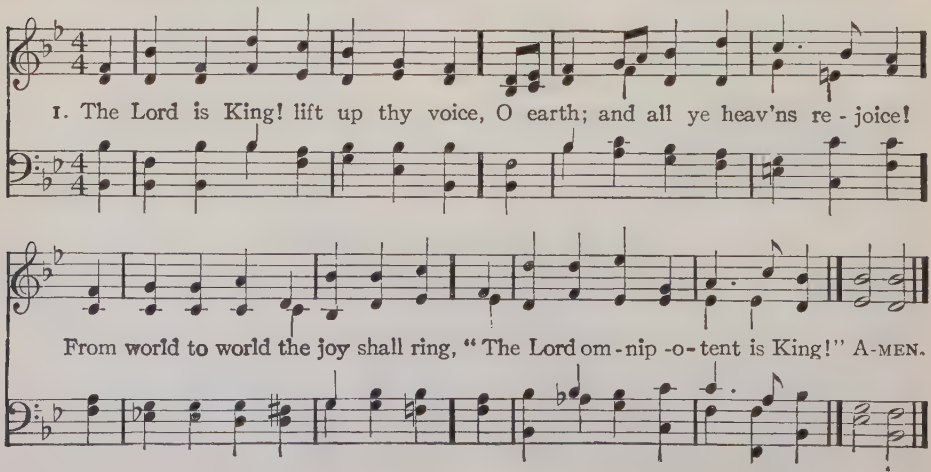
5 All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

6 O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick W. Faber

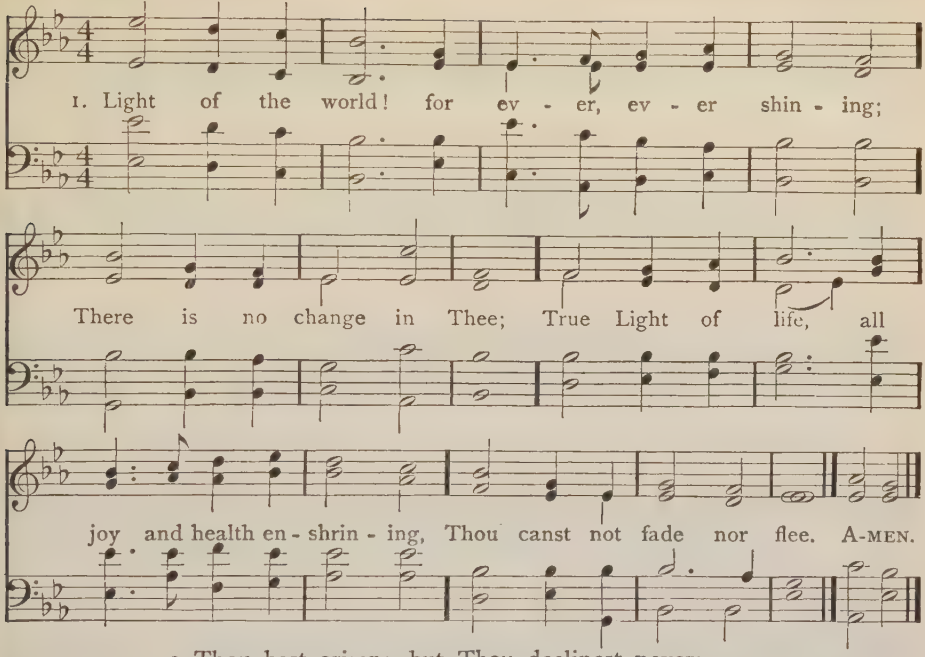
19 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

James William Elliott


1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns re - joice!
From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord om - nip - o - tent is King!" A-MEN.

20 LIGHT 11 6 11 6

George Alexander Macfarren


1. Light of the world! for ev - er, ev - er shin - ing;
There is no change in Thee; True Light of life, all
joy and health en - shrin - ing, Thou canst not fade nor flee. A-MEN.

2 Thou hast arisen; but Thou declinest never;
To-day shines as the past;
All that Thou wast, Thou art, and shalt be ever,
Brightness from first to last.

3 Night visits not Thy sky, nor storm, nor sadness;
Day fills up all its blue;
Unfailing beauty, and unfaltering gladness,
And love for ever new.

4 Light of the world! undimming and unsetting,
O shine each mist away;
Banish the fear, the falsehood, and the fretting;
Be our unchanging day.

Horatius Bonar, 1864

(CHURCH TRIUMPHANT)

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 O when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

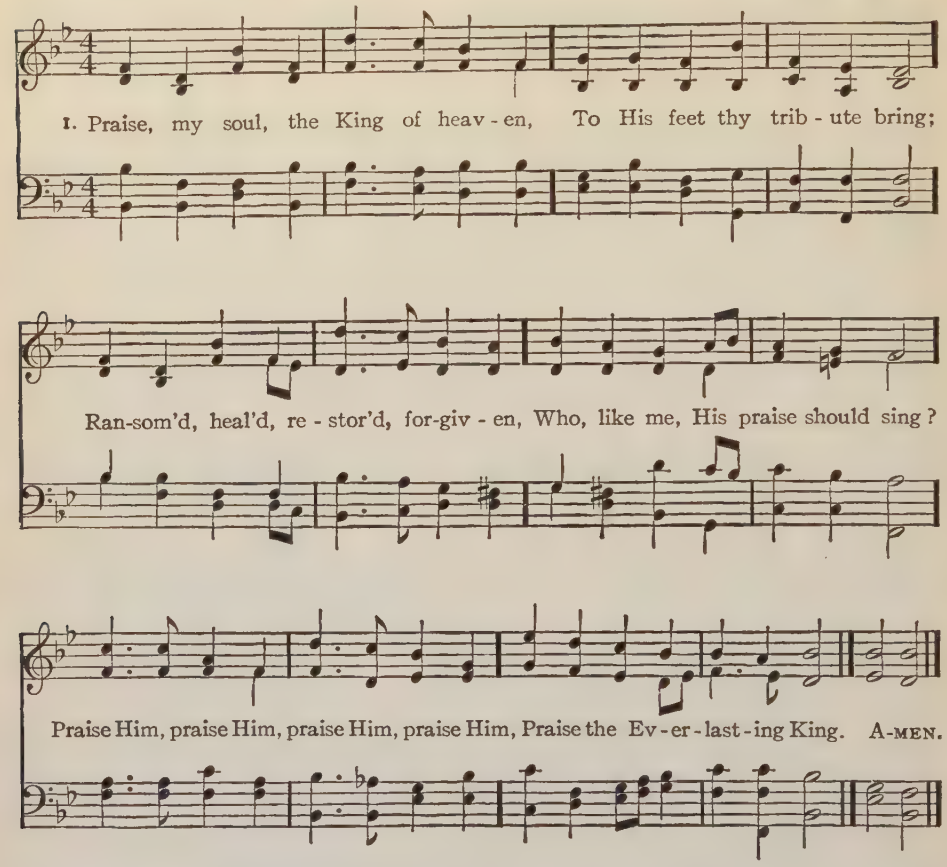
4 Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours;
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder, 1824

21 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart, 1867


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
Ran-som'd, heal'd, re - stor'd, for-giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King. A-MEN.

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him, still the same forever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness.

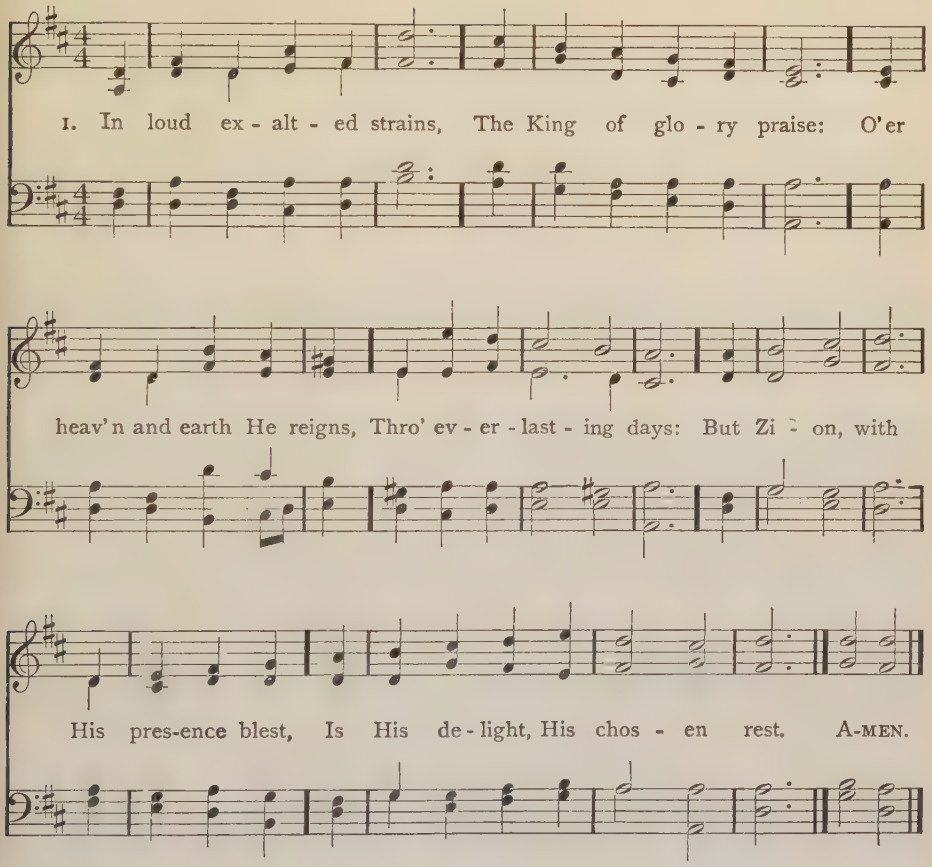
3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Praise Him, praise Him,
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him, praise Him,
Praise with us the God of grace.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

22 DARWALL 6 6 6 6 8 8

John Darwall, 1770


1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise: O'er
heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days: But Zi - on, with
His pres-ence blest, Is His de - light, His chos - en rest. A-MEN.

2 O King of glory, come
And with Thy favor crown
This temple as Thy home,
This people as Thy own;
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend
Accepted, to the skies,
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence 'round.

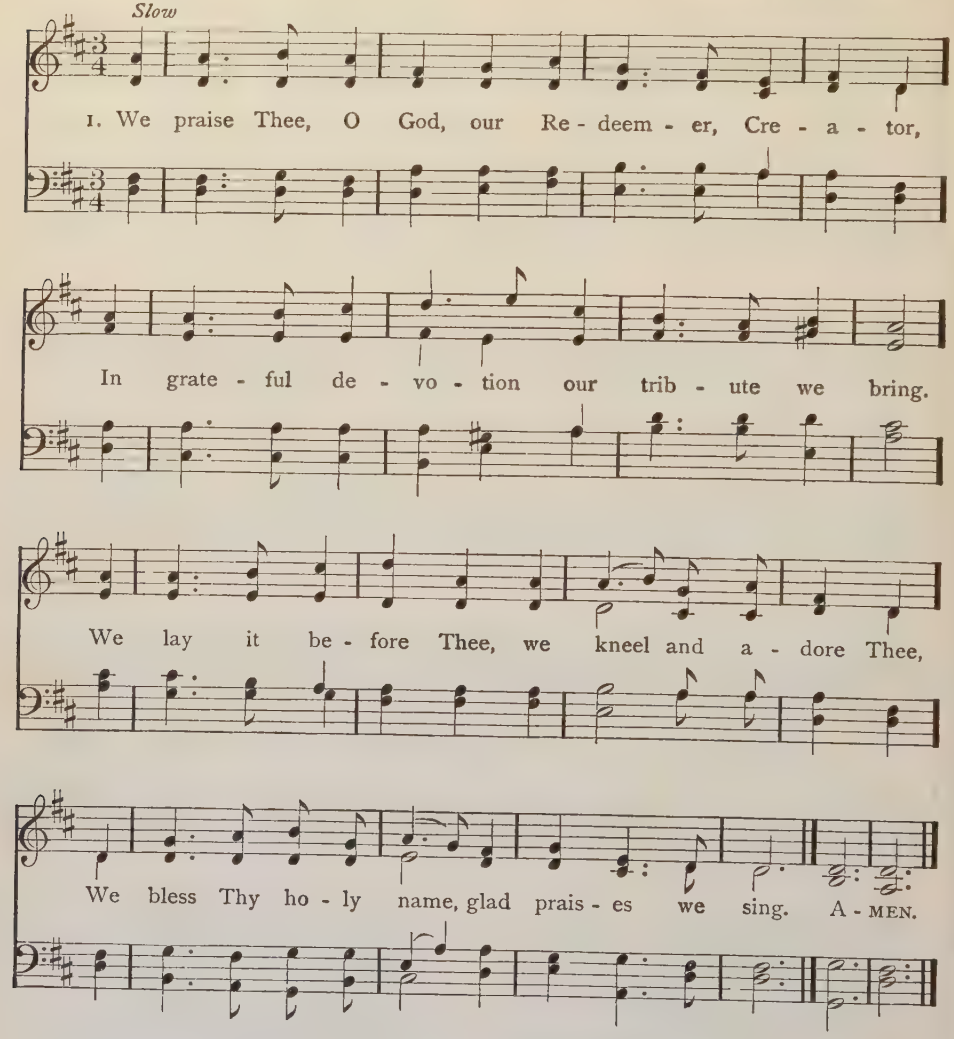
4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

Benjamin Francis, 1774

23 KREMSER 12 11 12 11

Old Netherlands Melody

Slow


1. We praise Thee, O God, our Re - deem - er, Cre - a - tor,
In grate - ful de - vo - tion our trib - ute we bring.
We lay it be - fore Thee, we kneel and a - dore Thee,
We bless Thy ho - ly name, glad prais - es we sing. A - MEN.

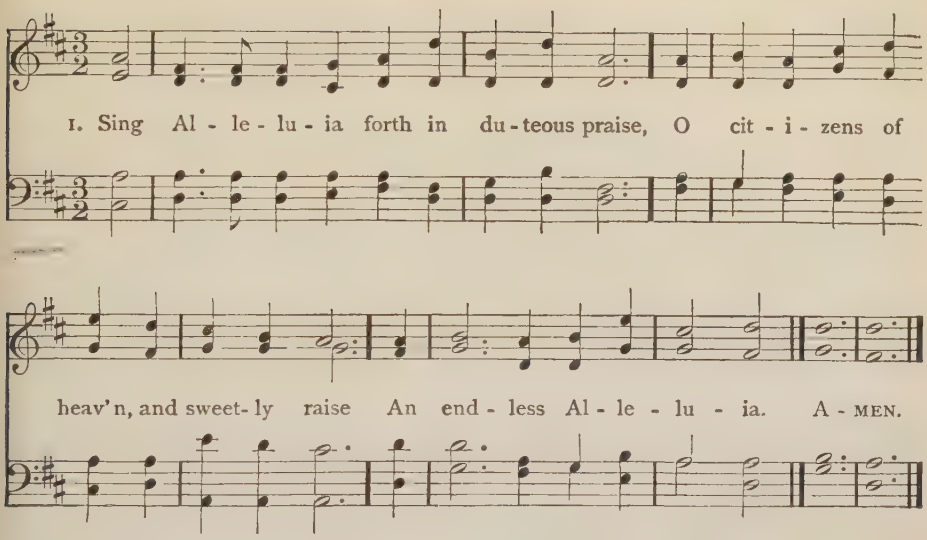
2 We worship Thee, God of our fathers, we bless Thee;
Through life's storm and tempest our Guide hast Thou been.
When perils o'ertake us, escape Thou wilt make us,
And with Thy help, O Lord, our battles we win.

3 With voices united our praises we offer,
To Thee, great Jehovah, glad anthems we raise.
Thy strong arm will guide us, our God is beside us,
To Thee, our great Redeemer, forever be praise.

Julia Bulkley Cady

24 ALLELUIA PERENNE 10 10 7

William Henry Monk, 1866



2 Ye powers who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one glad acclaim, forever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King;
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back,
This is the food and drink which none shall lack;
An endless Alleluia.

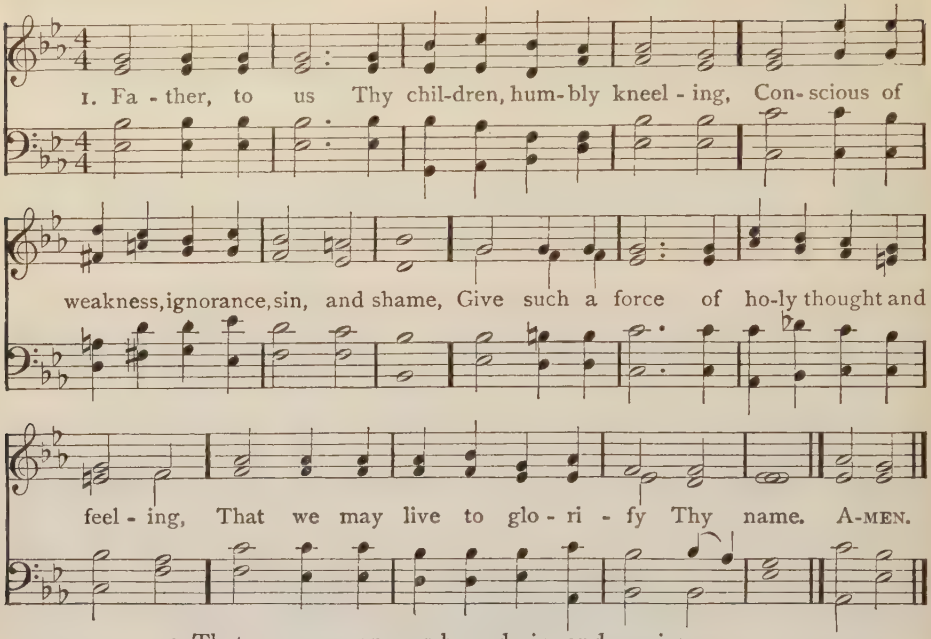
8 While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise
Forever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Anon. (Latin, 5th Cent.) Tr. J. Ellerton, 1865

25 MARLBOROUGH 11 10 11 10

Arion.


1. Fa - ther, to us Thy chil-dren, hum-bly kneel - ing, Con- scious of
weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame, Give such a force of ho-ly thought and
feel - ing, That we may live to glo - ri - fy Thy name. A-MEN.

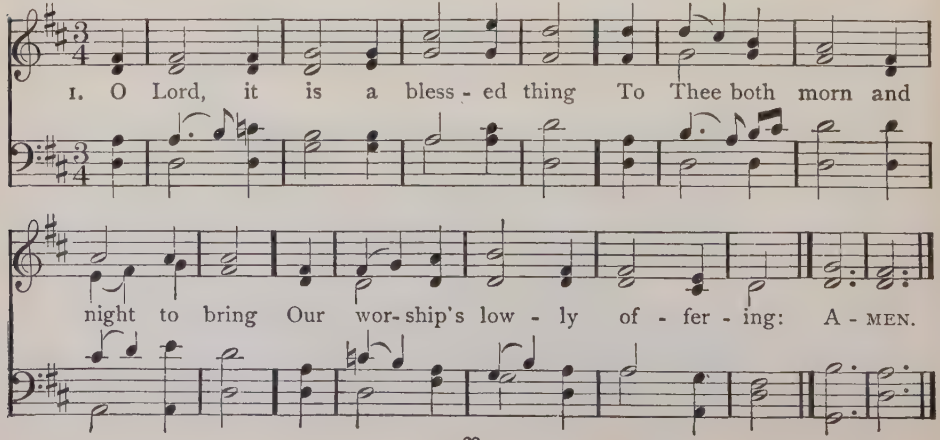
2 That we may conquer base desire and passion
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on Thee still.

3 Let all Thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all Thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if Thou wilt, Thy power can make us clean;
O speak the word, Thy servants shall be healed!

James Freeman Clarke, 1856

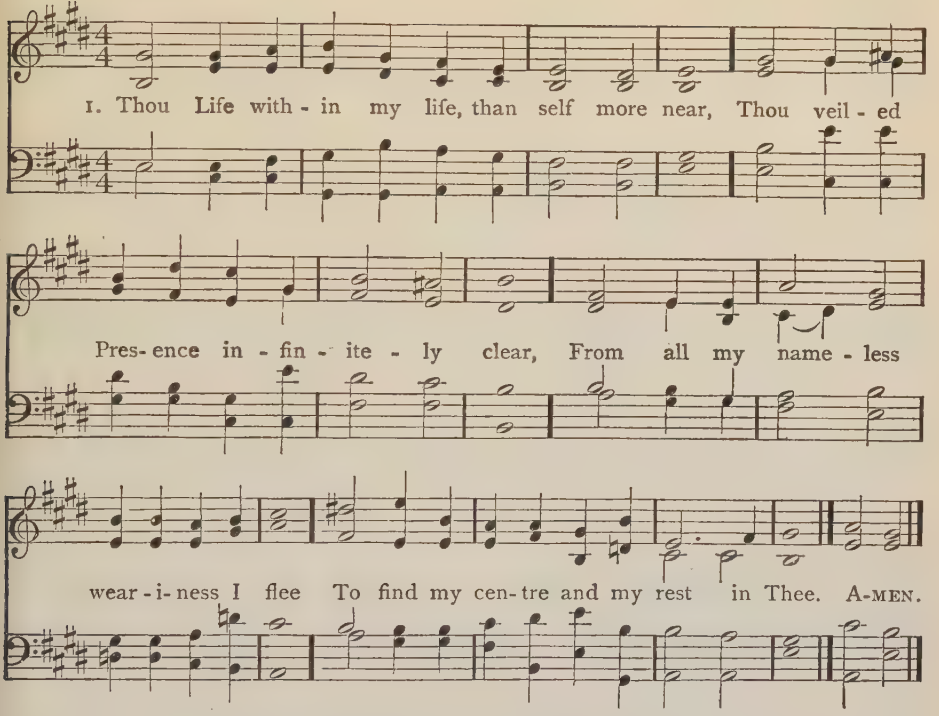
26 ST. AIDAN 8 8 8

F. N. Grey



27 LONGWOOD 10 10 10 10

Joseph Barnby, 1883


1. Thou Life with - in my life, than self more near, Thou veil - ed
Pres- ence in - fin - ite - ly clear, From all my name - less
wear - i- ness I flee To find my cen- tre and my rest in Thee. A-MEN.

2 Take part with me against these doubts that rise,
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies;
Take part with me against this self, that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares.

3 How can I call Thee who art always here,
How shall I praise Thee, Thou of all most dear,
What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast given,
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

Eliza Scudder

(ST. AIDAN)

2 And, from the strife of tongues away,
Ere toil begins, to meet and pray
For blessings on the coming day;

3 And night by night for evermore,
Again with blended voice to pour
Deep thanks for mercies gone before.

4 O Jesus, be our morning Light,
That we may go forth to the fight
With strength renewed and armour bright.

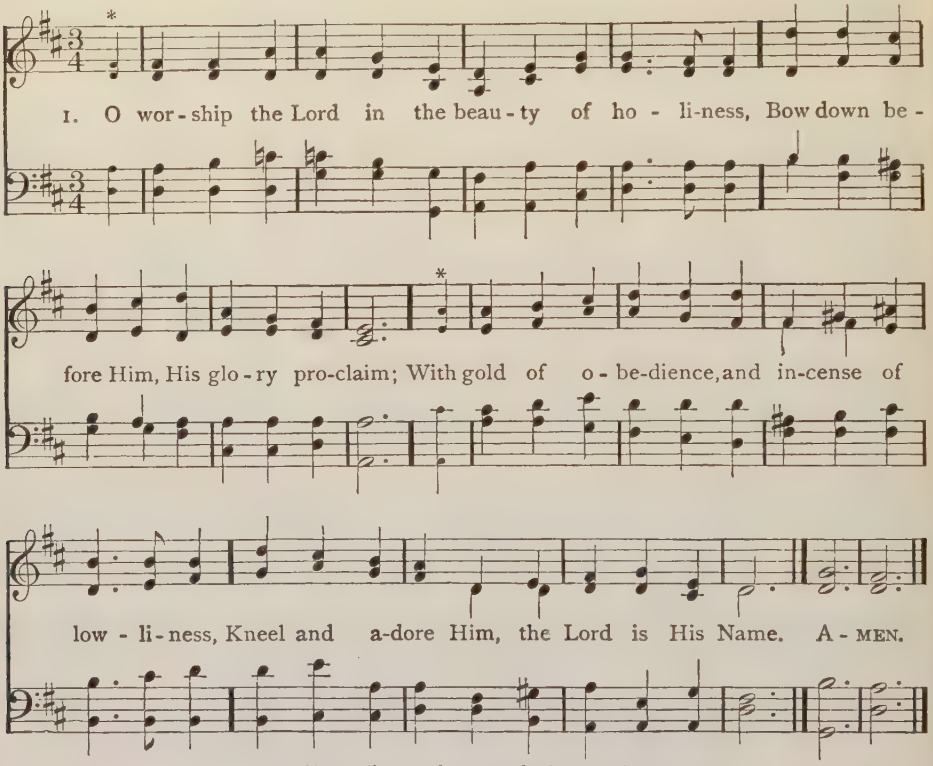
5 And when our daily work is o'er,
And sins and weakness we deplore,
O be Thou then our Light once more.

6 Light of the world, with us abide,
And to Thyself our footsteps guide
At morn, and noon, and eventide.

William W. How

28 EAST HILL 12 10 12 10

J. Bowcher


1. O wor - ship the Lord in the beau - ty of ho - li-ness, Bow down be -
fore Him, His glo - ry pro-claim; With gold of o - be-dience, and in-cense of
low - li - ness, Kneel and a-dore Him, the Lord is His Name. A - MEN.

(* Small notes for 1st and 5th verses.)

2 Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,
Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

3 Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

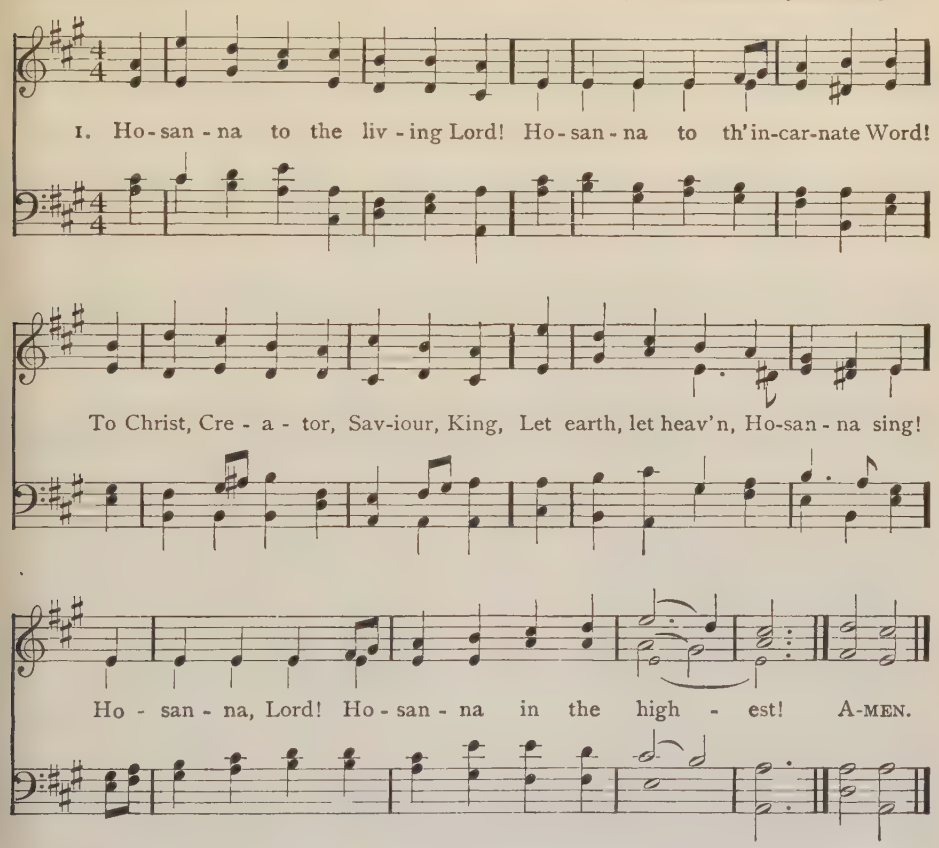
4 These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,
He will accept for the name that is dear;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

5 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim;
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His Name.

John S. B. Monsell

29 HOSANNA 8 8 8 8 4 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1865


1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th'in-car-nate Word!
To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav-iour, King, Let earth, let heav'n, Ho-san - na sing!
Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - est! A-MEN.

2 O Saviour, with protecting care,
Return to this Thy house of prayer,
Assembled in Thy sacred name
Where we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

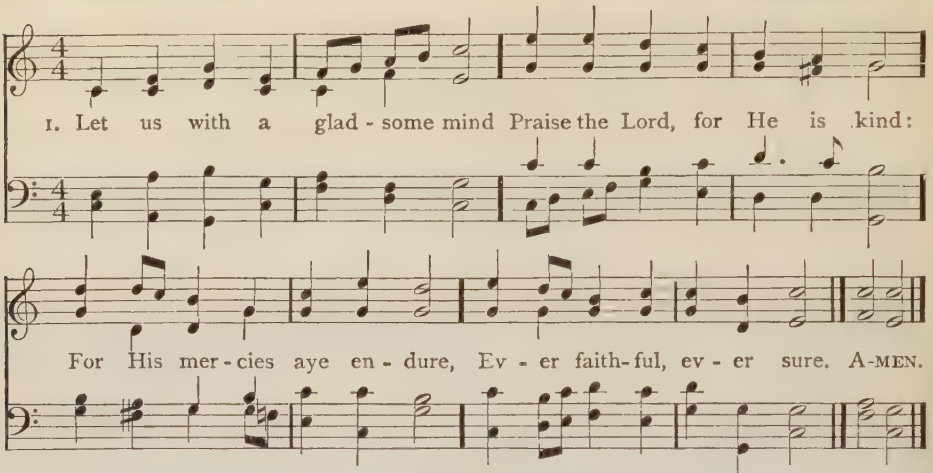
3 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

4 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Reginald Heber, 1811

30 MONKLAND 7 7 7 7

John B. Wilkes, 1861



2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

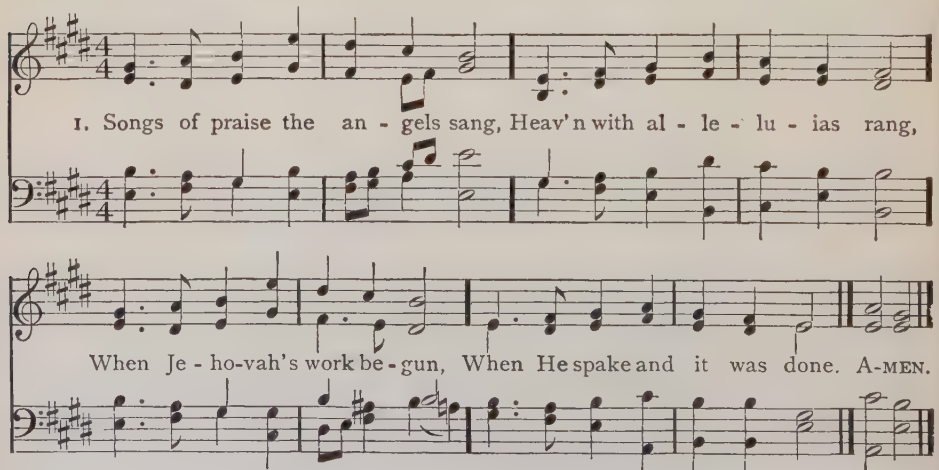
4 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth:
For His mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1623

31 INNOCENTS 7 7 7 7

Henry Pollard

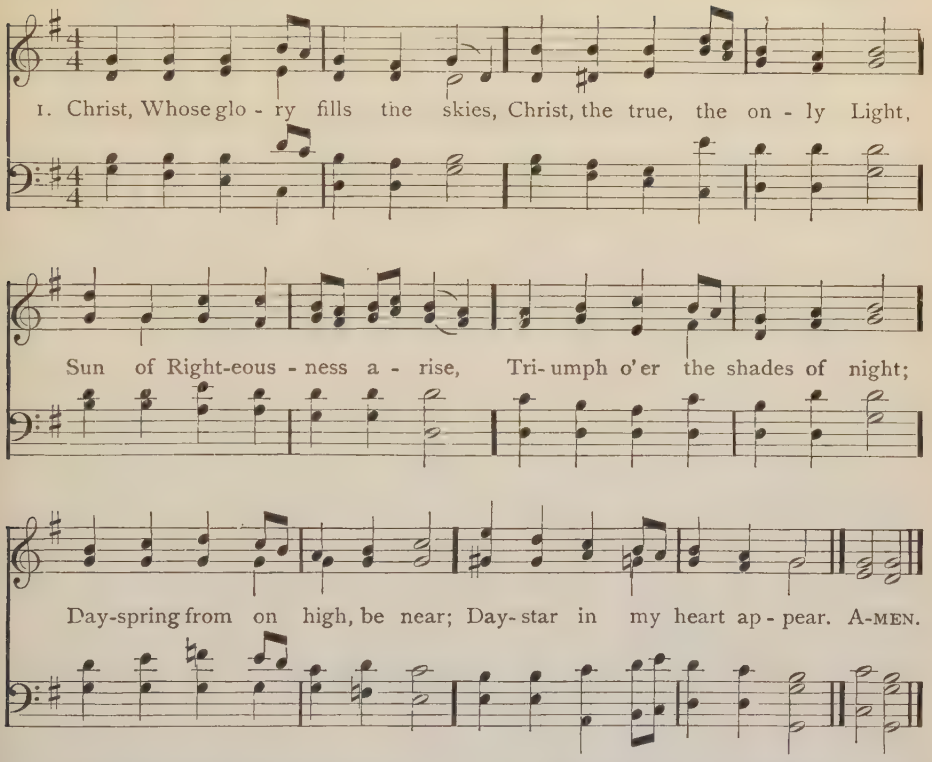


2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

32 LUX PRIMA (Gounod) 7 7 7 7 7 7

Charles Gounod


1. Christ, Whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly Light,
Sun of Right-eous - ness a - rise, Tri- umph o'er the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near; Day- star in my heart ap - pear. A-MEN.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward life impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740

(INNOCENTS)

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

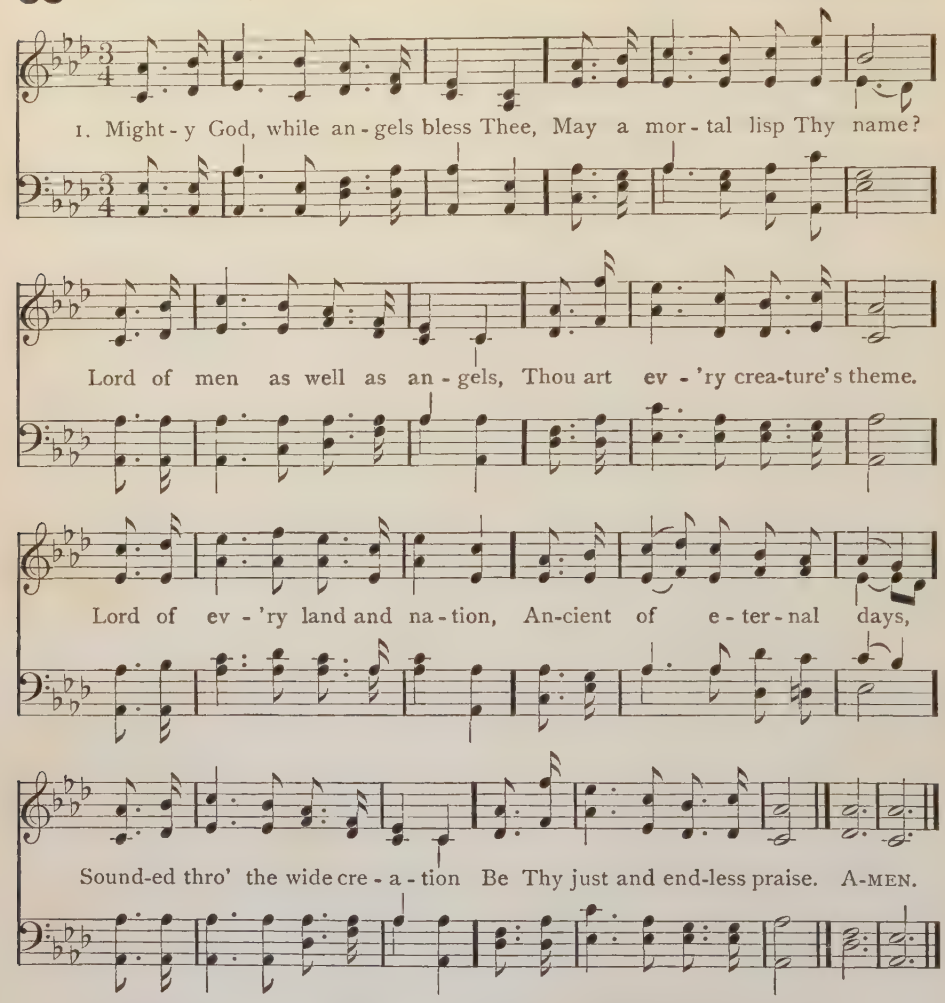
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice,
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1819

33 AUTUMN 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

L. von Esch, 1810


1. Might-y God, while an-gels bless Thee, May a mor-tal lisp Thy name?
Lord of men as well as an-gels, Thou art ev-'ry crea-ture's theme.
Lord of ev-'ry land and na-tion, An-cient of e-ter-nal days,
Sound-ed thro' the wide cre-a-tion Be Thy just and end-less praise. A-MEN.

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For the wonders of creation,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
For Thy providence that governs
Through Thine empire's wide domain,
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

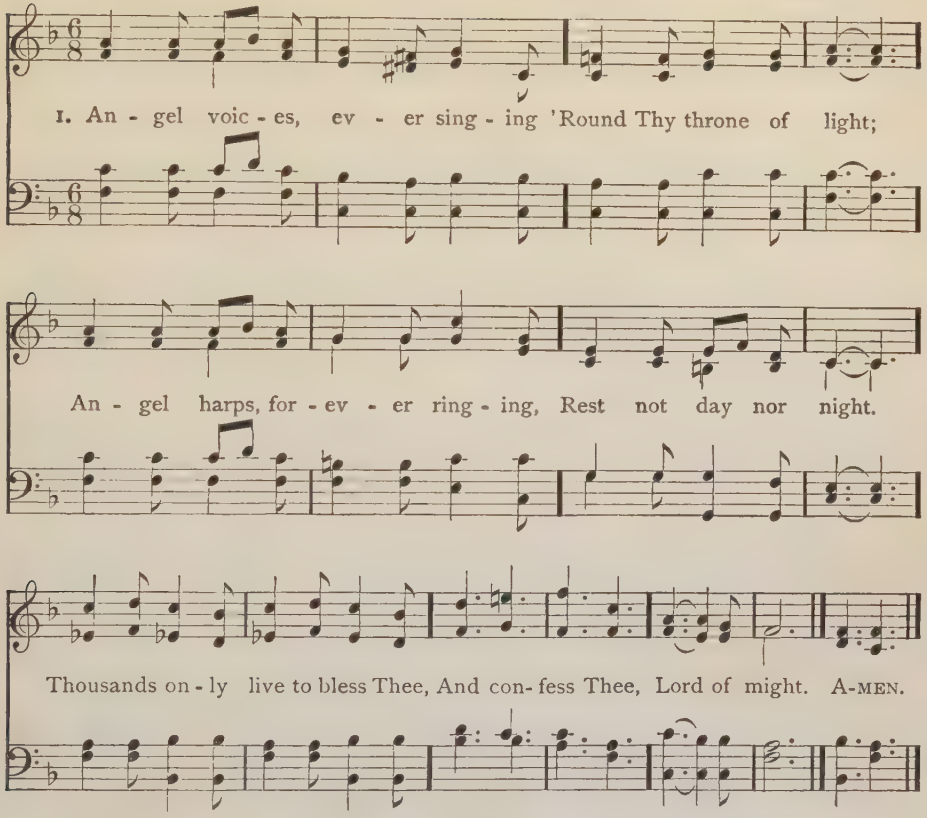
3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour.
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne;
Thence return, and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all Thine own.

Robert Robinson

34 ANGEL VOICES 8 5 8 5 8 4 3

Arthur Seymour Sullivan, 1872


1. An - gel voic - es, ev - er sing - ing 'Round Thy throne of light;
An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night.
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee, Lord of might. A-MEN.

2 Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that Thou art near us,
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

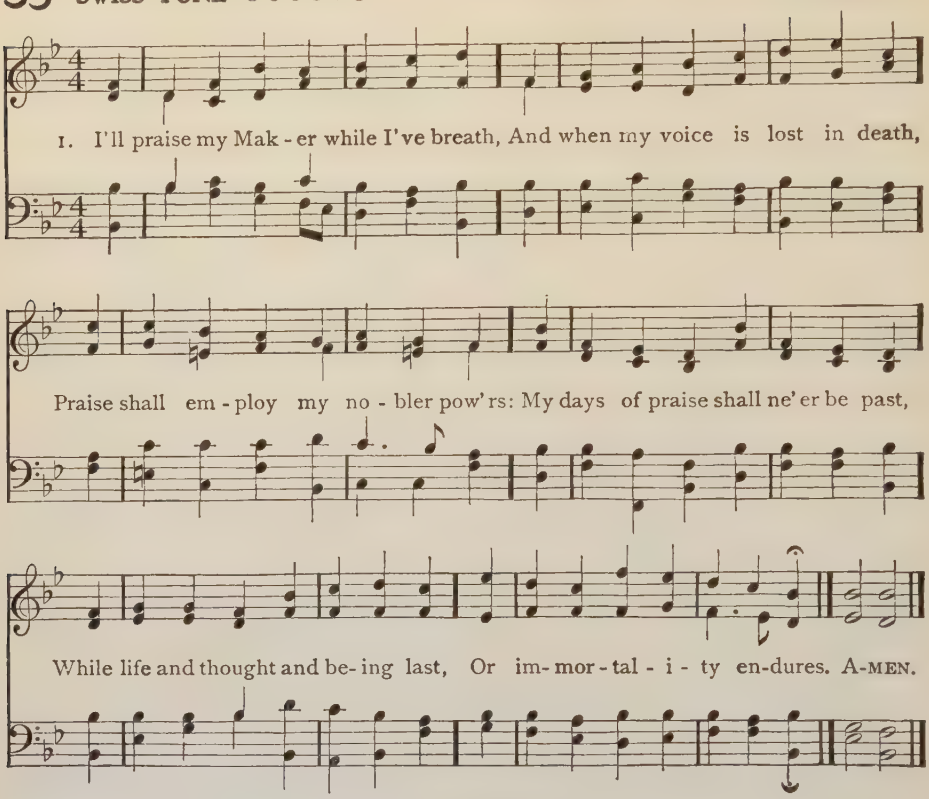
4 Here, Great God, to-day we offer
Of Thine own to Thee;
And for Thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Blessed Trinity!
Of the best that Thou hast given
Earth and heaven
Render Thee.

Francis Pott, 1861

35 SWISS TUNE 8 8 8 8 8 8

Anon.


1. I'll praise my Mak - er while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures. A-MEN.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

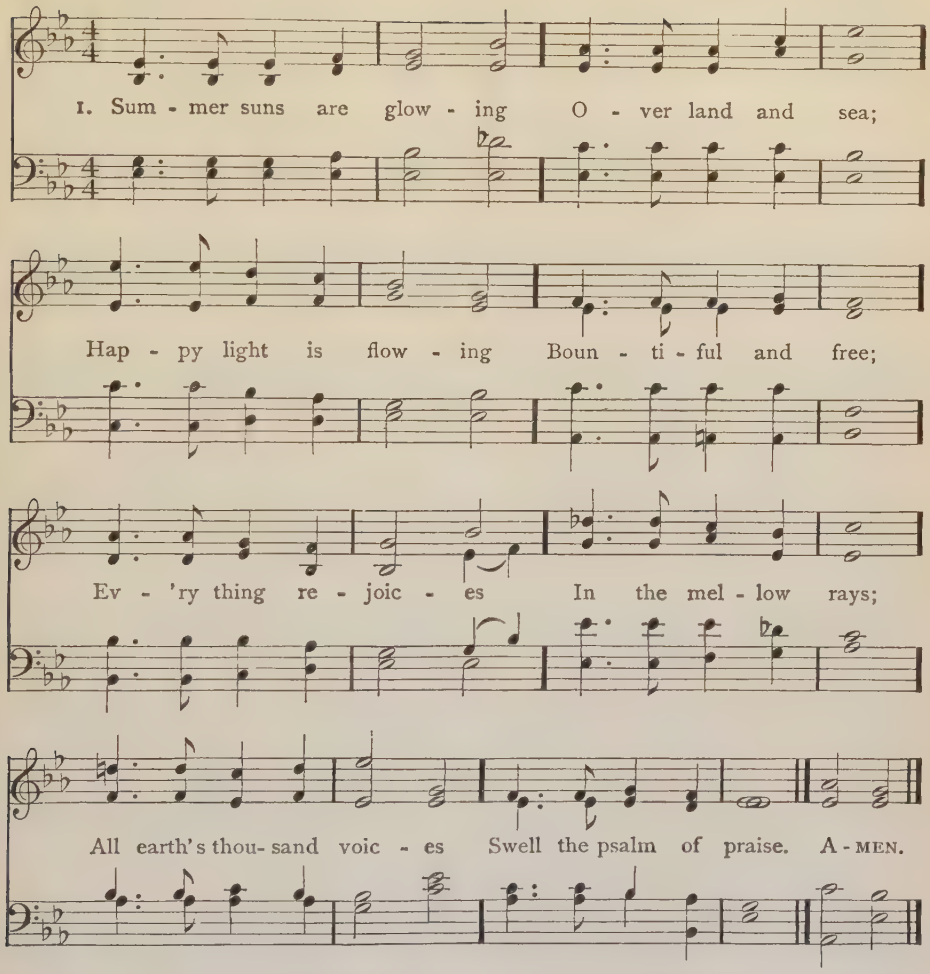
3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts

36 RUTH 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5

Samuel Smith, 1870


1. Sum - mer suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea;
Hap - py light is flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free;
Ev - 'ry thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays;
All earth's thou- sand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - MEN.

2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled;
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

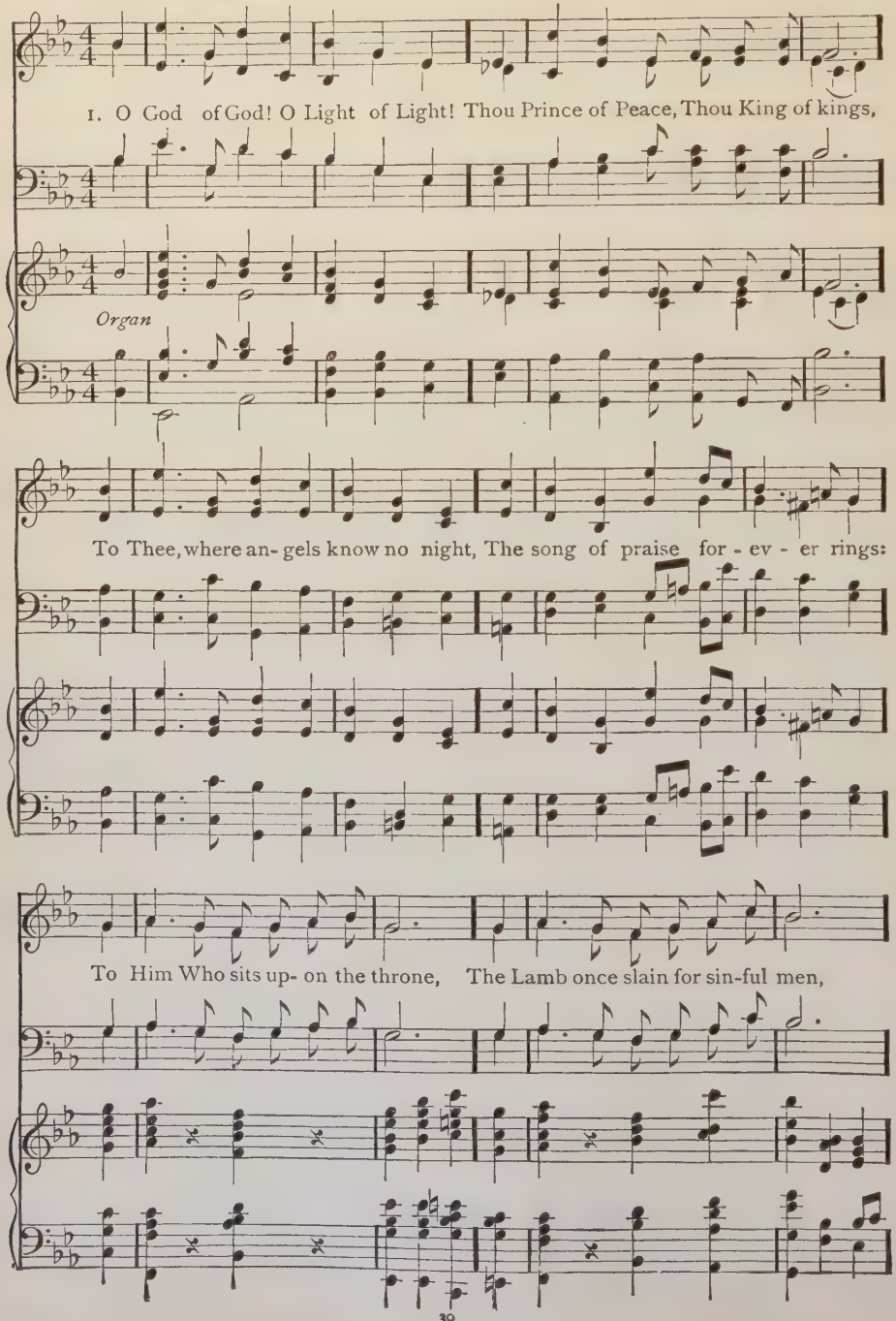
3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,
Though Thou veil Thy light;
Life is dark without Thee,
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of light! Shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day.

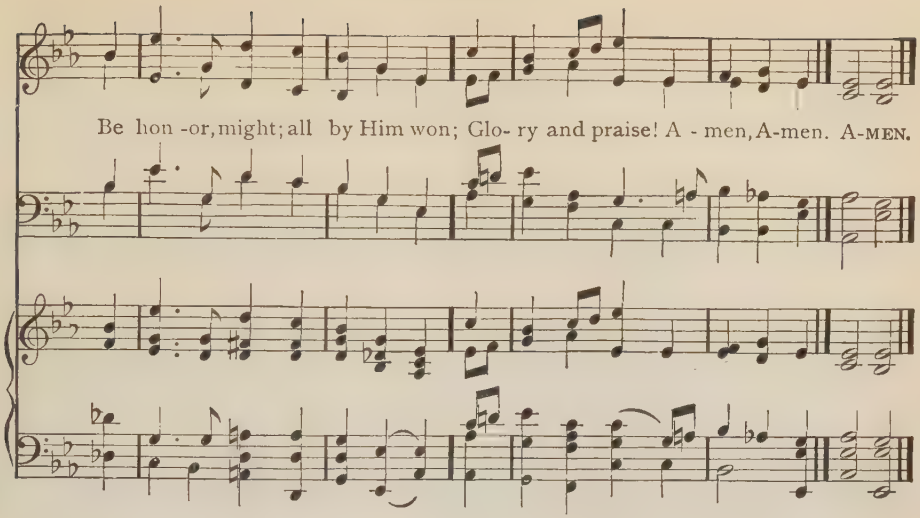
William Walsham How, 1871

37 ST. AGNES' SCHOOL L. M. D.

J. Albert Jeffery


1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,
Organ
To Thee, where an- gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - er rings:
To Him Who sits up- on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin-ful men,

From the "Tucker Hymnal." Used by permission



2 Deep in the prophets' sacred page,
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,
Slowly in type, from age to age,
Nations beheld their coming Lord;
Till through the deep Judean night
Rang out the song "Good-will to men!"
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,
Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

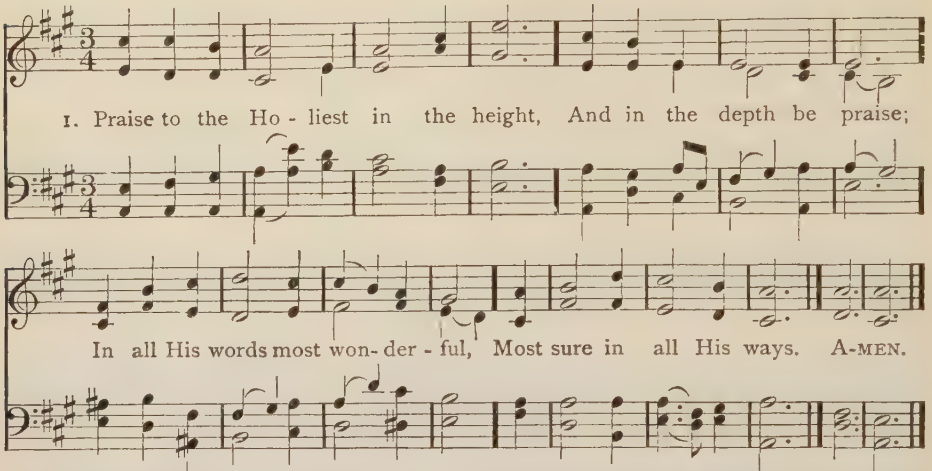
3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,
That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;
These all are past, and now above,
He reigns our King! once crowned with thorn.
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
So sang His hosts, unheard by men;
Lift up your heads, for you He waits,
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,
Sing to His name, His love forth tell;
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
From angels, praise; and thanks from men;
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!

John Julian

38 GERONTIUS C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Praise to the Ho - liest in the height, And in the depth be praise;
In all His words most won- der - ful, Most sure in all His ways. A-MEN.

2 O loving wisdom of our God,
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight,
And to the rescue came.

3 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail.

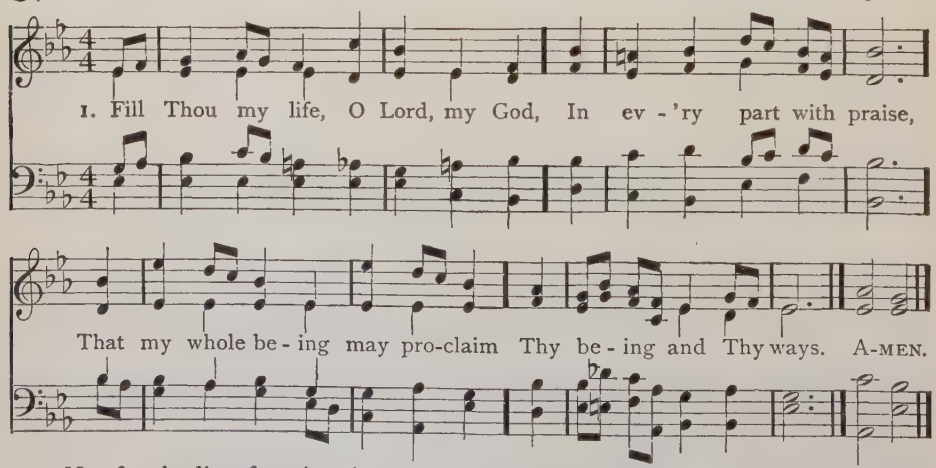
4 O generous love! that He Who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

5 And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die!

John Henry Newman

39 BURLINGTON C. M.

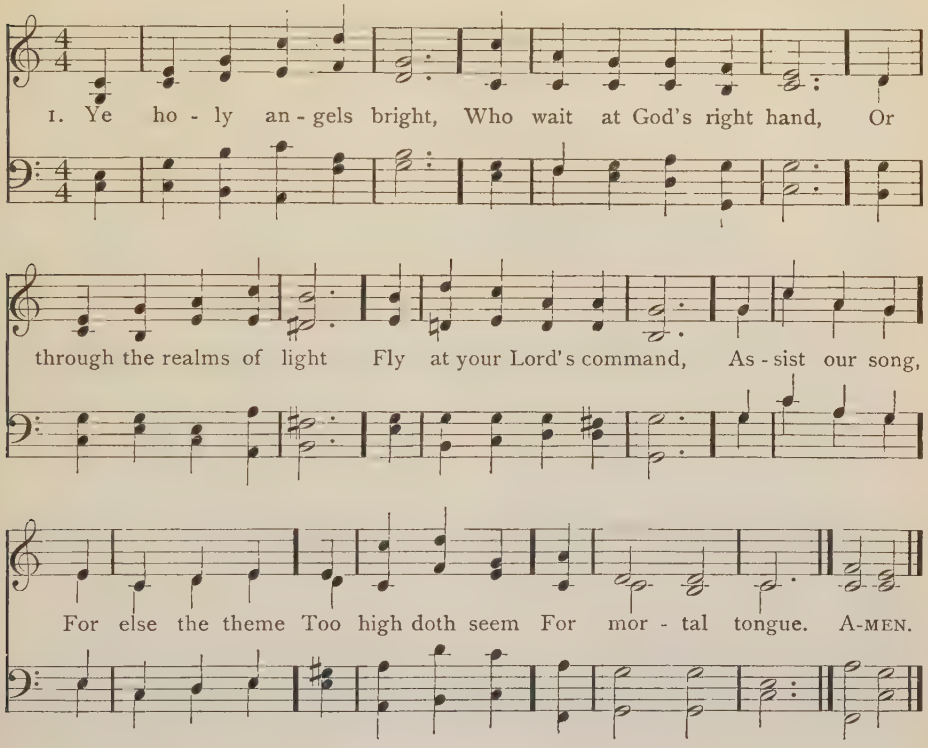
John F. Burrowes, 1830



2 Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part;

3 Praise in the common things of life,
Its goings out and in;
Praise in each duty and each deed,
However small and mean.

40 CHRIST CHURCH (Steggall) 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4 Charles Steggall, 1865


1. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or
through the realms of light Fly at your Lord's command, As - sist our song,
For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue. A-MEN.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face,
God's praises sound,
As in His light
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

3 Ye saints, who toil below,
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing;
Take what He gives
And praise Him still,
Through good or ill,
Who ever lives.

4 My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love:
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be filled with praise.

Richard Baxter, 1681; alt. by Richard Robert Chope, 1858

(BURLINGTON)

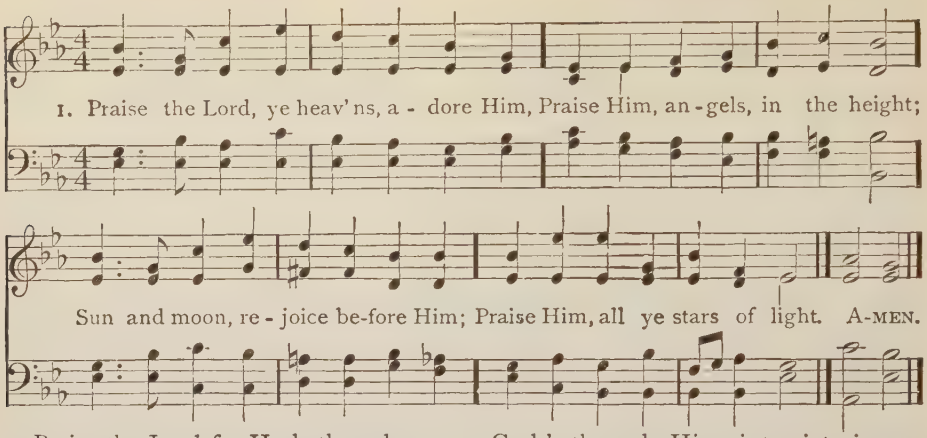
4 Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones;
In intercourse at hearth or board
With my belovèd ones.

5 So shalt Thou, Lord, from me, e'en me,
Receive the glory due;
And so shall I begin on earth
The song forever new.

Horatius Bonar, 1869

41 ST. OSWALD 8 7 8 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1857


1. Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;
Sun and moon, re - joice be-fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light. A-MEN.

2 Praise the Lord for He hath spoken;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

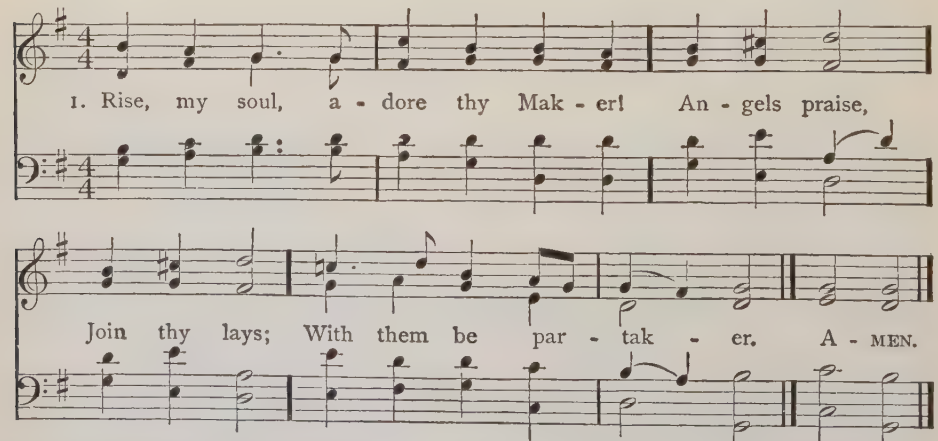
3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail;
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation
Laud and magnify His name.

Foundling Chapel Coll, 1796

42 THANET 8 3 3 6

J. Jowett



2 Father, Lord of every spirit,
In Thy light
Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

3 O my Jesus, God Almighty,
Pray for me,
Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.

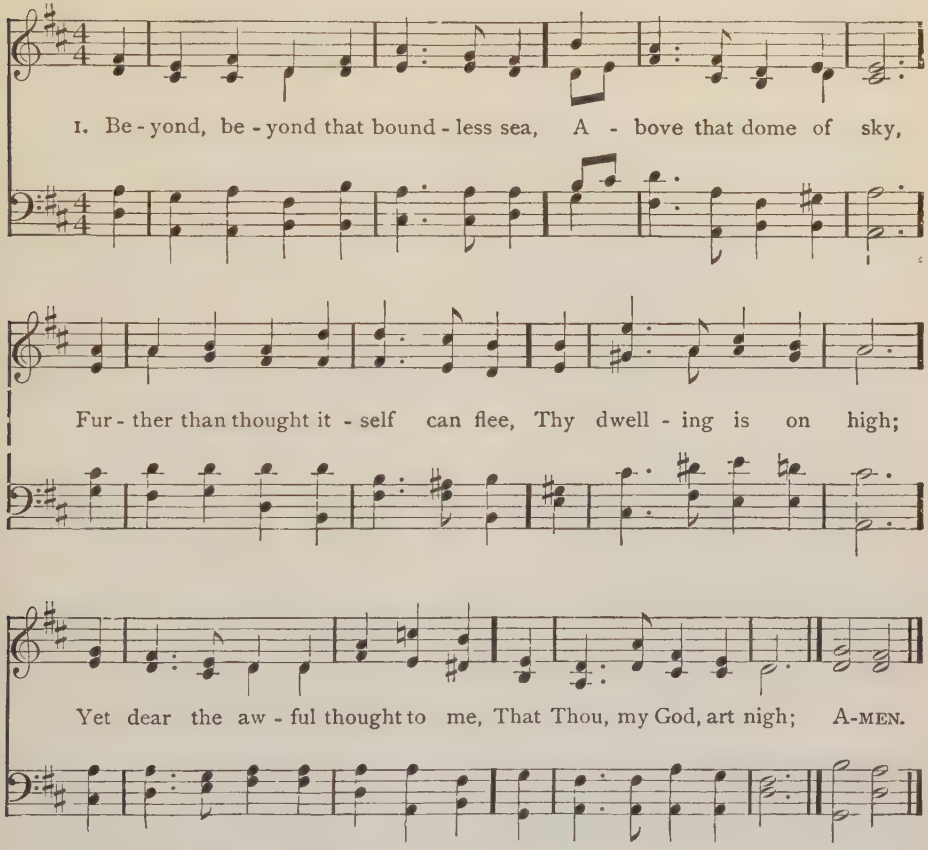
4 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
Be my Guide,
Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

5 Holy, Holy, Holy Giver
Of all good,
Life and food,
Reign, adored for ever!

John Cennick

43 ALLHALLOWS 8 6 8 6 8 6

Arthur Henry Brown


1. Be - yond, be - yond that bound - less sea, A - bove that dome of sky,
Fur - ther than thought it - self can flee, Thy dwell - ing is on high;
Yet dear the aw - ful thought to me, That Thou, my God, art nigh; A-MEN.

2 Art nigh, and yet my laboring mind
Feels after Thee in vain;
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain;
Thy messenger, the stormy wind,
Thy path, the trackless main.

3 These speak of Thee with loud acclaim,
They thunder forth Thy praise,
The glorious honor of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

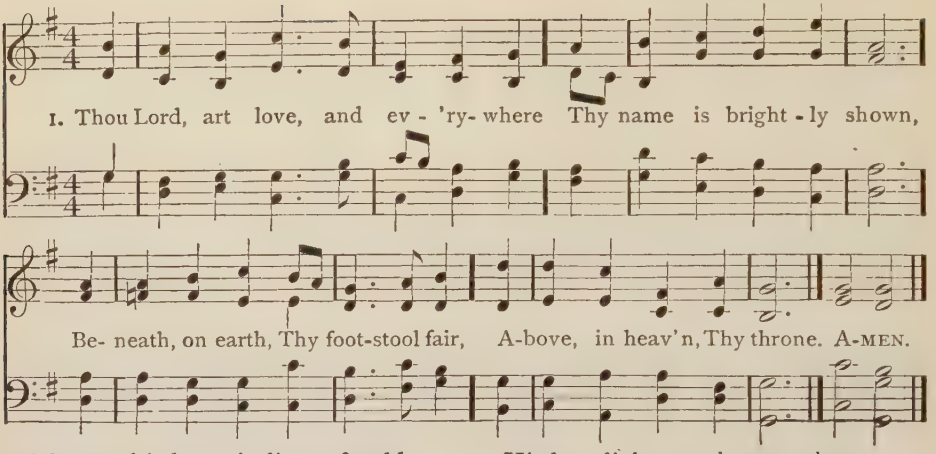
4 I hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

5 O not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest.
O come, Thou Presence Infinite,
And make Thy creature blest!

Josiah Conder

44 FAITH C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1867


1. Thou Lord, art love, and ev - 'ry- where Thy name is bright - ly shown,
Be- neath, on earth, Thy foot-stool fair, A-bove, in heav'n, Thy throne. A-MEN.

2 Thy word is love; in lines of gold
There mercy prints its trace;
In nature we Thy steps behold,
The gospel shows Thy face.

3 Thy ways are love; though they transcend
Our feeble range of sight,
They wind, through darkness, to their end
In everlasting light.

4 Thy thoughts are love; and Jesus is
The living voice they find;
His love lights up the vast abyss
Of the eternal Mind.

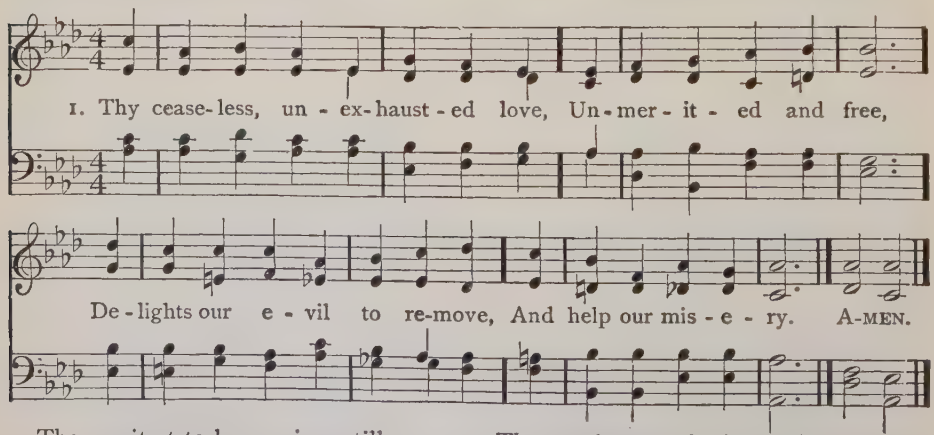
5 Thy chastisements are love; more deep
They stamp the seal divine,
And by a sweet compulsion keep
Our spirits nearer Thine.

6 Thy heaven is the abode of love;
O blessèd Lord, that we
May there, when time's deep shades remove,
Be gathered home to Thee.

James Drummond Burns, 1858

45 MARGUERITE C. M.

Edward C. Walker, 1876

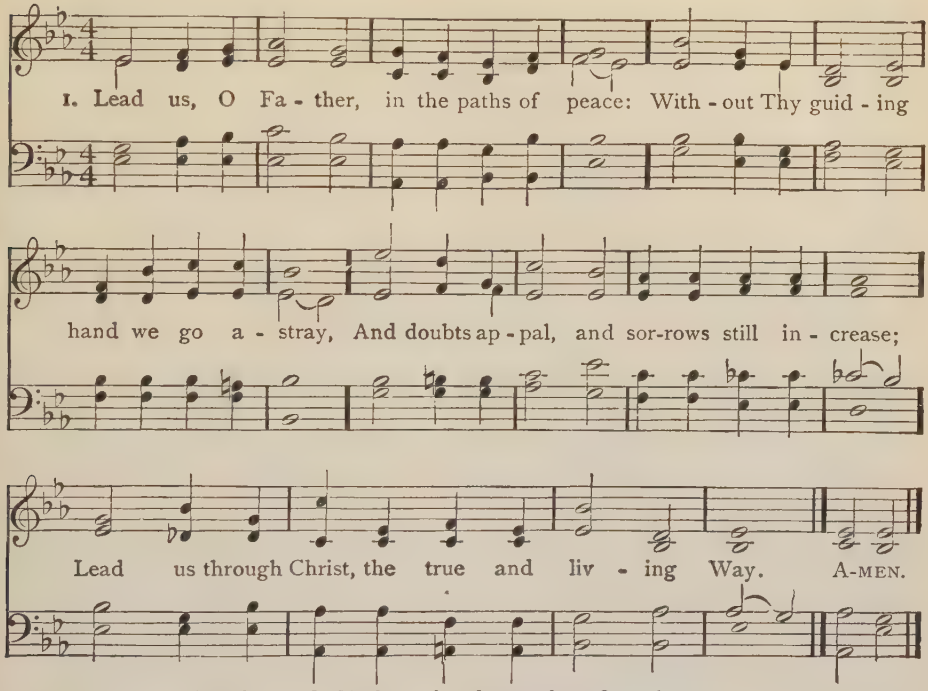


2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may Thy goodness feel,
And all Thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and Thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

46 SWANTON 10 10 10 10

H. Swanton


1. Lead us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace: With - out Thy guid - ing
hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor-rows still in - crease;
Lead us through Christ, the true and liv - ing Way. A-MEN.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth:
Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith or hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right:
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darkening night;
Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the pathway be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

William H. Burleigh, 1868, alt.

(MARGUERITE)

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

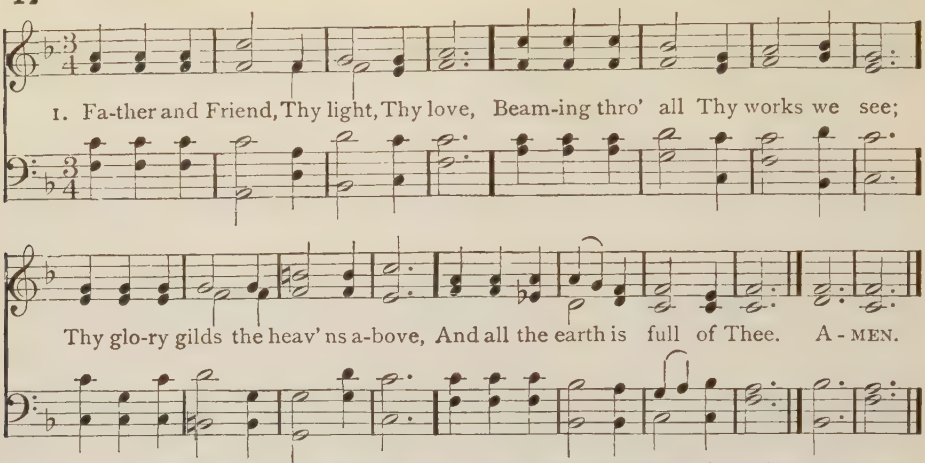
5 Faithful, O Lord, Thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Through the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains
Thy goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley

47 HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866


1. Fa-ther and Friend, Thy light, Thy love, Beam-ing thro' all Thy works we see;
Thy glo-ry gilds the heav'ns a-bove, And all the earth is full of Thee. A-MEN.

2 Thy voice we hear, Thy presence feel,
While Thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

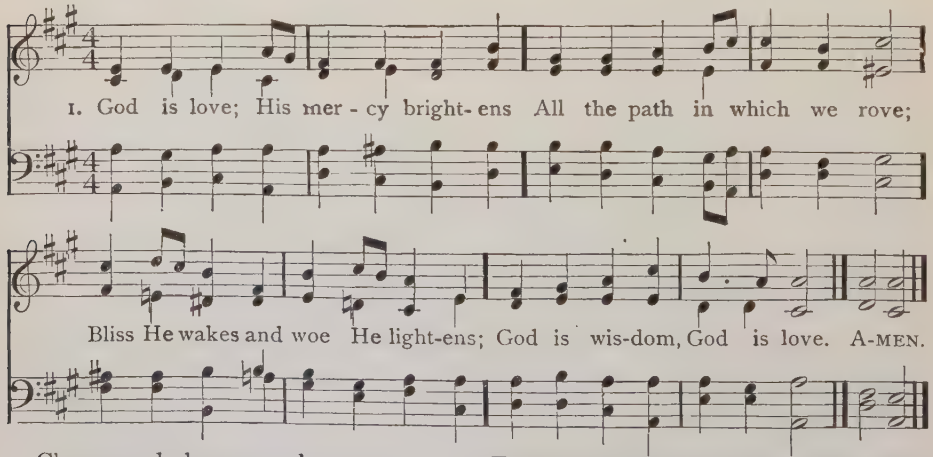
3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens Thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where Thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with Thee.

4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought;
Since Thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where Thou art not.

John Bowring

48 CARTER 8 7 8 7

Edmund S. Carter, 1874


1. God is love; His mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love. A-MEN.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom, God is love.

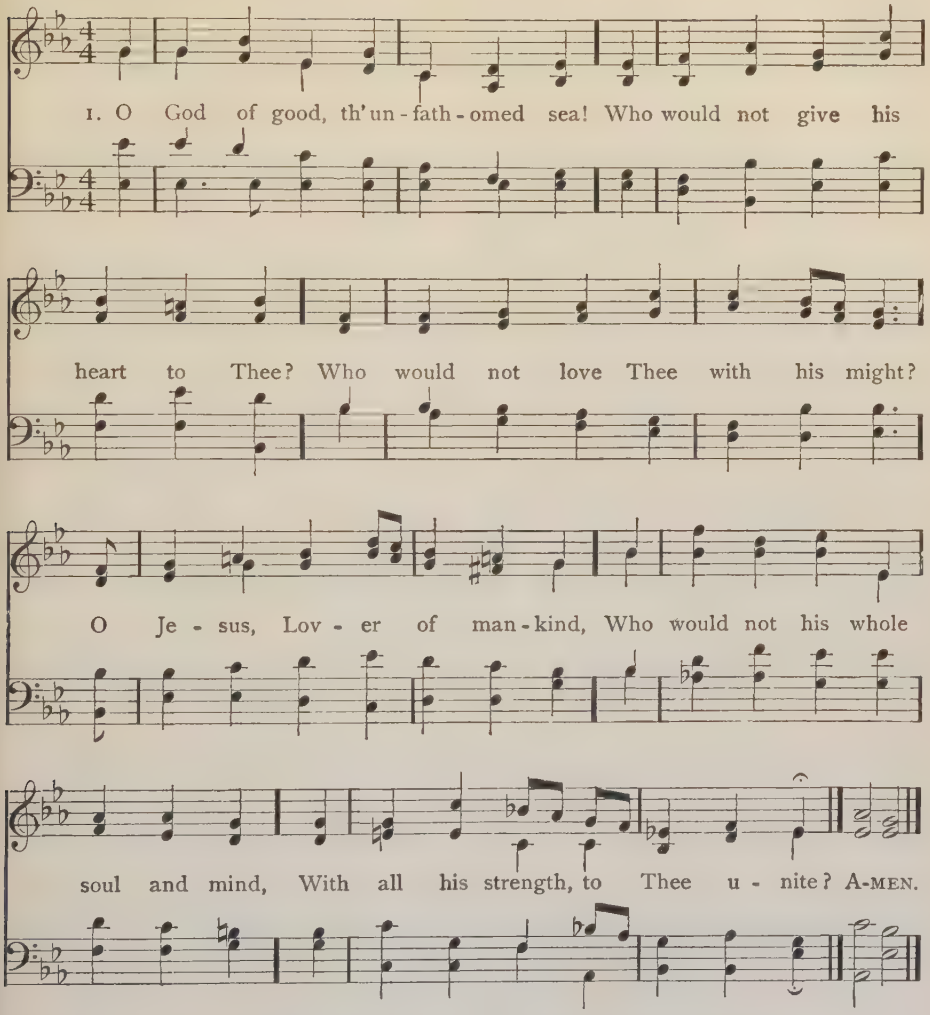
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly care entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

John Bowring, 1825

49 VALETE L. M. 61.

Arthur Sullivan


1. O God of good, th'un-fath-omed sea! Who would not give his
heart to Thee? Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Je-sus, Lov-er of man-kind, Who would not his whole
soul and mind, With all his strength, to Thee u-nite? A-MEN.

2 High throned on heaven's eternal hill,
In number, weight, and measure still
Thou sweetly orderest all that is:
And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
And guide my steps, that I, with Thee
Enthroned, may reign in endless bliss.

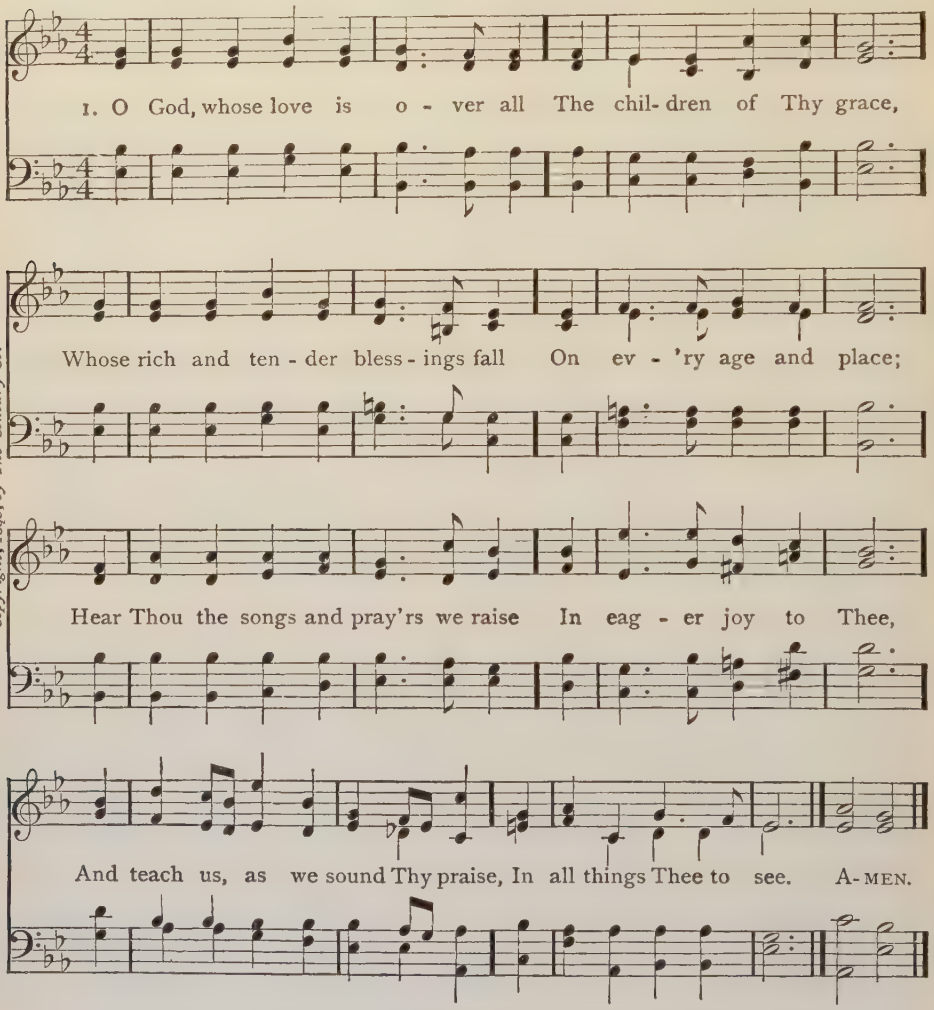
3 Fountain of good! all blessing flows
From Thee; no want Thy fulness knows:
What but Thyself canst Thou desire?
Yet, self-sufficient as Thou art,
Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
This, only this, dost Thou require.

4 O God of good, the unfathomed sea!
Who would not give his heart to Thee?
Who would not love Thee with his might?
O Jesus, Lover of mankind,
Who would not His whole soul and mind,
With all his strength, to Thee unite?

Johann Sheffler
Translation by John Wesley

50 DENVER 8 6 8 6 8 6 8 6

Henry Houseley, 1896


1. O God, whose love is o - ver all The chil- dren of Thy grace,
Whose rich and ten - der bless - ings fall On ev - 'ry age and place;
Hear Thou the songs and pray'rs we raise In eag - er joy to Thee,
And teach us, as we sound Thy praise, In all things Thee to see. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1896, by The Century Co.

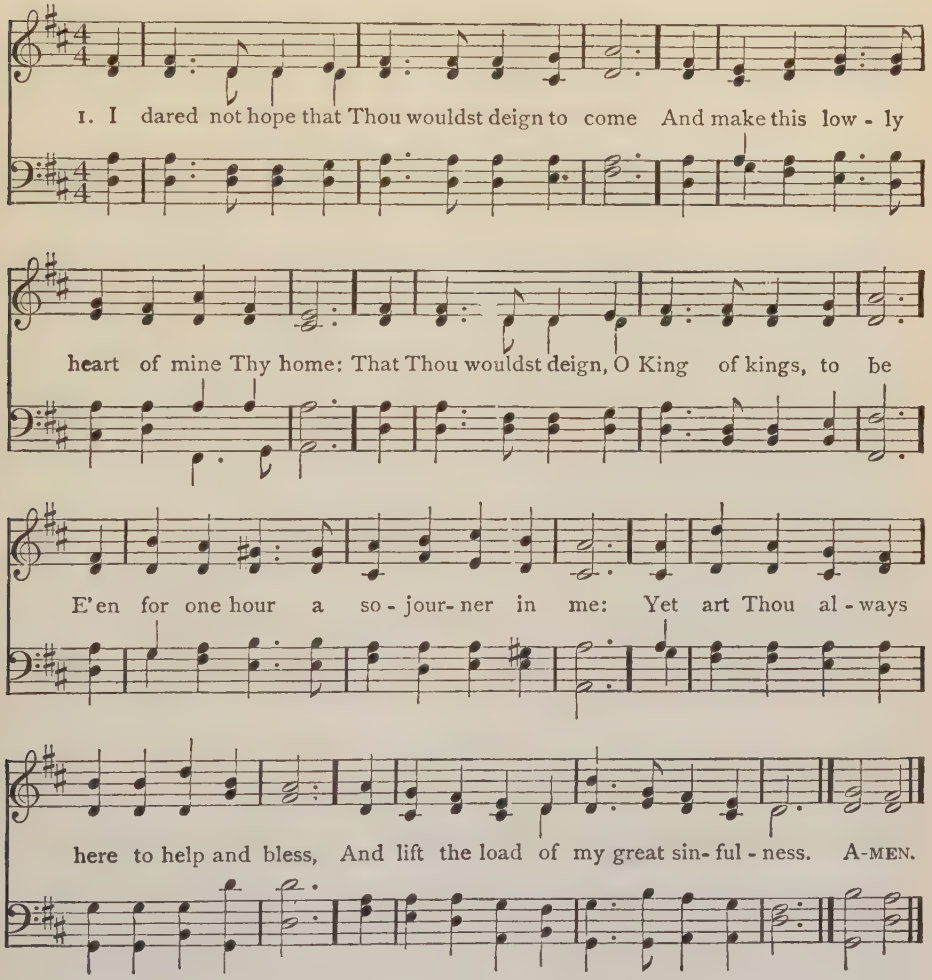
2 To see Thee in the sun by day,
And in the stars by night,
In waving grass and ocean spray,
And leaves and flowers bright;
To hear Thy voice, like spoken word,
In every breeze that blows,
In every song of every bird,
And every brook that flows.

3 To see Thee in each quiet home,
Where faith and love abide,
In school and church, where all may come,
To seek Thee side by side;
To see Thee in each human life,
Each struggling human heart,
Each path by which, in eager strife,
Men seek the better part.

John Haynes Holmes

51 UNDE ET MEMORES 10 10 10 10 10 10

William Henry Monk


1. I dared not hope that Thou wouldst deign to come And make this low - ly
heart of mine Thy home: That Thou wouldst deign, O King of kings, to be
E'en for one hour a so - jour - ner in me: Yet art Thou al - ways
here to help and bless, And lift the load of my great sin - ful - ness. A-MEN.

2 I dared not ever hope for such a Guide
To walk with me my faltering steps beside;
To help me when I fall, and, when I stray,
Constrain me gently to the better way:
Yet art Thou always at my side to be
A Counsellor and Comforter to me.

3 I do not always go where Thou dost lead;
I do not always Thy soft whispers heed;
I follow other lights, and, in my sin,
I vex with many a slight my Friend within:
Yet Thou dost not, though grieved, from me depart,
But guardest still Thy place within my heart.

Edwin Hatch

52 DOMINICA S. M.

Herbert S. Oakeley, 1874

1. O Love of God most full, O Love of God most free,
Thou warm' st my heart, Thou fill' st my soul, With might Thou strength' nest me. AMEN.

2 Warm as the glowing sun
So shines Thy love on me,
It wraps me 'round with kindly care,
It draws me unto Thee.

3 No foe can cast me down,
No fear can make me flee,
No sorrow fill my life with ill;
Thy love surroundeth me.

4 The wildest sea is calm,
The tempest brings no fear,
The darkest night is full of light,
Because Thy love is near.

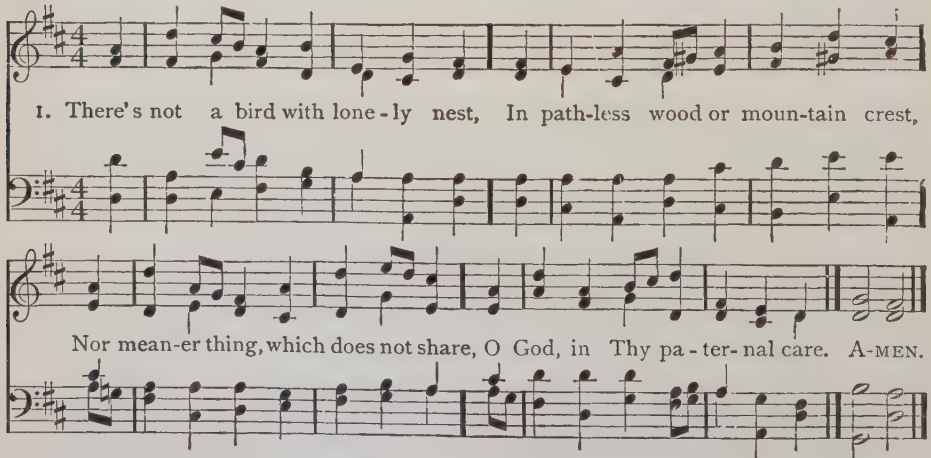
5 I triumph over sin,
I put temptation down;
The love of God doth give me strength
To win the victor's crown.

6 O love of God most full,
O love of God most free,
Come warm my heart, come fill my soul,
Come lead me unto Thee!

O. Clute

53 FESTUS L. M

From a German Chorale

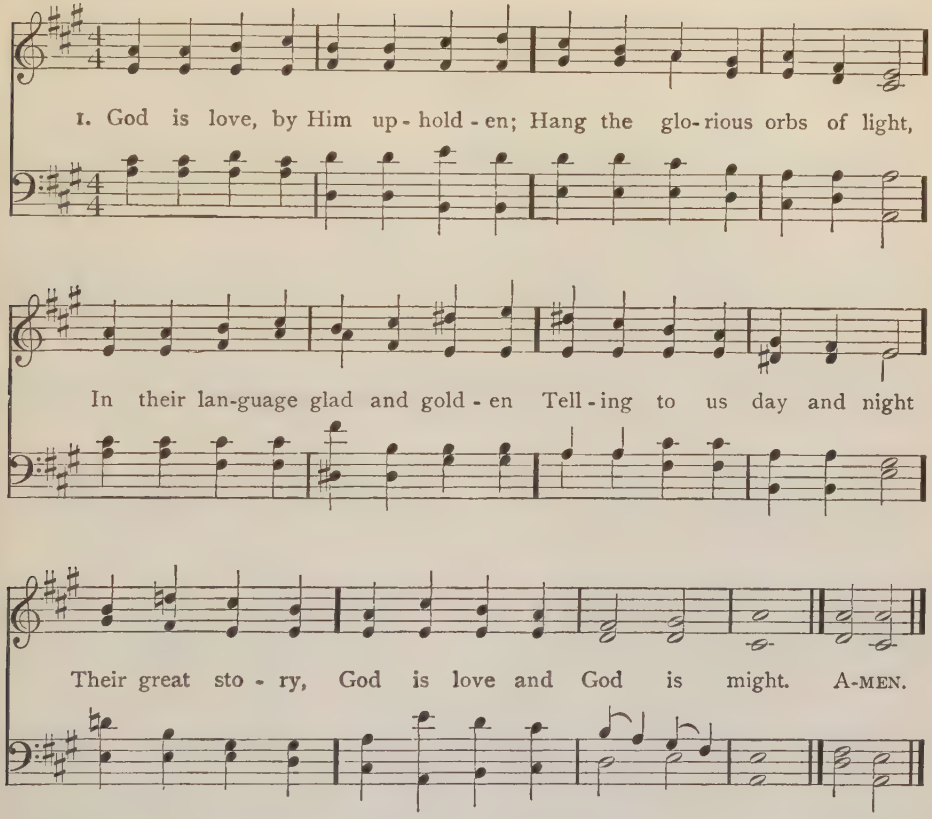

1. There's not a bird with lone-ly nest, In path-less wood or moun-tain crest,
Nor mean-er thing, which does not share, O God, in Thy pa-ter-nal care. A-MEN.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds Thee within its solitude;
And Thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

3 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

54 HEBER 8 7 8 7 4 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1868


1. God is love, by Him up-hold-en; Hang the glo-rious orbs of light,
In their lan-guage glad and gold-en Tell-ing to us day and night
Their great sto-ry, God is love and God is might. A-MEN.

2 And the teeming earth rejoices
In that message from above,
With ten thousand, thousand voices,
Telling back from hill and grove
Her glad story,
God is might and God is love.

3 With these anthems of creation,
Mingling in harmonious strife,
Christian songs of Christ's salvation
To the world with blessing rife
Tell their story,
God is love and God is life.

4 Up to Him let each affection
Daily rise and 'round Him move;
Our whole lives one resurrection
To the Life of life above,
Their glad story,
God is life and God is love.

John S. B. Monsell, 1856

(FESTUS)

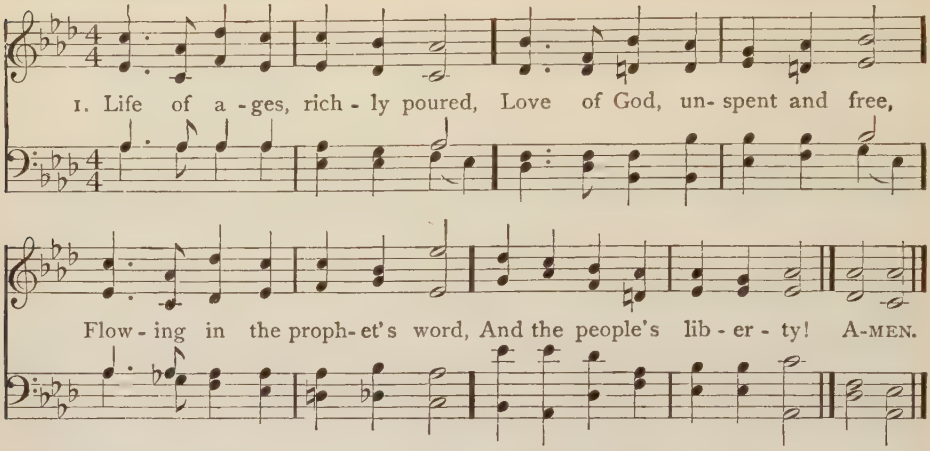
4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

5 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all the years, in every place,
Will bless Thee for Thy boundless grace.

Baptist W. Noel

55 ELLINGHAM 7 7 7 7

Nathaniel S. Godfrey



2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind;

3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

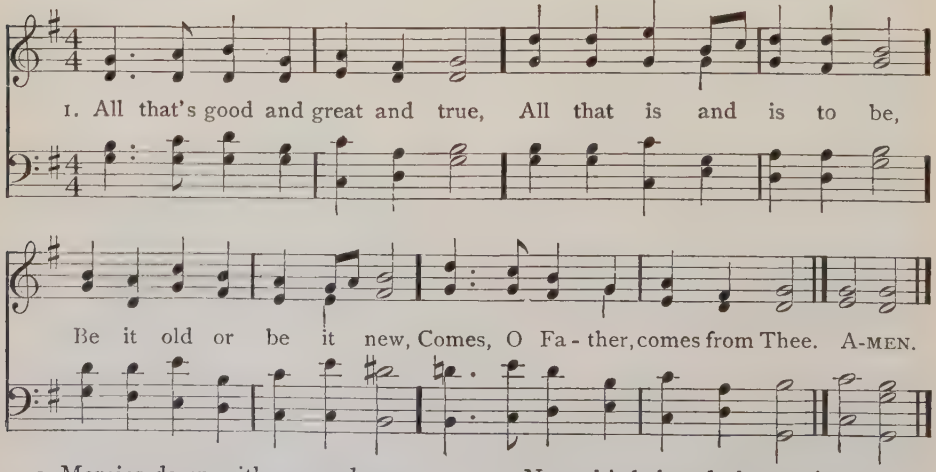
4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong,
From the sacred limits back.

5 Life of ages richly poured,
Love of God unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word,
And the people's liberty!

Samuel Johnson, 1864

56 REDHEAD 45 7 7 7 7

Richard Redhead, 1853

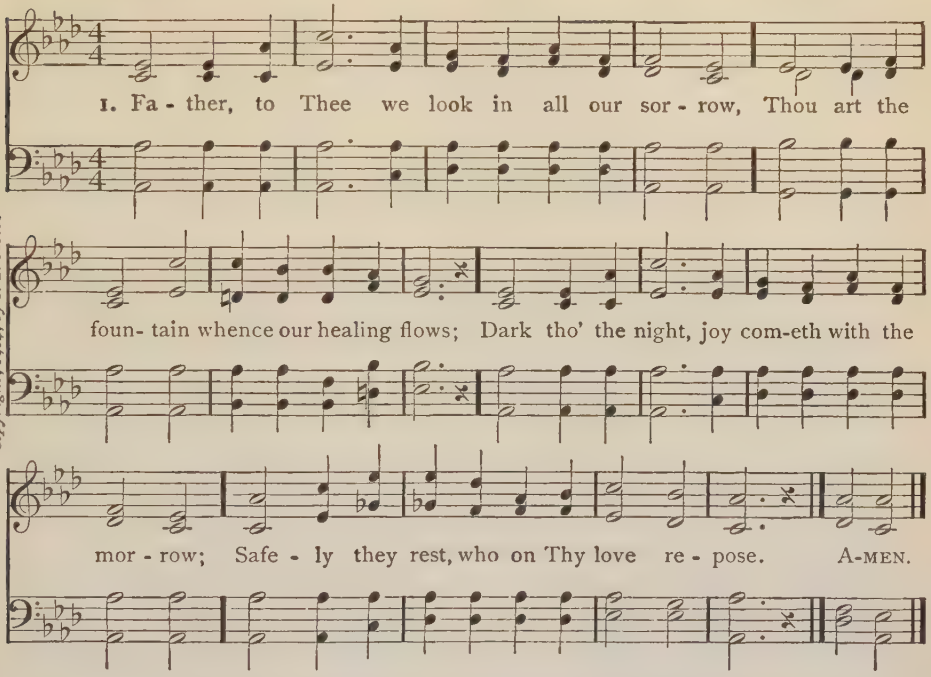


2 Mercies dawn with every day,
Newer, brighter than before,
And the sun's declining ray
Layeth others up in store.

3 Not a bird that doth not sing
Sweetest praises to Thy name;
Not an insect on the wing
But Thy wonders doth proclaim.

57 EVANSTON 11 10 11 10

P. C. Lutkin, 1897


1. Fa - ther, to Thee we look in all our sor - row, Thou art the
foun- tain whence our healing flows; Dark tho' the night, joy com-eth with the
mor - row; Safe - ly they rest, who on Thy love re - pose. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1904, by I. S. Moses

2 When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in Thy peace.

3 Naught shall affright us, on Thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain, we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness, Thou dost make us strong.

4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain!
Yet shalt Thou praise Him, when these darkened furrows,
Where now He plougheth, wave with golden grain.

Frederick L. Hosmer

(REDHEAD 45)

4 Every blade and every tree,
All in happy concert ring,
And in wondrous harmony
Join in praises to their King.

5 Far and near, o'er land and sea,
Mountain-top and wooded dell,
All, in singing, sing of Thee
Songs of love ineffable.

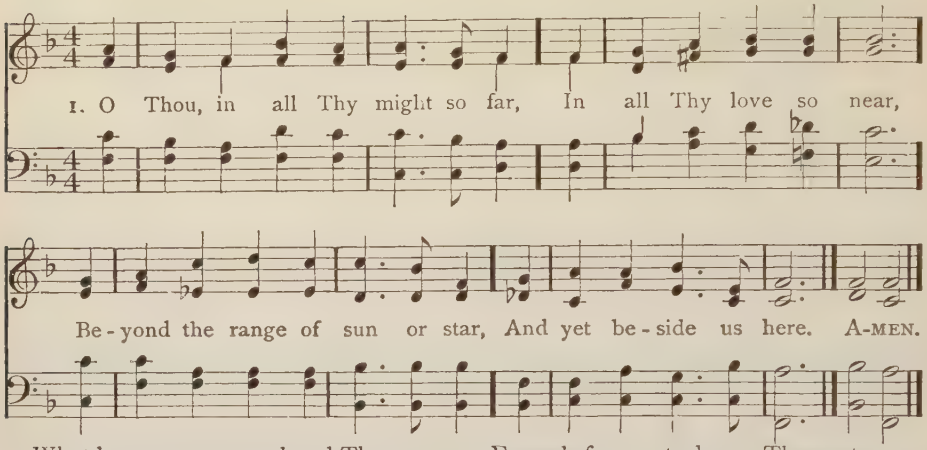
6 Fill us then with love divine,
Grant that we, though toiling here,
May in spirit, being Thine,
See and hear Thee everywhere.

7 May we all with songs of praise
Whilst on earth Thy name adore,
Till with angel-choirs we raise
Songs of praise for evermore.

Godfrey Thring

58 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 What heart can comprehend Thy name,
Or, searching, find Thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
A presence 'round about?

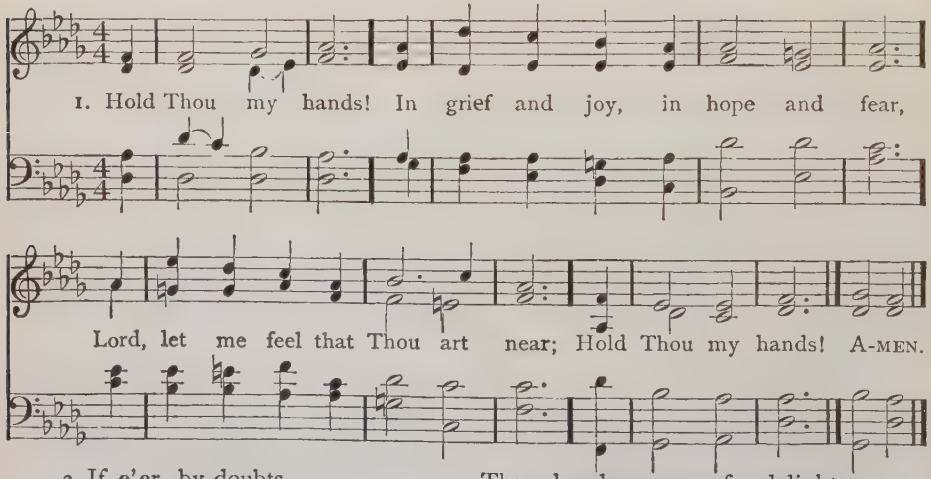
3 Yet, though I know Thee but in part,
I ask not, Lord, for more;
Enough for me to know Thou art,
To love Thee and adore.

4 And dearer than all things I know
Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
An open path to Thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1876

59 CHEDDAR 4 8 8 4

B. Johnson



2 If e'er, by doubts
Of Thy good Fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

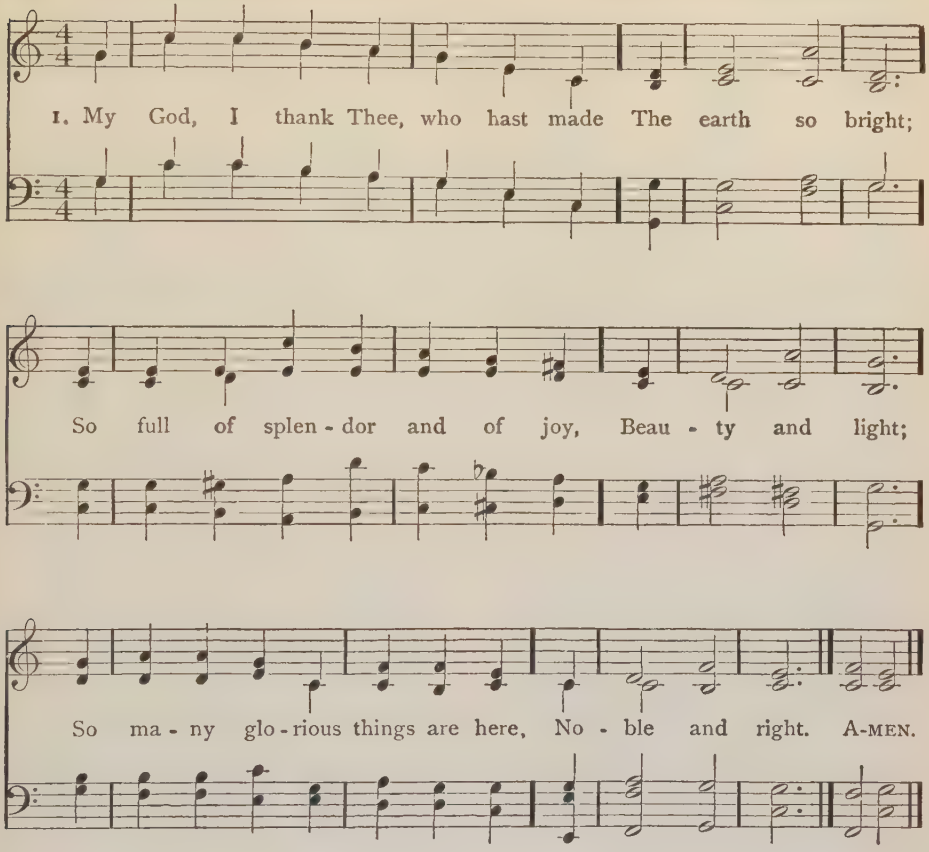
3 Hold Thou my hands,
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight;
Hold Thou my hands!

4 And when at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands!

W. Canton

60 WENTWORTH 8 4 8 4 8 4

Frederick Charles Maker, 1876


1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright;
So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;
So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A-MEN.

2 I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound;
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us 'round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain;
That shadows fall on brightest hours;
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

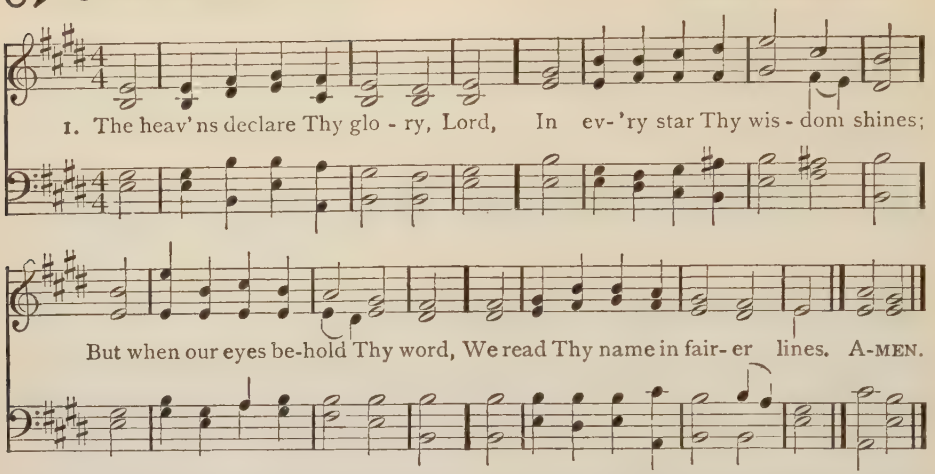
4 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

5 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide Anne Procter, 1898.

61 UXBRIDGE L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830


1. The heav'ns declare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev-'ry star Thy wis - dom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair- er lines. A-MEN.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, Thy power confess;
But the blest volume Thou didst write
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
'Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed
That see the light, or feel the sun.

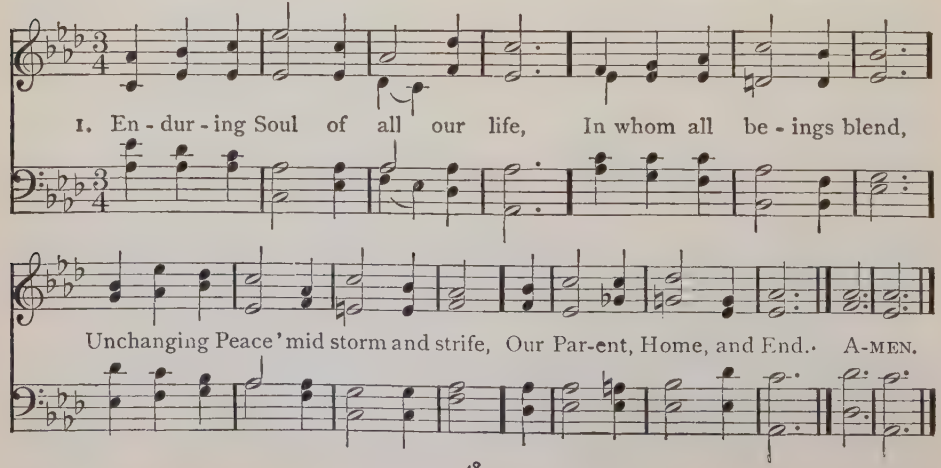
5 Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy Word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719

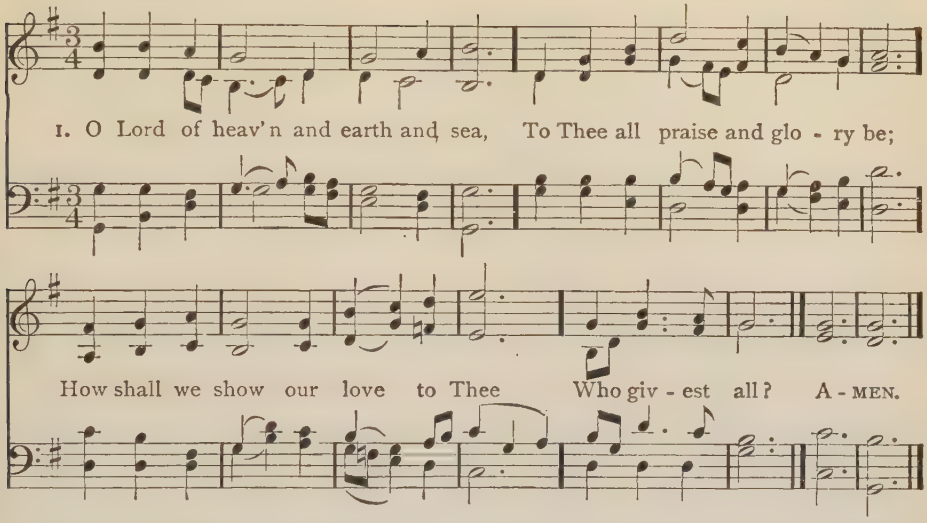
62 BEATITUDO C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875


1. En - dur - ing Soul of all our life, In whom all be - ings blend,
Unchanging Peace 'mid storm and strife, Our Par-ent, Home, and End. A-MEN.

63 ALMSGIVING 8 8 8 4

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875



2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits, Thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there
Who givest all.

3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise
Who givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given
Who givest all?

5 We lose what on ourselves we spend;
We have as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend
Who givest all.

6 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who givest all.

7 To Thee from Whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1872

(BEATITUDO)

2 Through Thee the worlds, with all they bear,
Their mighty courses run;
Through Thee the heavens are passing fair,
And splendor clothes the sun.

3 The thoughts that move the heart of man
And lift his soul on high,
The skill that teaches him to plan
With wondrous subtlety,—

4 These are Thy thoughts, almighty Mind,
This skill is Thine, O Lord,
Who dost by hidden influence bind
All powers in sweet accord.

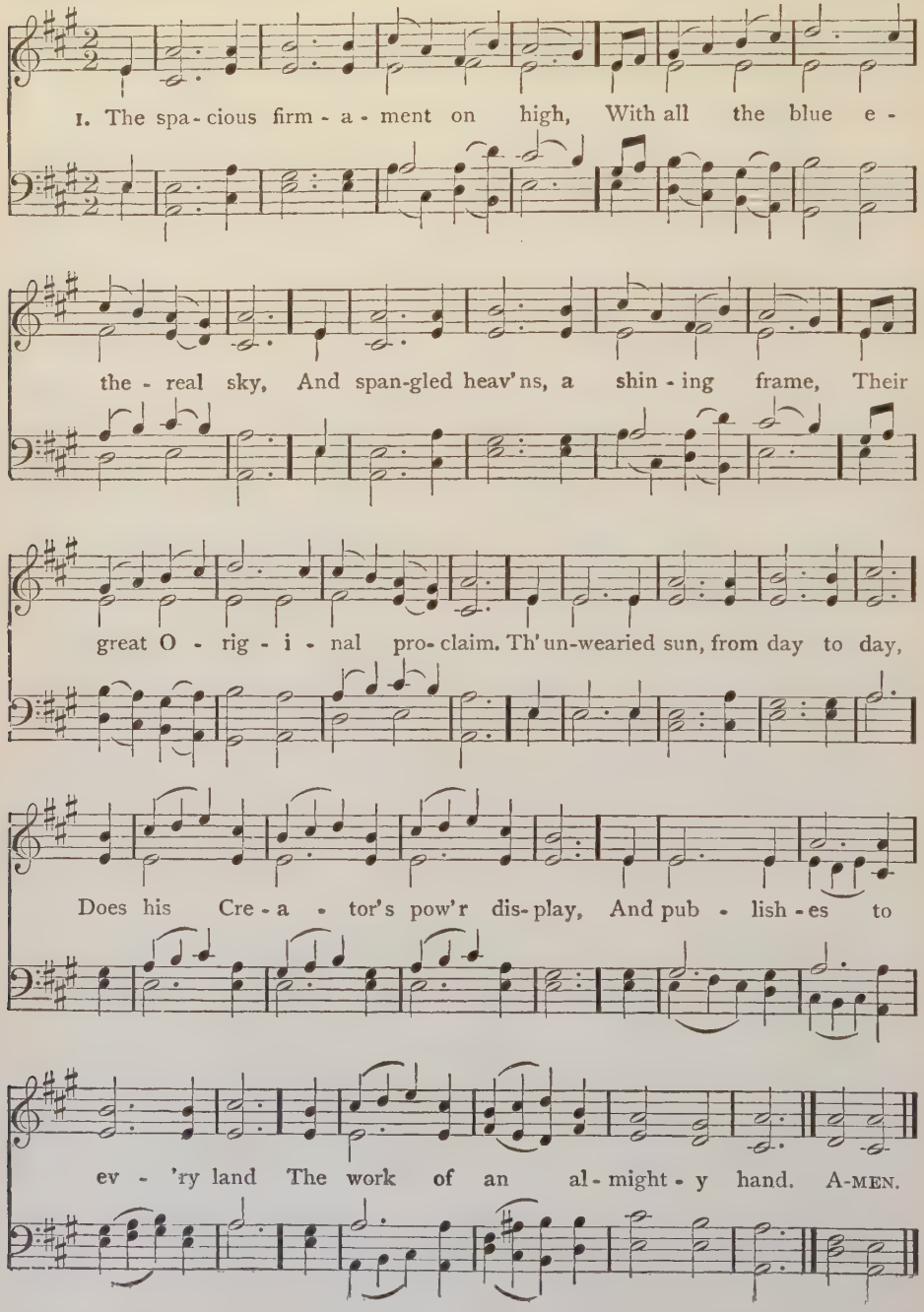
5 No noble work was e'er begun
Which came not first from heaven;
No living deed was ever done
Without Thine impulse given.

6 O fill us now, Thou living Power,
With energy divine;
Thus shall our wills from hour to hour
Become not ours, but Thine.

Ebenezer S. Oakley, 1885

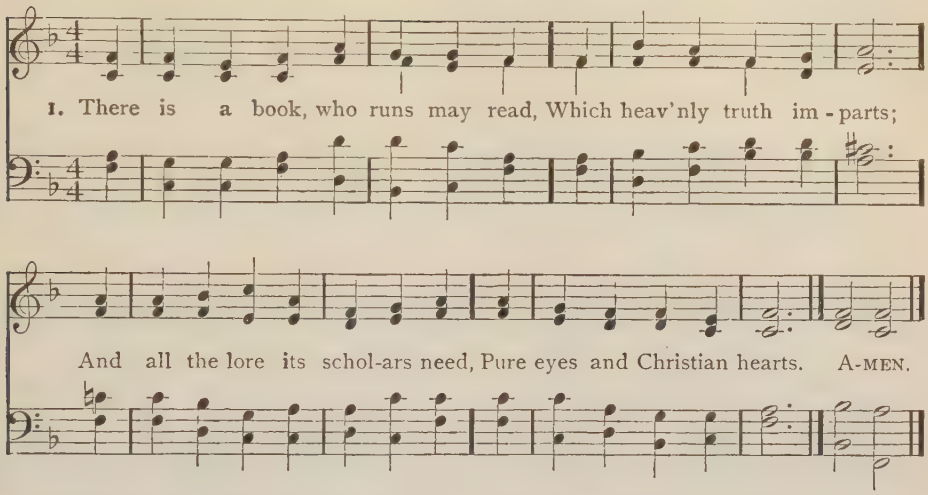
64 CREATION L. M. D.

Franz Josef Haydn


1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -
the - real sky, And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their
great O - rig - i - nal pro- claim. Th' un-wearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis- play, And pub - lish - es to
ev - 'ry land The work of an al - might - y hand. A-MEN.

65 ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

Daye's Psalter, 1562


1. There is a book, who runs may read, Which heav'nly truth im - parts;
And all the lore its schol-ars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts. A-MEN.

2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

4 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues,
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

5 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace:
It steals in silence down;
But, where it lights, the favored place
By richest fruits is known.

6 Thou who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble

(CREATION)

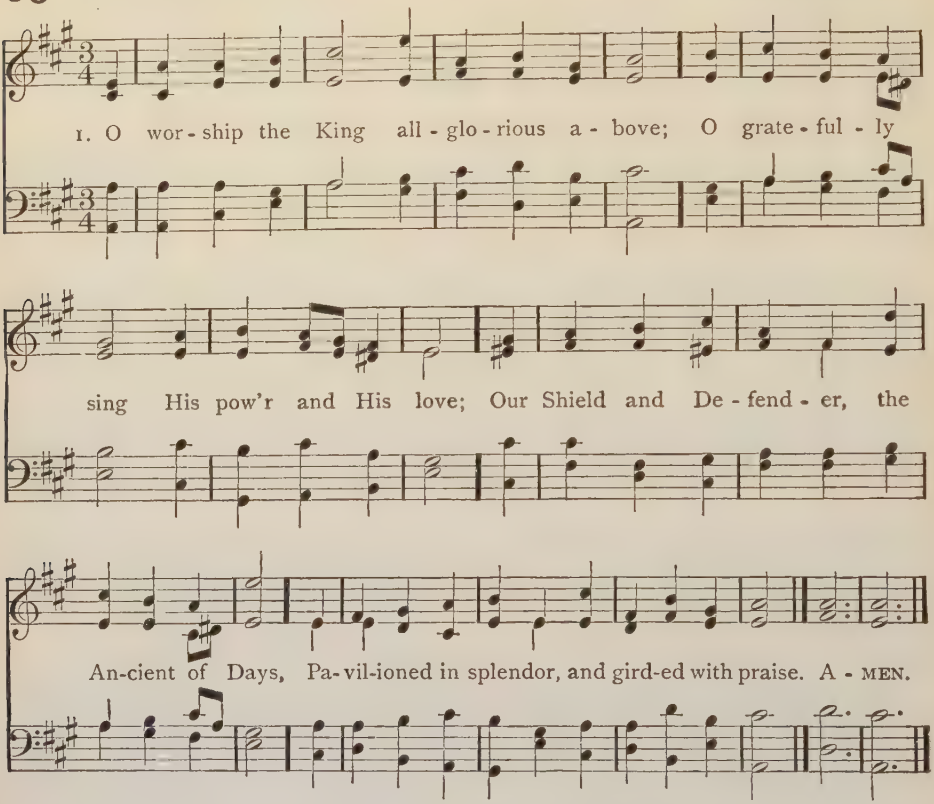
2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move 'round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison, 1712

66 HANOVER 10 10 11 11

William Croft


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove; O grate - ful - ly
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the
An-cient of Days, Pa-vil-ioned in splendor, and gird-ed with praise. A - MEN.

2 O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,
And 'round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

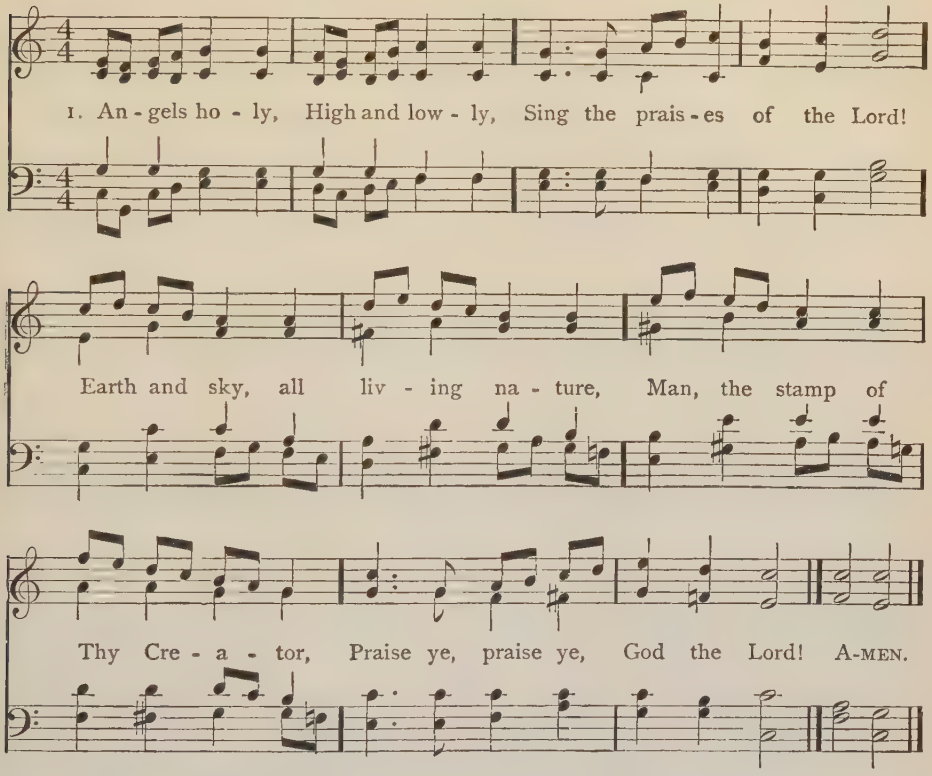
4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

Robert Grant, 1833

67 WINDERMERE 4 4 7 8 8 7

Frederick C. Maker


1. An - gels ho - ly, High and low - ly, Sing the prais - es of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all liv - ing na - ture, Man, the stamp of
Thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! A-MEN.

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

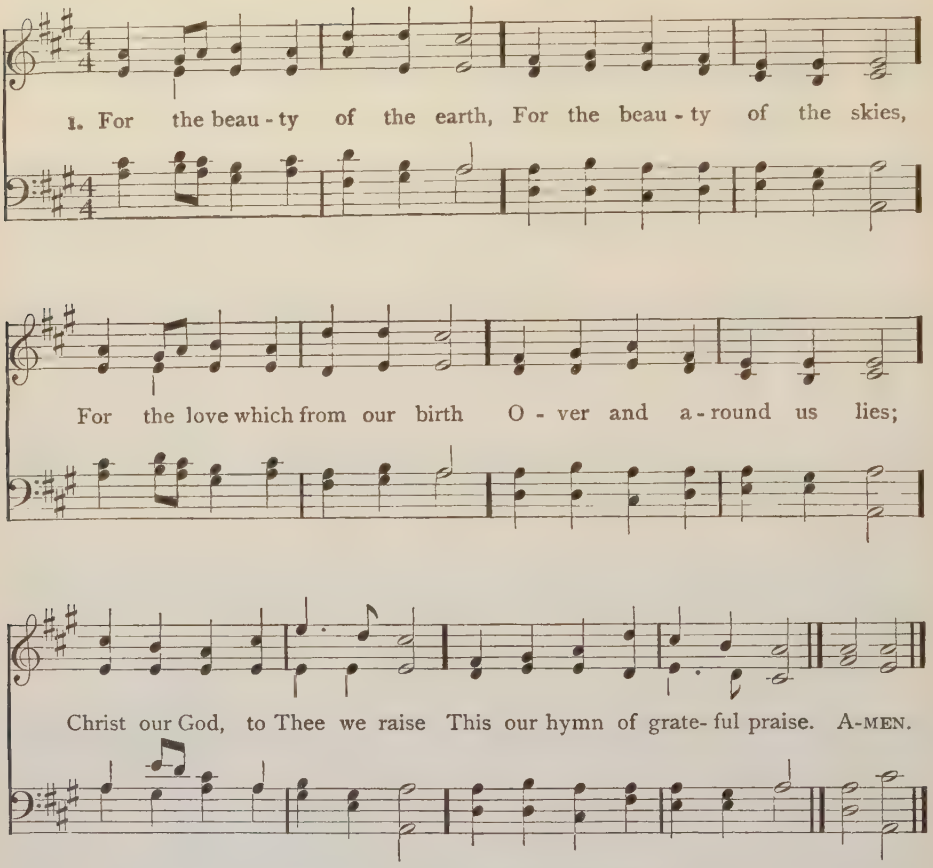
5 Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie

68 DIX 7 7 7 7 7 7

Arr. fr. Conrad Köcher, 1838


1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise. A-MEN.

2 For the wonder of each hour,
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

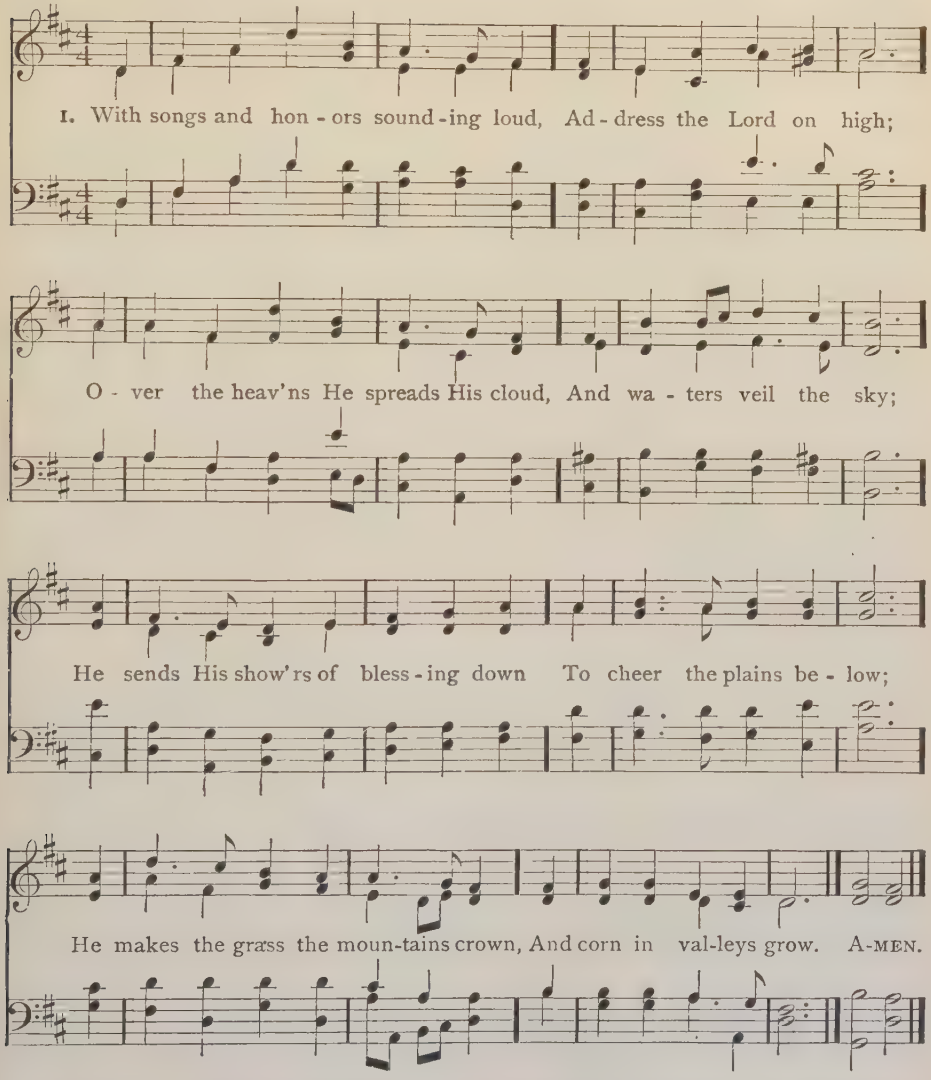
4 For Thy Church, that evermore
Lifteth holy hands above,
Offering up on every shore
Her pure sacrifice of love;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our song of endless praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven;
Christ our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Filliott S. Pierpoint, 1864

69 PETERSHAM C. M. D.

Clement W. Poole


1. With songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high;
O - ver the heav'ns He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky;
He sends His show'rs of bless - ing down To cheer the plains be - low;
He makes the grass the moun-tains crown, And corn in val-leys grow. A-MEN.

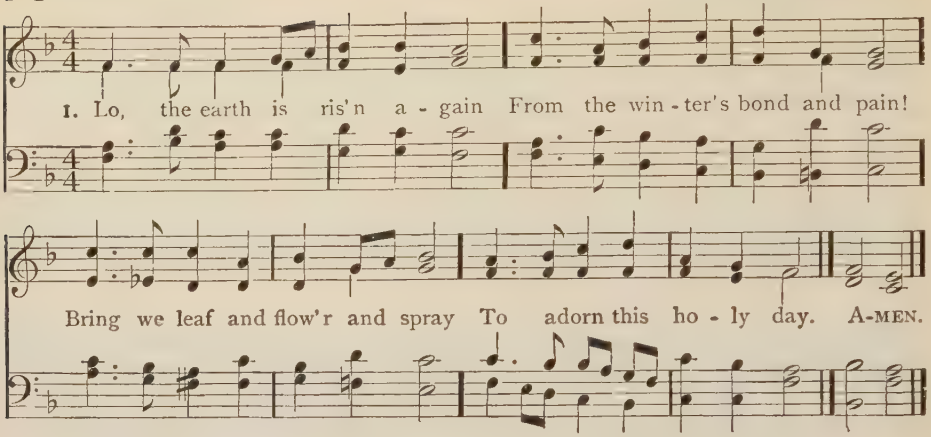
2 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear;
His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

3 He sends His word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts, 1719

70 GLEBE 7 7 7 7

John Bacchus Dykes



2 Once again the word comes true,
Lo, He maketh all things new!
Now the dark, cold days are o'er,
Light and gladness are before.

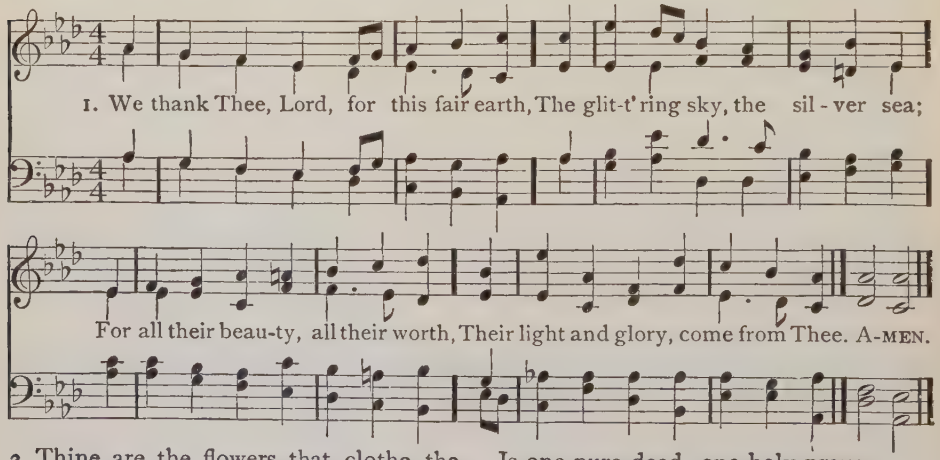
3 How our hearts leap with the spring!
How our spirits soar and sing!
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

4 Change, then, mourning into praise,
And, for dirges, anthems raise:
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality.

Samuel Longfellow, 1876

71 ROTHERFIELD L. M.

Arthur H. Brown


1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil - ver sea;
For all their beau-ty, all their worth, Their light and glory, come from Thee. A-MEN.

2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,
The trees that wave their arms above,
The hills that gird our dwellings 'round,
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

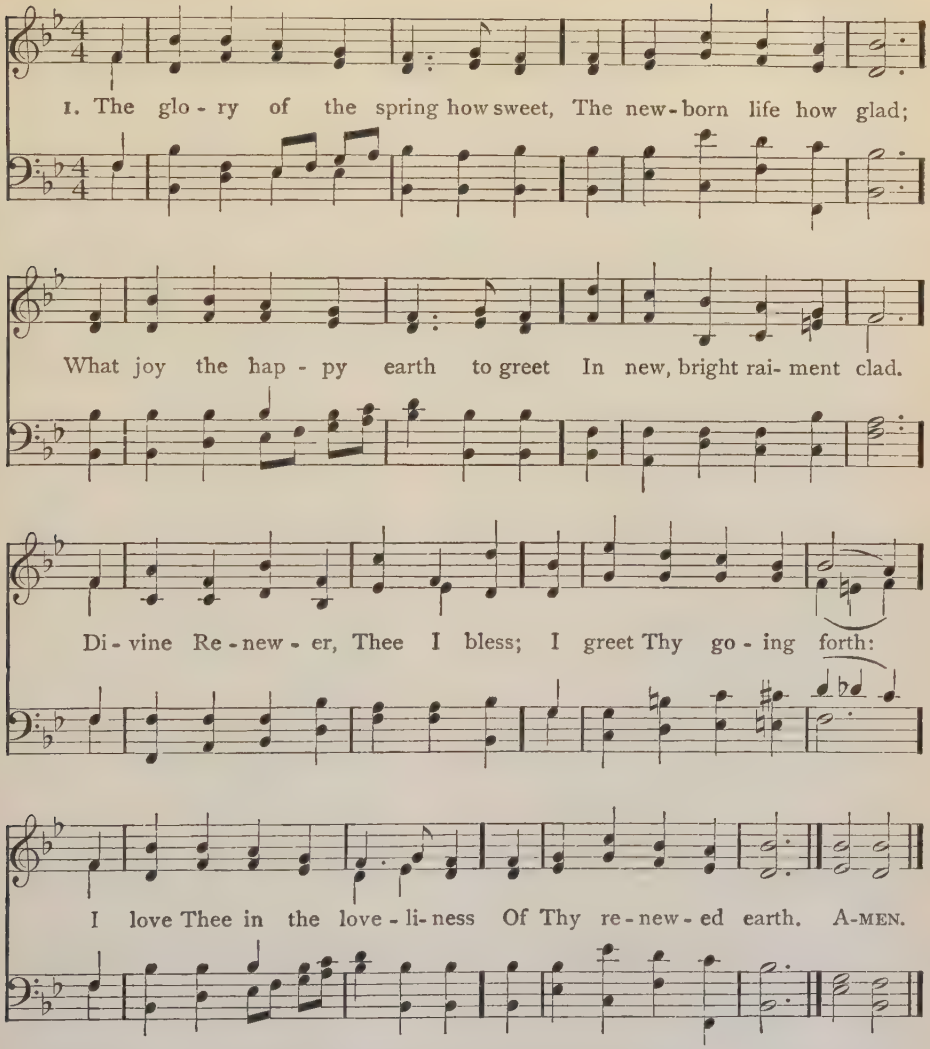
3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.

4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye
On all the gifts Thy love has given,
Help us in Thee to live and die,
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

George E. L. Cotton

72 SERAPH C. M. D.

Old Melody


1. The glo - ry of the spring how sweet, The new-born life how glad;
What joy the hap - py earth to greet In new, bright rai- ment clad.
Di - vine Re - new - er, Thee I bless; I greet Thy go - ing forth:
I love Thee in the love - li- ness Of Thy re - new - ed earth. A-MEN.

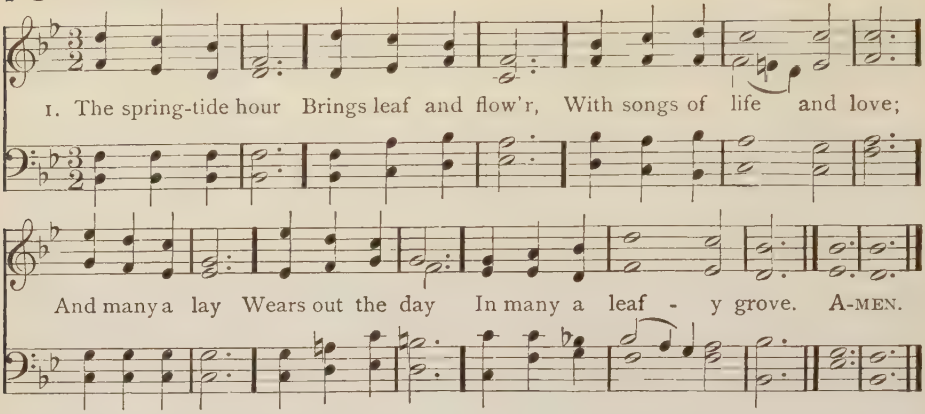
2 But O these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine,
This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair,
This new-born ecstacy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!

3 Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine,
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine.
Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given;
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and heaven.

Thomas H. Gill, 1867

73 HATHERSAGE 4 4 6 4 4 6

Robert Jackson


1. The spring-tide hour Brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love;
And many a lay Wears out the day In many a leaf - y grove. A-MEN.

2 Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.

3 Dews fall apace,—
The dews of grace,—
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within.

4 Yet year by year
Fruit, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
Its winter has no spring.

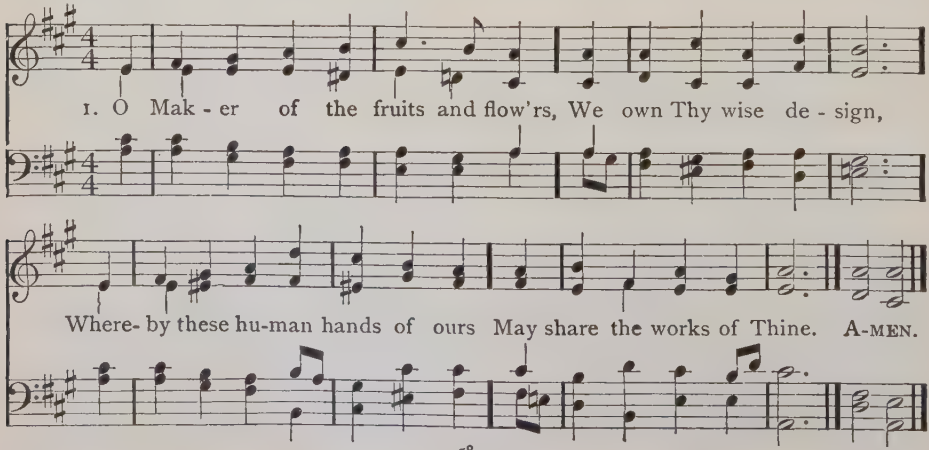
5 Lord, let Thy love,
Fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom,
Wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

6 And when Thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing;
Lord, teach this heart
To bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.

John S. B. Monsell

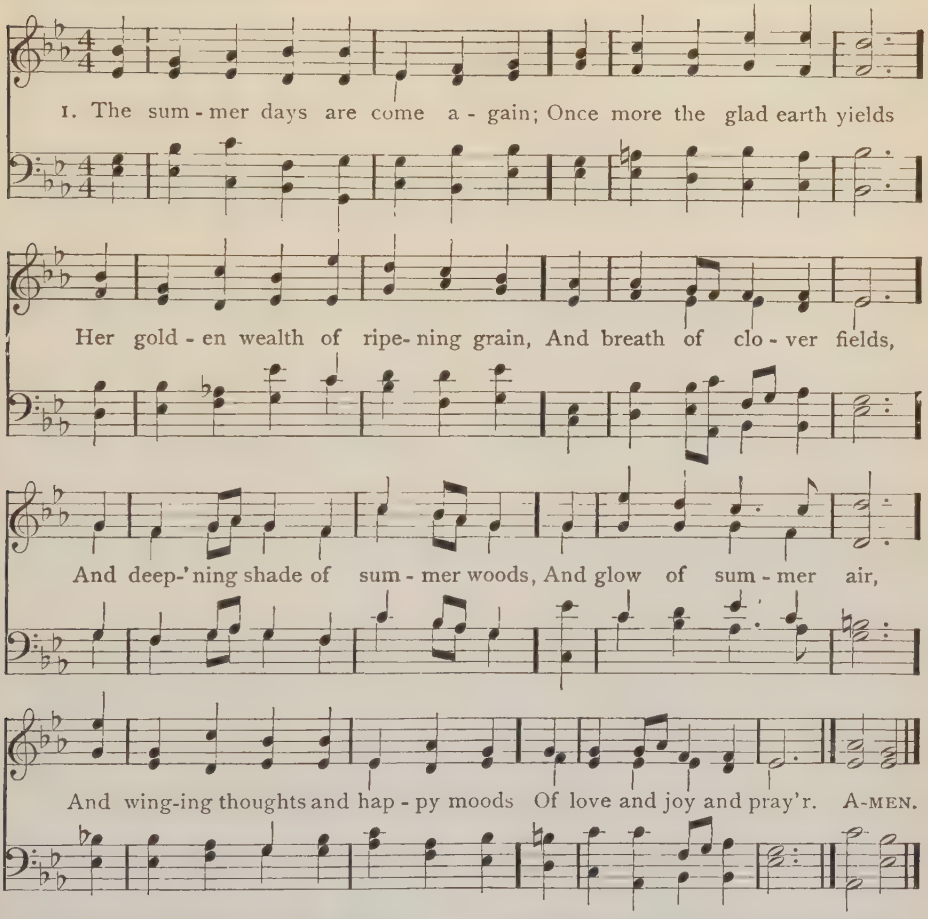
74 GOUDA C. M.

Berthold Tours


1. O Mak - er of the fruits and flow'rs, We own Thy wise de - sign,
Where- by these hu-man hands of ours May share the works of Thine. A-MEN.

75 HEREFORD C. M. D.

Henry J. Gauntlett


1. The sum - mer days are come a - gain; Once more the glad earth yields
Her gold - en wealth of ripe- ning grain, And breath of clo - ver fields,
And deep-'ning shade of sum - mer woods, And glow of sum - mer air,
And wing-ing thoughts and hap - py moods Of love and joy and pray'r. A-MEN.

2 The summer days are come again;
The birds are on the wing;
God's praises, in their loving strain,
Unconsciously they sing.

We know Who giveth all the good
That doth our cup o'erbrim;
For summer joy in field and wood
We lift our song to Him.

Samuel Longfellow

(GOUDA)

2 Apart from Thee, we plant in vain
The root and sow the seed;
Thy early and Thy latter rain,
Thy sun and dew we need.

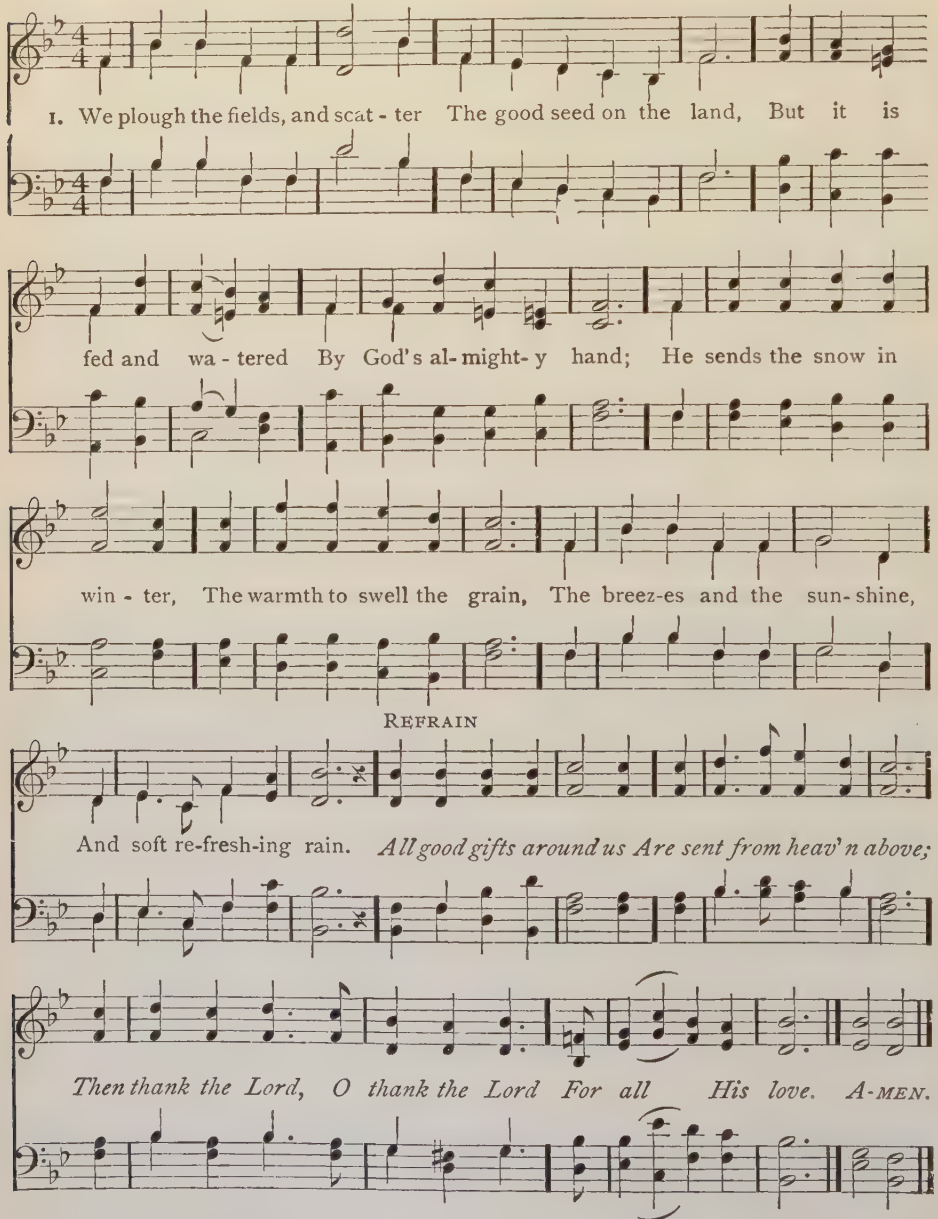
3 Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
Our burden is our boon;
The curse of earth's grey morning is
The blessing of its noon.

4 Its earliest shrines the young world sought
In hill-groves and in bowers;
The fittest offerings thither brought,
Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

5 And still with reverent hands we cull
Thy gifts each year renewed;
The good is always beautiful,
The beautiful is good.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1858

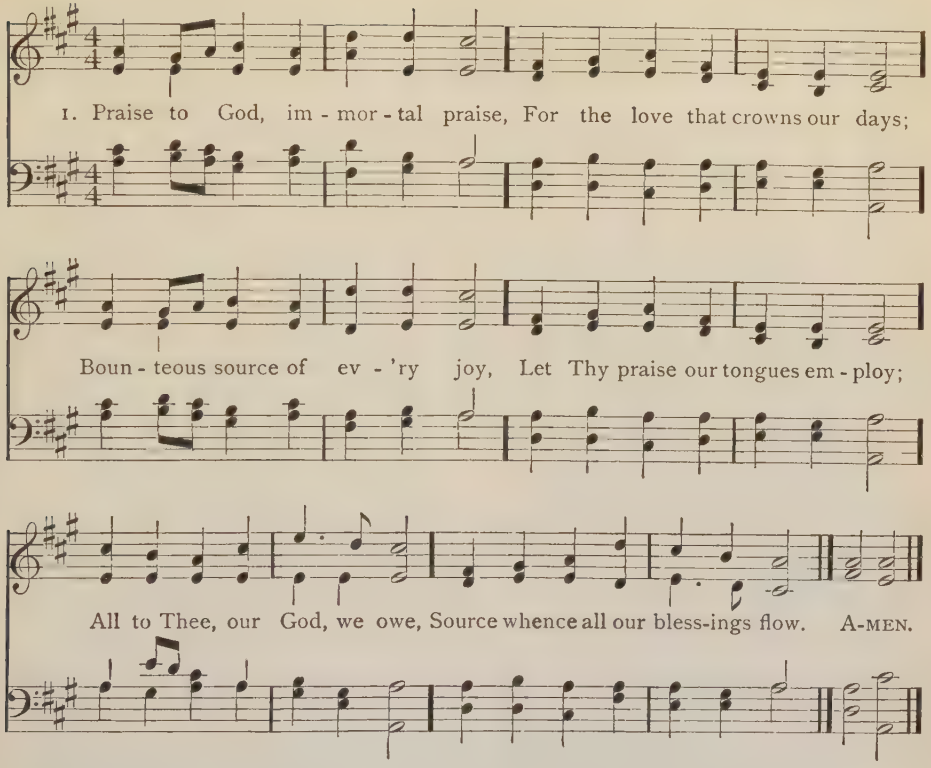
76 WIR PFLÜGEN 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 With Refrain — Johann A. P. Schulz


1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is
fed and wa - tered By God's al-might- y hand; He sends the snow in
win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun- shine,
REFRAIN
And soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts around us Are sent from heav'n above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love. A-MEN.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed;
Much more to us His children,
He gives our daily bread.

77 DIX 7 7 7 7 7 7

Arr. fr. Conrad Köcher, 1838


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Boun - teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;
All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A-MEN.

2 All the plenty summer pours;
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Peace, prosperity and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,
May we give Thee of our best;
And by deeds of kindly love
For Thy mercies grateful prove;
Singing thus through all our days,
Praise to God, immortal praise.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1772 Alt. & Ab.

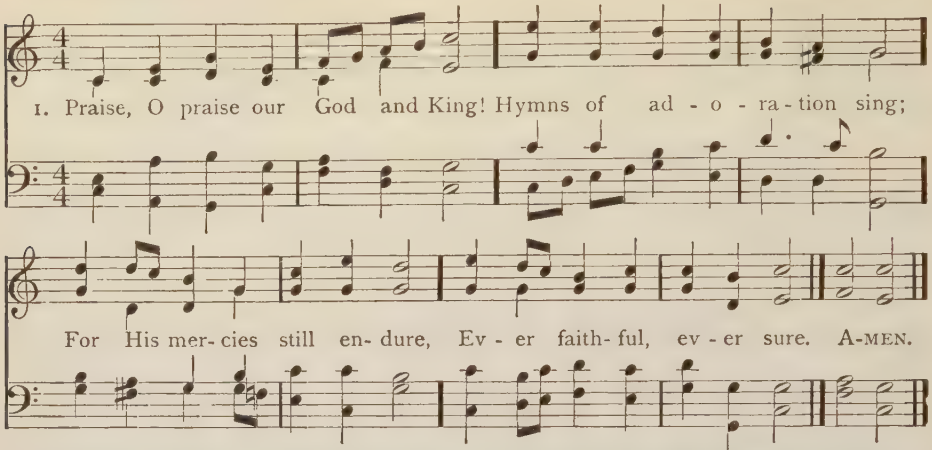
(WIR PFLÜGEN)

3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

M. Claudius, 1782 Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1861

78 MONKLAND 7 7 7 7

John B. Wilkes, 1861



2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light.

3 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield.

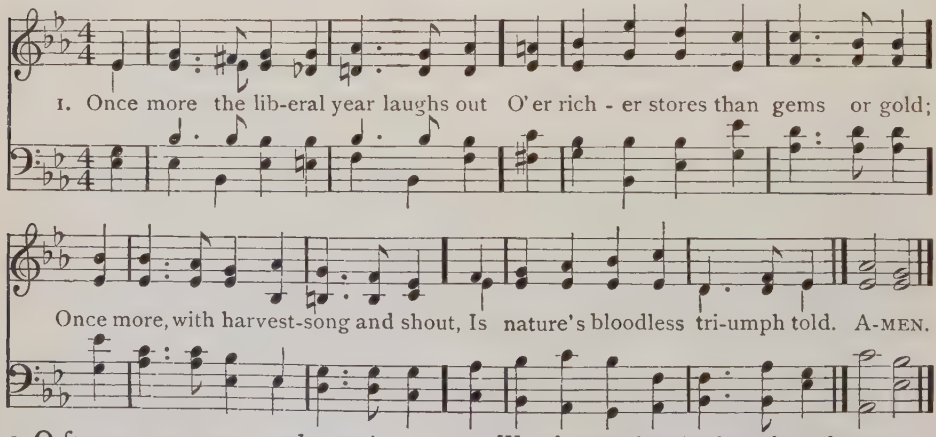
4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

5 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

Henry Baker, 1861

79 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872


1. Once more the lib-eral year laughs out O'er rich - er stores than gems or gold;
Once more, with harvest-song and shout, Is nature's bloodless tri-umph told. A-MEN.

2 O favors every year made new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

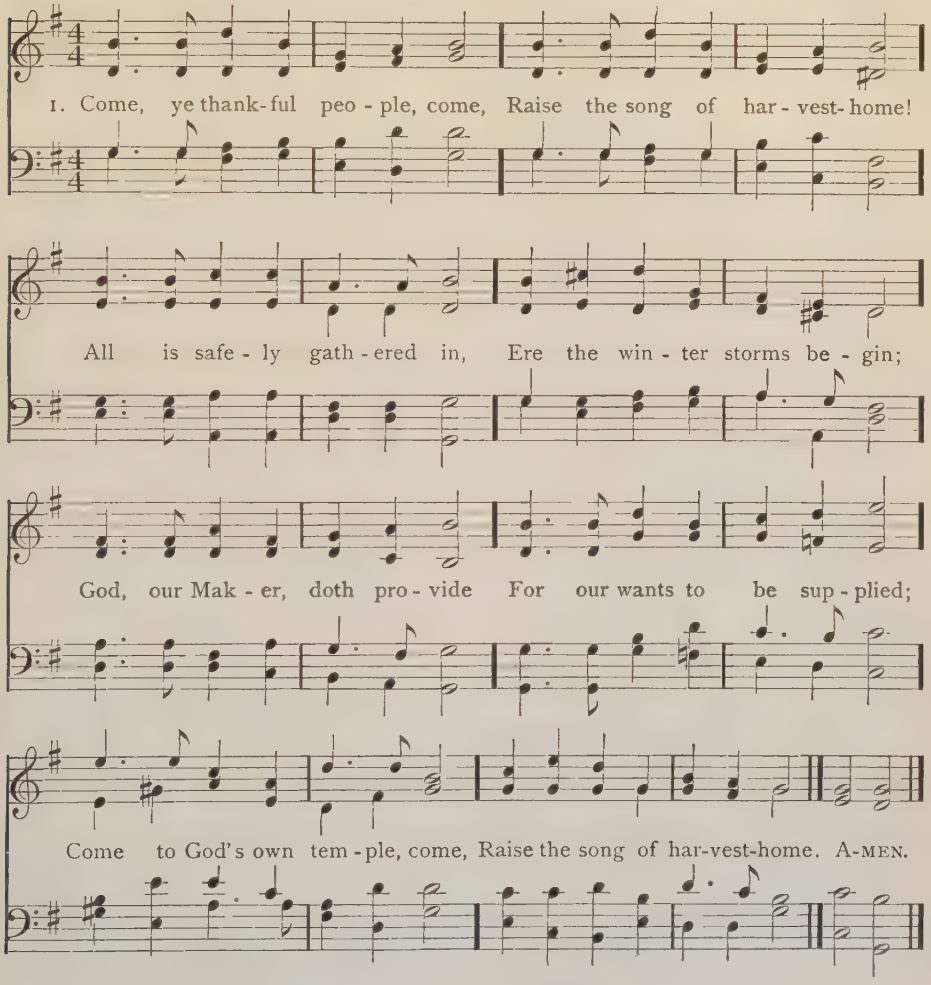
3 We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it, shines behind us still.

4 Now let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1859

80 ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

George J. Elvey, 1858


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home!
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
Come to God's own tem - ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest-home. A-MEN.

2 All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

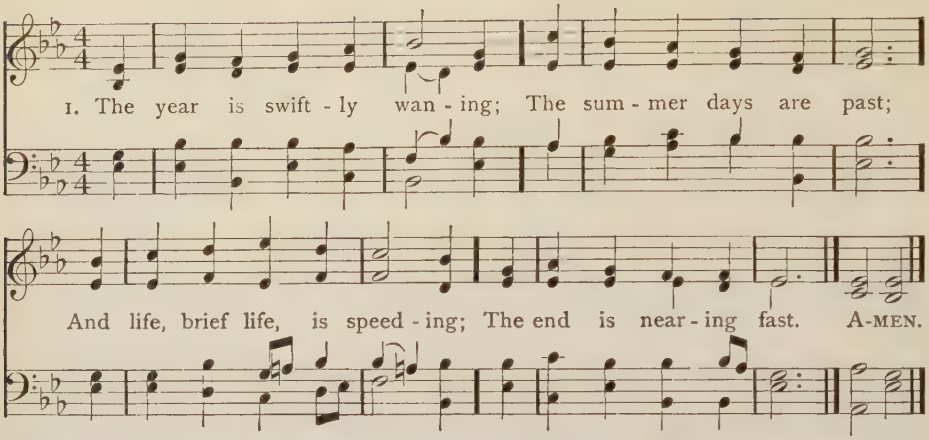
3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,
To Thy final harvest-home!
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy presence to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious harvest-home.

Henry Alford, 1845

81 BREMEN 7 6 7 6

M. Vulpius



2 Behold the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
Lord, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

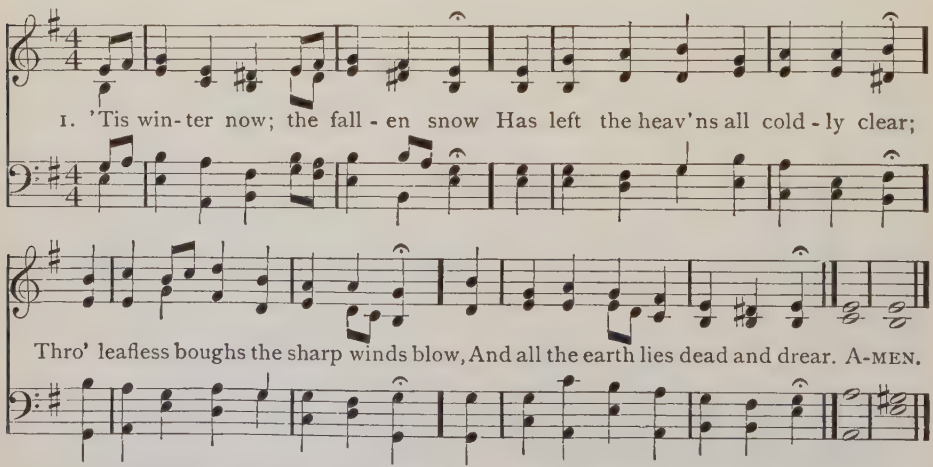
3 O by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

4 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy name may hallow,
And see at last Thy face.

William Walsham How

82 ERHALT UNS, HERR L. M.

German


1. 'Tis win - ter now; the fall - en snow Has left the heav'ns all cold - ly clear;
Thro' leafless boughs the sharp winds blow, And all the earth lies dead and drear. A-MEN.

2 And yet God's love is not withdrawn;
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

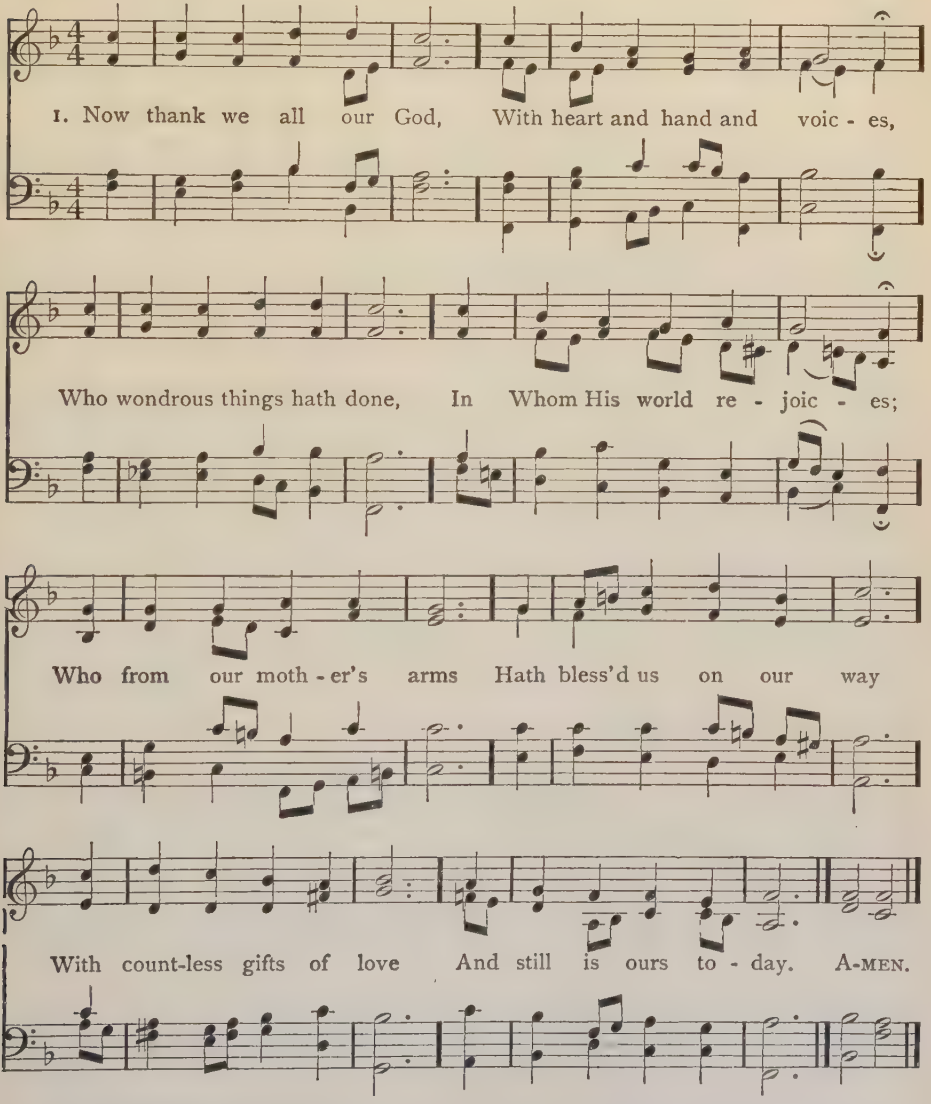
3 And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

4 O God, who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in Thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

Samuel Longfellow, 1859

83 NUN DANKET 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6

Johann Crüger, 1640


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voic - es,
Who wondrous things hath done, In Whom His world re - joic - es;
Who from our moth - er's arms Hath bless'd us on our way
With count-less gifts of love And still is ours to - day. A-MEN.

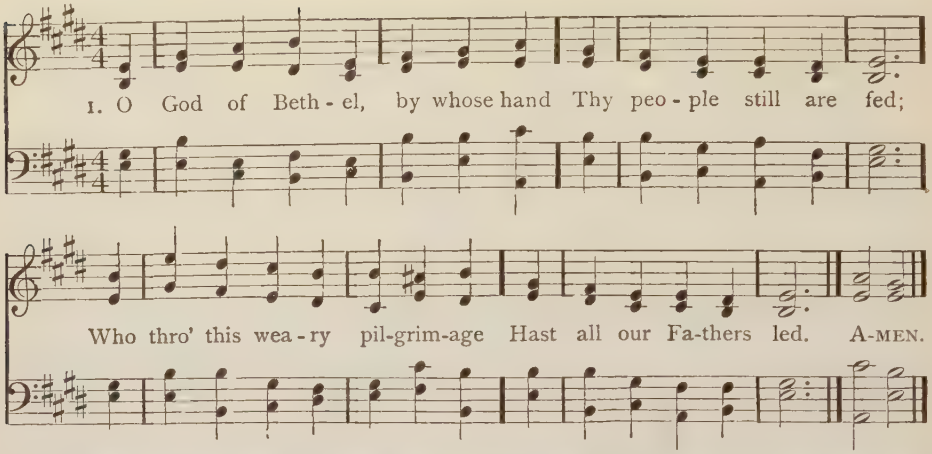
2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him Who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

84 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1565



2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

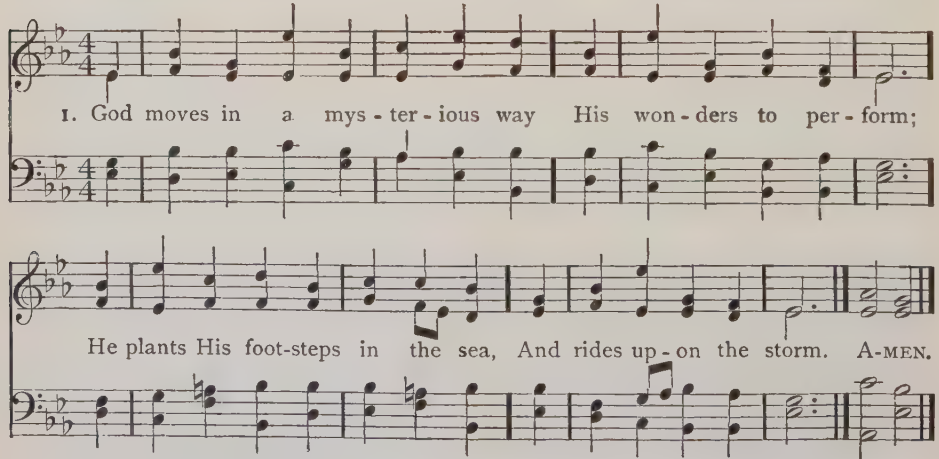
4 O spread Thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wandering cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

Philip Doddridge, 1737

85 LONDON NEW C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635

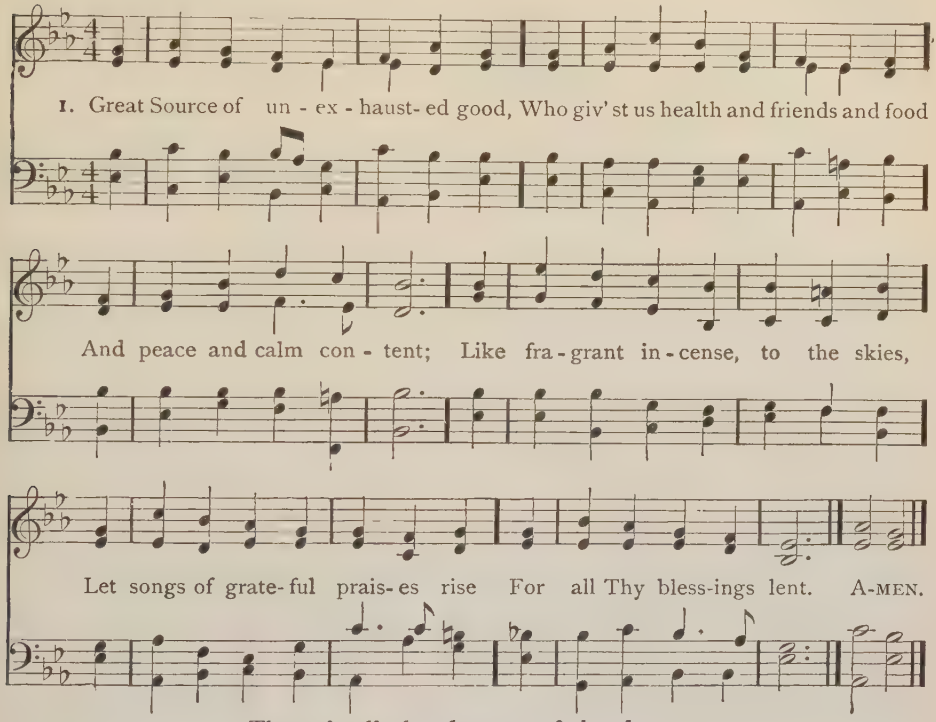


2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

86 EASTBOURNE 8 8 6 8 8 6

Henry W. Hardy


1. Great Source of un - ex - haust- ed good, Who giv' st us health and friends and food
And peace and calm con - tent; Like fra - grant in - cense, to the skies,
Let songs of grate- ful prais- es rise For all Thy bless-ings lent. A-MEN.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.

3 To Thee our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
And brightest hopes above;
Then let our lives, and all that's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to Thy love.

Exeter Collection

(LONDON NEW)

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

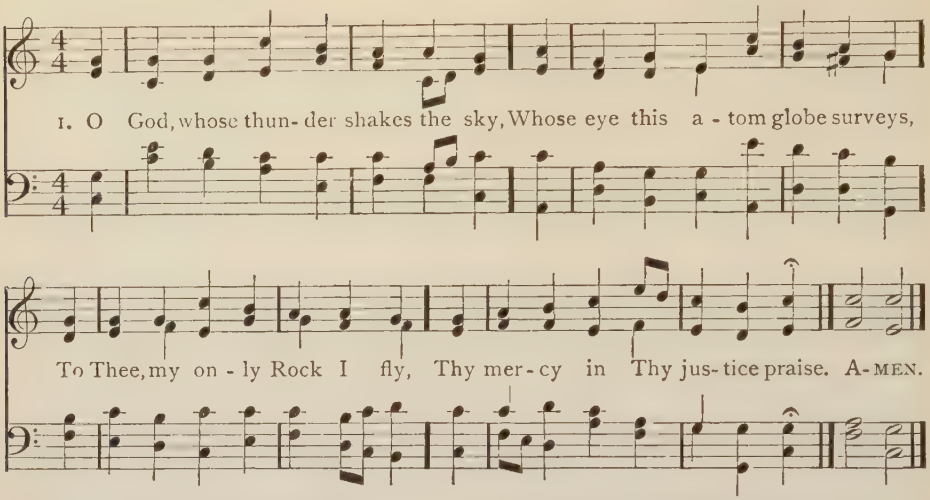
5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1772

87 MAINZER L. M.

Joseph Mainzer, 1845


1. O God, whose thun-der shakes the sky, Whose eye this a-tom globe surveys,
To Thee, my on-ly Rock I fly, Thy mer-cy in Thy jus-tice praise. A-MEN.

2 The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill;
But what the Eternal does is right.

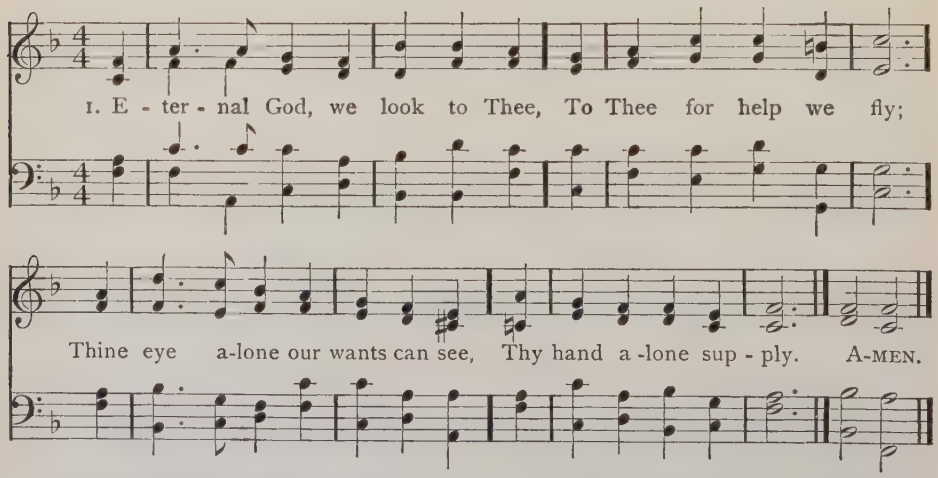
3 Then why, my soul, dost thou complain,
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

4 The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

Thomas Chatterton

88 WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592



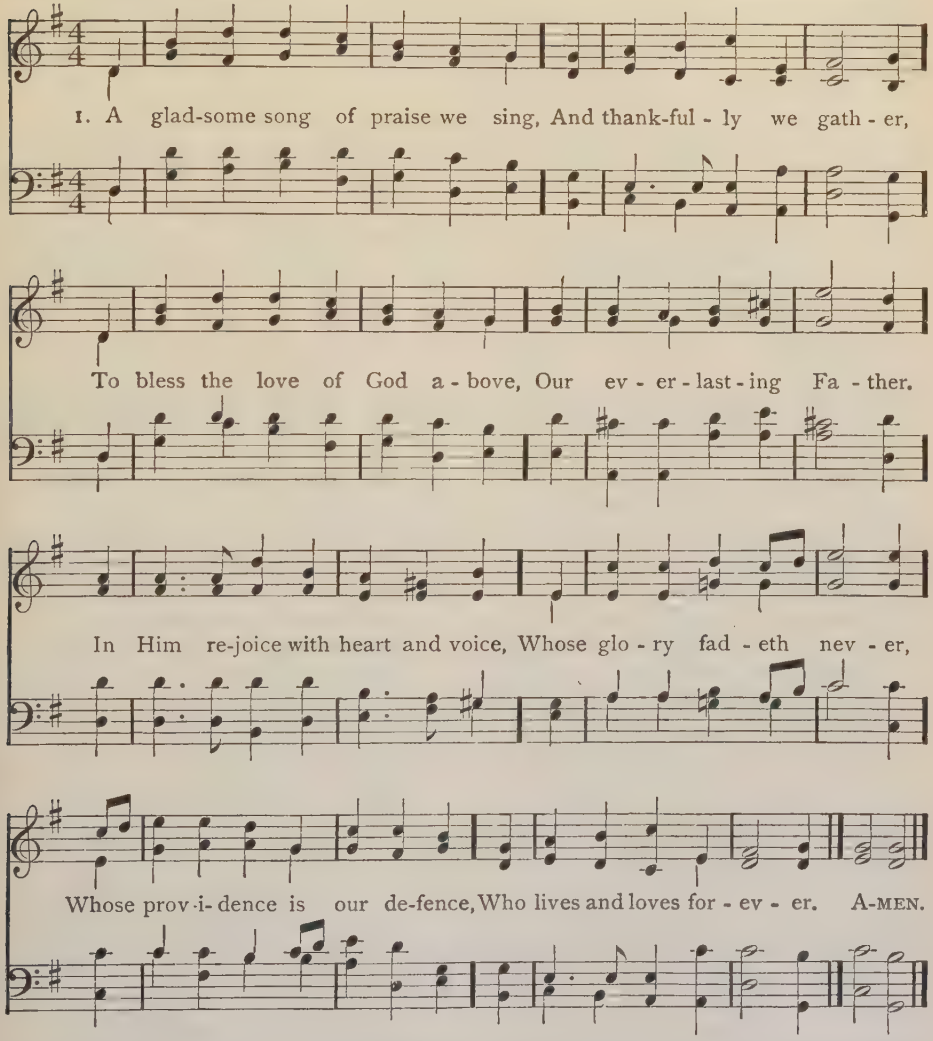
2 Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide:
That love will all vain love expel;
That fear, all fear beside.

3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let Thy grace supply:
The good unasked in mercy grant;
The ill, though asked, deny.

James Merrick, 1763

89 GOLDEN SHEAVES 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Arthur Sullivan


1. A glad-some song of praise we sing, And thank-ful - ly we gath - er,
To bless the love of God a - bove, Our ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther.
In Him re-joice with heart and voice, Whose glo - ry fad - eth nev - er,
Whose prov - i - dence is our de-fence, Who lives and loves for - ev - er. A-MEN.

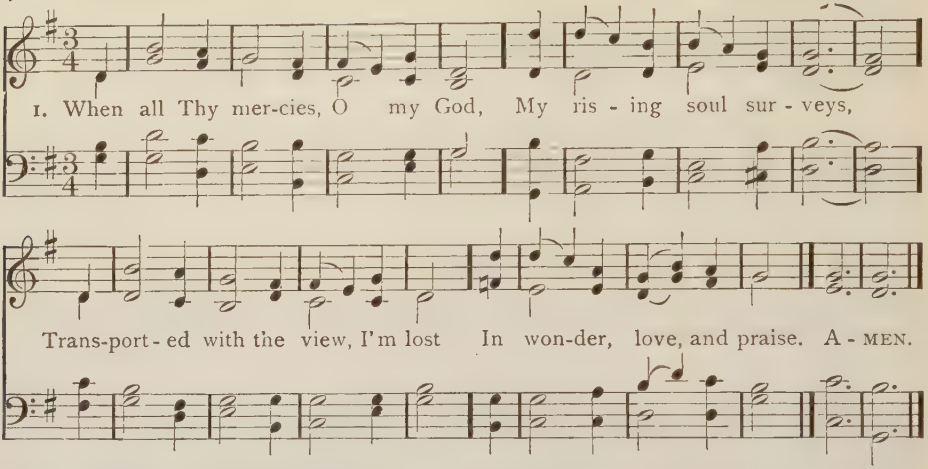
2 From shades of night He calls the light,
And from the sod the flower;
And every cloud His blessings break
In sunshine or in shower:
For nothing falls unknown to Him,—
Or care, or joy, or sorrow,
And He whose mercy ruled the past
Will be our stay to-morrow.

3 Then praise the Lord with one accord,
To His great name give glory,
And of His never-changing love
Repeat the wondrous story.
In Him rejoice with heart and voice,
Whose glory fadeth never,
Whose providence is our defence,
Who lives and loves forever.

Ambrose N. Blatchford

90 BELMONT C. M.

William Gardiner, 1812



2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

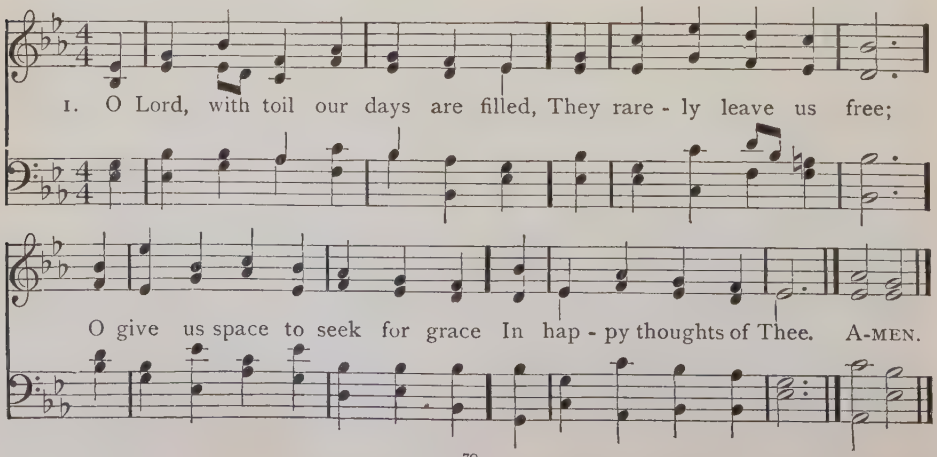
6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

Joseph Addison

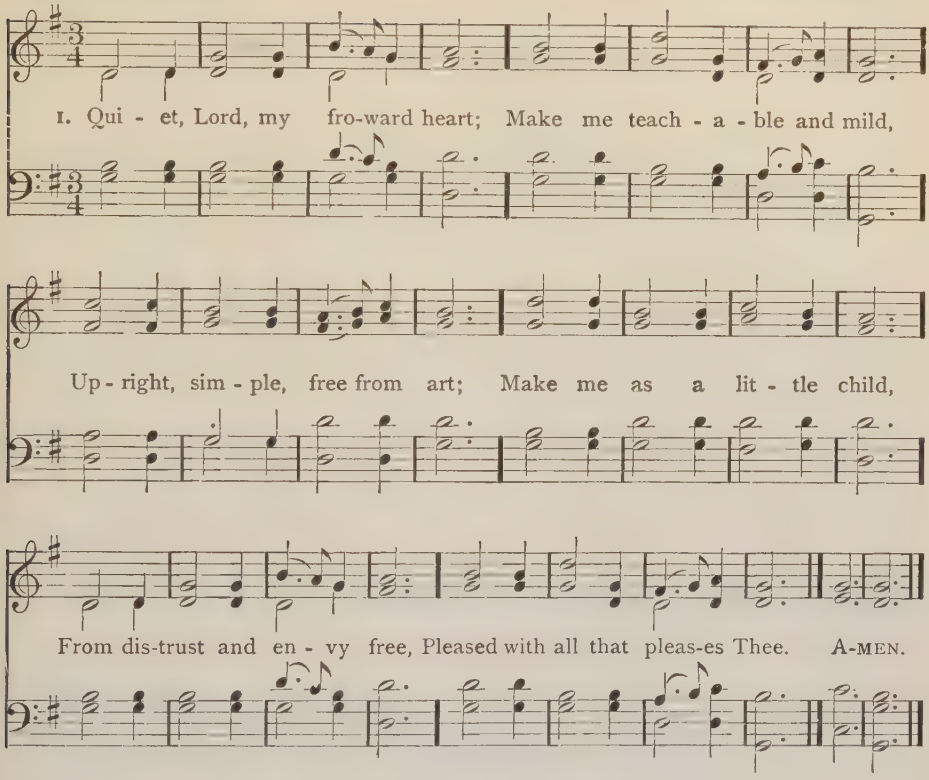
91 SPRAGUE C. M.

Anon.


1. O Lord, with toil our days are filled, They rare - ly leave us free;
O give us space to seek for grace In hap - py thoughts of Thee. A-MEN.

92 GUIDE 7 7 7 7 7 7

M. M. Wells


1. Qui - et, Lord, my fro-ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,
Up - right, sim - ple, free from art; Make me as a lit - tle child,
From dis-trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas-es Thee. A-MEN.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide,

John Newton, 1779

(SPRAGUE)

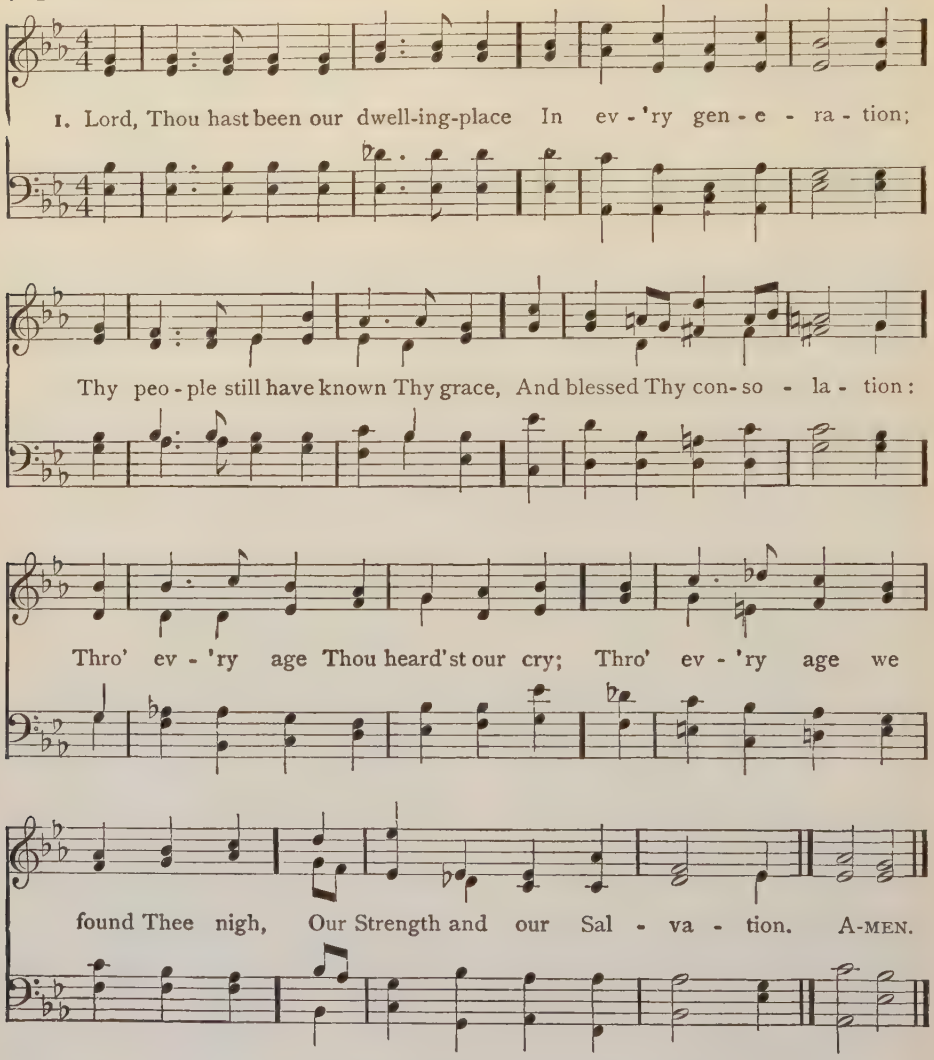
2 Yet hear us, little though we ask,
O leave us not alone;
In every thought, and word, and task,
Be near us, though unknown.

3 Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
Still send us heavenly food,
And mark, as none on earth can mark
Our struggle to be good.

Alfred Ainger, 1837

93 THE GOLDEN CHAIN 8 7 8 7 8 8 7

Joseph Barnby, 1887

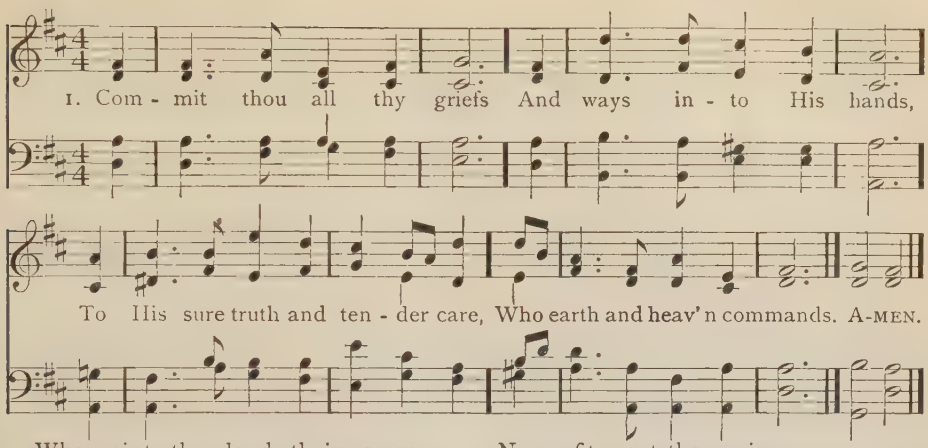

1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwell-ing-place In ev - 'ry gen - e - ra - tion;
Thy peo - ple still have known Thy grace, And blessed Thy con - so - la - tion:
Thro' ev - 'ry age Thou heard'st our cry; Thro' ev - 'ry age we
found Thee nigh, Our Strength and our Sal - va - tion. A-MEN.

2 Lord, nothing from Thine arms of love
Shall Thine own people sever;
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in Thee,
Our dwelling-place Thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever.

Thomas H. Gill, 1864

94 VAIL S. M.

Maltbie D. Babcock



2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

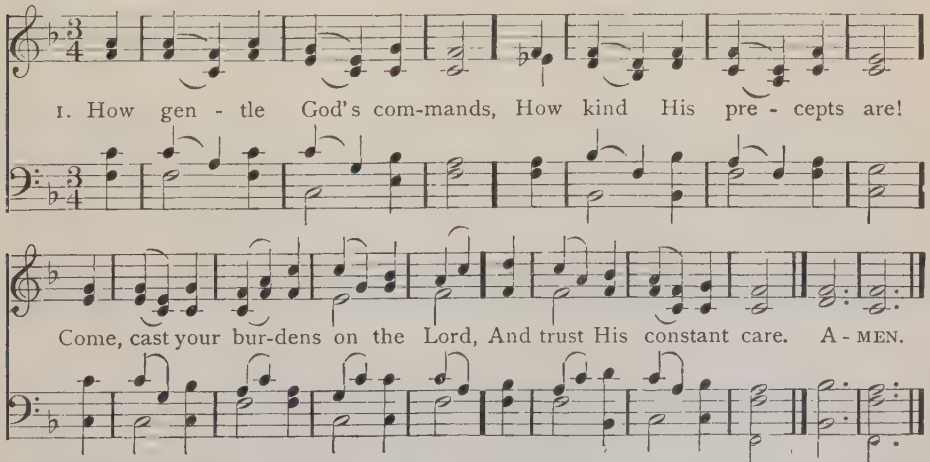
4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To Him commend thy cause; His ear
Attends the softest prayer.

5 Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou, wondering, own His way
How wise, how strong His hand.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. John Wesley, 1739

95 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. fr. H. G. Nägeli, by Lowell Mason, 1845



2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand, which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

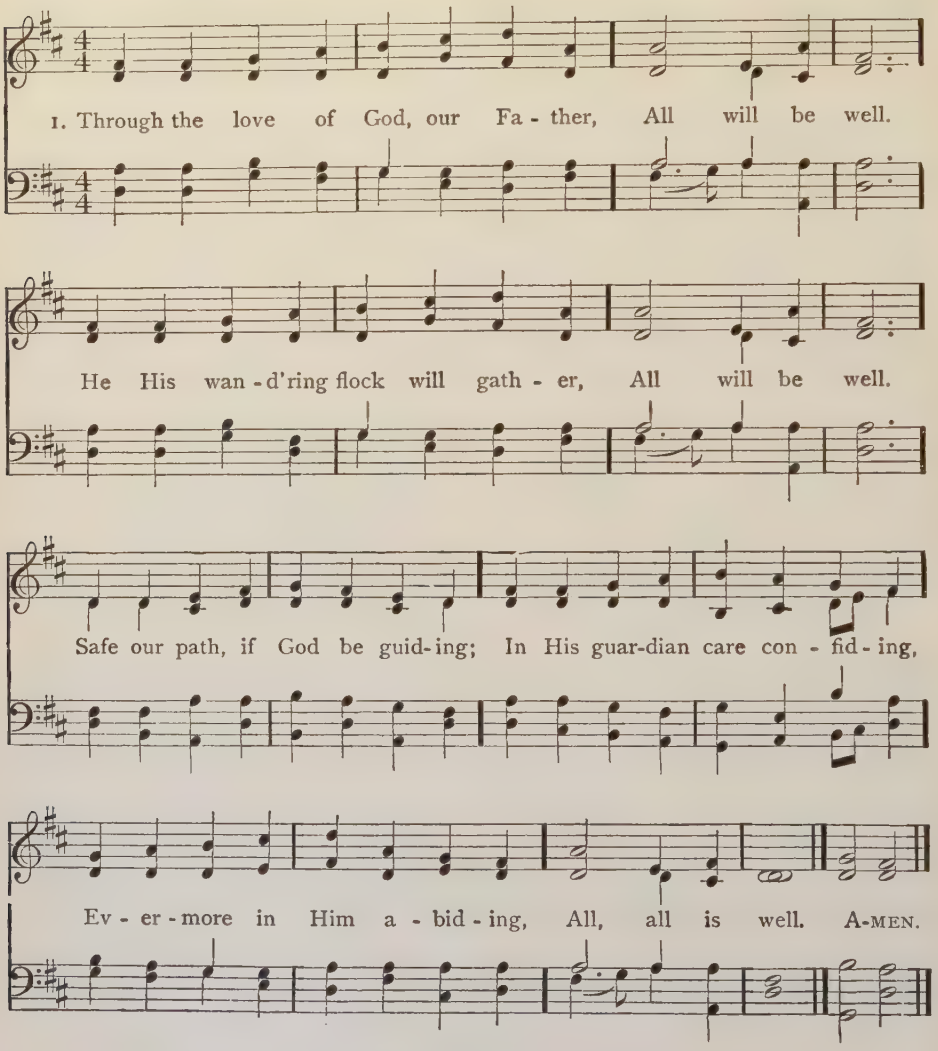
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

96 NUTFIELD 8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4

William Henry Monk

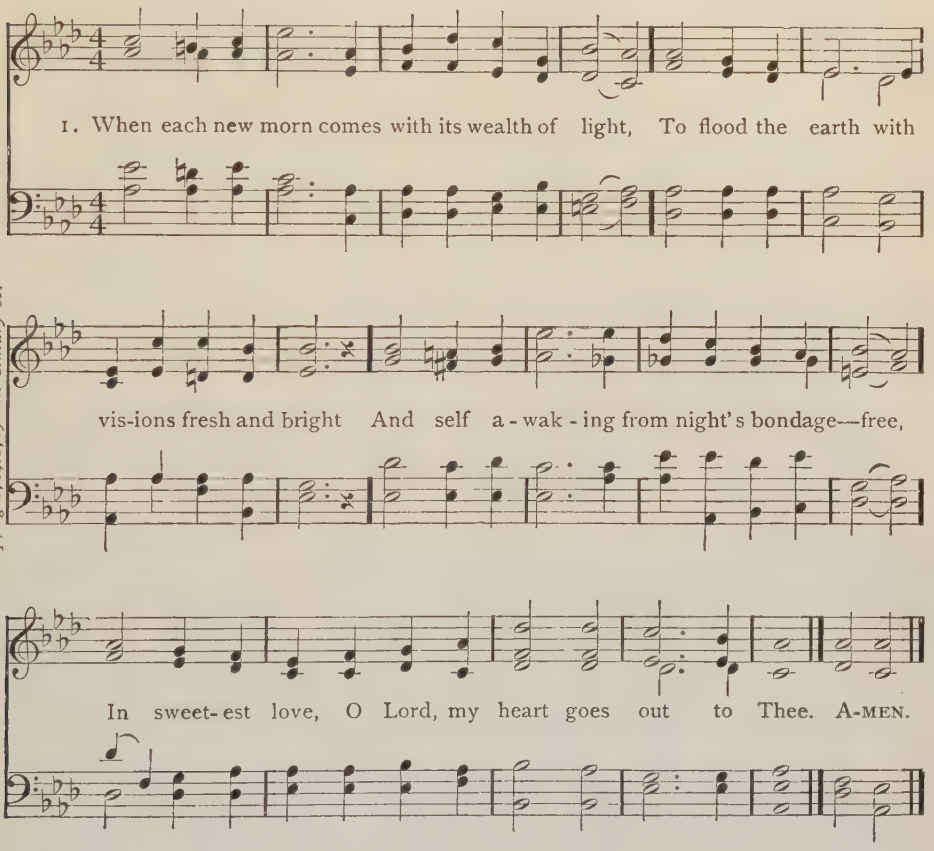

1. Through the love of God, our Fa - ther, All will be well.
He His wan - d'ring flock will gath - er, All will be well.
Safe our path, if God be guid - ing; In His guar-dian care con - fid - ing,
Ev - er - more in Him a - bid - ing, All, all is well. A-MEN.

2 Let no darkened skies appal us,
All will be well.
Nothing evil can befall us,
All will be well.
On our Shepherd's love relying,
He our every need supplying,
Or in living, or in dying,
All, all is well.

Anon.

97 ONE DAY 10 10 10 12

Charles F. Hansen, 1912


1. When each new morn comes with its wealth of light, To flood the earth with
vis-ions fresh and bright And self a-wak-ing from night's bondage—free,
In sweet-est love, O Lord, my heart goes out to Thee. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1912, by The Century Co.

2 When in the heat and tumult of high day
My worn heart wearies with the ceaseless fray
And longs for rest to come, at peace to be,
In yearning love, O Lord, my heart goes forth to Thee.

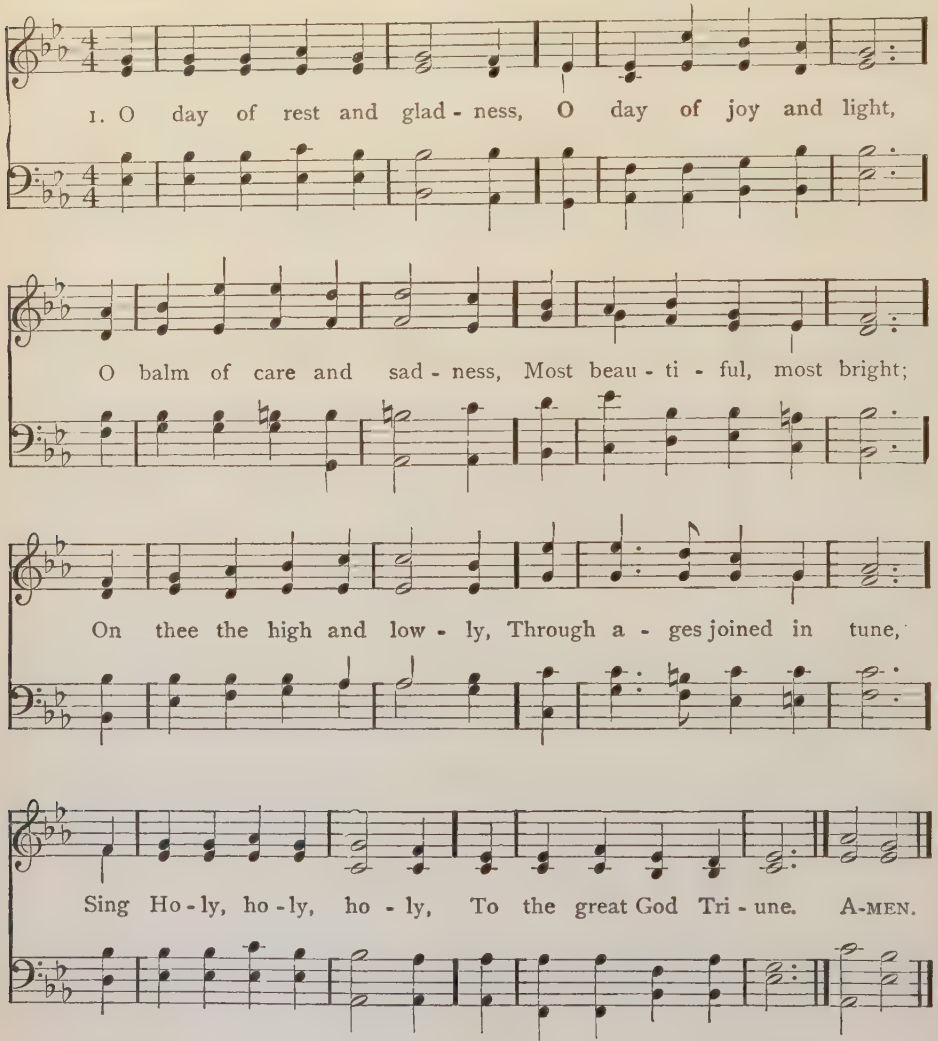
3 When shadows fall and the day's task is done
And all my life seems lost, the prize unwon,
The sorrows vanish and the dark doubts flee
As oft in tender love, O Lord, I turn to Thee.

4 When kindly slumber veils the world of sense
My soul is still, my will no longer tense,
Thy dear warm presence hovers over me
And with love's arms, O Lord, my dreams encircle Thee.

Joseph Anthony Milburn, 1912

98 AURELIA 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Sing Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A-MEN.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

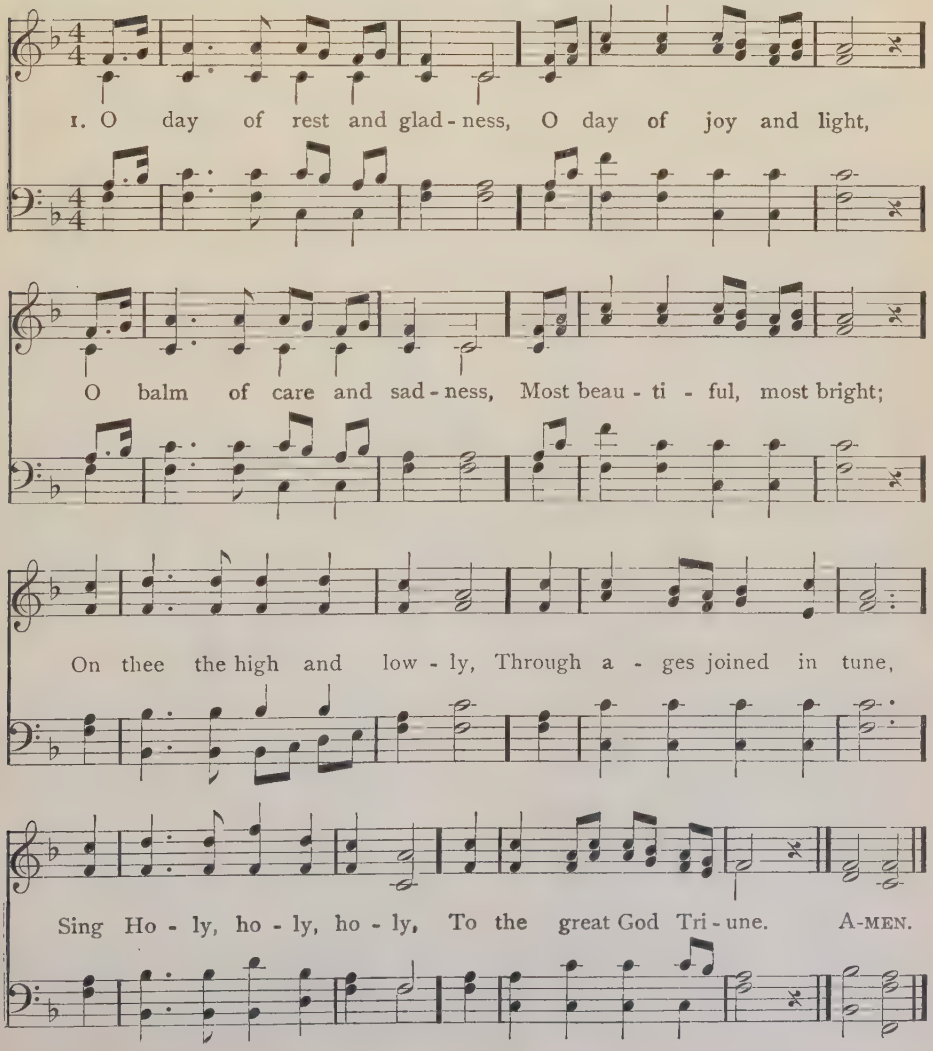
3 Thou art a port protected
From storms that 'round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

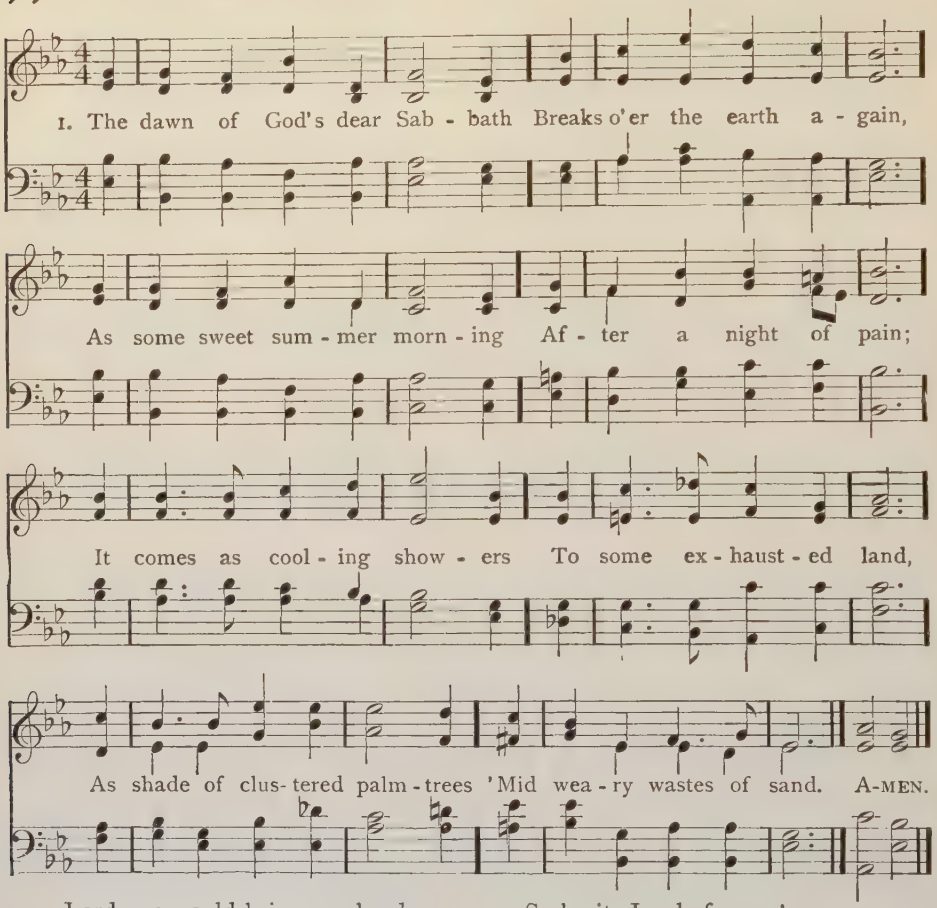
5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1858

(MENDEBRAS) 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 (*Second Tune*) Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1839


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Sing Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une. A-MEN.

99 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 — James Walch, 1875


1. The dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,
As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;
It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,
As shade of clus - tered palm - trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A-MEN.

2 Lord, we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In Thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our hearts' most bitter sorrow
For all Thy work undone;
So many talents wasted,
So few bright laurels won!

3 And, with that sorrow mingling
A steadfast faith and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure;
In His dear presence finding
The pardon that we need,
And then the peace so lasting,
Celestial peace indeed!

4 So be it, Lord, forever!
O may we evermore,
In Jesus' holy presence,
His blessèd name adore;
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,
Within His temple walls,
Type of the stainless worship
In Zion's golden halls;

5 So that, in joy and gladness,
We reach that home at last,
When life's short week of sorrow
And sin and strife is past;
When angel-bands have gathered
The fair ripe fruit for Thee,
O Father, Lord, Redeemer,
Most Holy Trinity!

Ada Cambridge Cross

100 SABBATH 7 7 7 7 7 7

Lowell Mason, 1824

1. Safe-ly through an-oth-er week God has brought us on our way, Let us
now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to-day; Day of
all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest; Day of
all the week the best, Em-blem of e-ter-nal rest. A-MEN.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

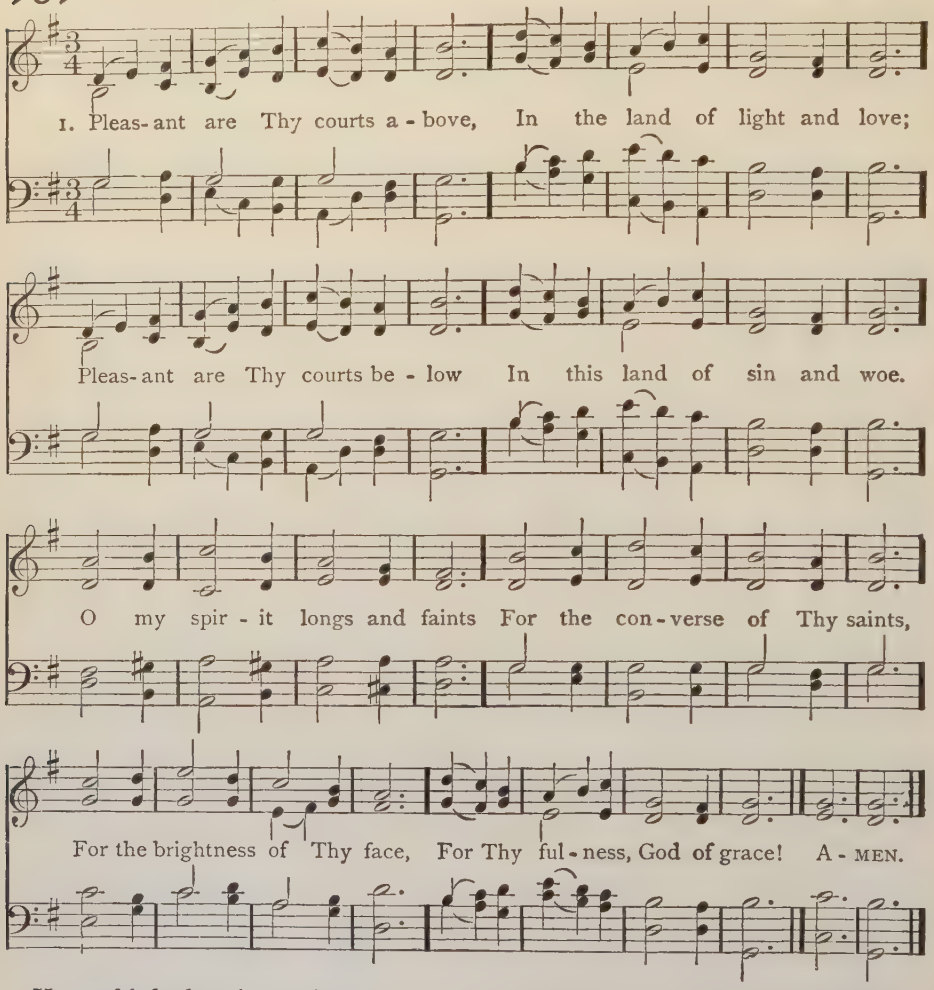
3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May Thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we rest in Thee above.

John Newton, 1779

101 MAIDSTONE 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Walter B. Gilbert, 1865


1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love;
Pleas-ant are Thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.
O my spir-it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful-ness, God of grace! A-MEN.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair
And enjoy it ever there.

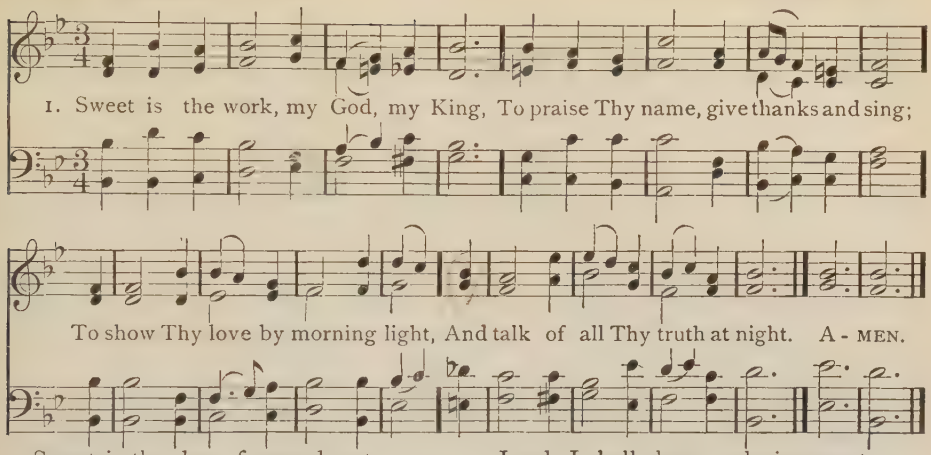
3 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee,
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

Henry F. Lyte, 1834

102 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A - MEN.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

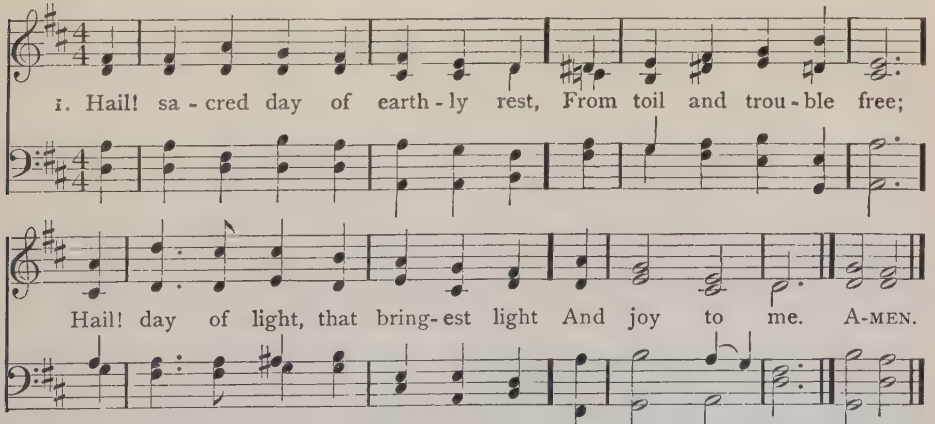
5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719

103 WREFORD 8 6 8 4

116

Edmond S. Carter, 1874



2 A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,
Where rest is found.

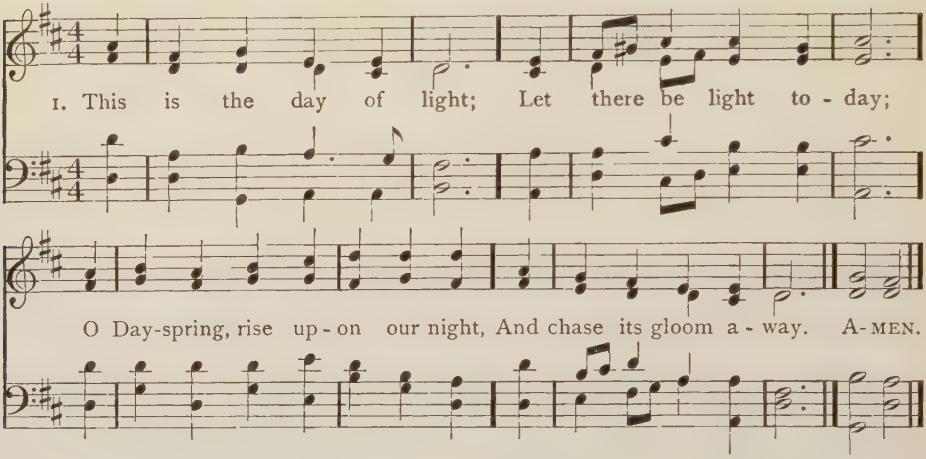
3 On all I think, or say, or do,
A ray of light divine
Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,
For it is Thine.

4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,
That Thou this day hast given,
Sweet foretaste of that endless day
Of rest in heaven.

Godfrey Thring, 1859, Ab.

104 SWABIA S. M.

German Arr. William H. Havergal, 1849



2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace;
Thy peace our spirits fill;
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

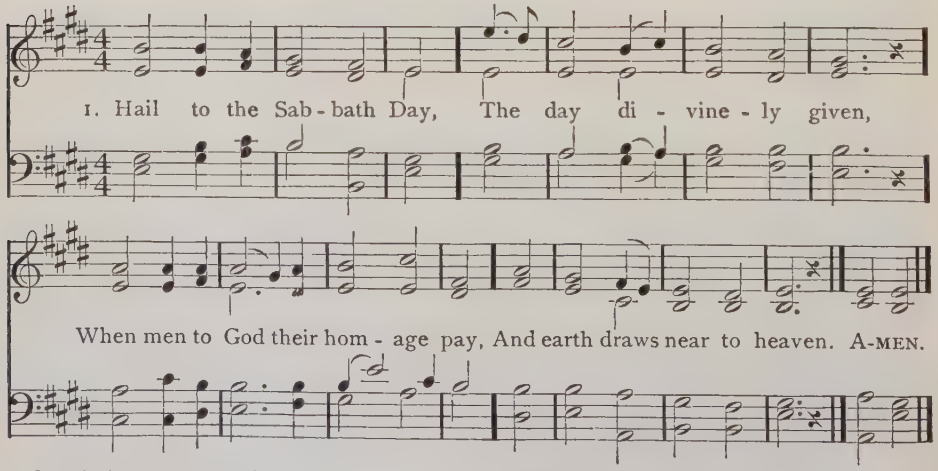
4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days;
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death.

John Ellerton, 1867

105 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

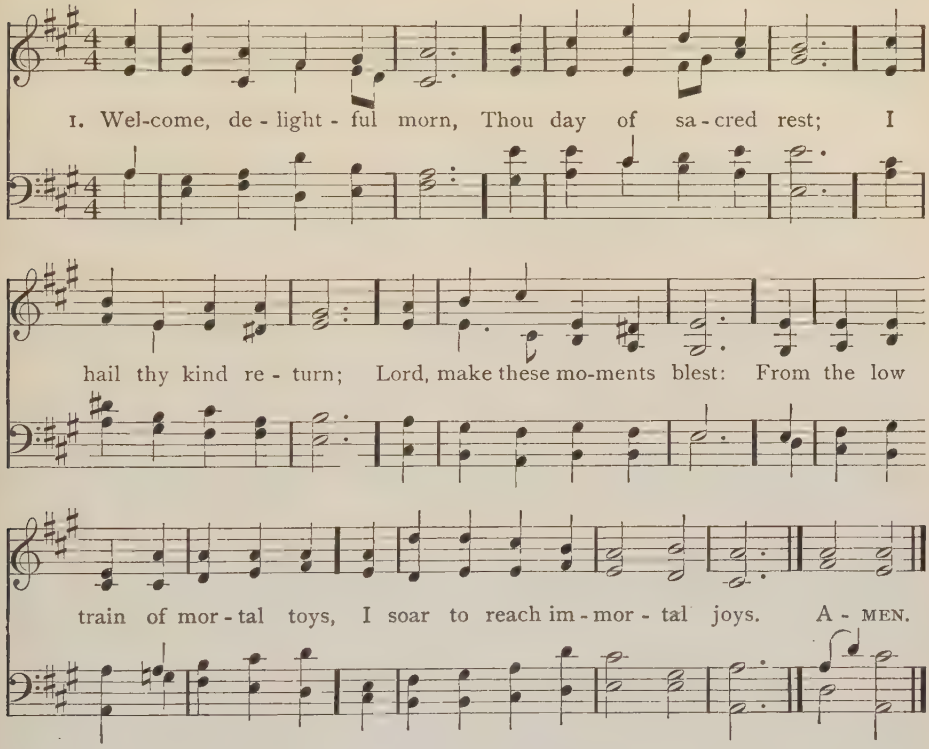


2 Lord, in Thy sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend;
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When crowds adore their God.

106 ST. GODRIC 6 6 6 6 8 8

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862


1. Wel-come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; I
hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo-ments blest: From the low
train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys. A - MEN.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill His throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address Thy face;
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, in J. Dobell's Collection, 1806

(MORNINGTON)

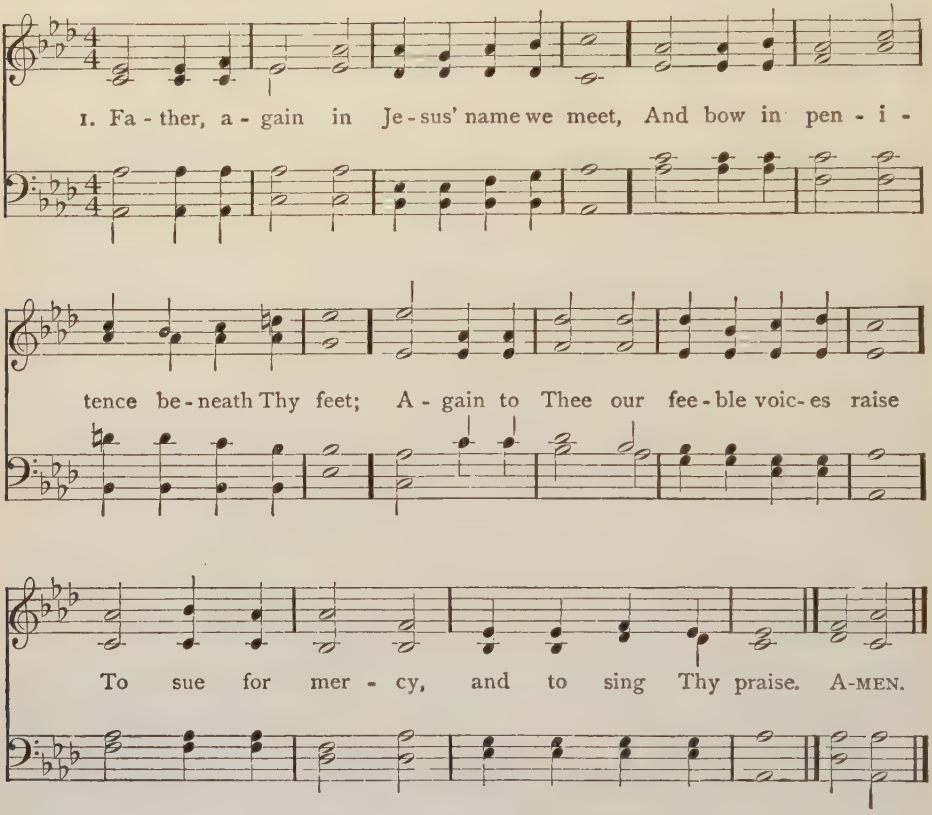
4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath the stupendous march
Of vast Eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Stephen G. Bulfinch, 1832

107 ELLERS 10 10 10 10

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867


1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i -
tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es raise
To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A-MEN.

2 O we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,
And all Thy work from day to day declare;
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?

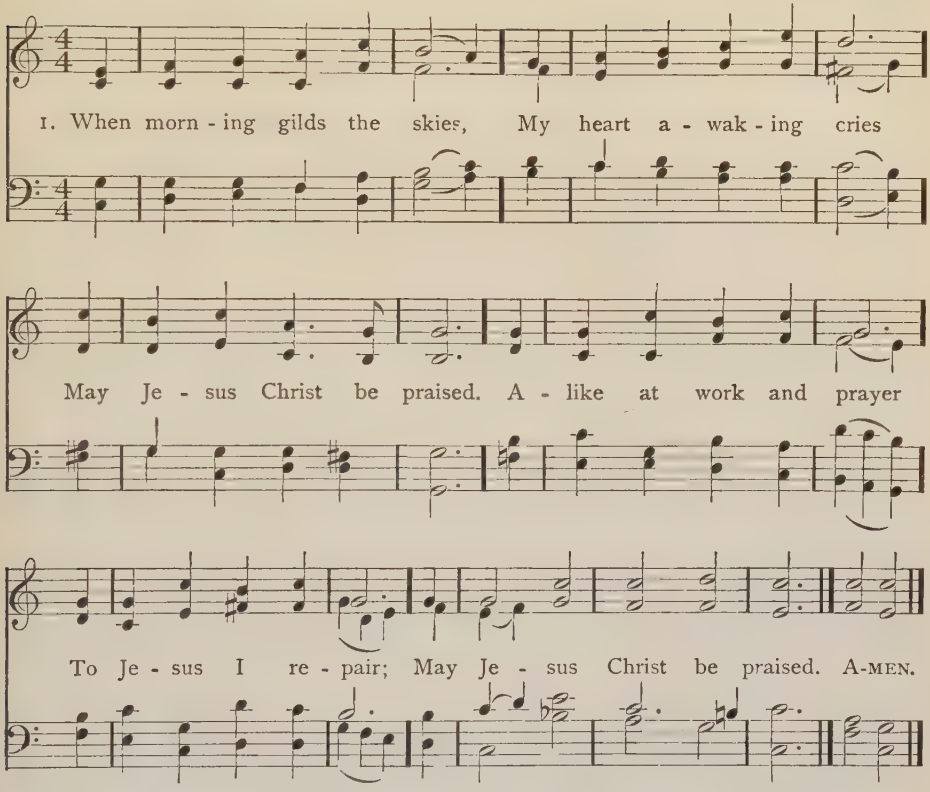
3 Alas, unworthy of Thy boundless love
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,
Returning sinners to a Father's home.

4 O by that Name in Whom all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in.

Lucy E. G. Whitmore, 1824

108 LAUDES DOMINI 6 6 6 6 6 6

Joseph Barnby, 1868


1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries
May Je - sus Christ be praised. A - like at work and prayer
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs
May Jesus Christ be praised;
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be praised;
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

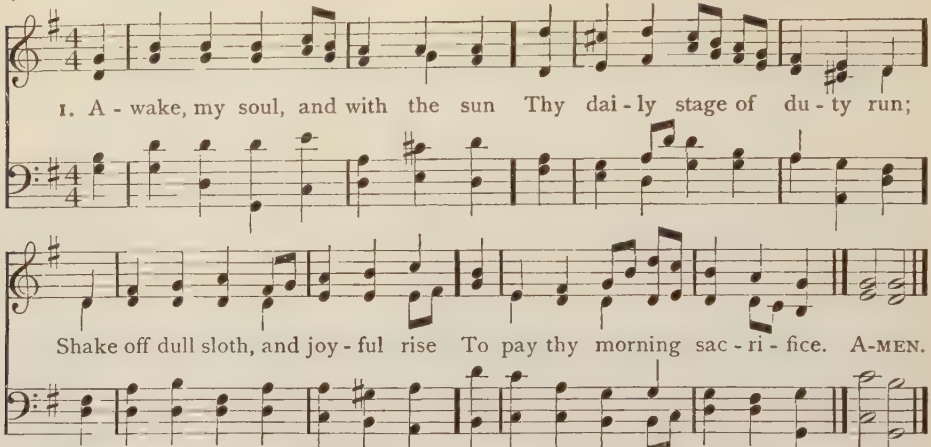
5 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Let air, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply
May Jesus Christ be praised.

6 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised;
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Tr. Edward Caswall, 1850

109 MORNING HYMN L. M.

Francois H. Barthélémon


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice. A-MEN.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long, unwearied, sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall [wake,
I may of endless light partake.

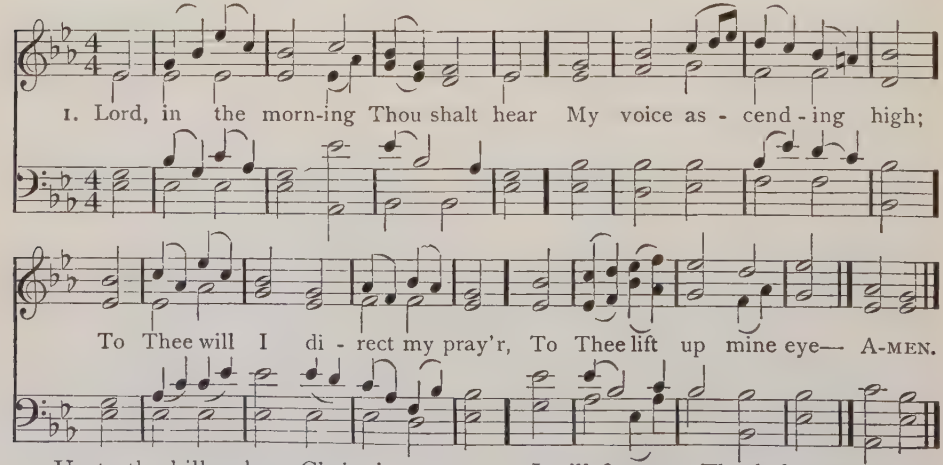
4 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and [will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, Text of 1709

110 WARWICK C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1767



2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting, at His Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

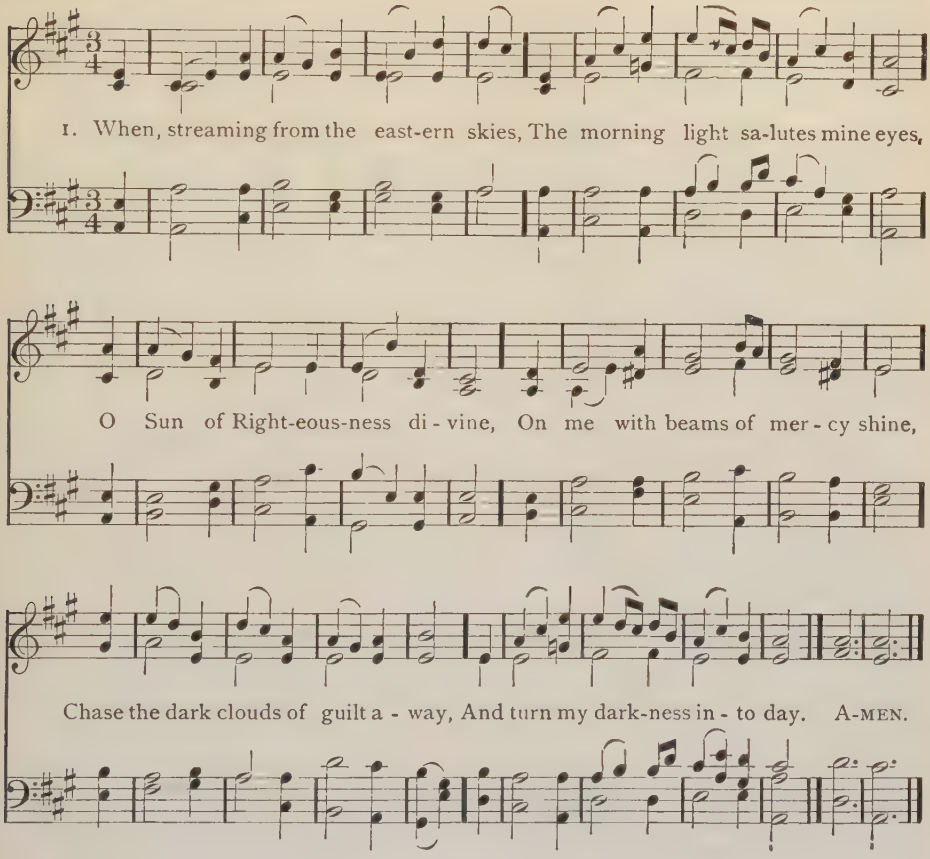
3 But to Thy house will I resort
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts, 1719

111 BROWNELL L. M. 61.

Franz Josef Haydn


1. When, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morning light sa-lutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine,
Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day. A-MEN.

2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counselor and friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

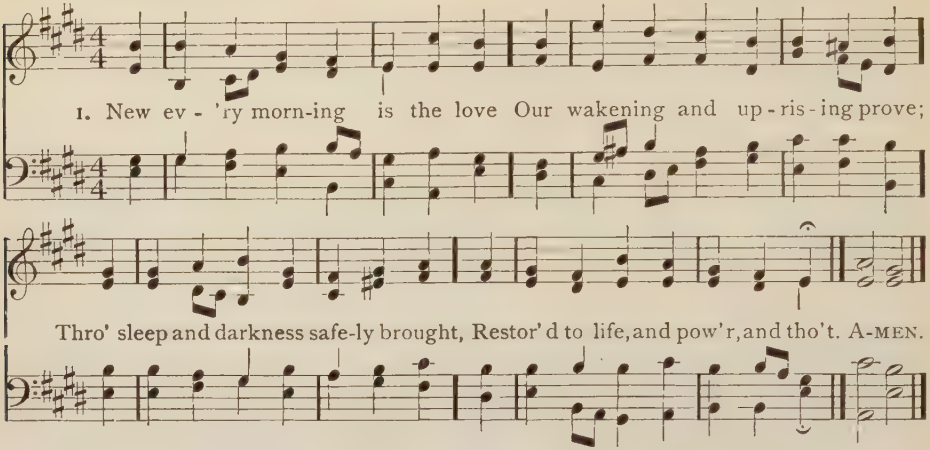
3 When each day's scenes and labors close.
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning's sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

William Shrubsole, 1813

112 MELCOMBE L. M.

Samuel Webbe, 1790


1. New ev - 'ry morn-ing is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;
Thro' sleep and darkness safe-ly brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and tho't. A-MEN.

2 New mercies each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

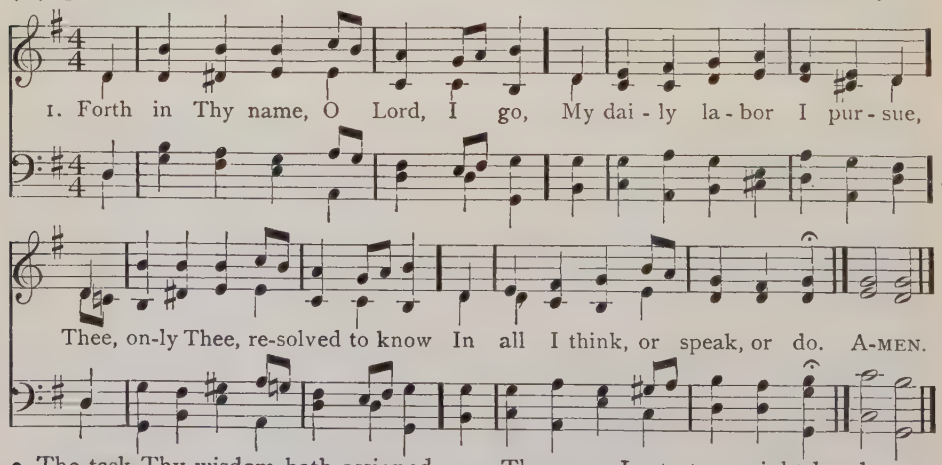
5 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1827

113 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. Robert A. Schumann, 1839

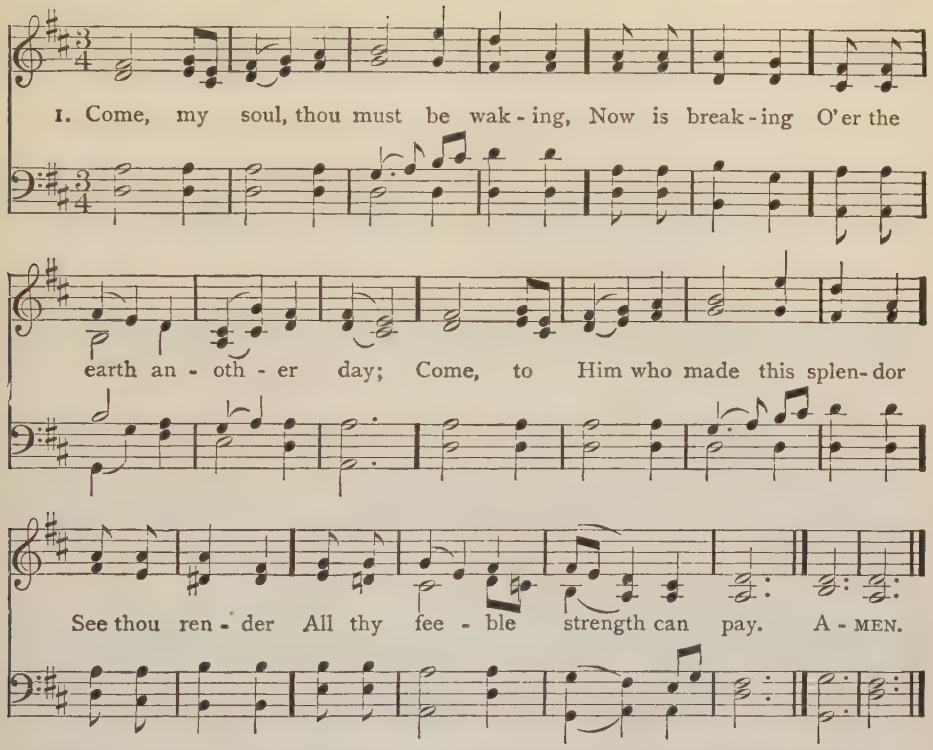


2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,
And labor on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

114 HAYDN 8 4 7 8 4 7

Arr. fr. Franz Josef Haydn


1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the
earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him who made this splen - dor
See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - MEN.

2 Pray that He may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that He may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
He the hidden shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,
Free from sorrow,
Pass away in slumber sweet;
And, released from death's dark sadness,
Rise in gladness,
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But His Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1699 Tr. H. J. Buckoll, 1848

(CANONBURY)

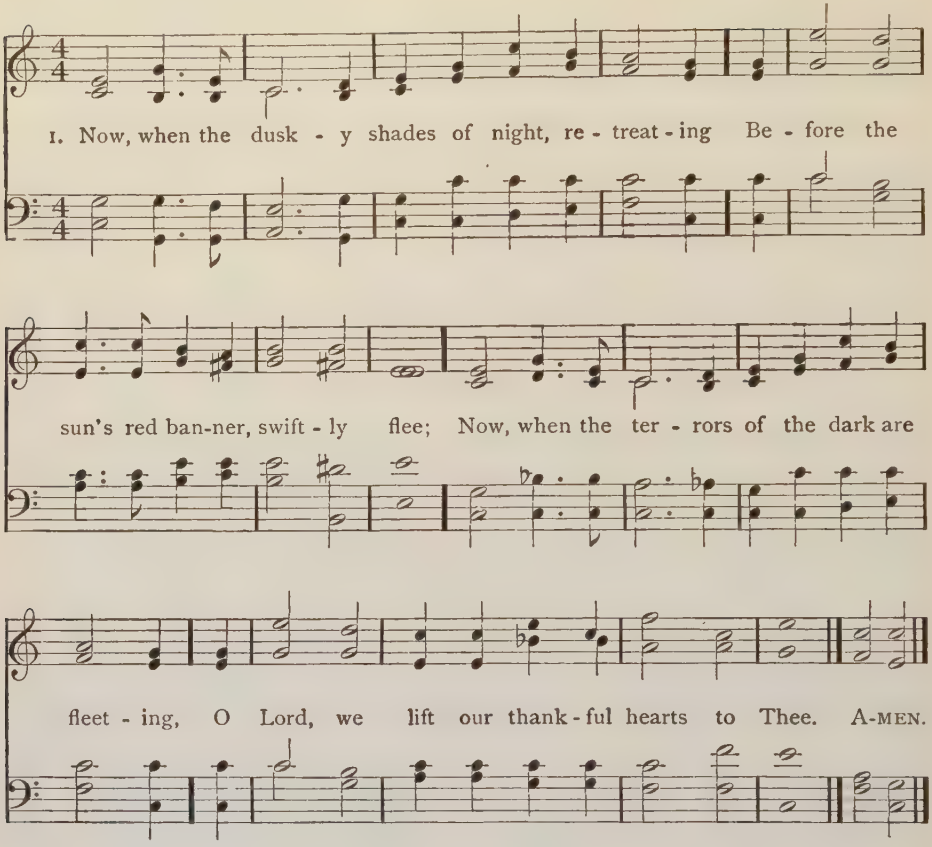
4 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

5 For Thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1749 Alt. V. 2, l. 4

115 MATINS 11 10 11 10

John Stainer


1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the
sun's red ban-ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are
fleet - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee. A-MEN.

2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

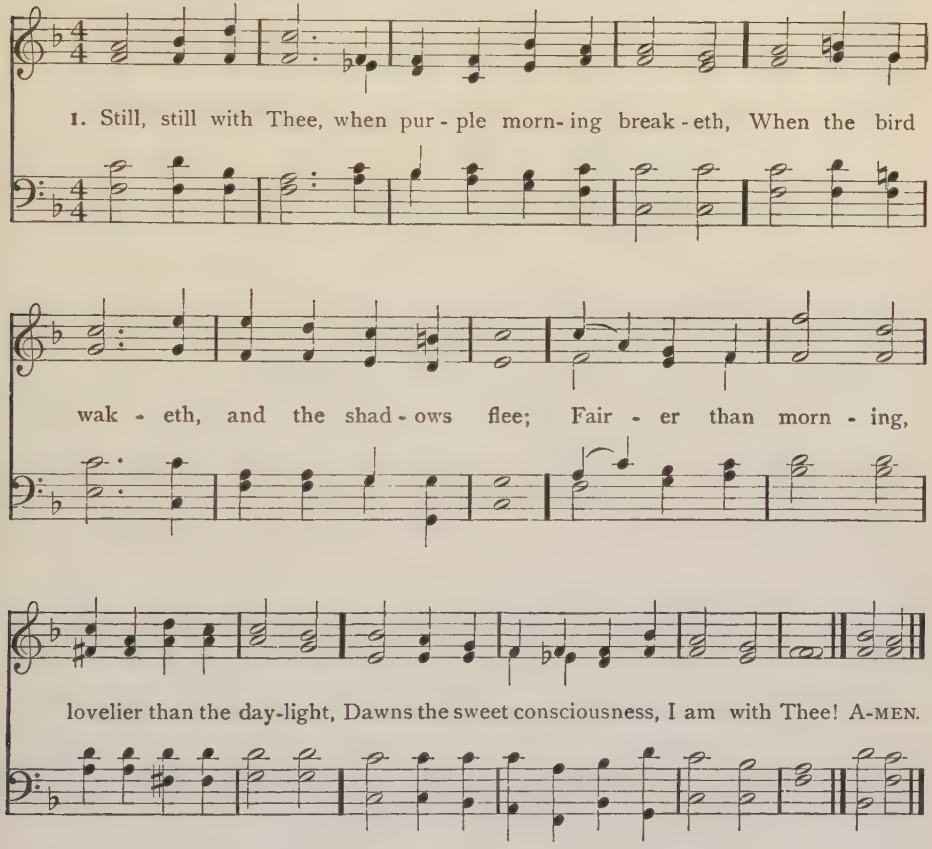
3 Look from the tower of heaven, and send to cheer us
Thy light and truth to guide us onward still;
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.

4 So when that morn of endless light is waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,
Safe may we rise, the earth's dark breast forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

St. Gregory the Great. Translator unknown.

116 CULLINGWORTH 11 10 11 10

Edwin Moss


1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing,
lovelier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! A-MEN.

2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

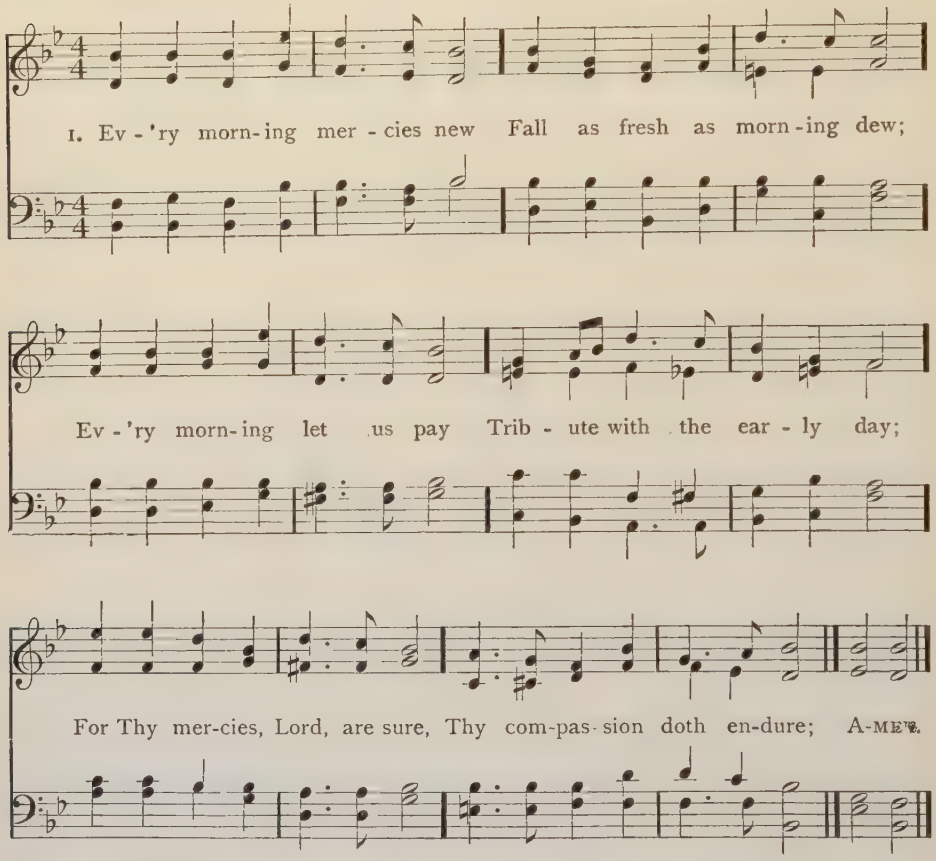
3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1855

117 KELSO 7 7 7 7 7 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872


1. Ev - 'ry morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;
Ev - 'ry morn-ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;
For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en-dure; A-MEN.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought, to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

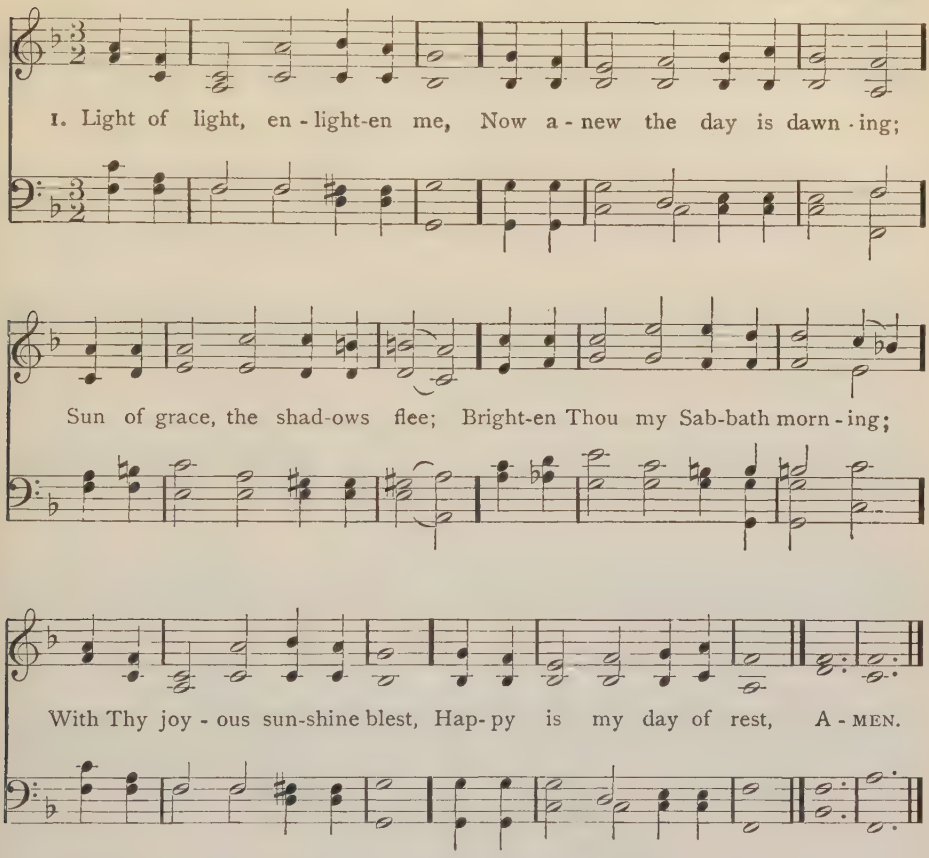
3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life,
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to Thee,
Ever blessèd Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Greenville Phillimore, 1863

118 HINCHMAN 7 8 7 8 7 7

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1869


1. Light of light, en - light-en me, Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;
Sun of grace, the shad-ows flee; Bright-en Thou my Sab-bath morn - ing;
With Thy joy - ous sun-shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest, A - MEN.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire may in me glow
That Thine altar doth not know.

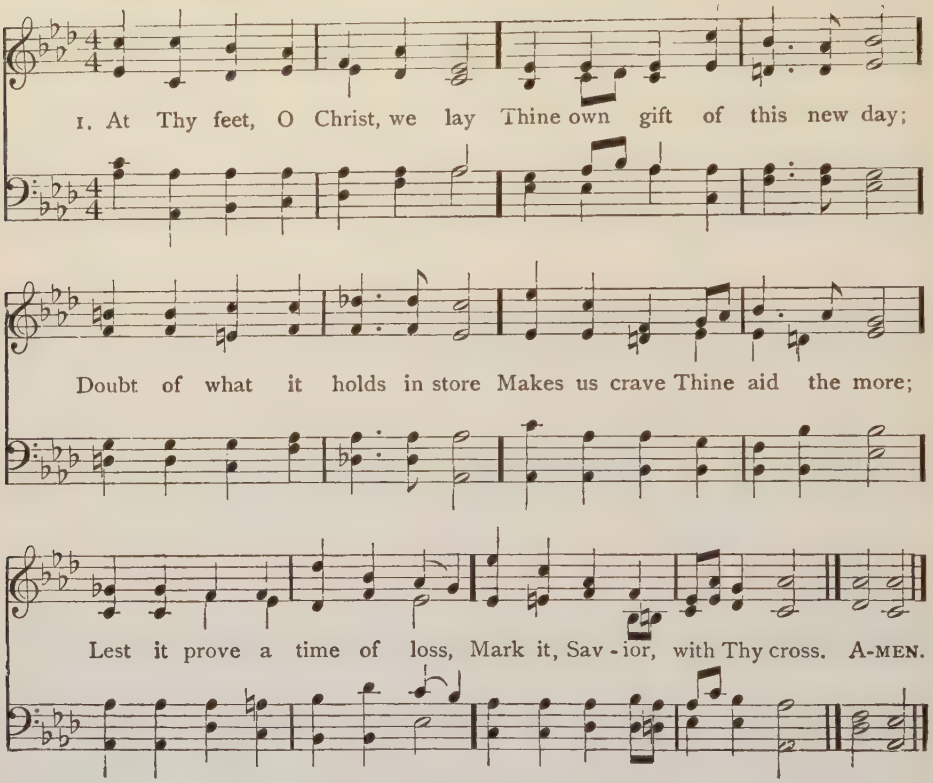
4 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given,
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy:
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1672 Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858, Ab

119 GLASTONBURY 7 7 7 7 7 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1870


1. At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay Thine own gift of this new day;
Doubt of what it holds in store Makes us crave Thine aid the more;
Lest it prove a time of loss, Mark it, Sav - ior, with Thy cross. A-MEN.

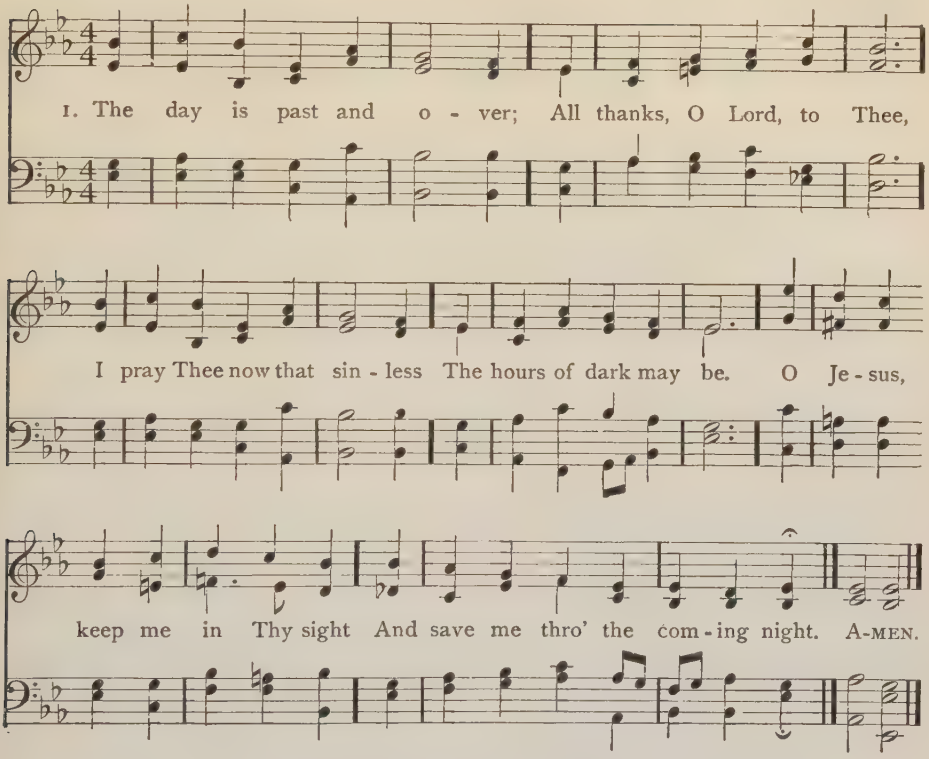
2 If it flow on calm and bright,
Be Thyself our chief delight;
If it bring unknown distress,
All is good that Thou canst bless;
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

3 We in part our weakness know,
And in part discern our foe;
Well for us, before Thine eyes
All our danger open lies;
Turn not from us, while we plead
Thy compassion and our need.

4 Fain would we Thy word embrace,
Live each moment in Thy grace,
All our selves to Thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in Thine,
Think and speak and do and be,
Simply that which pleases Thee.

William Bright, 1867

120 ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2 7 6 7 6 8 8 — Arthur H. Brown, 1862


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee,
I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus,
keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night. A-MEN.

2 The joys of day are over.
I lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be,
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over.
I raise the hymn to Thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Anatolius, 800 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1853

121 MERRIAL 6 5 6 5

Joseph Barnby, 1868

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sins restrain.

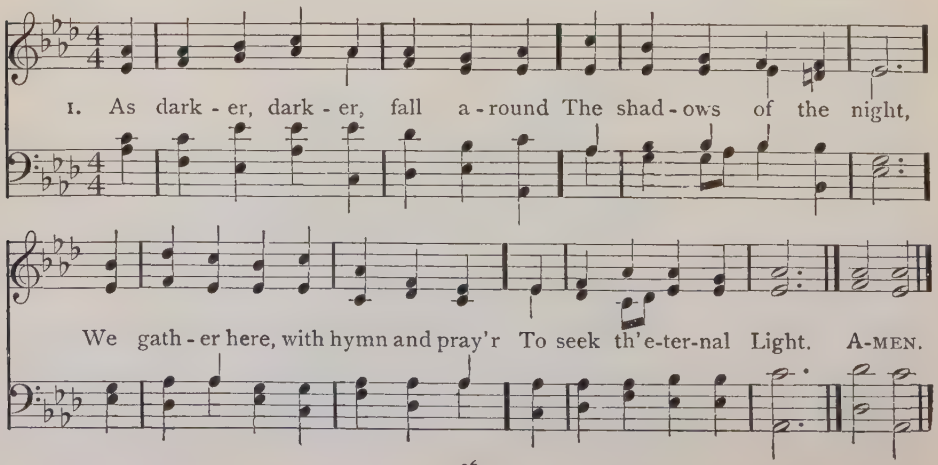
5 Through the long night-watches,
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching 'round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

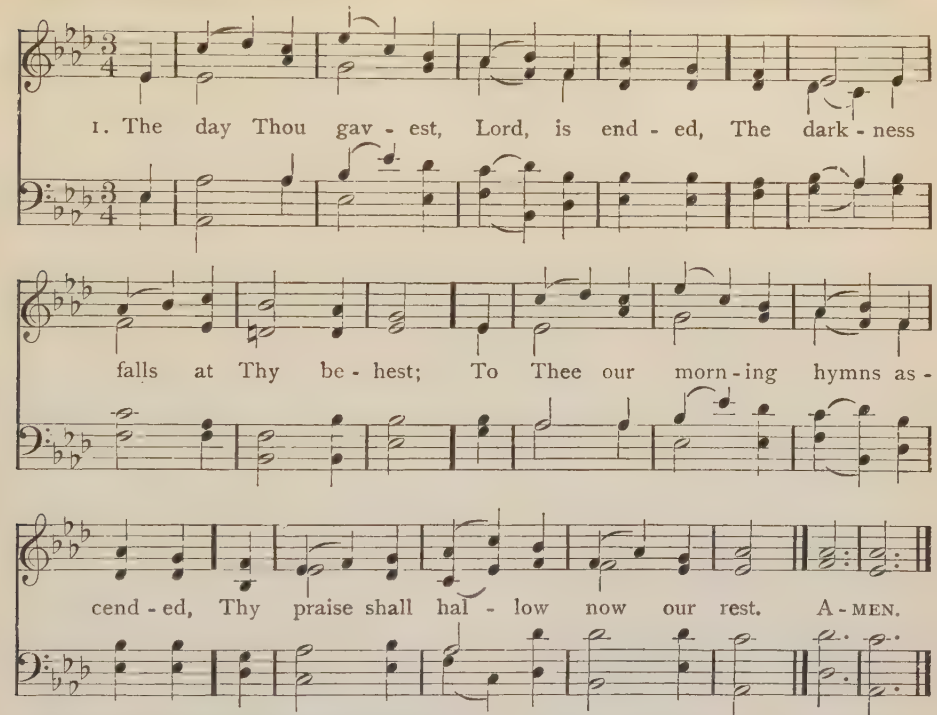
122 ST. AMBROSE C. M.

Charles Steggall



123 ST. CLEMENT 9 8 9 8

Clement Cotterill Scholefield


1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness
falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing hymns as -
cend - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest. A - MEN.

2 We thank Thee that Thy church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour, fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away,
But stand and rule and grow for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

John Ellerton, 1870

(ST. AMBROSE)

2 Father in heaven, to Thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray Thee for all absent friends,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

4 For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from Thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray Thee, God of love.

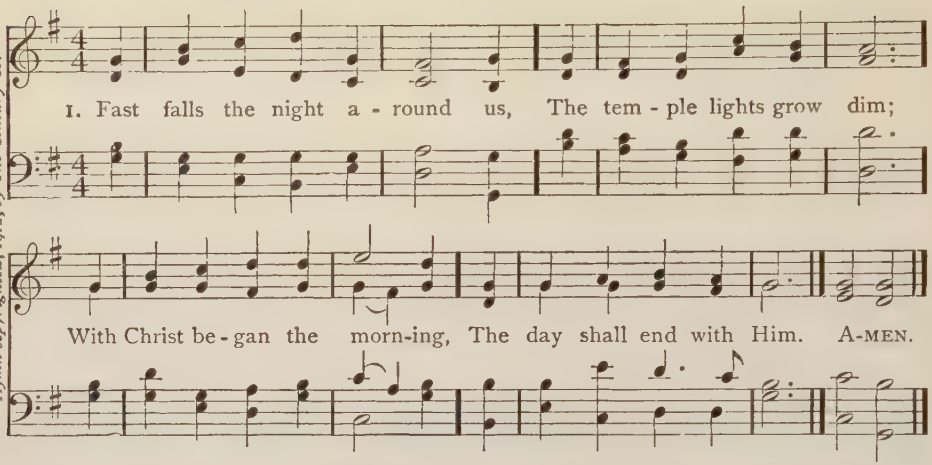
5 We pray Thee for the little bark
Just launched upon life's sea.
Are not the depths of parents' love
O Father, known to Thee?

6 We bring to Thee our hopes and fears,
And at Thy footstool lay,
And, Father, Thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymn of the Calabrian Shepherds

124 ST. ALPHEGE 7 6 7 6

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



Hymn copyrighted, 1912, by The Century Co.

2 Be with us through the darkness,
And on the sea of night
May we behold Thee walking,
Who art the Lord of Light.

3 If dreams should fill our sleeping,
May they be visions clear
Of dear ones gone before us,
Whom death hath made more dear.

4 Or, if the night be sleepless,
May we, with comfort filled,
Talk with Thee, who art nearest
When earthly lips are stilled.

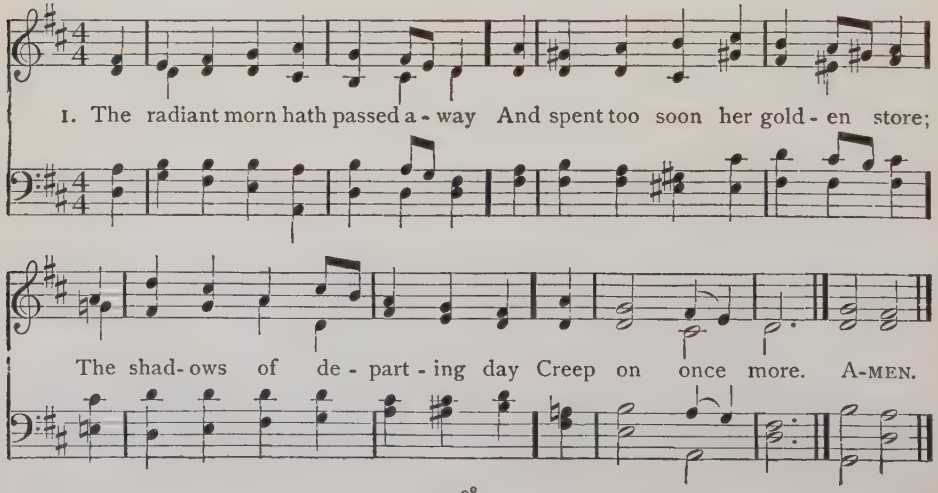
5 As children in the darkness
Lean on the mother's breast,
So, Lord, our souls cling to Thee
And Thou shalt give us rest.

6 And when our last night cometh,
May we awake, we pray,
In that dear better country
Where it is always Day.

W. J. Dawson, 1911

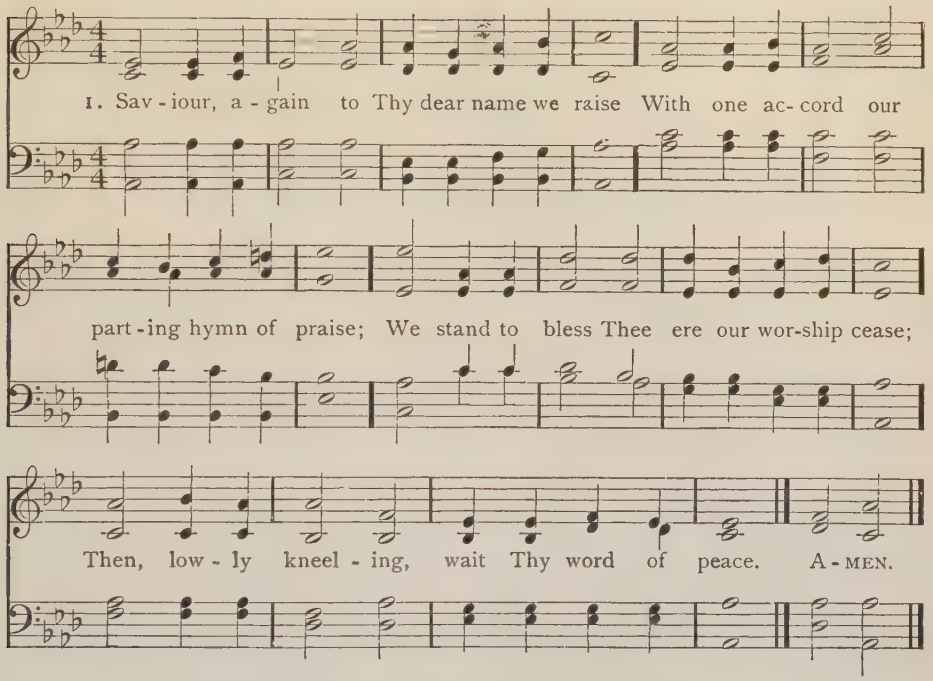
125 RADIANT MORN 8 8 8 4

Charles F. Gounod, 1872


1. The radiant morn hath passed a - way And spent too soon her gold - en store;
The shad - ows of de - part - ing day Creep on once more. A-MEN.

126 ELLERS 10 10 10 10

Edward J. Hopkins, 1867


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac- cord our
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - MEN.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day,
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1866

(RADIANT MORN)

2 Our life is but an autumn day,
Its glorious noon how quickly past;
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living Way,
Safe home at last.

3 O by Thy soul-inspiring grace
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;
Help us to look to that bright place
Beyond the sky,

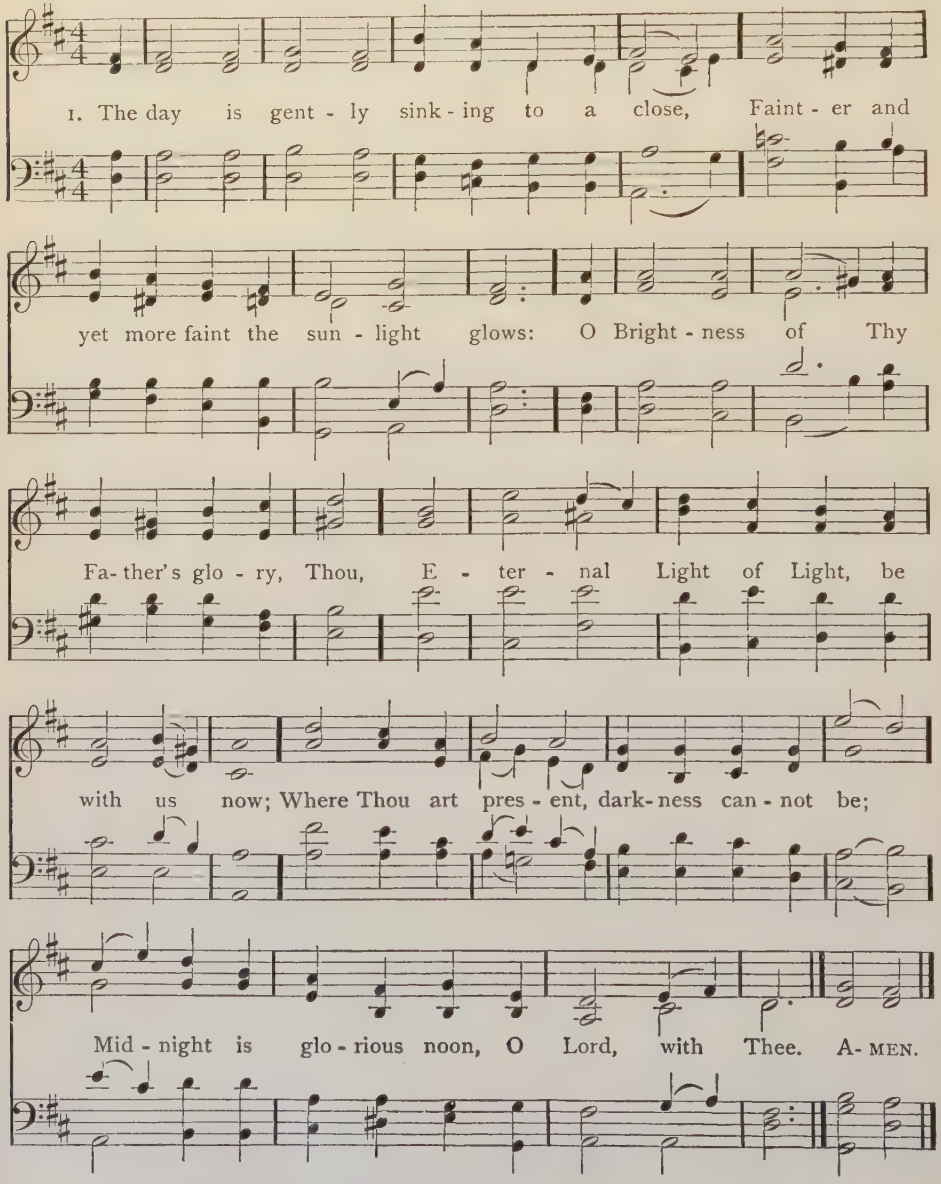
4 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall,
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all.

Godfrey Thring, 1864

127 NACHTLIED 10 10 10 10 10 10

Henry Smart, 1872


1. The day is gent - ly sink - ing to a close, Faint - er and
yet more faint the sun - light glows: O Bright - ness of Thy
Fa- ther's glo - ry, Thou, E - ter - nal Light of Light, be
with us now; Where Thou art pres - ent, dark - ness can - not be;
Mid - night is glo - rious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A- MEN.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;
Be Thou our light in death's eventide:
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;
In that last sunset when the stars shall fall,
May we arise awakened by Thy call,
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide
In that blest day which has no eventide.

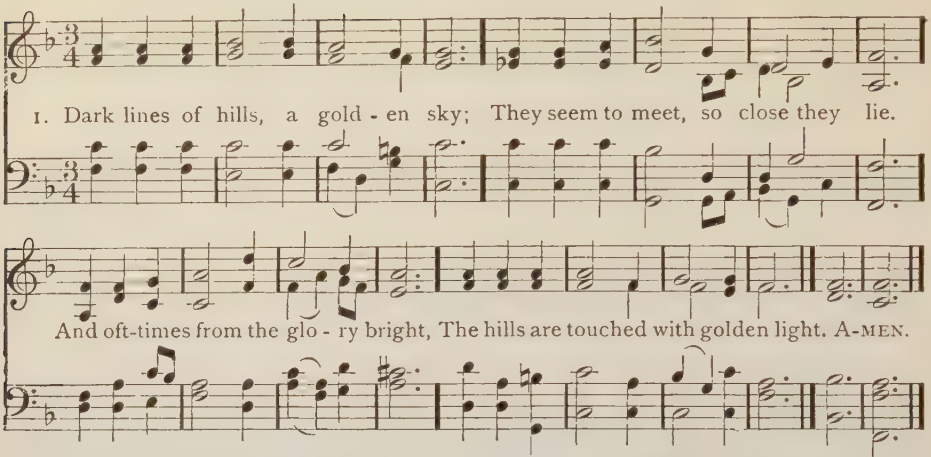
Christopher Wordsworth, 1863

SUNDOWN 10 10 10 10 10 10 (*Second Tune.*) John H. Gower, 1890

p Voices in Unison
1. The day is gent-ly sinking to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the
Voices in Harmony
sun-light glows: O Bright-ness of Thy Fa-ther's glo-ry, Thou,
p Unison
E-ter-nal Light of Light, be with us now; Where Thou art pres-ent,
cres.
Harmony f
dark-ness can-not be; Mid-night is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A-MEN.

128 ILKLEY L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Dark lines of hills, a gold - en sky; They seem to meet, so close they lie.
And oft-times from the glo - ry bright, The hills are touched with golden light. A-MEN.

2 Dark lines of hills, a golden sky;
Thus near our earth and heaven lie,
And on the paths that most we dread,
The heavenly rays of gold are shed.

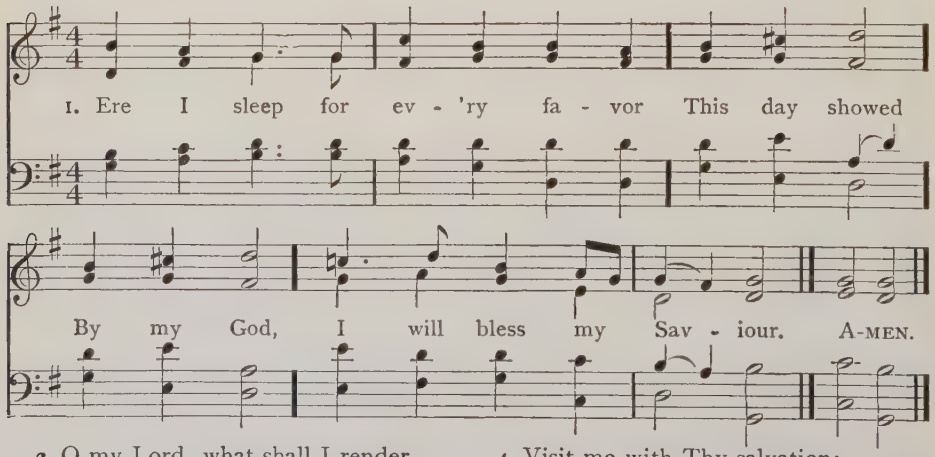
3 Upon the dark the glory breaks,
The silence into singing wakes,
And in our darkest hours we see,
The brightest visions, Lord, of Thee.

4 Thus near our earth and heaven lie;
Gloom glorified, a golden sky.
They touch; there breaks the perfect day.
The gloom in glory fades away.

Sadie S. Simon

129 THANET 8 3 3 6

J. Jowett



2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To Thy Name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender?

3 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let Thy peace
Be my bliss,
Till Thou hence remove me.

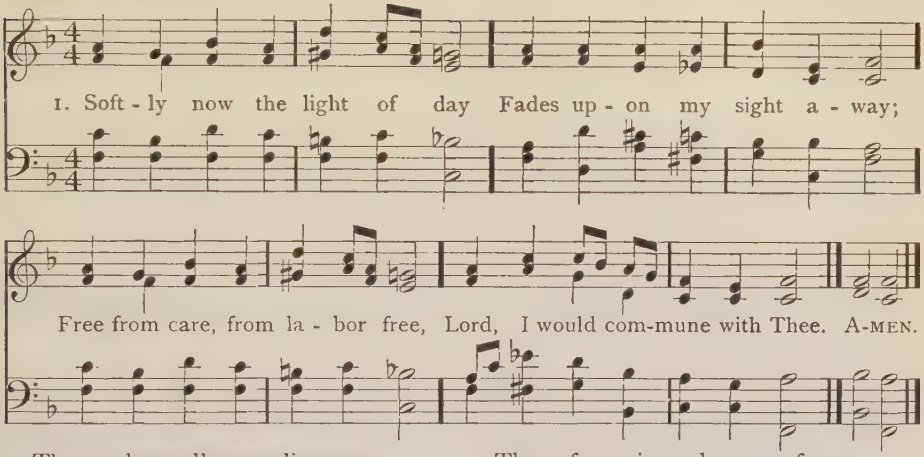
4 Visit me with Thy salvation;
Let Thy care
Now be near
'Round my habitation.

5 Thou my rock, my guide, my tower,
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me, with all Thy power.

John Cennick

130 SEYMOUR 7 7 7 7

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826



2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

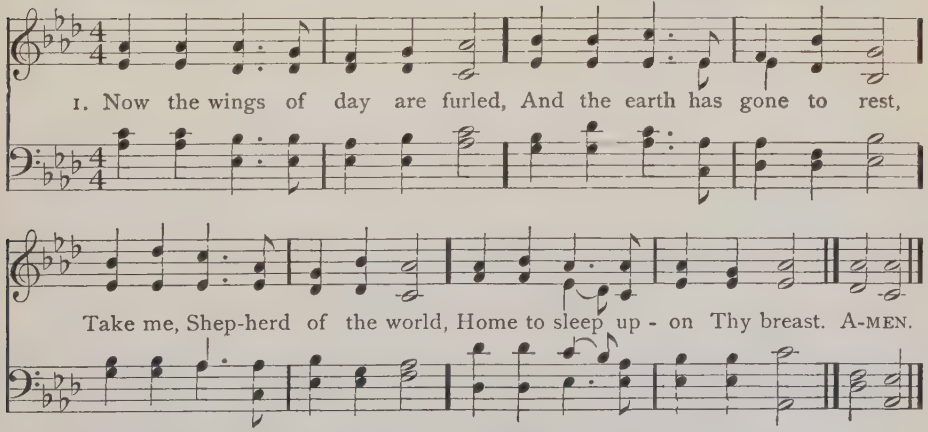
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

Geo. W. Doane, 1827

131 ST. BEES 7 7 7 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1874


1. Now the wings of day are furled, And the earth has gone to rest,
Take me, Shep-herd of the world, Home to sleep up - on Thy breast. A-MEN.

2 All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright;
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of Thine everlasting light.

3 If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise;
And Thy presence in the air
Make my heart a Paradise.

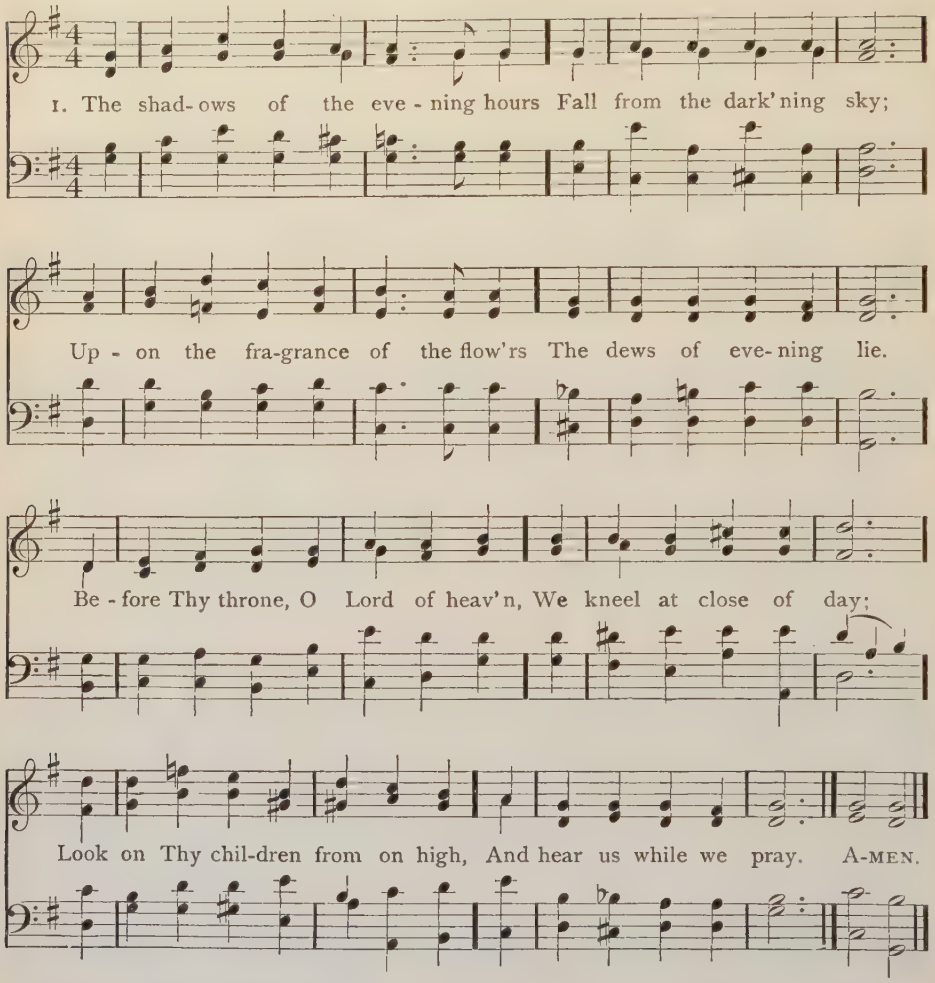
4 But if trouble in my heart
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
Then to me Thy peace impart;
Give to Thy beloved sleep.

5 So when morning, with his wing,
Wakens me to work and play,
May I rise with joy and sing
"God has turned my night to day."

Stopford A. Brooke

132 ST. LEONARD C. M. D.

Henry Hiles, 1867


1. The shad- ows of the eve - ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky;
Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dews of eve-ning lie.
Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A-MEN.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
O do not Thou despise,
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise.
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls;
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

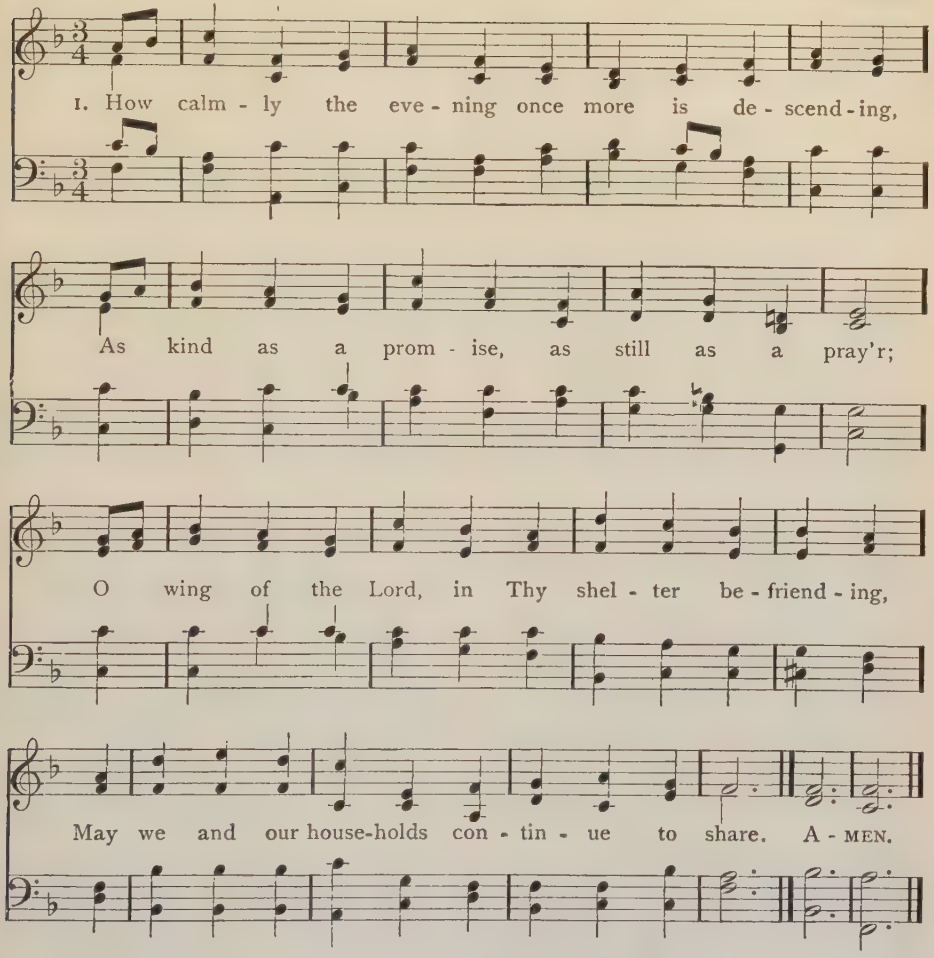
3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart.
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend.
Give us a respite from our toil;
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day, we labor, Lord,
O give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858

133 WHITCHURCH 12 11 12 11

Ethelbert W. Bullinger


1. How calm - ly the eve - ning once more is de - scend - ing,
As kind as a prom - ise, as still as a pray'r;
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shel - ter be - friend - ing,
May we and our house-holds con - tin - ue to share. A - MEN.

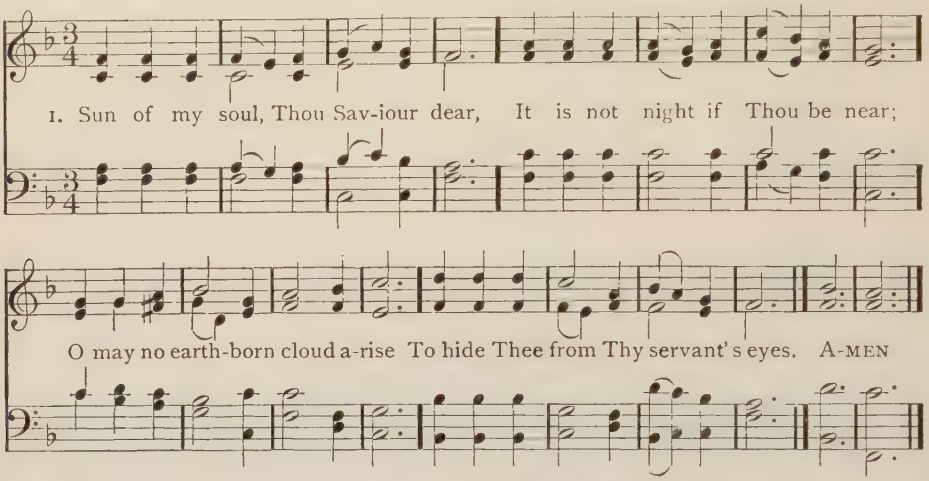
2 The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open;
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates;
The silence and smile of His love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

3 We come to be soothed with His merciful healing,
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

4 Lord, save us from folly; be with us in sorrow;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possessed.

Thomas T. Lynch

134 HURSLEY L. M. Peter Ritter, 1792 Arr. by William Henry Monk, 1861


1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A-MEN

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

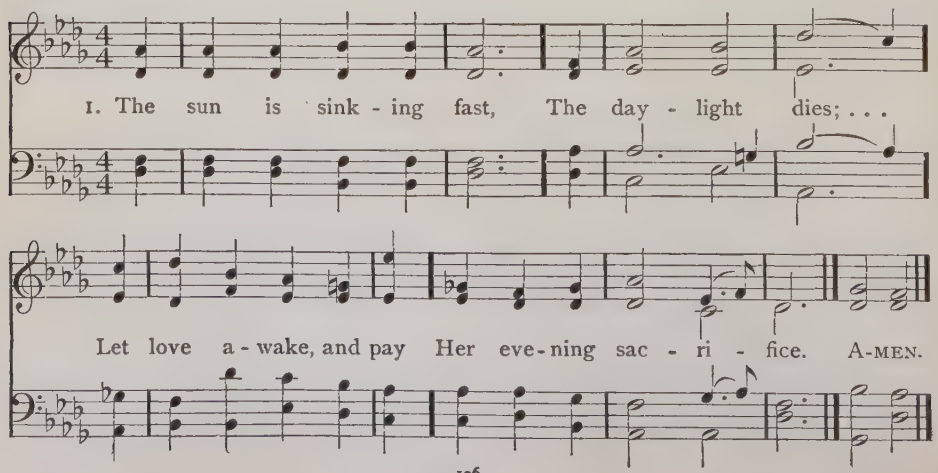
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

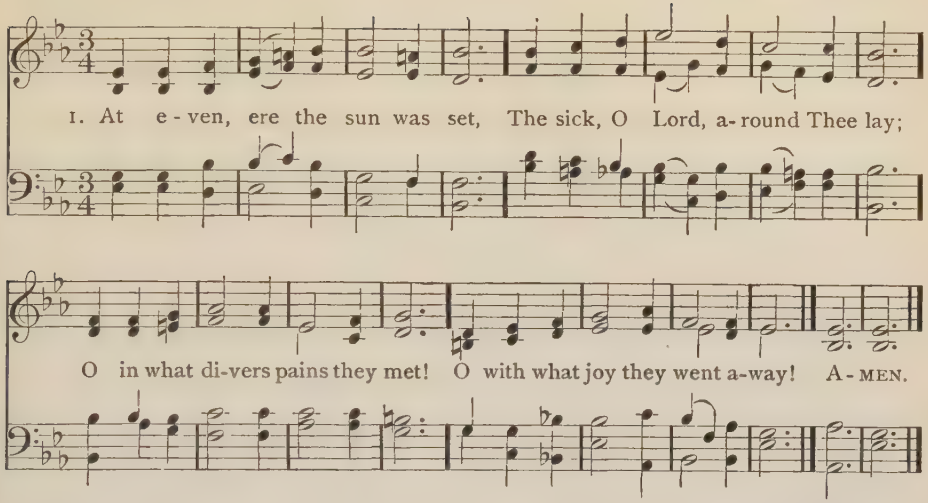
John Keble, 1820

135 HOREB 6 4 6 6 Henry Smart



136 ANGELUS L. M.

Georg Josephi, 1657


1. At e-ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a-round Thee lay;
O in what di-vers pains they met! O with what joy they went a-way! A-MEN.

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see
We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had;

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide.

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

Henry Twells, 1868

(HOREB)

2 As Christ upon the cross
In death reclined,
Into His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

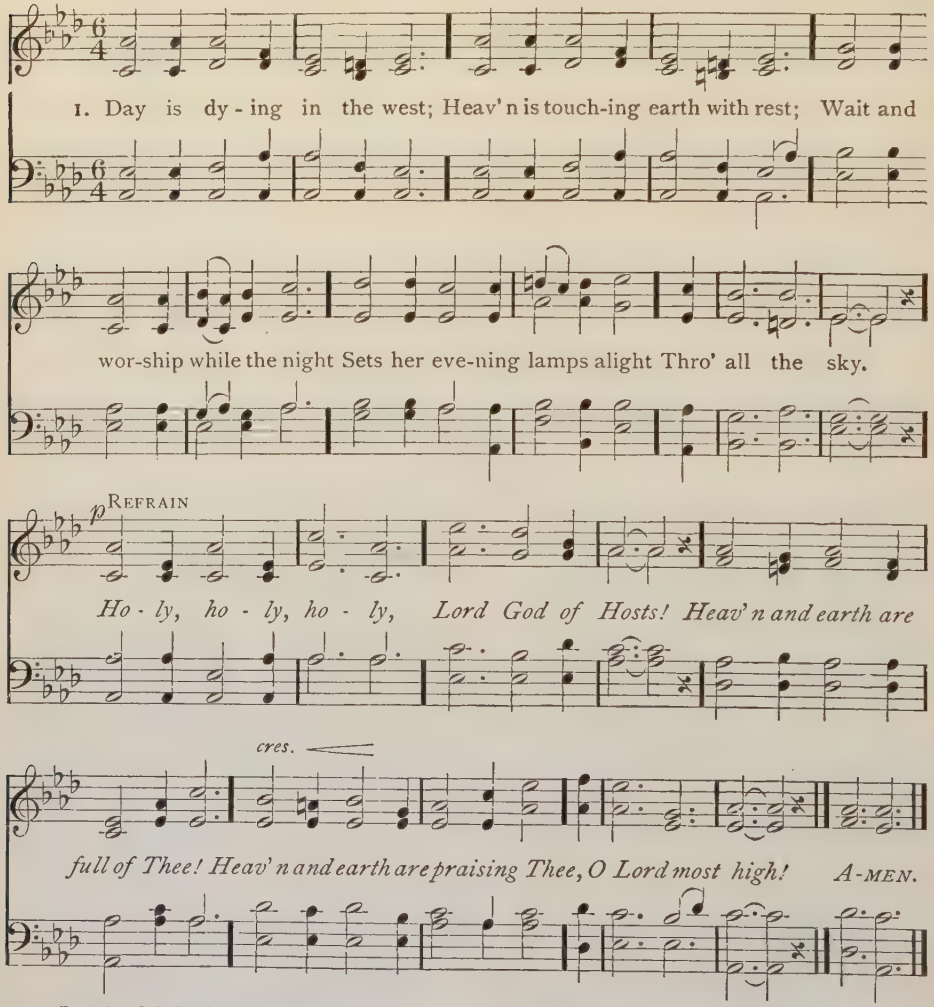
5 Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now
Not I, but He,
In all His power and love,
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,
One Lord divine,
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine.

18th Century Tr. Edward Caswall, 1858

137 CHAUTAUQUA 7 7 7 7 4 With Refrain — William F. Sherwin, 1877


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav' n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
p REFRAIN
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav' n and earth are
cres.
full of Thee! Heav' n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A-MEN.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face
Our hearts ascend.

4 When for ever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

Mary A. Lathbury

138 VESPER HYMN 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Dmitri S. Bortniansky

1. Sav-iour, breathe an eve-ning bless-ing Ere re-pose our spir-its seal.
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Though the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can-not hide from Thee,
Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watch-est where Thy peo-ple be. A-MEN.

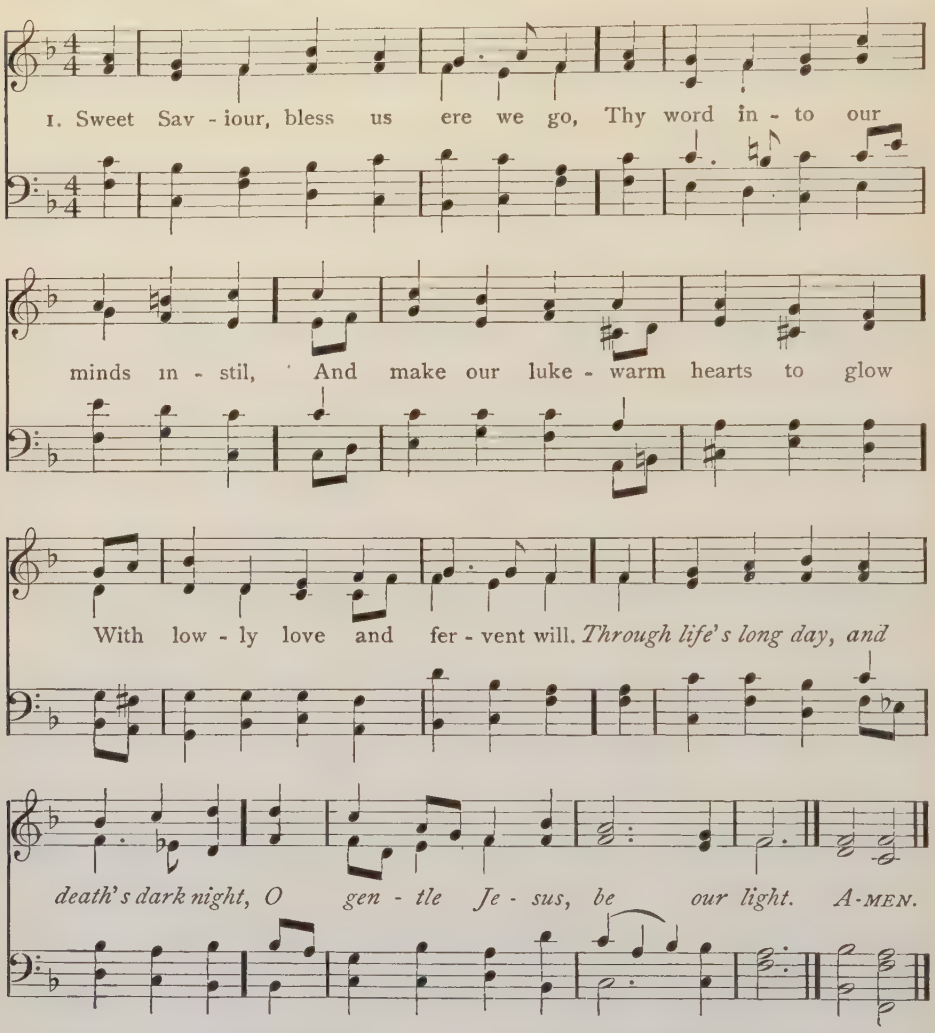
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as Thine;
Blessèd Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

J. Edmeston, 1820 V. 3 added by E. H. Bickersteth, 1876

139 ST. MATTHIAS 8 8 8 8 8 8

William Henry Monk, 1851


1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless us ere we go, Thy word in - to our
minds in - stil, And make our luke - warm hearts to glow
With low - ly love and fer - vent will. *Through life's long day, and*
death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A-MEN.

2 The day is done, its hours have run,
And Thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release,
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.

4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty;
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

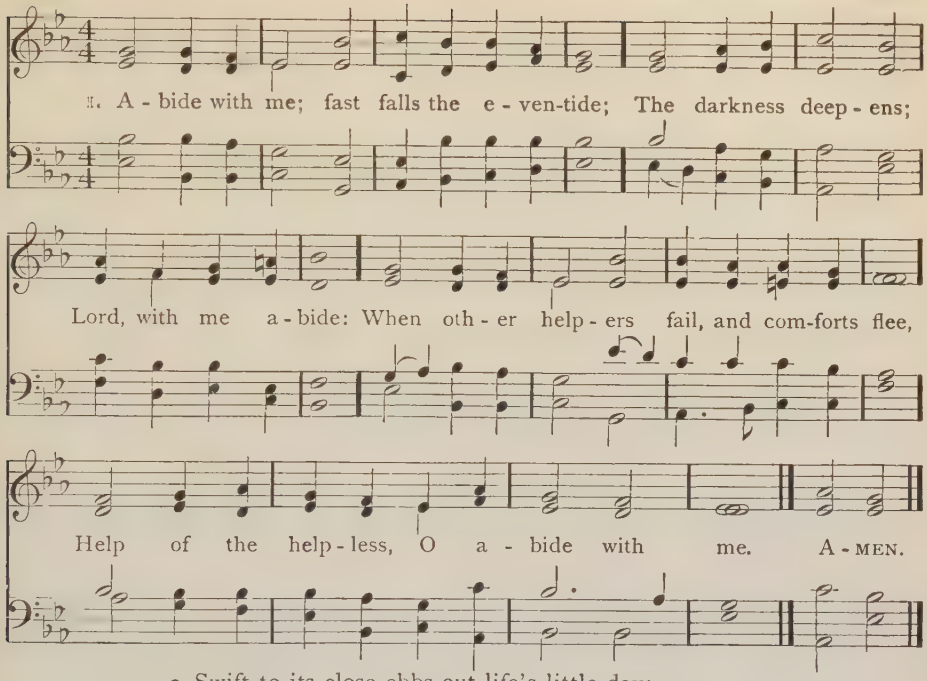
5 Labor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,
And care is light, for Thou hast cared.
Let not our works with self be soiled.
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

6 For all we love—the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call;
O let Thy mercy make us glad,
Thou art our Jesus and our All.

Frederick W. Faber

140 EVENTIDE 10 10 10 10

William Henry Monk, 1861


1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven-tide; The darkness deep - ens;
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,
Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me. A - MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

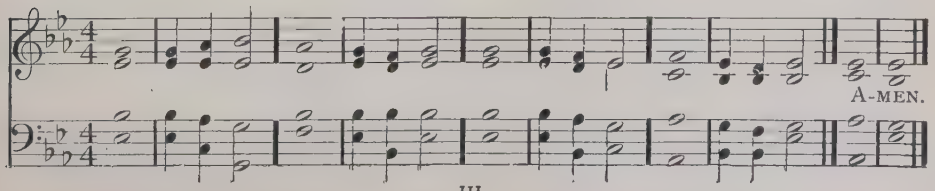
4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry F. Lyte, 1847

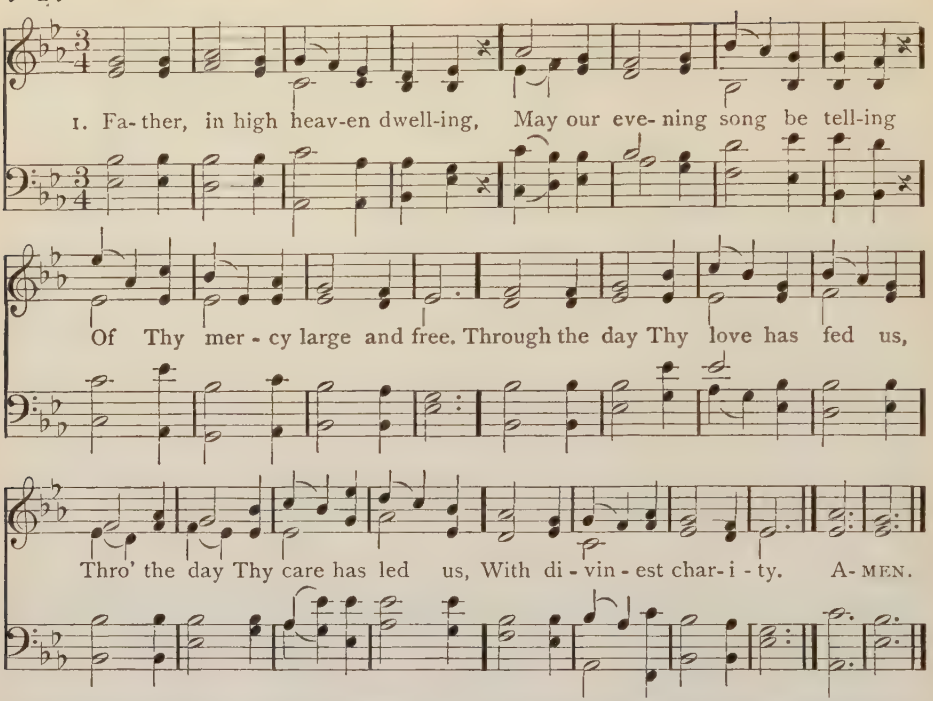
TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant)

A. H. D. Troyte



141 EVENING HYMN 8 8 7 8 8 7

W. Jackson


1. Fa-ther, in high heav-en dwell-ing, May our eve-ning song be tell-ing
Of Thy mer-cy large and free. Through the day Thy love has fed us,
Thro' the day Thy care has led us, With di-vin-est char-i-ty. A-MEN.

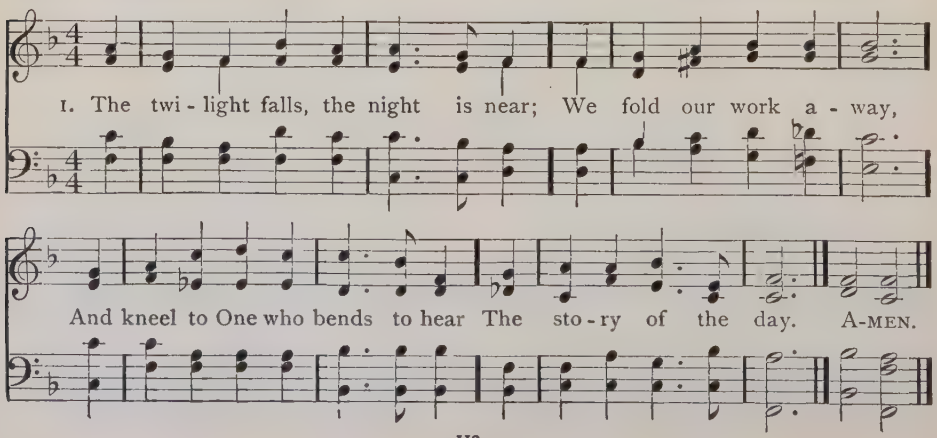
2 This day's sins, O pardon, Saviour,
Evil thoughts, perverse behaviour,
Envy, pride, and vanity;
From the world, the flesh, deliver,
Save us now, and save us ever,
O Thou Lamb of Calvary.

3 Whilst the night-dews are distilling,
Holy Ghost each heart be filling
With Thine own serenity;
Softly let the eyes be closing,
Loving souls on Thee reposing,
Ever blessèd Trinity.

George Rawson

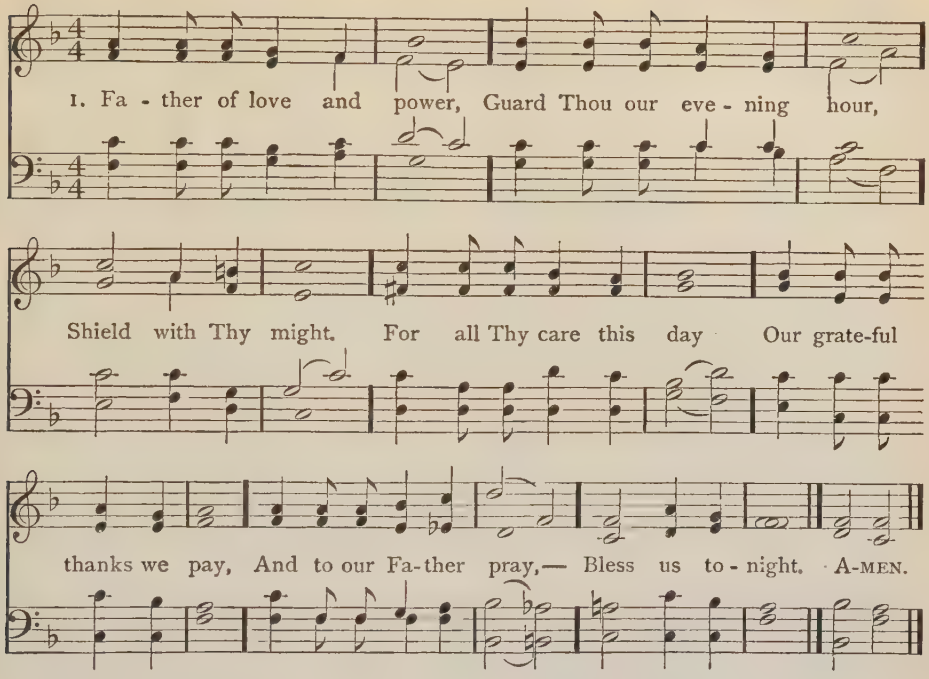
142 DALEHURST C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



143 KIRBY BEDON 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Edward Bunnett, 1887


1. Fa - ther of love and power, Guard Thou our eve - ning hour,
Shield with Thy might. For all Thy care this day Our grate-ful
thanks we pay, And to our Fa-ther pray,— Bless us to - night. A-MEN.

2 Jesus, Immanuel,
Come in Thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite.
For all our sins we grieve,
But we Thy grace receive,
And in Thy word believe;
Bless us to-night.

3 Spirit of Holiness,
Gentle, transforming Grace,
Indwelling Light,
Soothe Thou each weary breast,
Now let Thy peace possessed
Calm us to perfect rest,
Bless us to-night.

George Rawson

(DALEHURST)

2 The old, old story; yet we kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as we feel
That Jesus knows them all.

3 Knows all; the morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The mountain track, the valley bright,
The hourly thorn and cross;—

4 Thou knowest all; we lean our head,
Our wearied eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The path, since Jesus knows.

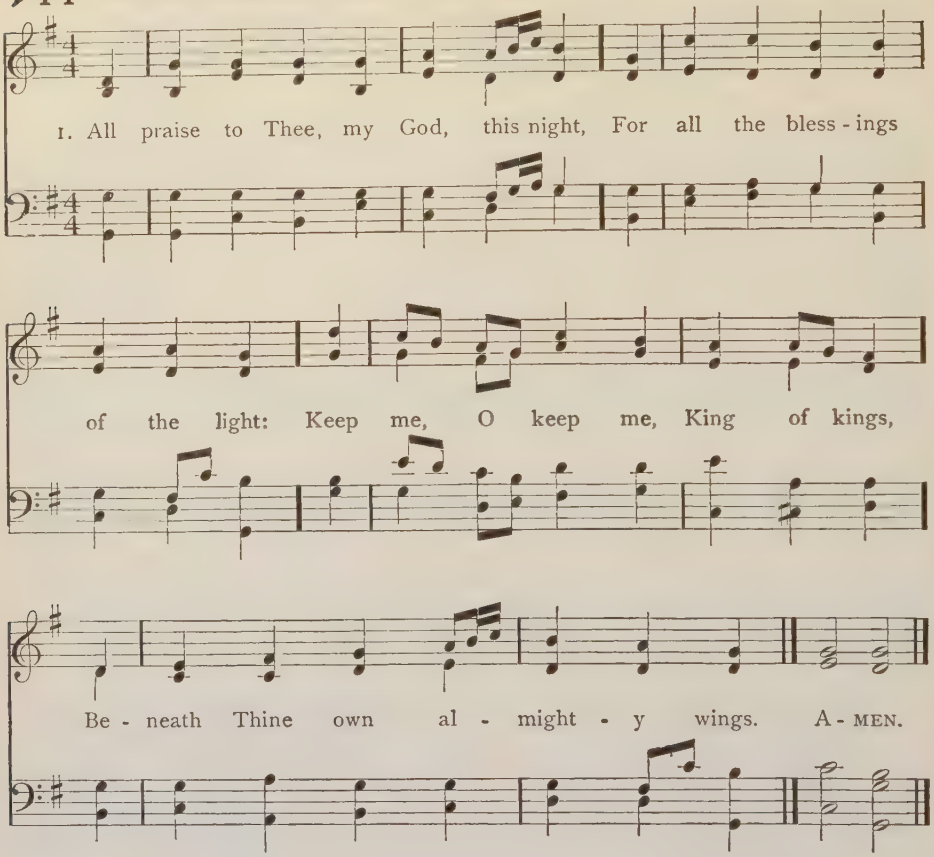
5 And He has loved us; all our heart
With answering love is stirred,
And every anguish, pain, and smart,
Find healing in that word.

6 So here we lay us down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall;
And lean confiding on His breast
Who knows and pities all.

Author unknown

144 TALLIS' EVENING HYMN L. M.

Arr. fr. Thomas Tallis, 1565


1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless - ings
of the light: Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Be - neath Thine own al - might - y wings. A - MEN.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed,
To die, that this frail body may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

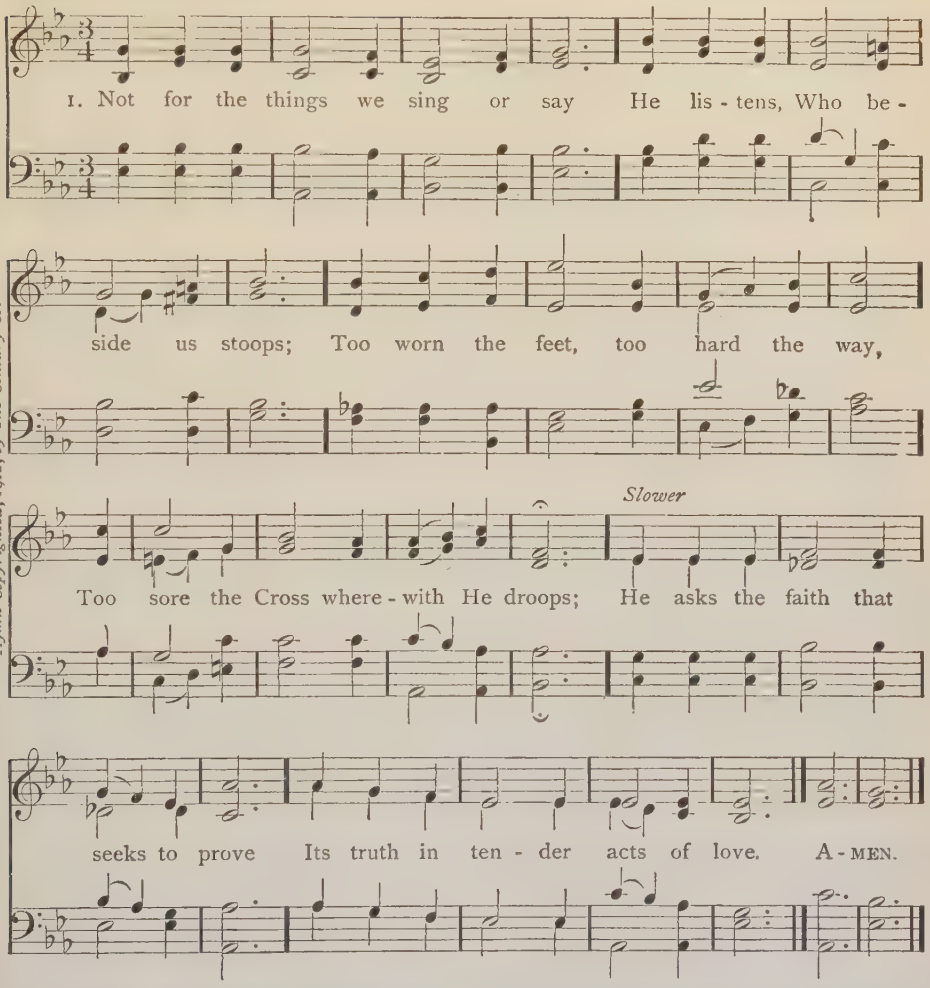
5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dream disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Ken, 1695 (Text of 1709)

145 ADORO L. M. 61.

Joseph Barnby, 1872


1. Not for the things we sing or say He lis - tens, Who be -
side us stoops; Too worn the feet, too hard the way,
Slower
Too sore the Cross where - with He droops; He asks the faith that
seeks to prove Its truth in ten - der acts of love. A - MEN.

Hymn Copyrighted, 1912, by The Century Co.

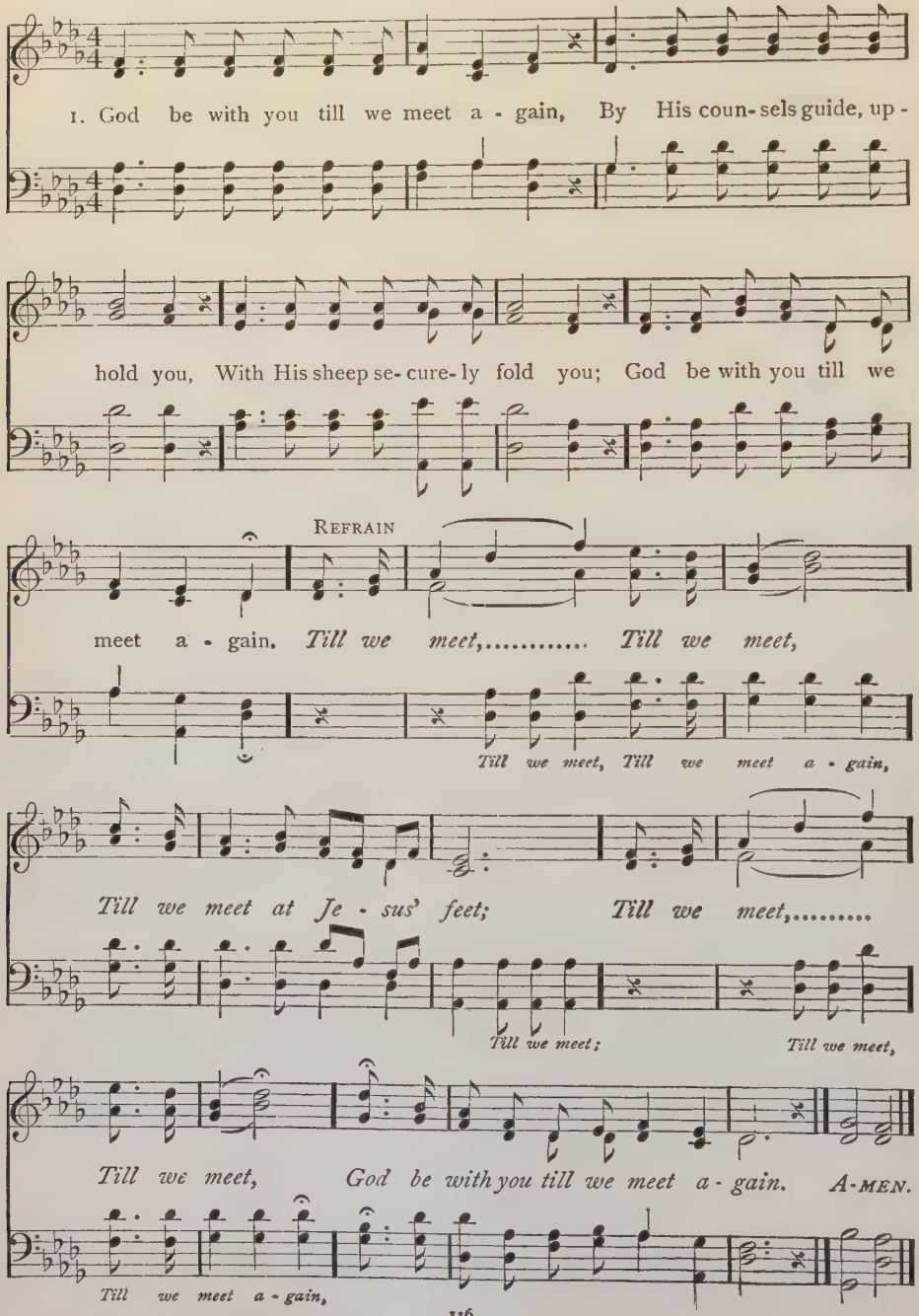
2 He waits for water from the spring
Of kindness in the human heart.
The touch of hands whose touches bring
A coolness to the wounds that smart;
The warm tears falling on His feet,
Than precious ointment far more sweet.

3 O Lord, the way is hard and steep,
Help me to walk that way with Thee;
To watch with Thee, and not to sleep
Heedless of Thy Gethsemane;
Till love becomes my worshipping
Who have no other gift to bring.

4 Help me to see Thee with Thy Cross
In all sad eyes that yearn to mine.
To share life's bread, nor count it loss,
To shed life's sacrificial wine.
Fain would I leave all empty creeds
And make a Gospel of my deeds.

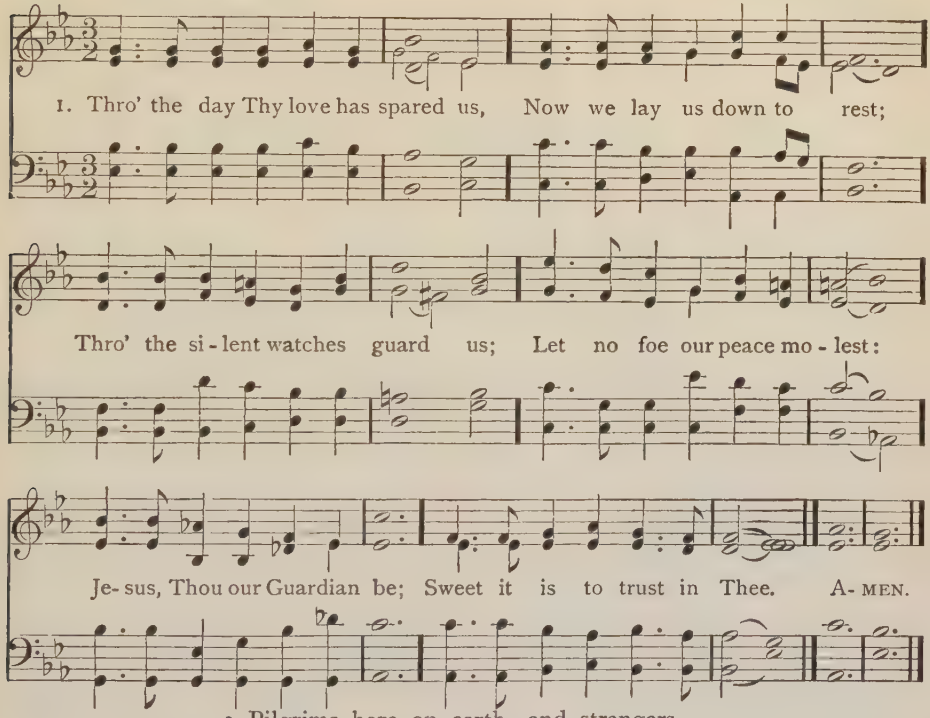
W. J. Dawson, 1912

146 GOD BE WITH YOU 9 8 8 9 With Refrain William G. Tomer, 1882


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His coun-sels guide, up -
hold you, With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we
REFRAIN
meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... Till we meet,
Till we meet, Till we meet a - gain,
Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,.....
Till we meet; Till we meet,
Till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain. A-MEN.
Till we meet a - gain,

147 SHIELD 8 7 8 7 7 7

Joseph Barnby, 1872


1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;
Thro' the si - lent watches guard us; Let no foe our peace mo - lest:
Je- sus, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A- MEN.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's brief day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last;

Thomas Kelly, 1806

(GOD BE WITH YOU)

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again.

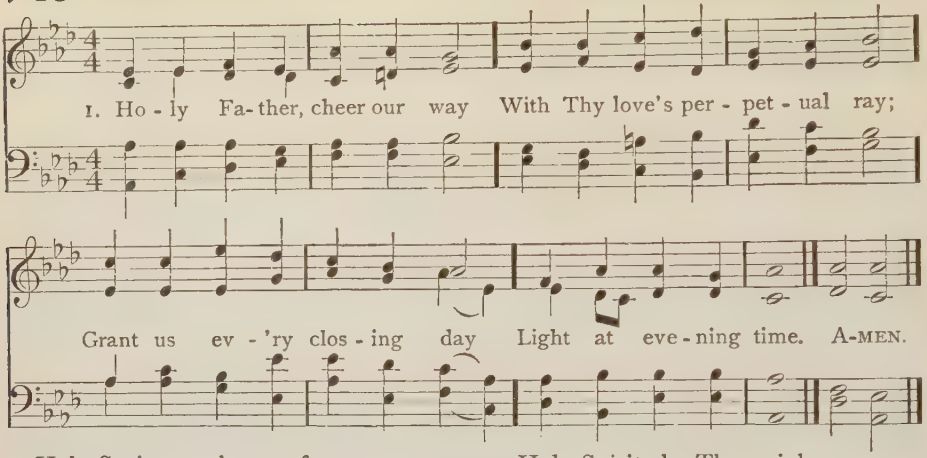
3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

Jeremiah E. Rankin, 1882

148 IRENE 7 7 7 5

Clement Cotterill Scholefield



2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us in our latter years
Light at evening-time.

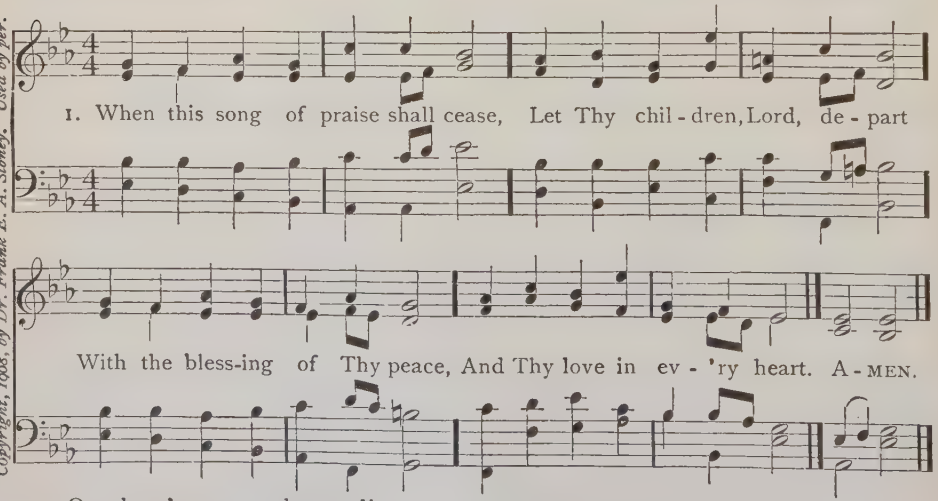
3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening-time.

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,
Darkness is not dark to Thee;
Those Thou keepest always see
Light at evening-time.

Richard Hayes Robinson, 1869

149 BAY RIDGE 7 7 7 7

Frank E. A. Stoney, 1908


1. When this song of praise shall cease, Let Thy chil - dren, Lord, de - part
With the bless-ing of Thy peace, And Thy love in ev - 'ry heart. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1908, by Dr. Frank E. A. Stoney. Used by per.

2 O, where'er our path may lie,
Father, let us not forget
That we walk beneath Thine eye,
That Thy care upholds us yet.

3 Blind are we, and weak, and frail;
Be Thine aid forever near;
May the fear to sin prevail
Over every other fear.

William Cullen Bryant, 1869

150 SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN 8 7 8 7 4 7

Sicilian Melody

1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;
O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness. A-MEN.

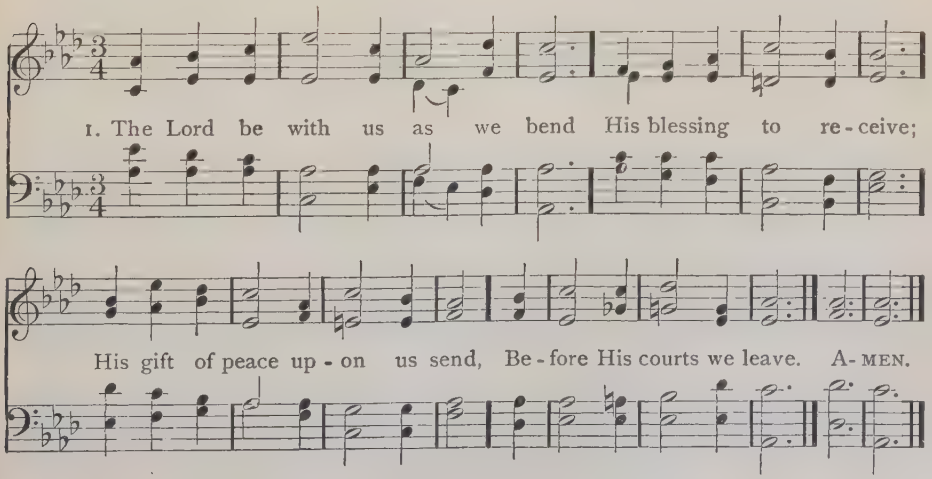
2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Rise, and reign in endless day.

John Fawcett, 1773

151 BEATITUDO C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875



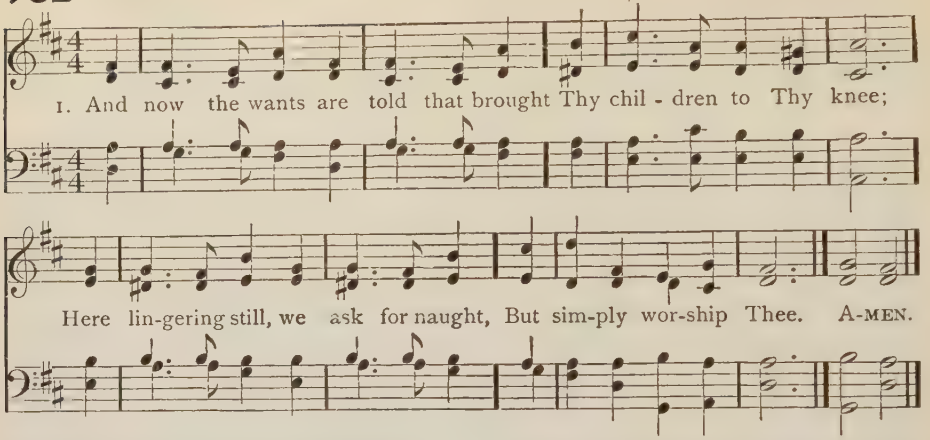
2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be He of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

John Ellerton, 1872

152 ELM C. M.

J. Varley Roberts, 1889


1. And now the wants are told that brought Thy chil - dren to Thy knee;
Here lin-gering still, we ask for naught, But sim-ply wor-ship Thee. A-MEN.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And 'round us, when we speak Thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine;
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine.

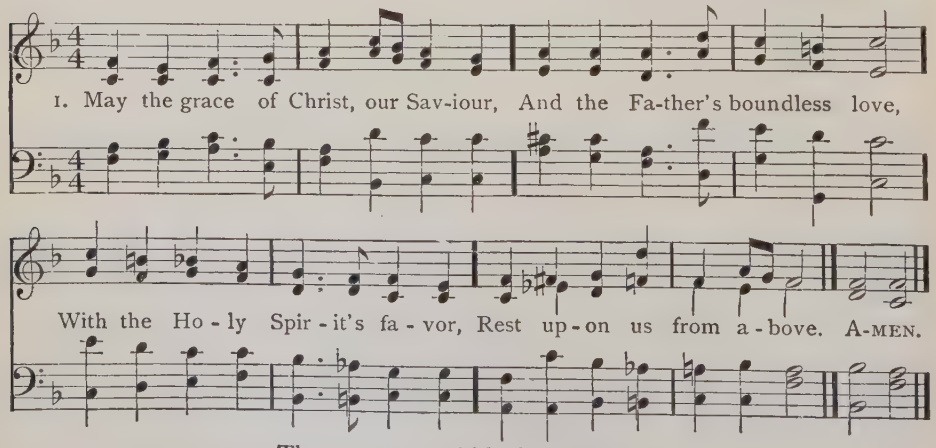
5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours."

William Bright, 1865

153 SARDIS 8 7 8 7

Arr. fr. L. von Beethoven

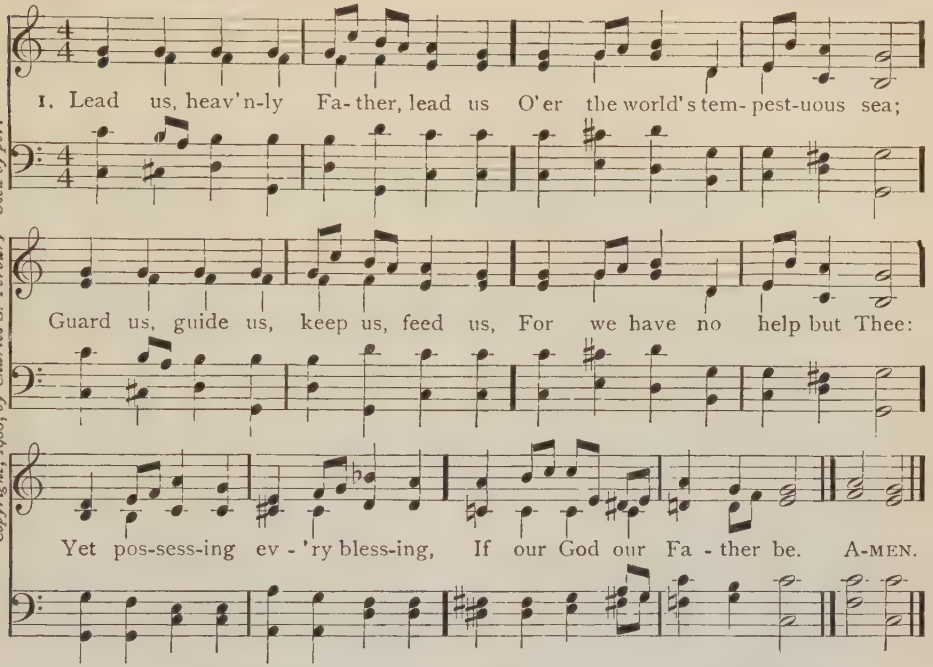

1. May the grace of Christ, our Sav-iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,
With the Ho - ly Spir - it's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove. A-MEN.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

John Newton, 1779

154 ABBOTT 8 7 8 7 8 7

Charles S. Yerbury, 1908


1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa-ther, lead us O'er the world's tem-pest-uous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Yet pos-sess-ing ev-'ry bless-ing, If our God our Fa-ther be. A-MEN.

Used by per.
Copyright, 1908, by Charles S. Yerbury

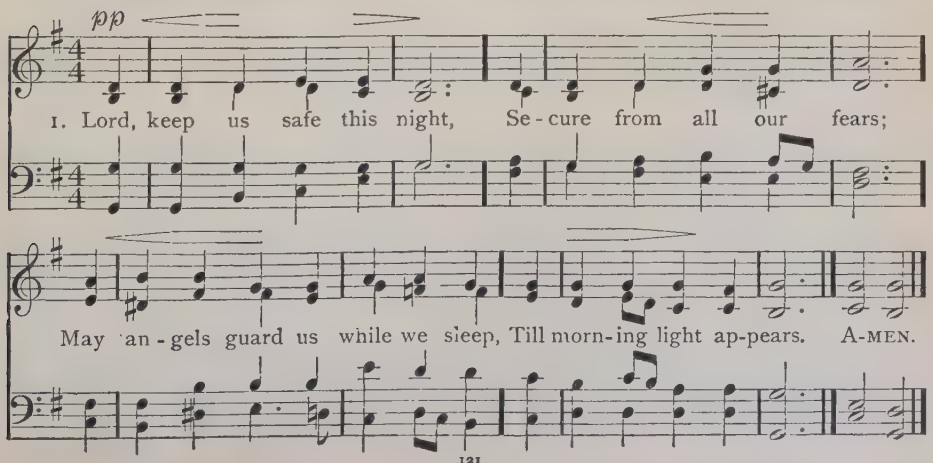
2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us;
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

J. Edmeston, 1821

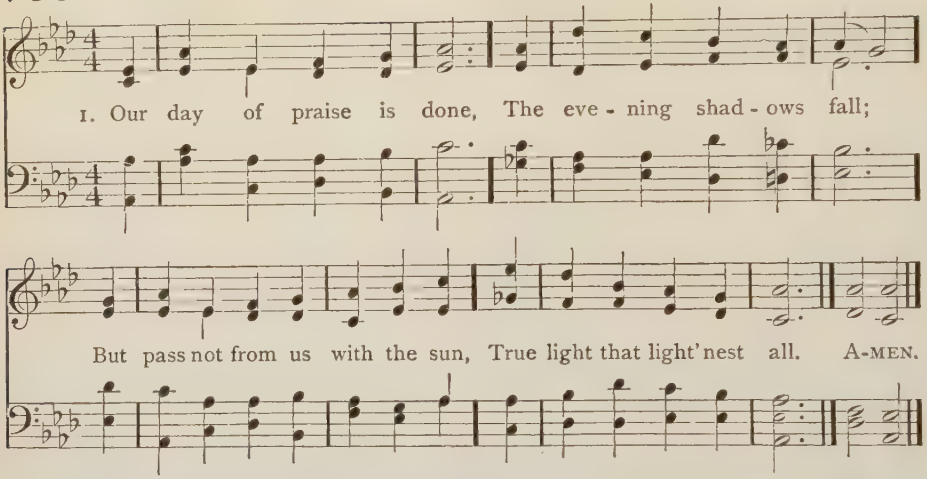
155 VESPER VERSE 6 6 8 6

Ad. fr. L. von Beethoven, by J. E. West


pp
1. Lord, keep us safe this night, Se-cure from all our fears;
May an-gels guard us while we sleep, Till morn-ing light ap-pears. A-MEN.

156 SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. Robert Schumann



2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,
Too soon of praise we tire;
But O the strains how full and clear
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will
If Thou attune the heart,
We in Thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

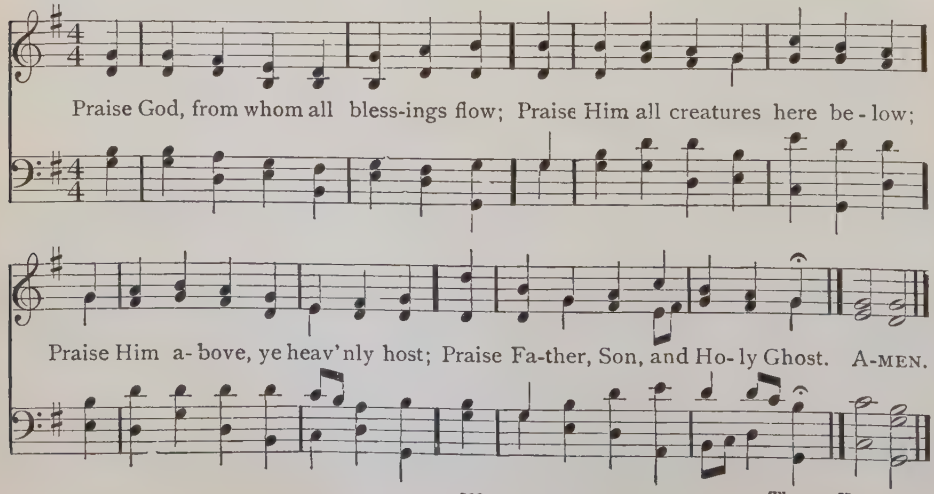
5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton, 1867

157 THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

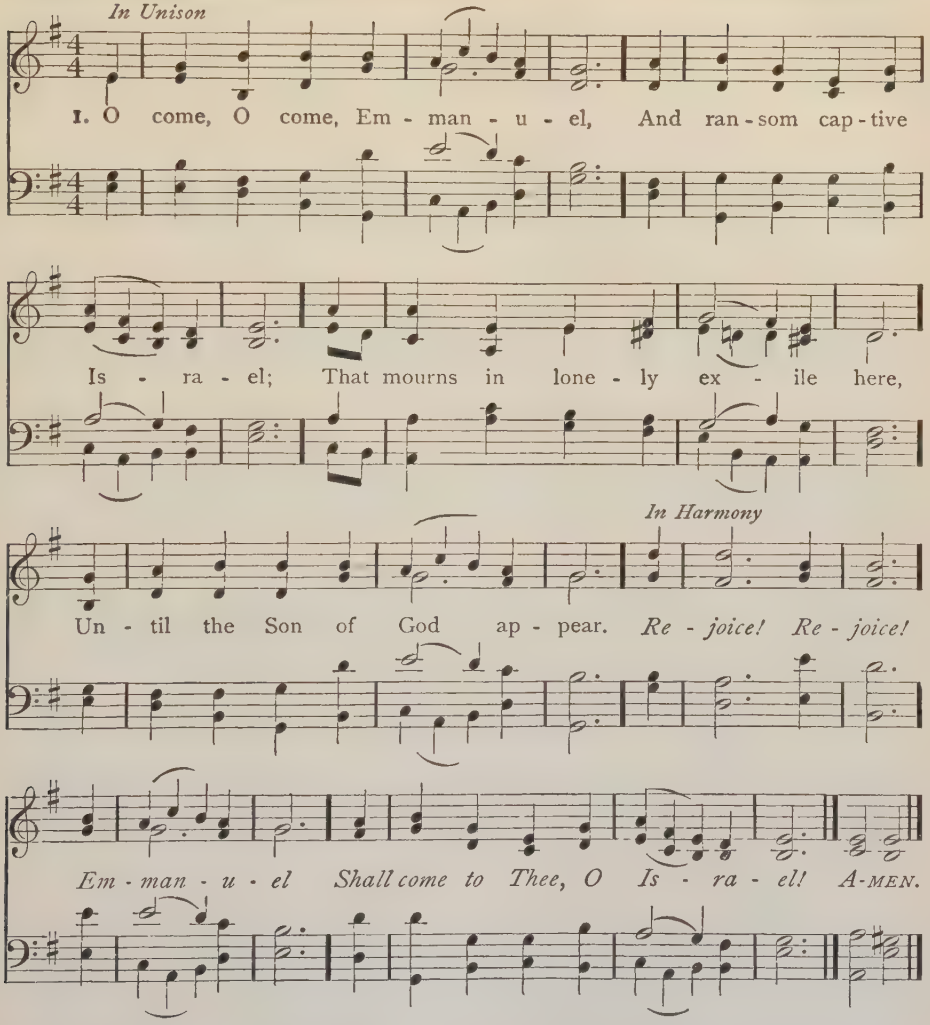
Louis Bourgeois, 1551


Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him all creatures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-MEN.

Thomas Ken, 1709

158 VENI EMMANUEL 8 8 8 8 8 8

Ancient Melody


In Unison
1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,
In Harmony
Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re - joice!
Em - man - u - el Shall come to Thee, O Is - ra - el! A-MEN.

2 O come, Thou Rod-of-Jesse, free
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;
From depths of hell Thy people save,
And give them victory o'er the grave.

3 O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer
Our spirits by Thine advent here;
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight.

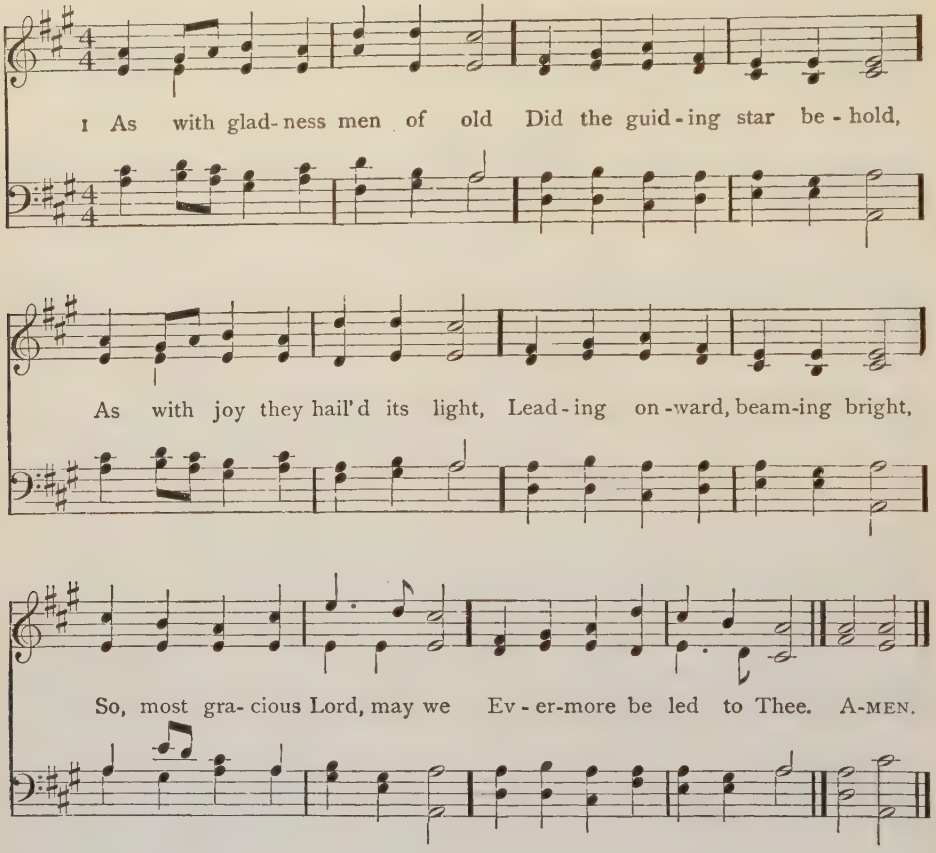
4 O come, Thou Key-of-David, come,
And open wide our heavenly home;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.

5 O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes on Sinai's height,
In ancient times didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. John Mason Neale, 1851

159 DIX 7 7 7 7 7 7

Arr. fr. Conrad Kocher, 1838


1 As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,
As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

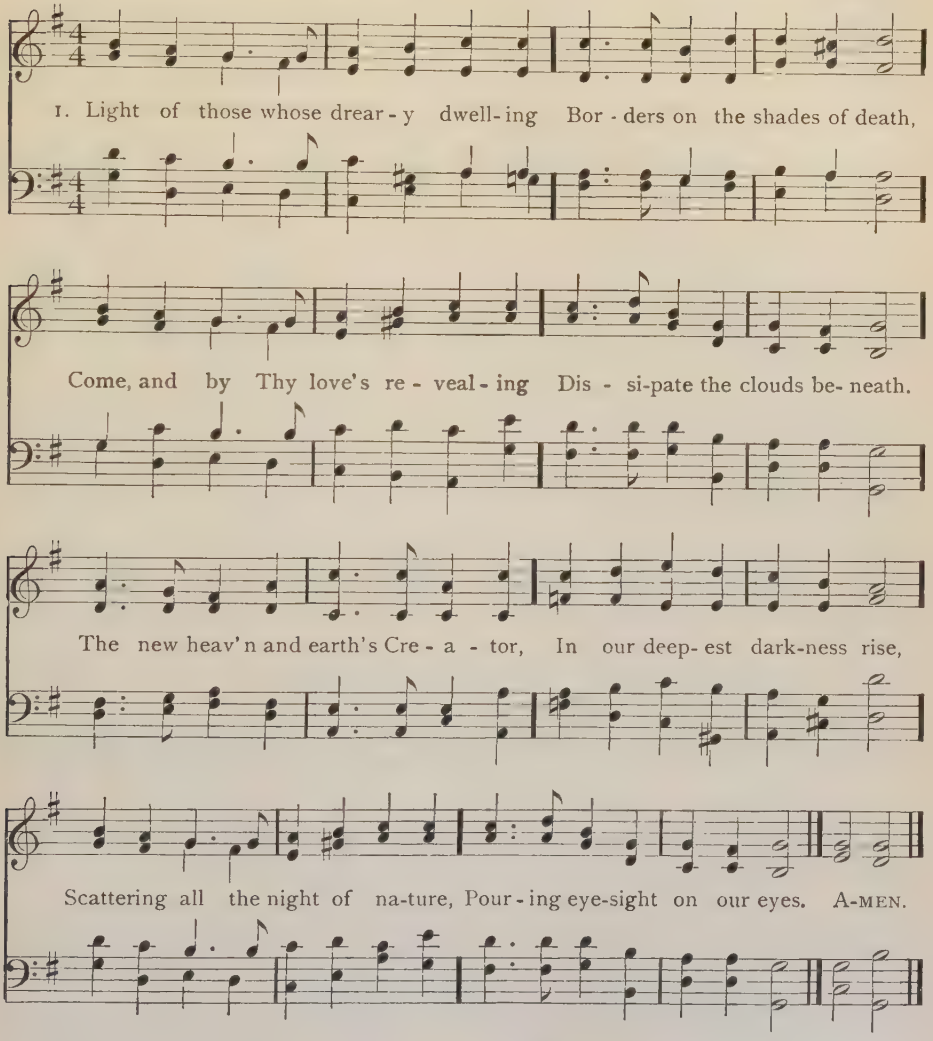
4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our King.

William Chatterton Dix

160 FAIRFIELD 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Arthur Sullivan, 1867


1. Light of those whose drear - y dwell - ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,
Come, and by Thy love's re - veal - ing Dis - si-pate the clouds be- neath.
The new heav'n and earth's Cre - a - tor, In our deep- est dark-ness rise,
Scattering all the night of na-ture, Pour - ing eye-sight on our eyes. A-MEN.

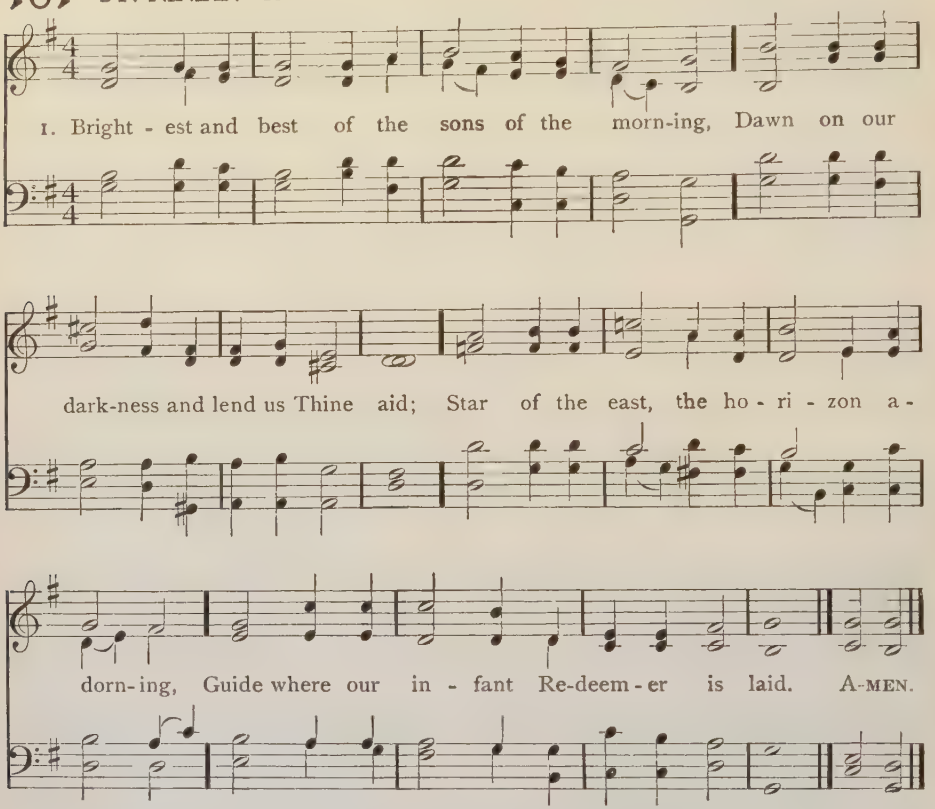
2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart,
Come and manifest the favor
God hath for our ransomed race;
Come, Thou universal Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us in Thy great compassion,
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins.
By Thine all-restoring merit,
Every burdened soul release,
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1744

161 ST. NINIAN 11 10 11 10

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
dark-ness and lend us Thine aid; Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a -
dorn-ing, Guide where our in - fant Re-deem - er is laid. A-MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3 Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

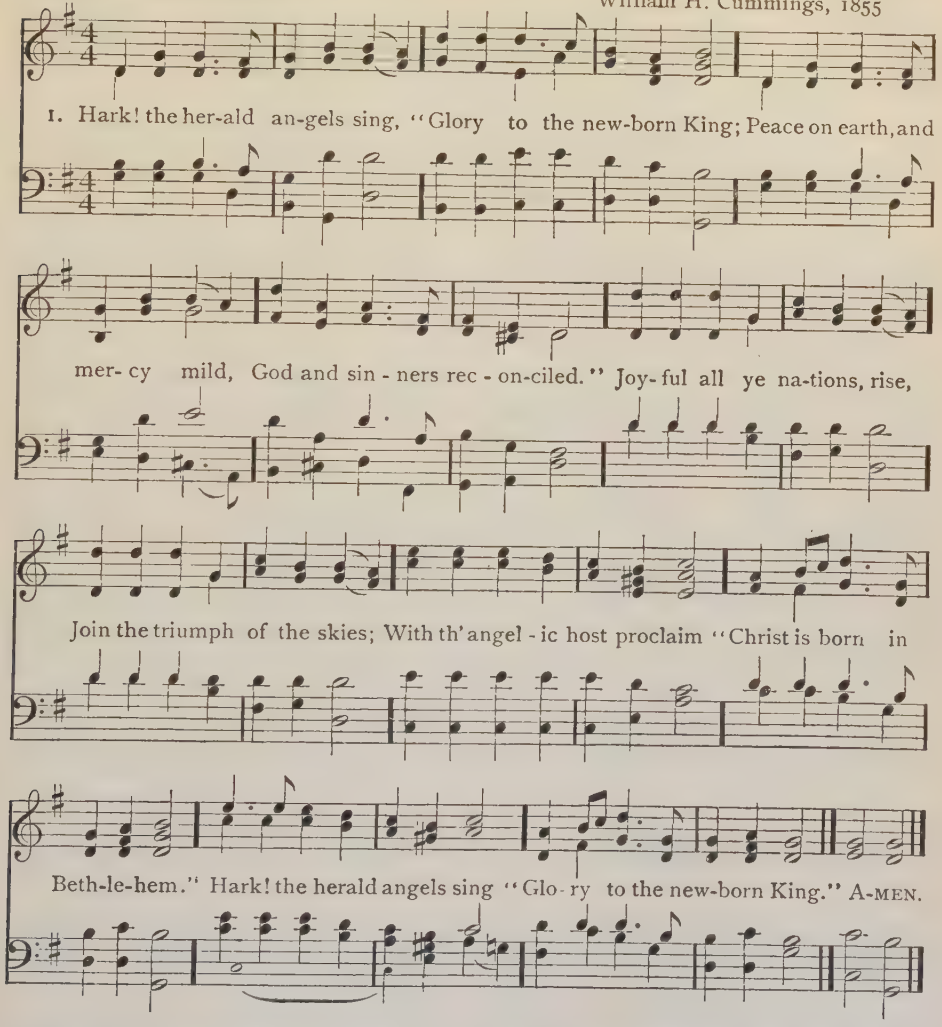
4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid,

Reginald Heber, 1811

162 MENDELSSOHN 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840, by William H. Cummings, 1855


1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
mer- cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled." Joy- ful all ye na-tions, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies; With th' angel - ic host proclaim "Christ is born in
Beth-le-hem." Hark! the herald angels sing "Glo - ry to the new-born King." A-MEN.

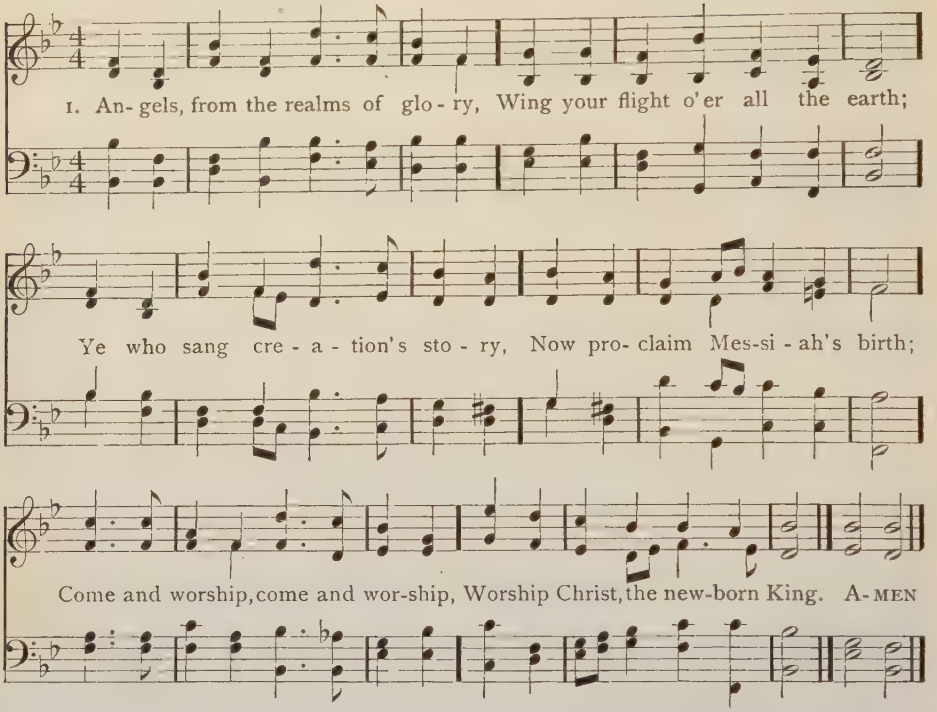
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the Incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley, 1739; alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1760
Suppl. to New Version, c, 1782, J. Kempthorne, 1810

163 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart


1. An- gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro- claim Mes-si - ah's birth;
Come and worship, come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A- MEN

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the Infant Light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

James Montgomery, 1819

164 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 8 7

1 While the shepherds kept their vigil,
And the world in darkness lay,
Came the holy Advent Angel,
Shone the sudden glory ray;
Then, ten thousand times ten thousand
Radiant heralds of the day.

2 Then they sang the first sweet carol,
"Glory be to God on high,
And on earth be peace and blessing
To the nations far and nigh!"
So our God made good His promise,
And the old prophetic cry.

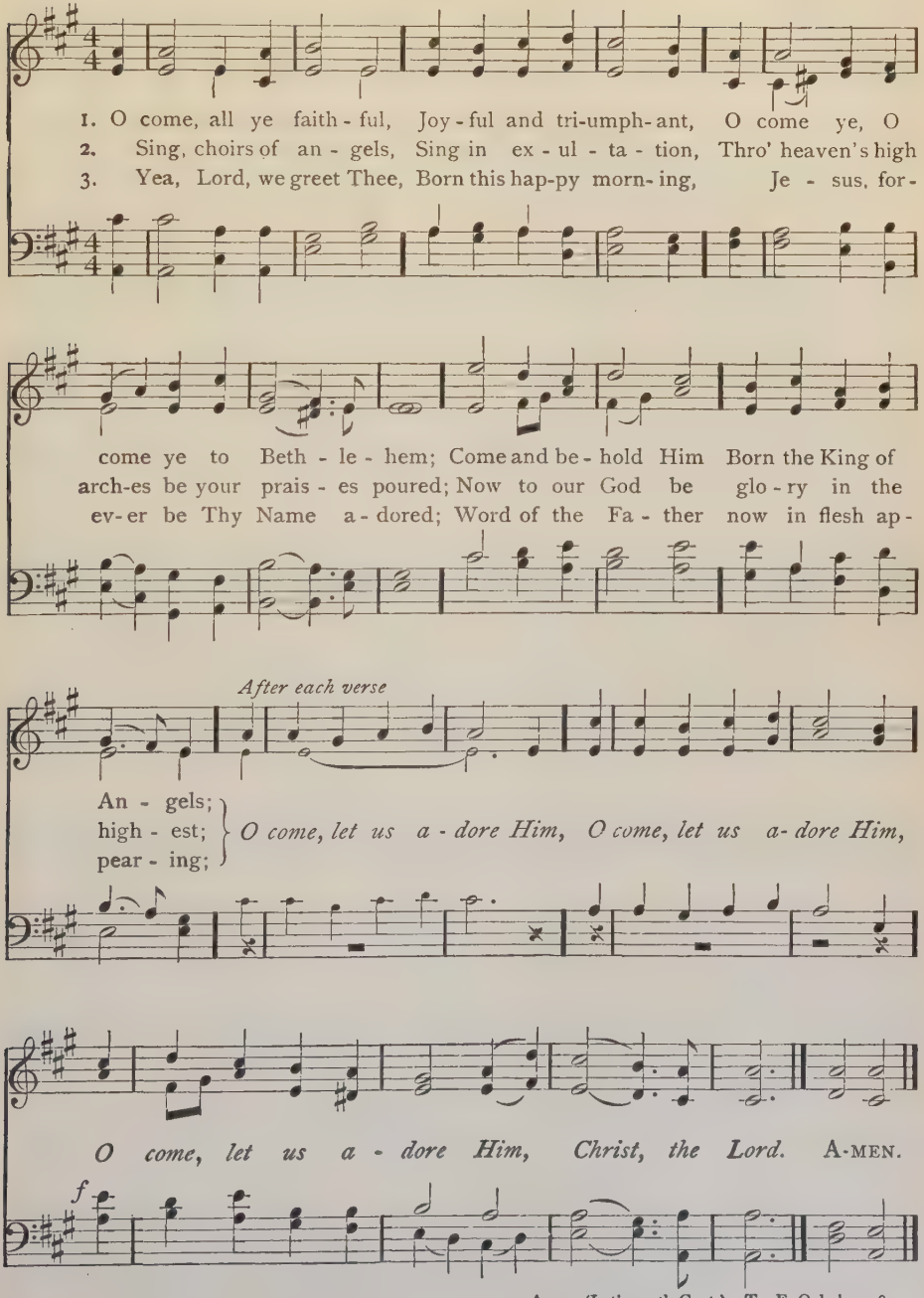
3 Fuller, farther o'er the wide world
Year by year that music swells;
Year by year to some new people
Christmas-tide the story tells,
With the chanting of the children,
And the pealing of the bells.

4 Hear Thy children, blessèd Jesus,
Once for us on earth a Child;
Keep us in Thy great compassion,
Holy, harmless, undefiled;
Blest through Thee by God the Spirit
To the Father reconciled.

Samuel J. Stone

165 ADESTE FIDELES Irregular

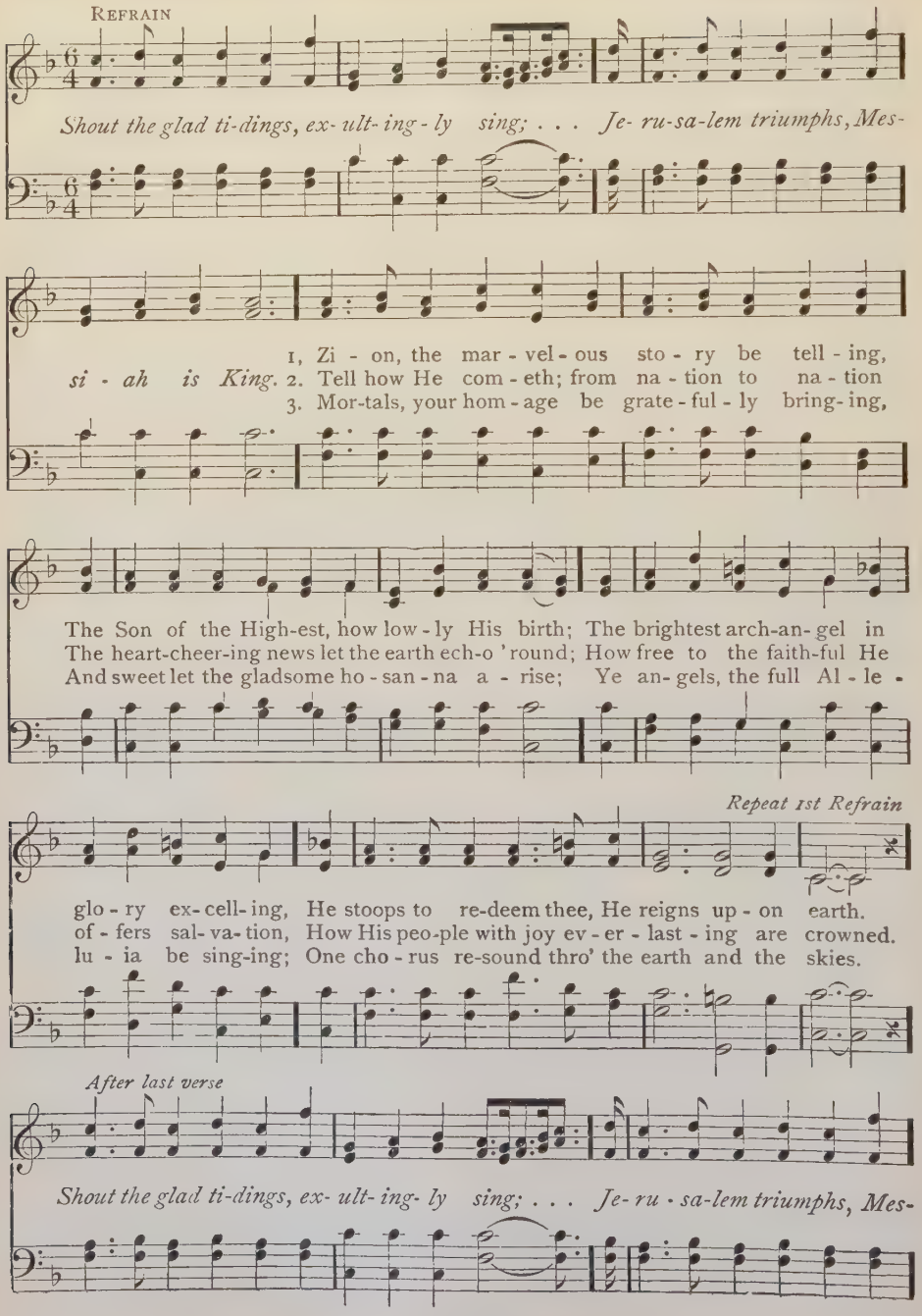
Anon. 1751 (?)

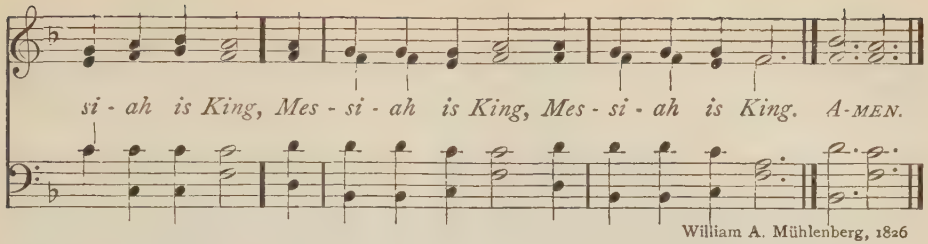

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri-umph- ant, O come ye, O
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Thro' heaven's high
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn- ing, Je - sus, for-
come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of
arch-es be your prais - es poured; Now to our God be glo - ry in the
ev-er be Thy Name a - dored; Word of the Fa - ther now in flesh ap-
After each verse
An - gels;
high - est;
pear - ing;
O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a- dore Him,
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-MEN.
f

Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841

166 AVISON 11 11 12 11 With Refrain

Charles Avison

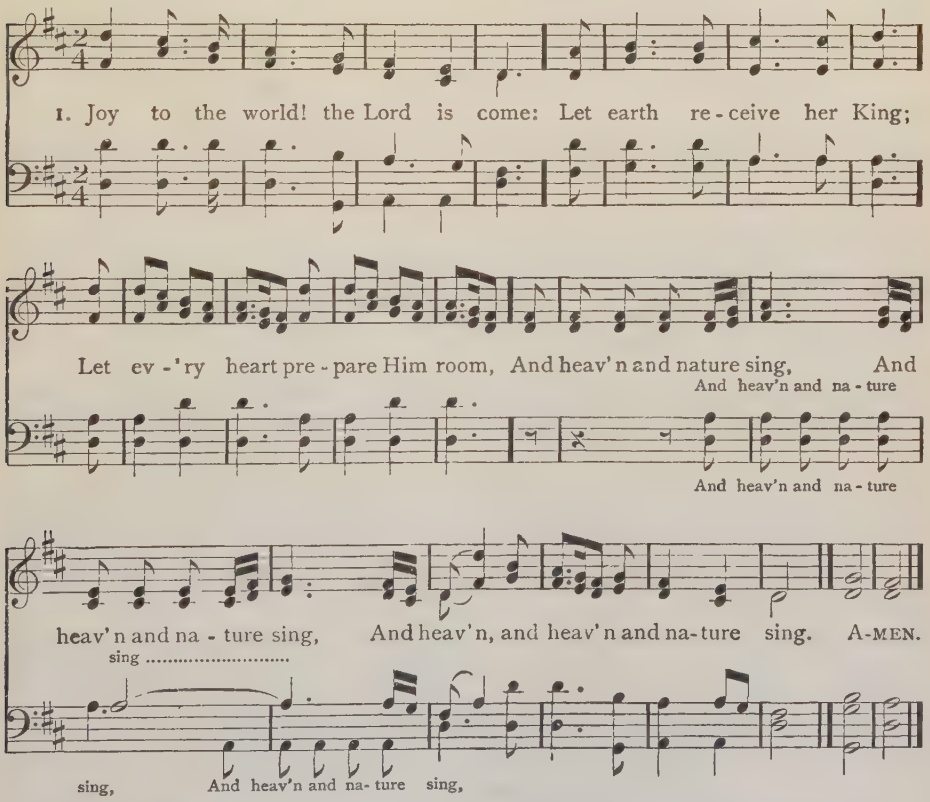

Refrain
Shout the glad ti-dings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; . . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-
si-ah is King.
1, Zi-on, the mar-vel-ous sto-ry be tell-ing,
2. Tell how He com-eth; from na-tion to na-tion
3. Mor-tals, your hom-age be grate-ful-ly bring-ing,
The Son of the High-est, how low-ly His birth; The brightest arch-an-gel in
The heart-cheer-ing news let the earth ech-o 'round; How free to the faith-ful He
And sweet let the gladsome ho-san-na a-rise; Ye an-gels, the full Al-le-
Repeat 1st Refrain
glo-ry ex-cell-ing, He stoops to re-deem thee, He reigns up-on earth.
of-fers sal-va-tion, How His peo-ple with joy ev-er-last-ing are crowned.
lu-ia be sing-ing; One cho-rus re-sound thro' the earth and the skies.
After last verse
Shout the glad ti-dings, ex-ult-ing-ly sing; . . . Je-ru-sa-lem triumphs, Mes-



William A. Mühlenberg, 1826

167 ANTIOCH C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742, by Lowell Mason, 1830


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re - ceive her King;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
And heav'n and na - ture
And heav'n and na - ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing. A-MEN.
sing .....
sing, And heav'n and na- ture sing,

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

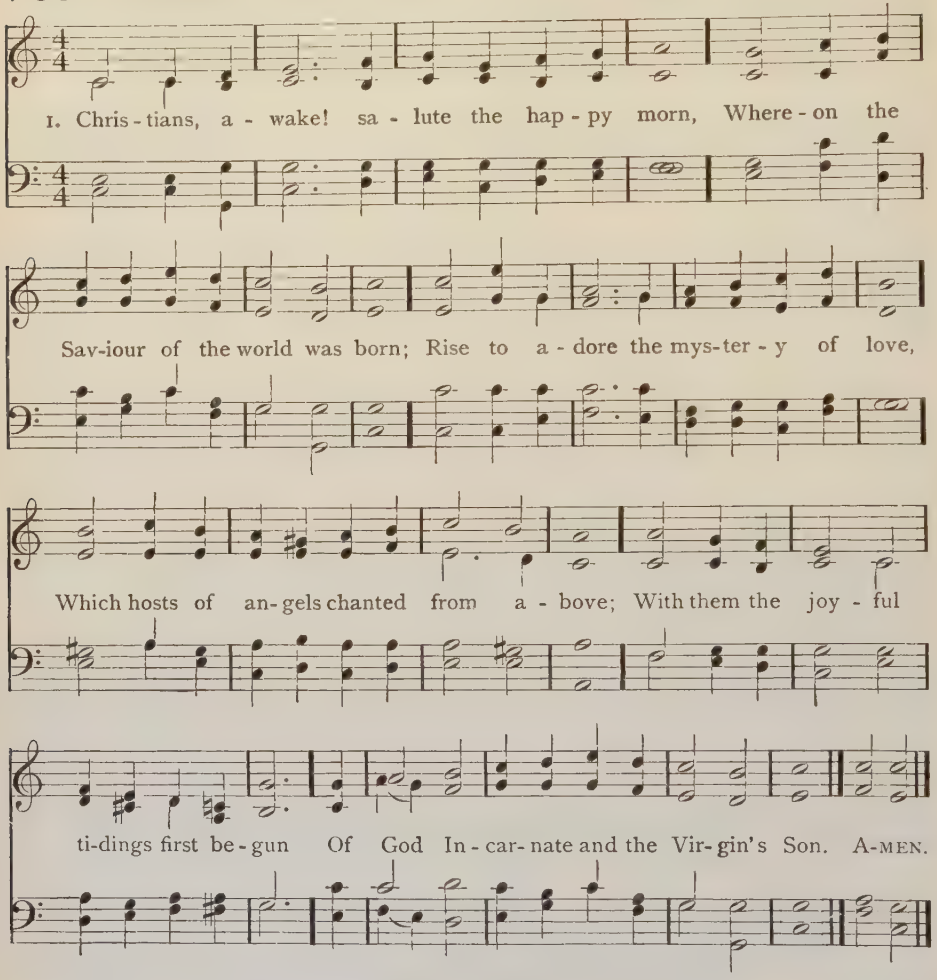
3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nation prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

Isaac Watts, 1710

168 YORKSHIRE 10 10 10 10 10 10

John Wainwright, 1760

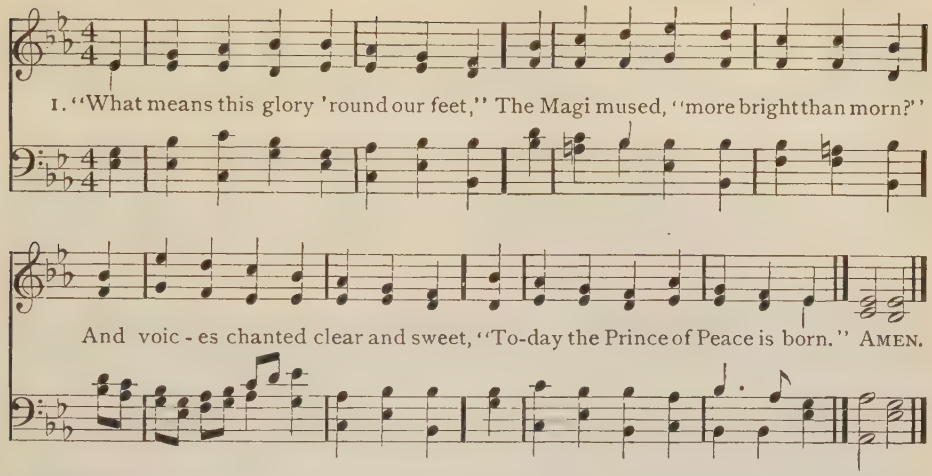

1. Chris - tians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the
Sav-iour of the world was born; Rise to a - dore the mys-ter - y of love,
Which hosts of an-gels chanted from a - bove; With them the joy - ful
ti-dings first be-gun Of God In - car-nate and the Vir-gin's Son. A-MEN.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice; "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

169 EISENACH L. M.

Johann Hermann Schein


1. "What means this glory 'round our feet," The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voic - es chanted clear and sweet, "To-day the Prince of Peace is born." AMEN.

2 "What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

3 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him, like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come.

4 But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

5 All 'round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

6 So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

7 For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

James Russell Lowell

(YORKSHIRE)

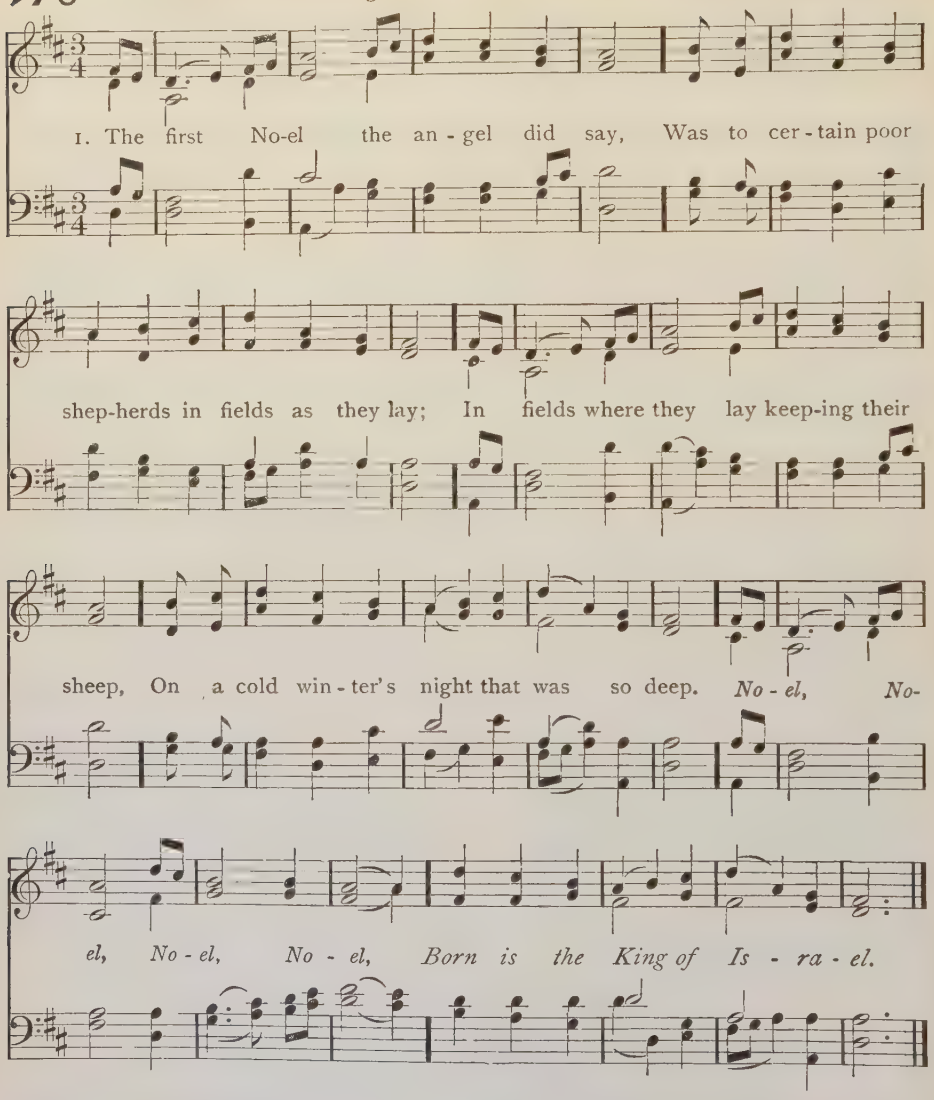
4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.

5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

John Byrom, Publ., 1773

170 THE FIRST NOEL Irregular

Traditional Melody


1. The first No-el the an - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor
shep-herds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keep-ing their
sheep, On a cold win - ter's night that was so deep. *No - el,* *No-*
el, *No - el,* *No - el,* *Born is the King of Is - ra - el.*

2 They lookèd up and saw a star
Shining in the east beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.

3 This star drew nigh to the northwest,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

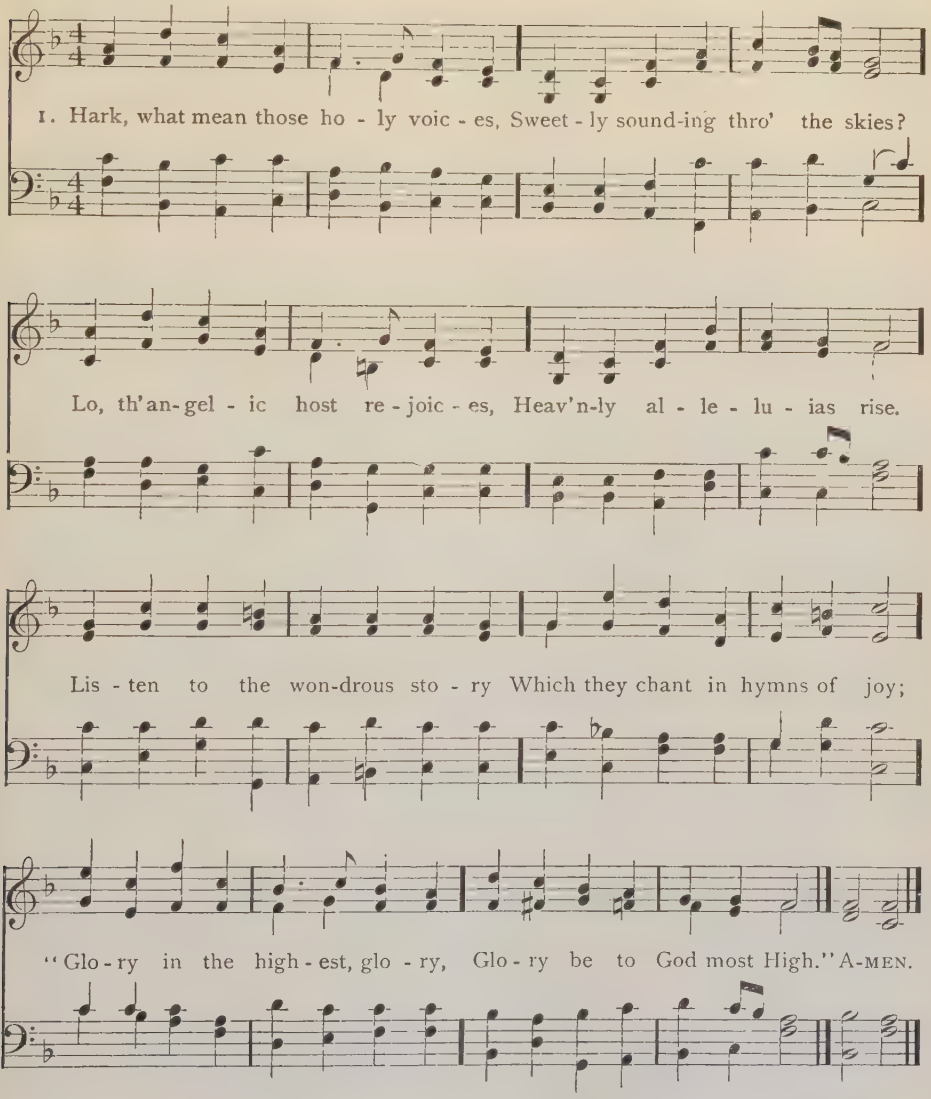
4 Then entered in those wise men three,
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there in His presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense

5 Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our heavenly Lord,
That hath made heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Traditional

171 CRUCIFER 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart, 1867


1. Hark, what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound-ing thro' the skies?
Lo, th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n-ly al - le - lu - ias rise.
Lis - ten to the won-drous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy;
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most High." A-MEN.

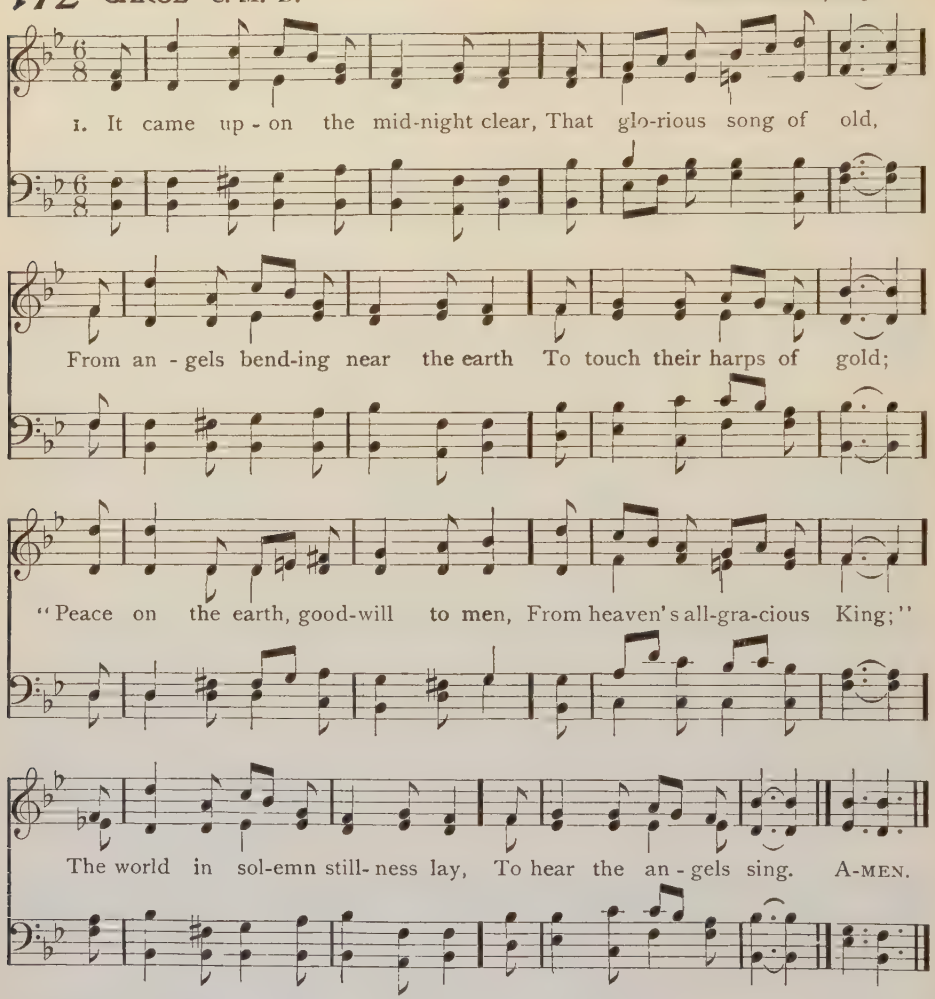
2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,"
Reaching far as man is found,
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His glory sing;
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him,
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
'Glory be to God most High!'"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of His glory
Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood, 1819

172 CAROL C. M. D.

Richard S. Willis, 1850


1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
From an-gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King;"
The world in sol-emn still-ness lay, To hear the an-gels sing. A-MEN.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessèd angels sing.

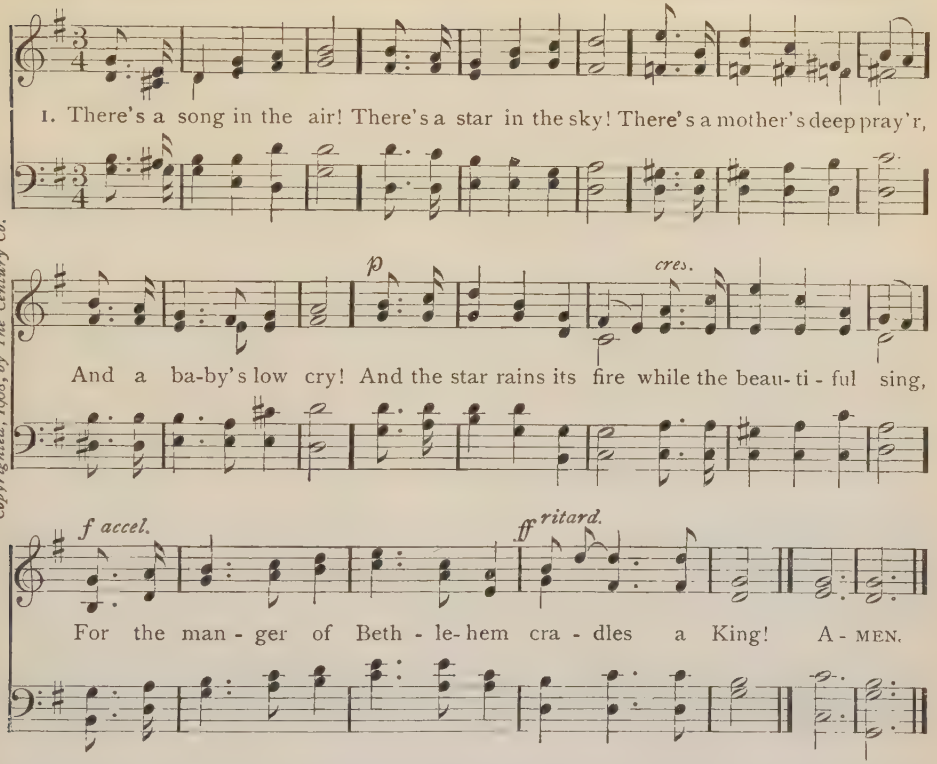
3 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes 'round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

Edmund H. Sears, 1850

173 HOLLAND 6 6 6 6 12 12

Alexander S. Gibson, 1908


1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a mother's deep pray'r,
p
cres.
And a ba-by's low cry! And the star rains its fire while the beau-ti-ful sing,
f accel.
ff ritard.
For the man-ger of Beth-le-hem cra-dles a King! A-MEN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by The Century Co.

2 There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

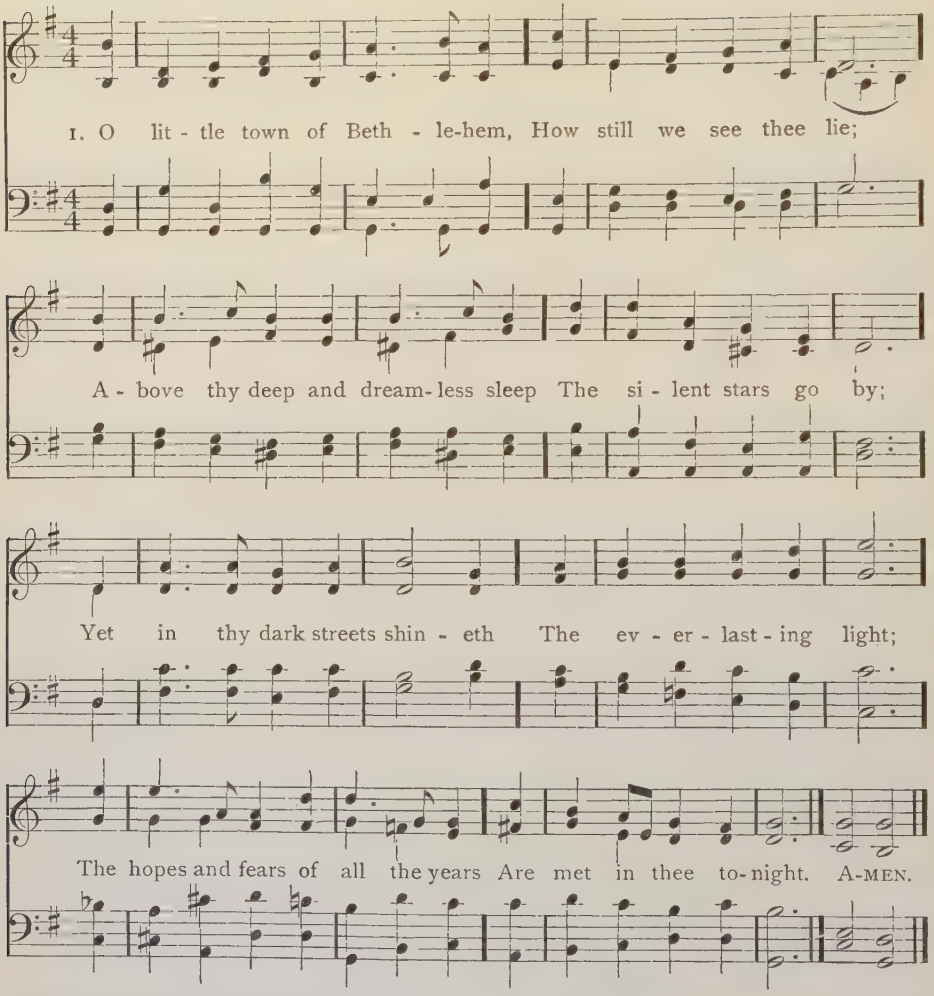
3 In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

4 We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King!

Josiah G. Holland, 1871

174 BETHLEHEM 8 6 8 6 7 6 8 6

Joseph Barnby


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le-hem, How still we see thee lie;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A-MEN.

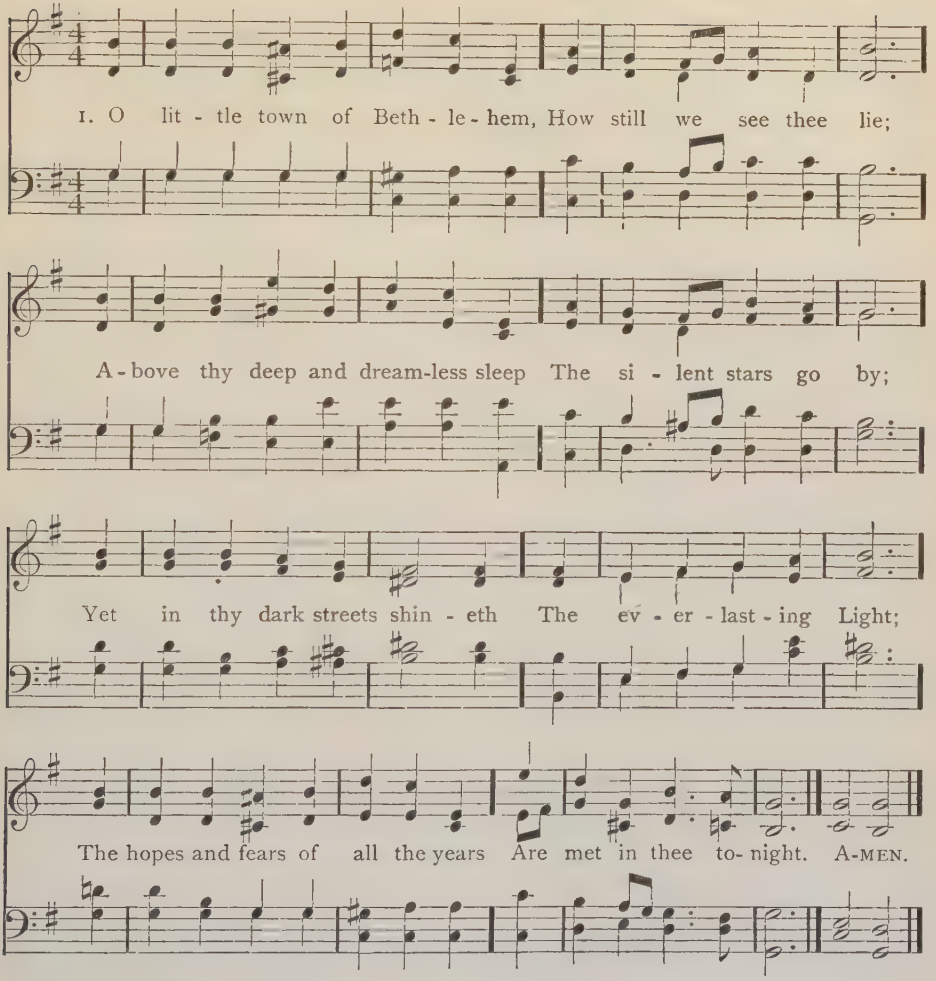
2 For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth;
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868

ST. LOUIS 8 6 8 6 7 6 8 6 (*Second Tune*) Lewis H. Redner, 1868


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to- night. A-MEN.

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Their watch of wondering love.
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No ear may hear His coming,
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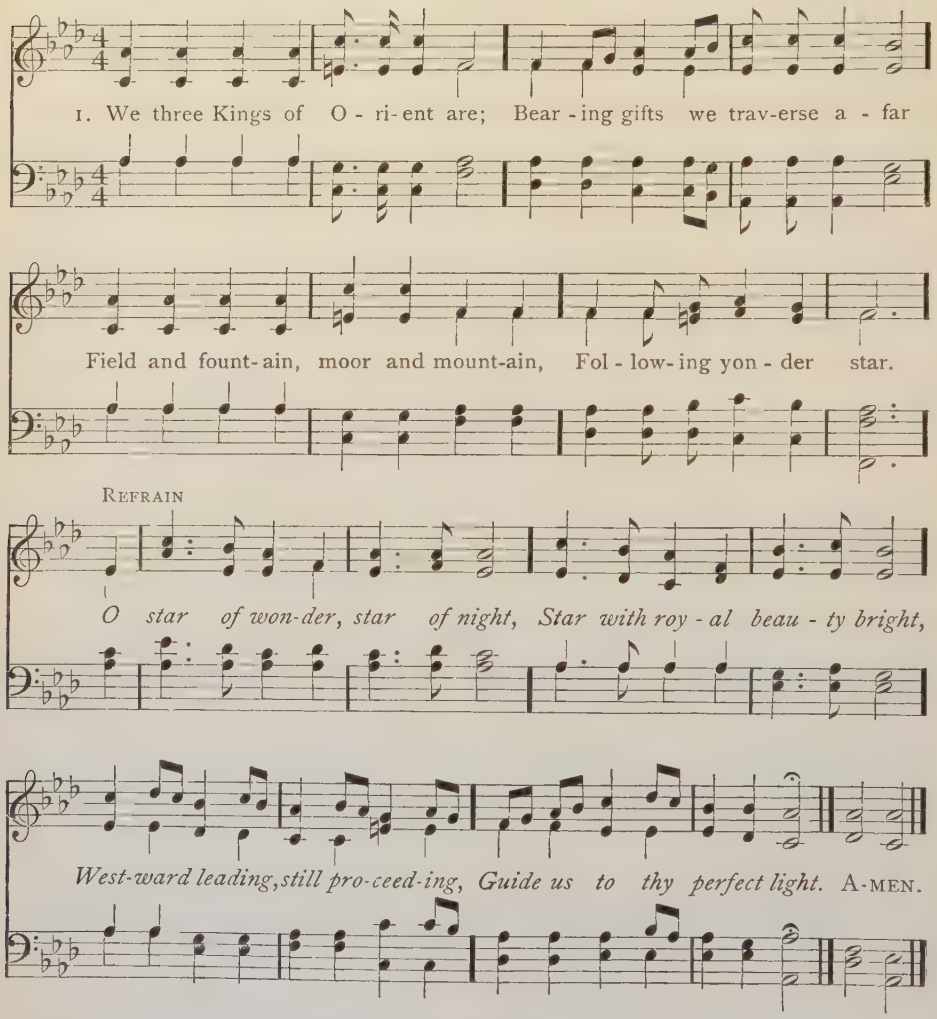
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Philips Brooks, 1868

175 THE MORNING STAR 8 8 8 6 With Refrain E. W. Kellogg, 1862


1. We three Kings of O - ri-ent are; Bear - ing gifts we trav-erse a - far
Field and fount-ain, moor and mount-ain, Fol - low-ing yon - der star.
REFRAIN
O star of won-der, star of night, Star with roy - al beau - ty bright,
West-ward leading, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy perfect light. A-MEN.

2 Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

3 Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising all men raising,
Worship Him God on high.

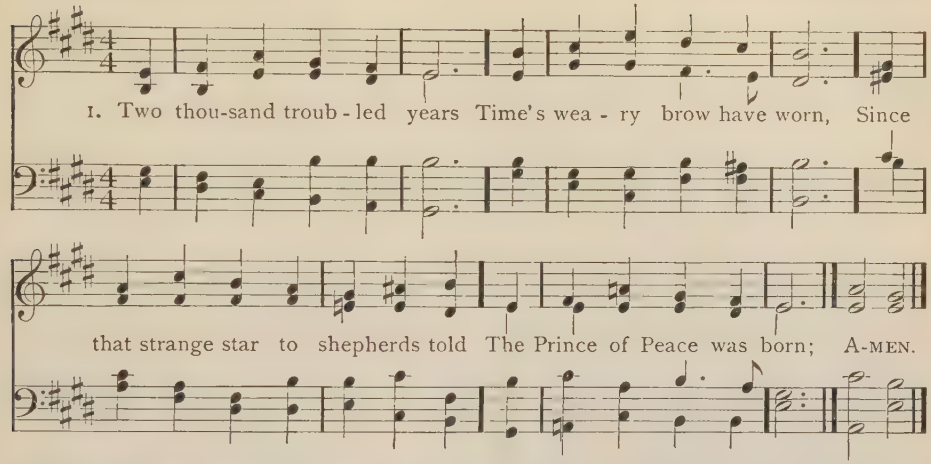
4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom:
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

5 Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice:
Heaven sings Alleluia;
Alleluia the earth replies.

J. H. Hopkins, 1862

176 POTSDAM S. M.

John Sebastian Bach


1. Two thou-sand troub-led years Time's wea-ry brow have worn, Since
that strange star to shepherds told The Prince of Peace was born; A-MEN.

2 Two thousand years of gloom,
  Of groping toward the light,
Of prophets scorned and martyrs slain,
  And battle done for right.

3 But year by year the bells
  The old glad tidings bring,
And men forget their strife, to keep
  The birthday of the King.

4 Christ's kingdom yet will come,
  And good prevail o'er ill,
Though often with a crown of thorns
  We mock the Master still;

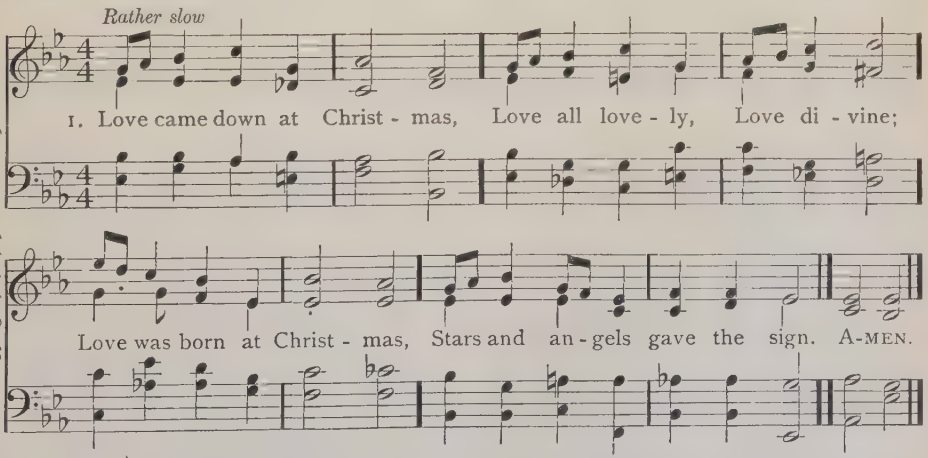
5 But He will not forsake
  The world for which He died,
Till all mankind be gathered home
  At the great Christmastide.

A. Hayes

177 LOVE 6 7 6 7

John Sebastian Matthews

Rather slow



Copyright, 1910, by The Century Co.

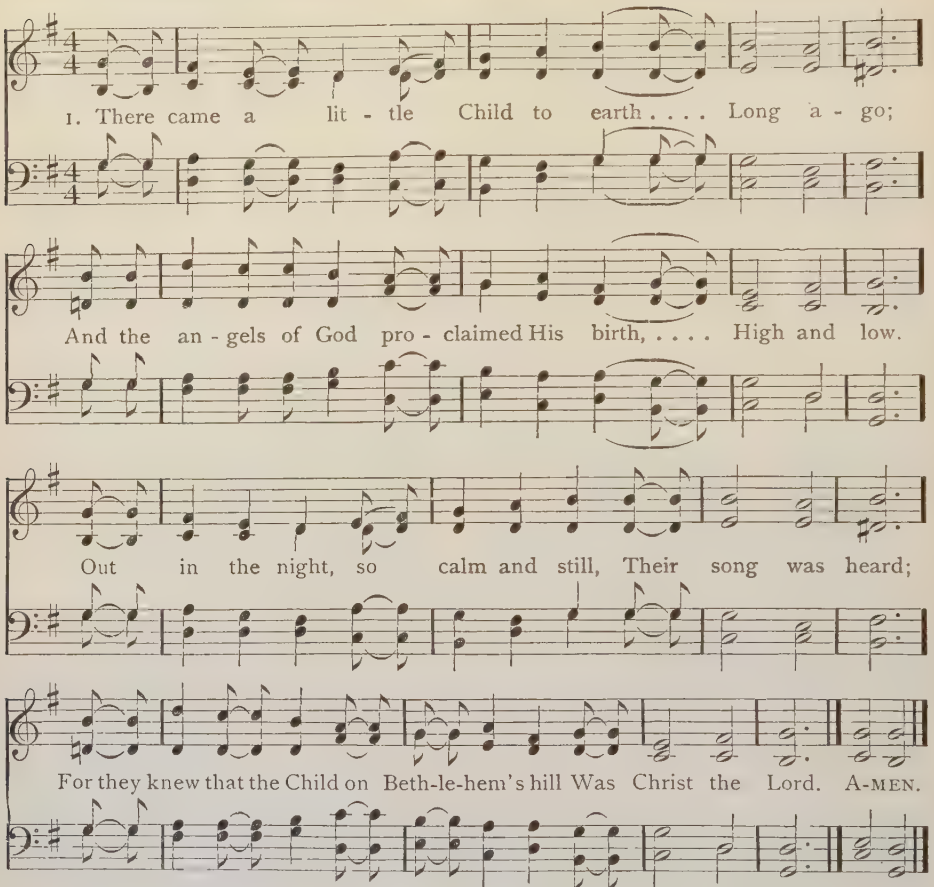
2 Worship we the Godhead,
  Love incarnate, Love divine;
Worship we our Jesus:
  But wherewith for sacred sign?

3 Love shall be our token,
  Love be yours, and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
  Love for plea and gift and sign.

Christina Georgina Rosetti

The Son of God

178 CHRISTMAS Irregular — R. N. Matthews, 1891


1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth . . . . Long a - go;
And the an - gels of God pro - claimed His birth, ... High and low.
Out in the night, so calm and still, Their song was heard;
For they knew that the Child on Beth-le-hem's hill Was Christ the Lord. A-MEN.

2 Far, far away in a goodly land,
Fair and bright,
Children with crowns of glory stand
Robed in white;
In white more pure than the spotless snow,
And their tongues unite
In the psalm which the angels sang long ago
On Christmas night.

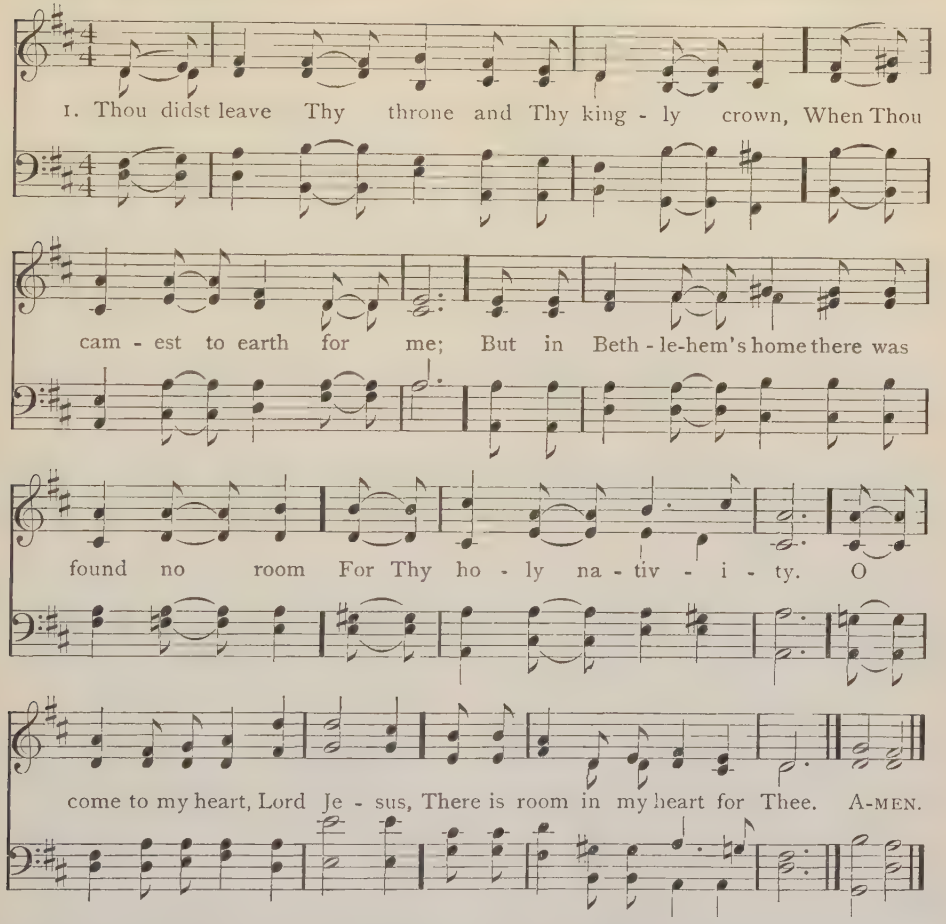
3 They sing how the Lord of that world so fair
A child was born;
And that they might a crown of glory wear,
Wore a crown of thorn.
And in mortal weakness, in want and pain,
Came forth to die;
That the children of earth might for ever reign
With Him on high.

4 He has put on His kingly apparel now,
In that goodly land,
And He leads to where fountains of water flow
That chosen band:
And for evermore in their robes most fair
And undefiled,
Those ransomed children His praise declare
Who was once a child.

Emily E. S. Elliott

179 MARGARET Irregular

Timothy R. Mathews, 1876


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home there was
found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. O
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee. A-MEN.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth Thou didst come to earth,
And in great humility:
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

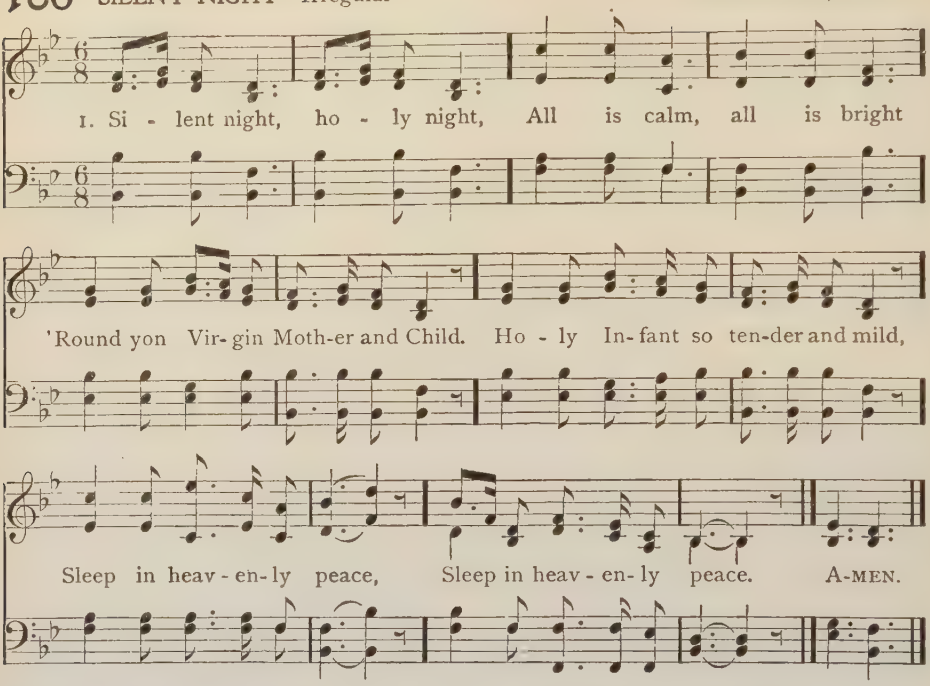
3 Thou cam'st, O Lord, with the living Word
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore Thee to Calvary.
O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

4 When heaven's arches shall ring and her choir shall sing
At Thy coming to victory,
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at My side for thee!"
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily Elizabeth Steele Elliott, 1864

180 SILENT NIGHT Irregular

Franz Gruber, 1818


1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright
'Round yon Vir-gin Moth-er and Child. Ho - ly In-fant so ten-der and mild,
Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace. A-MEN.

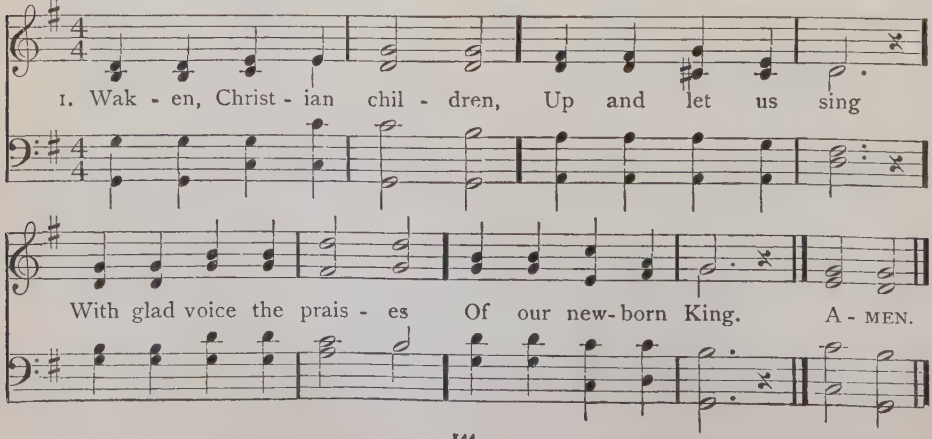
2 Silent night, holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight,
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ, the Saviour, is born!
Christ, the Saviour, is born!

3 Silent night, holy night,
Son of God, love's pure Light
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

Joseph Mohr, 1818

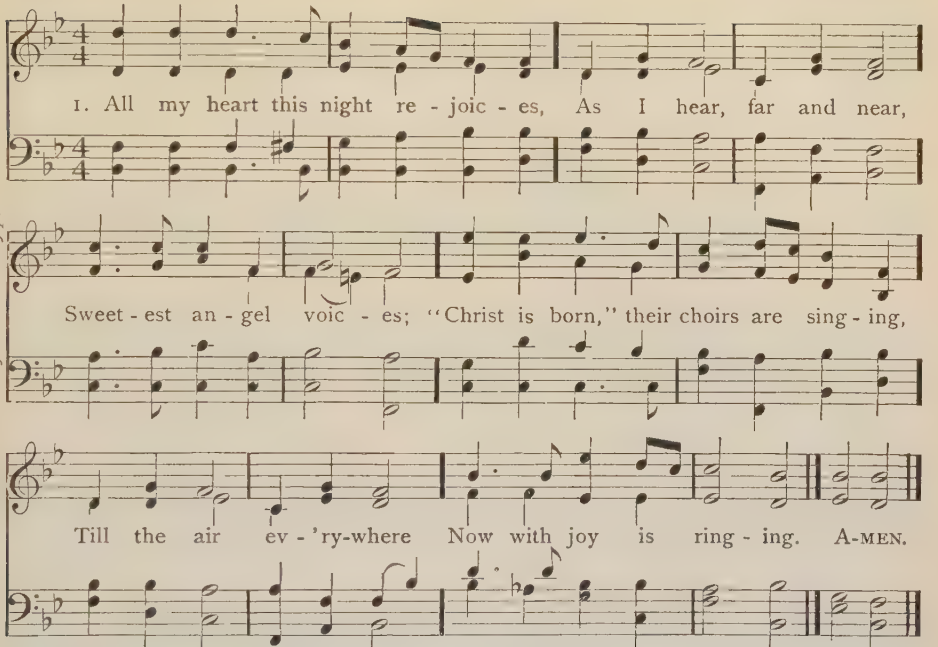
181 NORTH COATES 6 5 6 5

Timothy R. Matthews, 1872



182 STELLA 8 6 6 8 6 6

Horatio Parker


1. All my heart this night re - joic - es, As I hear, far and near,
Sweet - est an - gel voic - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing,
Till the air ev - 'ry-where Now with joy is ring - ing. A-MEN.

From The Tucker Hymnal. Used by permission

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger!
Brethren, come! from all doth grieve you,
You are freed; all you need
I will surely give you."

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder!
Love Him Who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

4 Thee, dear Lord, with heed I'll cherish,
Live to Thee, and with Thee
Dying, shall not perish;
But shall dwell with Thee forever,
Far on high, in the joy
That can alter never.

Paulus Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. Catherine Winkworth

(NORTH COATES)

2 Come, nor fear to seek Him,
Children though we be;
Once He said to children,
"Let them come to Me."

3 In a manger lowly
Sleeps the Heavenly Child,
O'er Him fondly bendeth
Mary, mother mild.

4 Far above that stable,
Up in heaven so high,
One bright star outshineth,
Watching silently.

5 Fear not then to enter,
Though we cannot bring
Gold, or myrrh, or incense,
Fitting for a king.

6 Gifts He asketh richer,
Offerings costlier still,
Yet may Christian children
Bring them if they will.

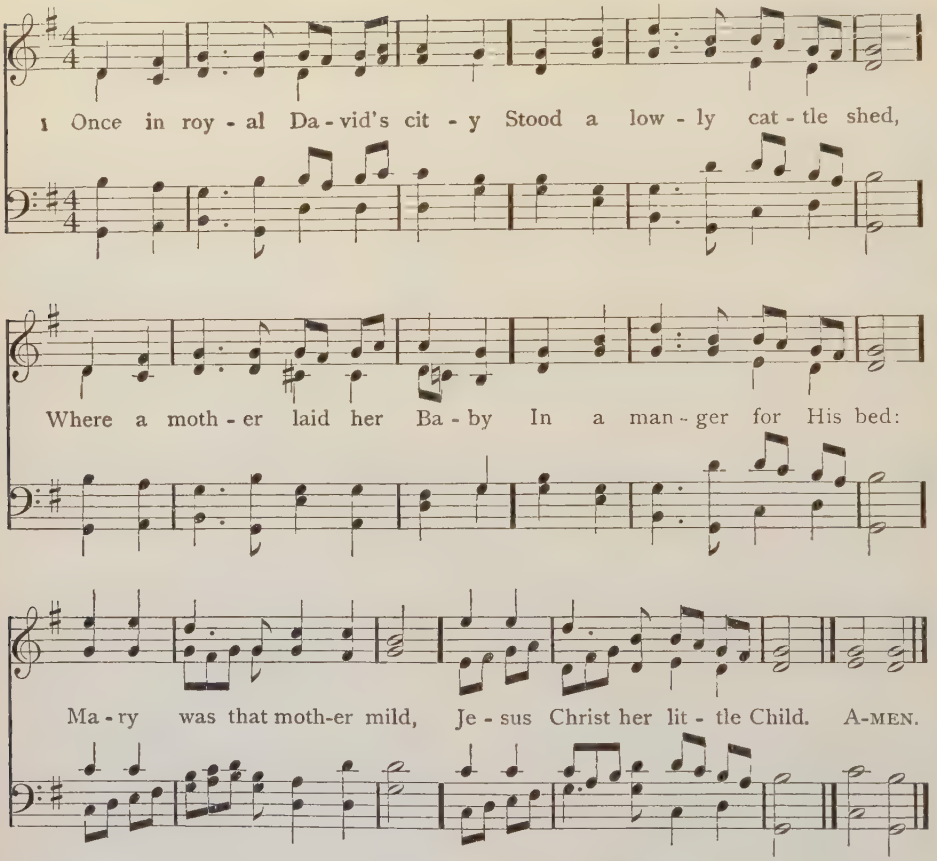
7 Brighter than all jewels
Shines the modest eye;
Best of gifts He loveth
Childlike purity.

8 Haste we then to welcome,
With a joyous lay,
Christ the King of glory,
Manifest to-day.

S. C. Hamerton

183 IRBY Irregular

Henry John Gauntlett


1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,
Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed:
Ma - ry was that moth-er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A-MEN.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,
Who is God and Lord of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall:
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden
In whose gentle arms He lay:
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew;
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew:
And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

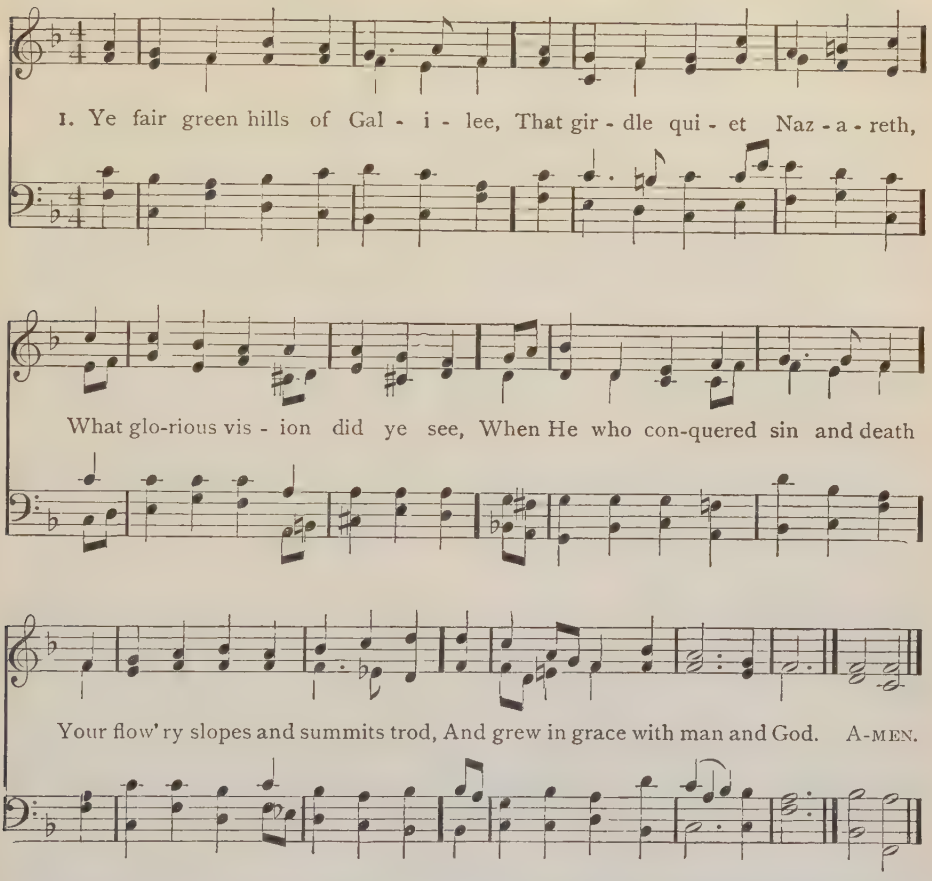
5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our Lord in heaven above;
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him, but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high,
When, like stars, His children crowned,
All in white, shall wait around.

Cecil Frances Alexander

184 ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61.

William Henry Monk, 1861


1. Ye fair green hills of Gal - i - lee, That gir - dle qui - et Naz - a - reth,
What glo-rious vis - ion did ye see, When He who con-quered sin and death
Your flow'ry slopes and summits trod, And grew in grace with man and God. A-MEN.

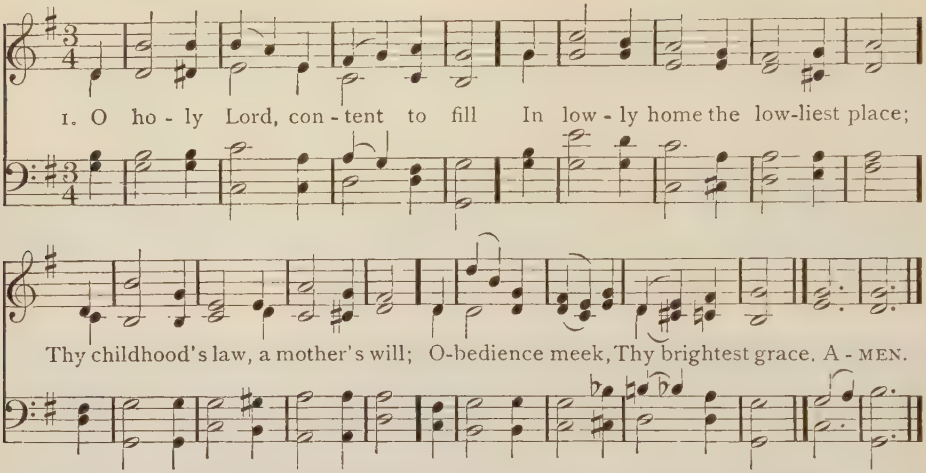
2 We saw no glory crown His head
As childhood ripened into youth,
No angels on His errands sped,
He wrought no sign: but meekness, truth,
And duty marked each step He trod;
And love to man, and love to God.

3 Jesus, my Saviour, Master, King,
Who didst for me the burden bear,
While saints in heaven Thy glory sing,
Let me on earth Thy likeness wear:
Mine be the path Thy feet have trod;
Duty and love to man and God.

Josiah Conder, 1887

185 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate


1. O ho - ly Lord, con - tent to fill In low - ly home the low-liest place;
Thy childhood's law, a mother's will; O-bedience meek, Thy brightest grace. A - MEN.

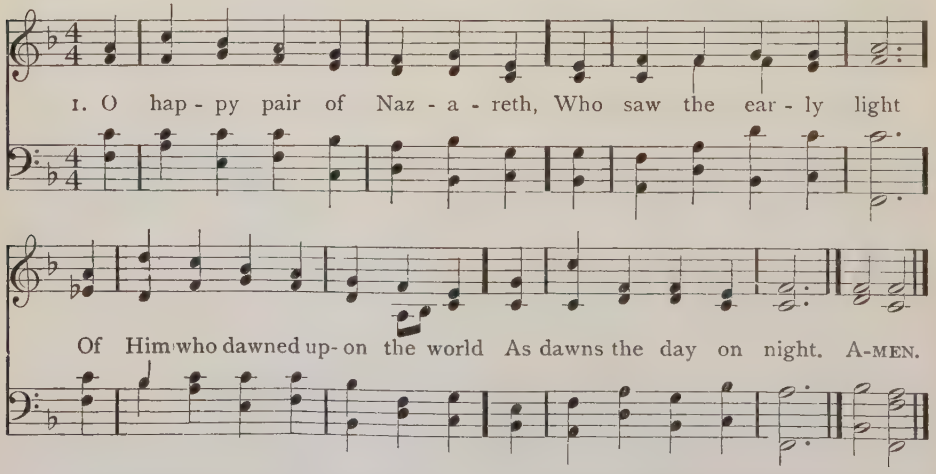
2 Lead every child that bears Thy name
To walk in Thine own guileless way;
To dread the touch of sin and shame,
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

3 So shall we, waiting here below,
Like Thee, our Lord, a little span,
In wisdom and in stature grow,
And favor with both God and man.

William Walsham How, 1850

186 ALBANO C. M.

Vincent Novello, 1800



2 Within their home they saw the Child
Who lived in perfect love,
A love like that which rules the heart
Of the great God above.

3 The way He bore His youthful cross,
The reasons for His tears,
The kind of things which gave Him joy;
Unchanged through growing years.

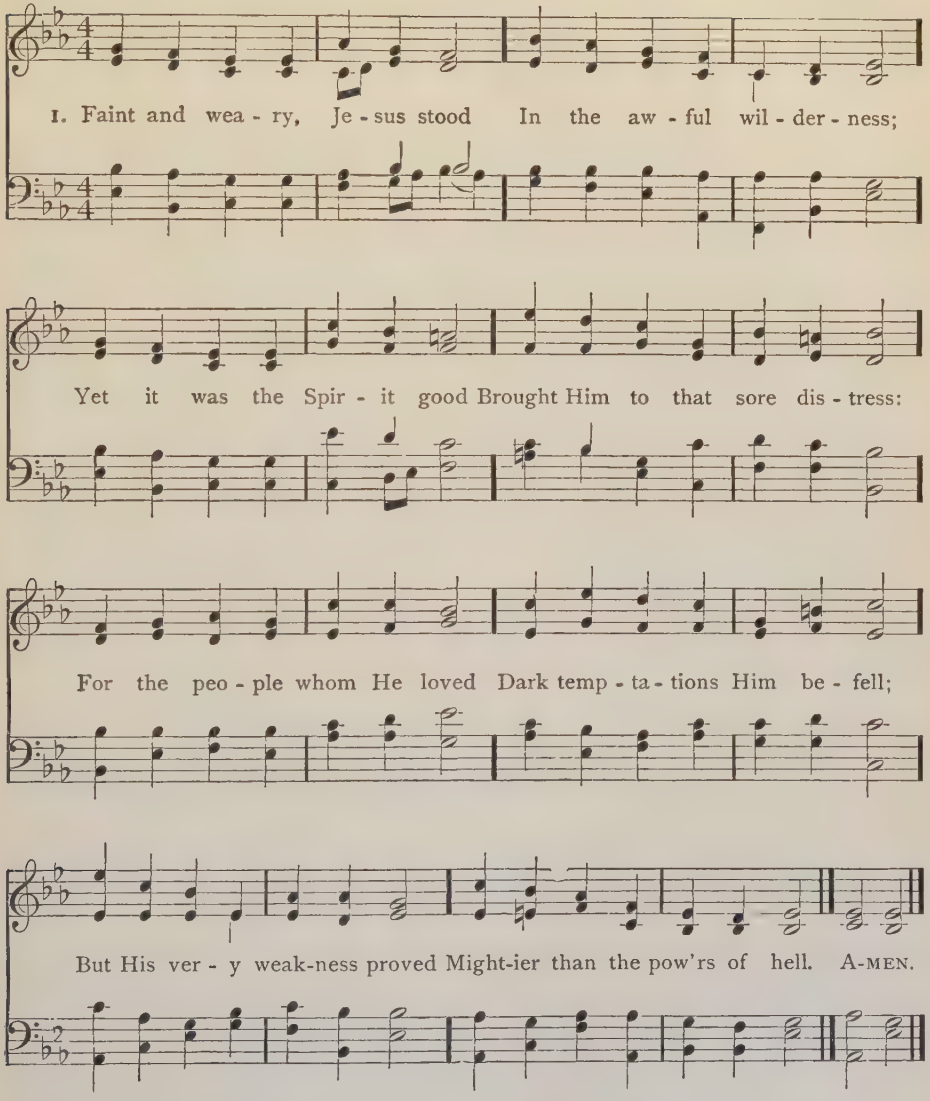
4 At home and in the playground throng,
They saw these heavenly ways,
And grew increasingly to speak
With words of reverent praise.

5 That simple, lovely, wondrous life
Revealed itself from heaven;
He was the Child that should be born,
The Son that should be given.

B. Waugh

187 TROY 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Henry Smart


1. Faint and wea - ry, Je - sus stood In the aw - ful wil - der - ness;
Yet it was the Spir - it good Brought Him to that sore dis - tress:
For the peo - ple whom He loved Dark temp - ta - tions Him be - fell;
But His ver - y weak-ness proved Might-ier than the pow'rs of hell. A-MEN.

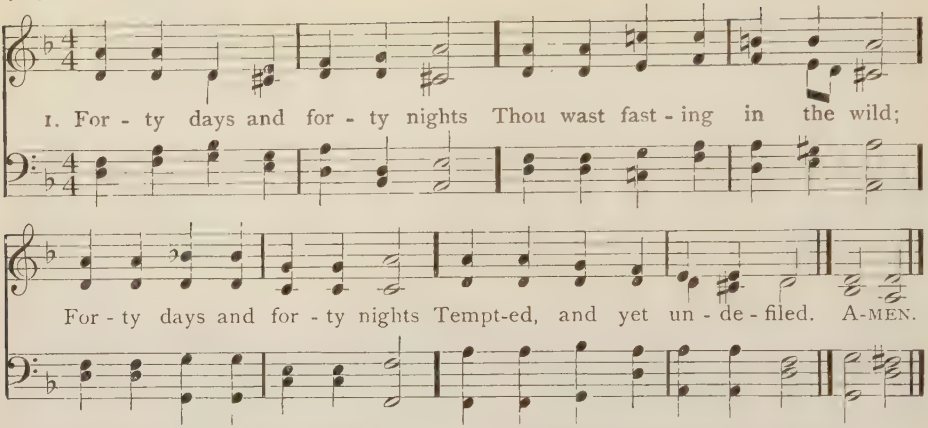
2 He was tempted that He might
Succor us when sorely tried;
And He triumphed by the light
Which must also be our guide;
He our enemy hath met,
He will give us victory;
Help us, Lord, when hard beset,
Still to look and learn of Thee.

3 Not by bread alone we live,
Thy good word our life shall be;
Not for all that earth can give
Shall we worship aught but Thee;
Nor the word of promise bend
E'er to tempt our God in heaven;
Never for unholy end
Was the gracious promise given.

Walter C. Smith

188 HEINLEIN 7 7 7 7

M. Heinlein



2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?

3 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or Spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint or fail.

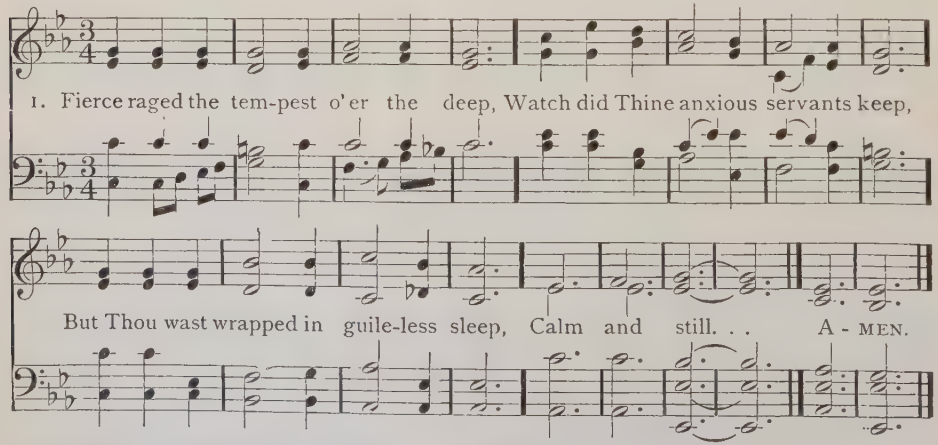
4 So shall we have peace divine;
Holier gladness ours shall be;
Round us, too, shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to Thee.

5 Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,
Ever constant by Thy side;
That with Thee we may appear
At th'eternal Easter-tide.

George Hunt Smyttan

189 ST. AELRED 8 8 8 3

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Fierce raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapped in guile-less sleep, Calm and still. . . A - MEN.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"O save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

Godfrey Thring, 1861

190 GALILEE 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

William F. Sherwin

1. Gal - i - lee, bright Gal - i - lee, Hal-lowed tho'ts we turn to thee;
Wo- ven through thy his - to - ry, Gleams the charm - ing mys - te - ry
Of the life of One Who came, Bear - ing grief, re-proach and shame,
Sav-iour of the world to be; "God with us" by Gal - i - lee. A - MEN.

2 Once along that rugged shore,
He, Who all our sorrows bore,
Journeyed oft with weary feet,
Through the storm or burning heat;
Healing all who came in faith,
Calling back the life from death:
King of kings from heaven was He,
Though so poor by Galilee.

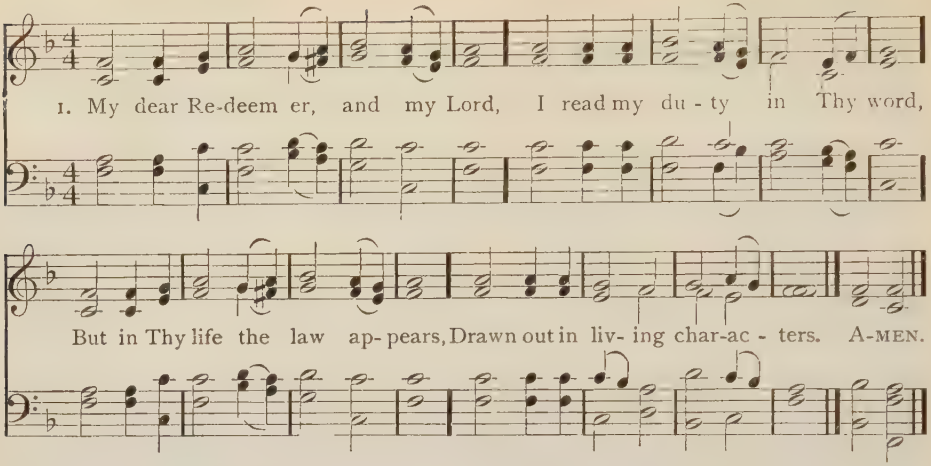
3 Wild the night on Galilee;
Loudly roared the angry sea,
When upon the tossing wave
Jesus walked, His own to save;
Calmed the tumult by His will,
Only saying, "Peace, be still!"
Ruler of the storm was He,
On the raging Galilee.

4 Still in loving tenderness
Doth the Master wait to bless;
Still His touch upon the soul
Bringeth balm and maketh whole;
Still He comforts mourning hearts,
Life, and joy, and peace imparts;
Still the sinner's Friend is He,
As of old by Galilee.

William F. Sherwin

191 HAMBURG L. M.

Arr by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

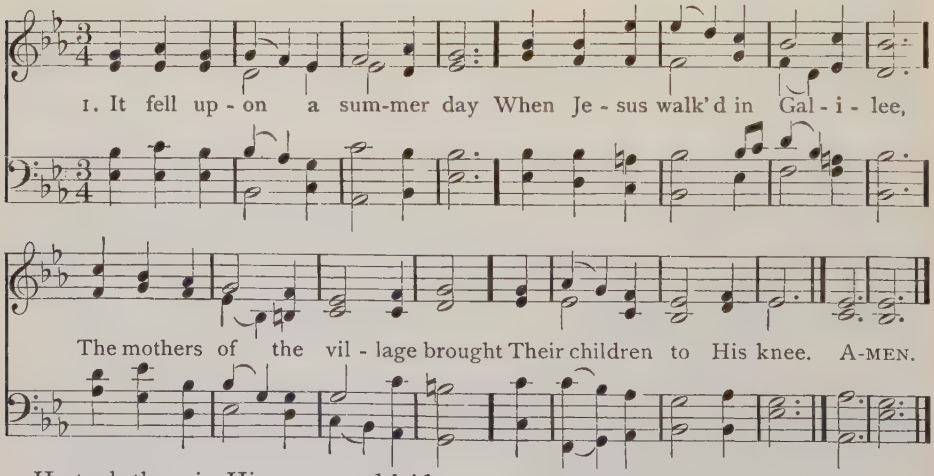
3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
The conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709

192 CLINGING 8 8 8 6

George W. Torrance



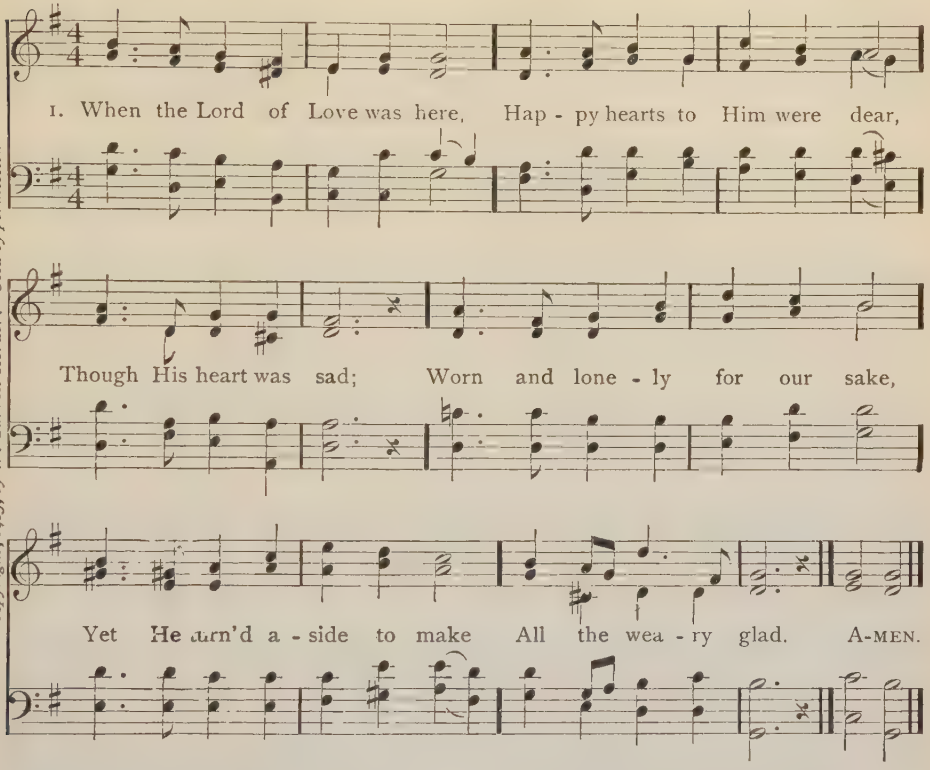
2 He took them in His arms, and laid
His hands on each remembered head;
"Suffer these little ones to come
To Me," He gently said.

3 "Forbid them not; unless ye bear
The childish heart your hearts within,
Unto My kingdom ye may come,
But may not enter in."

4 Master, I fain would enter there;
O let me follow Thee, and share
Thy meek and lowly heart, and be
Freed from all worldly care.

193 SALVATOR 7 7 5 7 7 5

Myles B. Foster


1. When the Lord of Love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear,
Though His heart was sad; Worn and lone - ly for our sake,
Yet He turn'd a - side to make All the wea - ry glad. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1905, by W. Garrett Horder. Used by permission.

2 Meek and lowly were His ways,
From His loving grew His praise,
From His giving, prayer:
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy His care.

3 When He walked the fields, He drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God;
For within His heart of love
All the soul of man did move,
God had His abode.

4 Fill us with Thy deep desire,
All the sinful to inspire,
With the Father's life:
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife.

5 Lord, be ours Thy power to keep
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love.
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Stopford A. Brooke

(CLINGING)

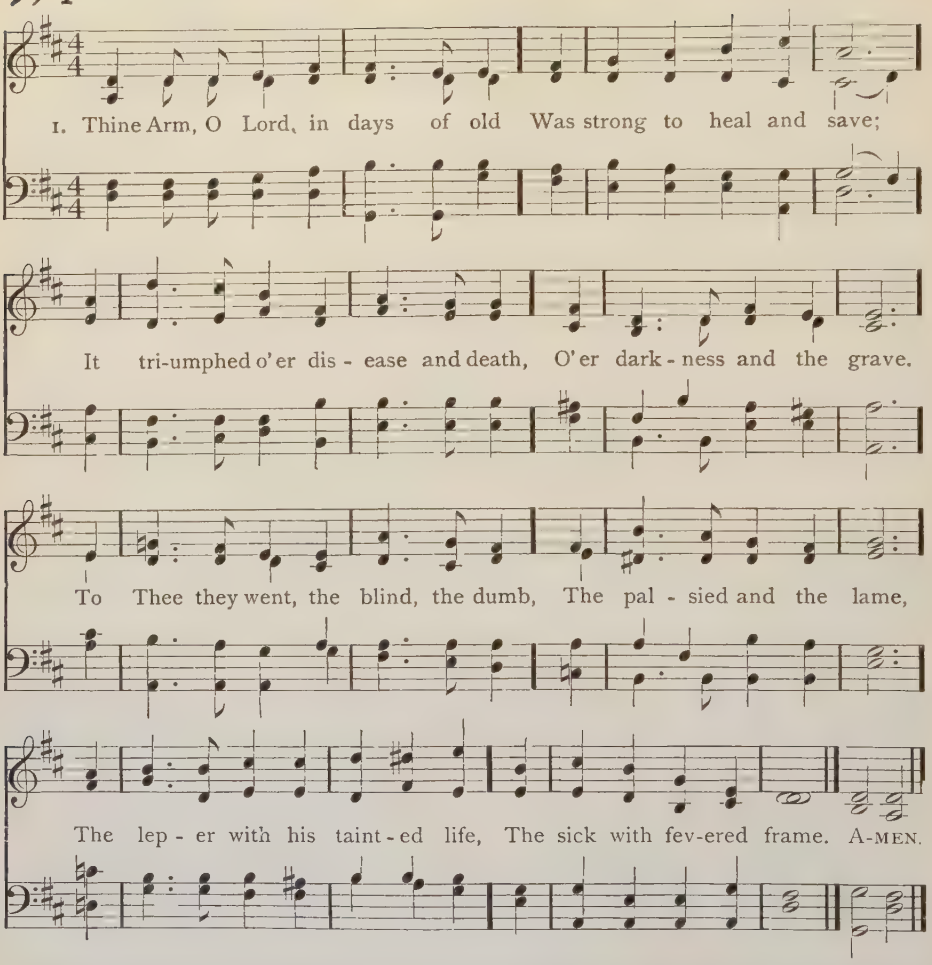
5 O happy thus to live and move!
And sweet this world, where I shall find
God's beauty everywhere, His love,
His good in all mankind.

6 Then, Father, grant this childlike heart,
That I may come to Christ, and feel
His hands on me in blessing laid,
So pure, so strong to heal.

Stopford A. Brooke

194 ST. LUKE C. M. D.

Joseph Barnby


1. Thine Arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save;
It tri-umphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave.
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fev-ered frame. A-MEN.

2 And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned Thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesaret's shore.

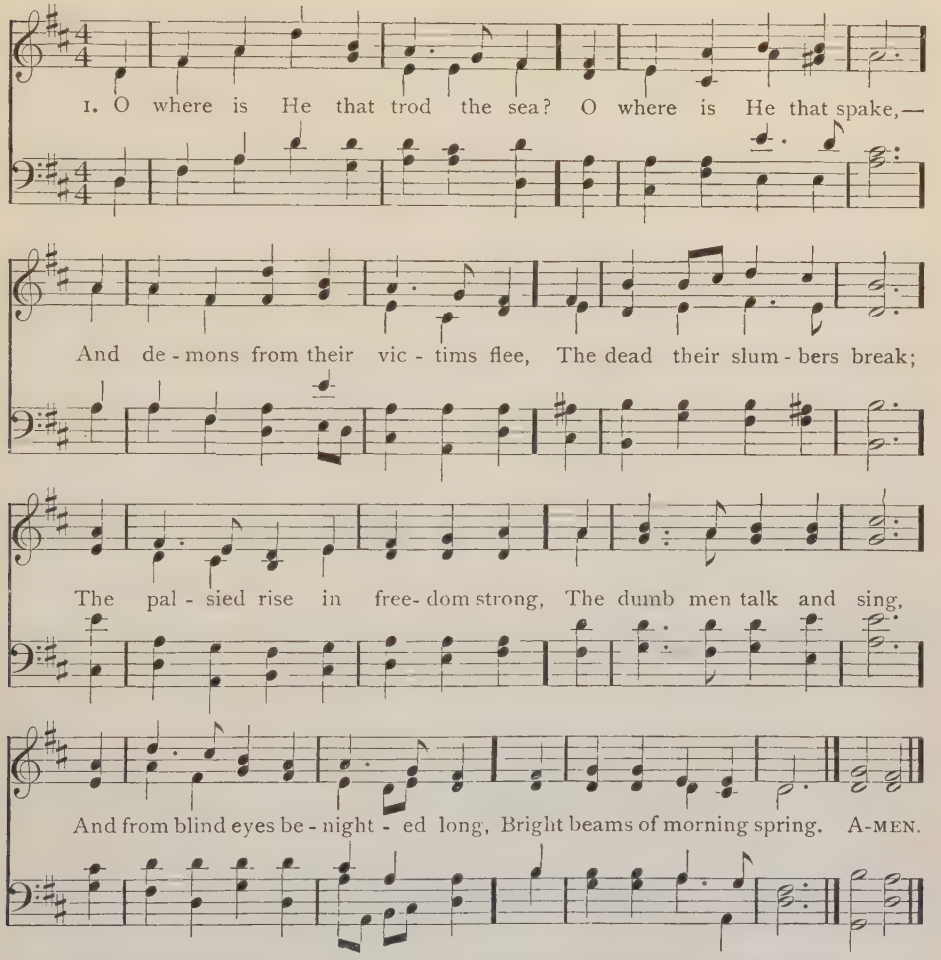
3 Though love and might no longer heal
By touch, or word, or look;
Though they who do Thy work must read
Thy laws in nature's book;
Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,
Come, cleanse the leprous taint,
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,
And strength, where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With Thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see,
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise Thee evermore.

Edward H. Plumptre, 1866

195 PETERSHAM C. M. D.

Clement W. Poole


1. O where is He that trod the sea? O where is He that spake,—
And de - mons from their vic - tims flee, The dead their slum - bers break;
The pal - sied rise in free - dom strong, The dumb men talk and sing,
And from blind eyes be - night - ed long, Bright beams of morning spring. A-MEN.

2 O where is He that trod the sea?
O where is He that spake,—
And piercing words of liberty,
The deaf ears open shake;
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire.

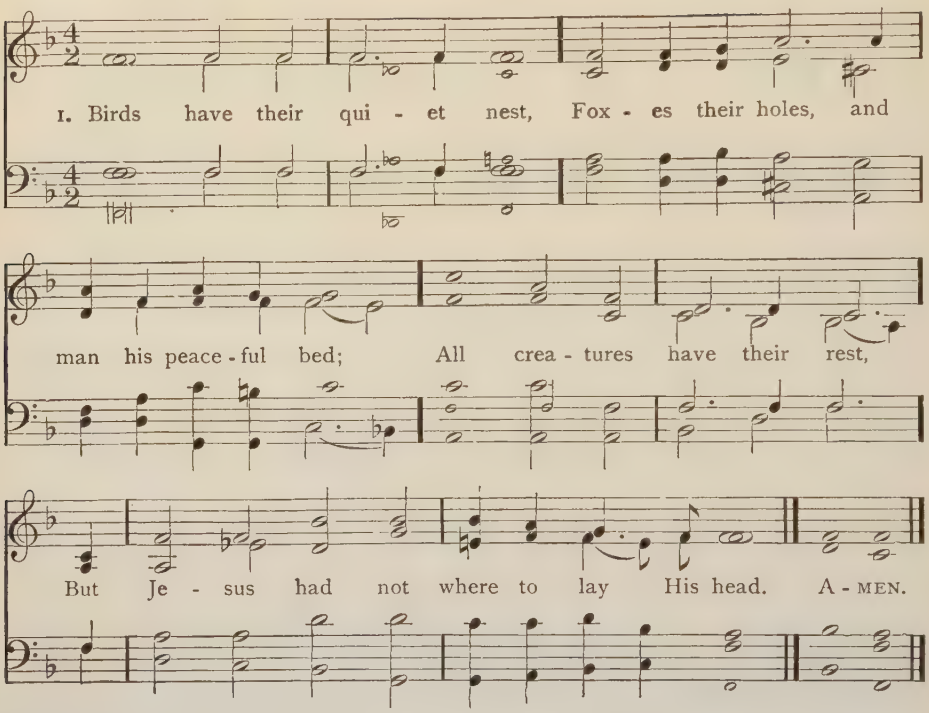
3 O where is He that trod the sea?
'Tis only He can save;
To thousands hungering wearily,
A wondrous meal He gave;
Full soon, with food celestial fed,
Their mystic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when He blest the bread
And harvest when He brake.

4 O where is He that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy.
Art thou diseased or dumb?
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

196 HOMELESS 6 10 6 10

Josiah Booth


1. Birds have their qui - et nest, Fox - es their holes, and
man his peace - ful bed; All crea - tures have their rest,
But Je - sus had not where to lay His head. A - MEN.

2 And yet He came to give
The weary and the heavy laden rest;
To bid the sinner live,
And soothe our griefs to slumber on His breast.

3 O why should I have peace?
Why, but for that unchanged, undying love,
Which would not, could not cease
Until it made me heir of joys above.

4 Yea, but for pardoning grace,
I feel I never should in glory see
The brightness of that face,
That once was pale and agonized for me.

5 Let the birds seek their nest,
Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful bed;
Come, Saviour, in my breast
Deign to repose Thine oft-rejected head.

6 On earth Thou lovest best
To dwell in humble souls that mourn for sin;
O come and take Thy rest,
This broken, bleeding, contrite heart within.

John S. B. Monsell

197 BANIAS (Sunset) L. M. D.

Meyer Lutz

1. O Mas-ter, it is good to be High on the mount-ain here with Thee,
Where stand revealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days,
Who once re-ceived on Ho-reb's height Th'e-ter-nal laws of truth and right;
Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire, AMEN.

2 O Master, it is good to be
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three;
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock
Is nerved against temptation's shock;
Here, where the son of thunder learns
The thought that breathes, and word burns;
Here, where on eagle's wings we move
With Him whose last best creed is love.

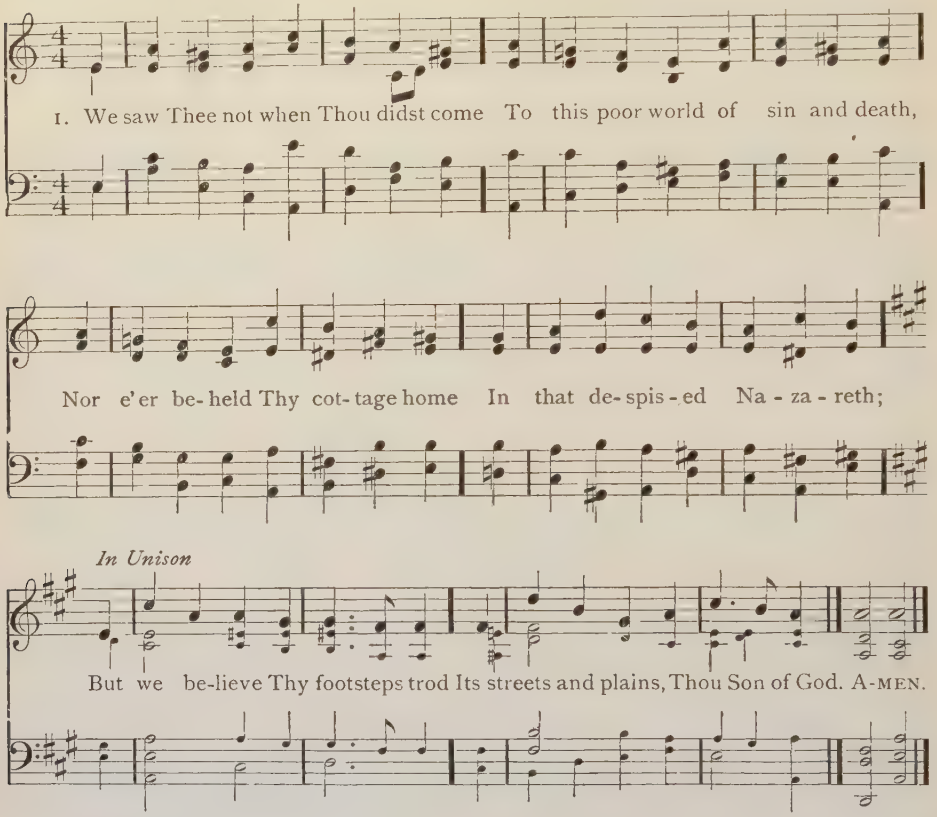
3 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

4 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with Thee,
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold, and faith be dim,
"This is my Son, O hear ye Him."

Arthur P. Stanley, 1872

198 ST. MARK 8 8 8 8 8 8

James William Elliott


1. We saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,
Nor e'er be-held Thy cot-tage home In that de-spis-ed Na-za-reth;
In Unison
But we be-lieve Thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God. A-MEN.

2 We did not see Thee lifted high,
Amid that wild and savage crew,
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry:
"Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where late Thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met Thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

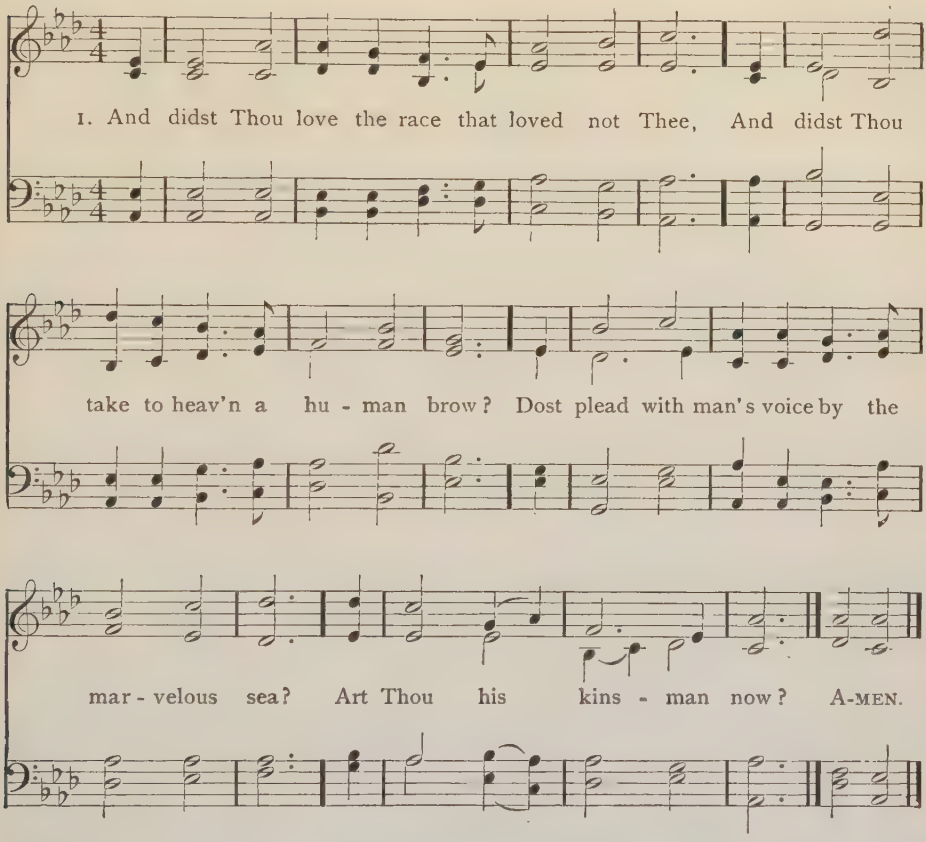
4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,
And thence Thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

Rewritten by John Hampden Gurney

199 ARTAVIA 10 10 10 6

Edward J. Hopkins


1. And didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee, And didst Thou
take to heav'n a hu - man brow? Dost plead with man's voice by the
mar - velous sea? Art Thou his kins - man now? A-MEN.

2 By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in;

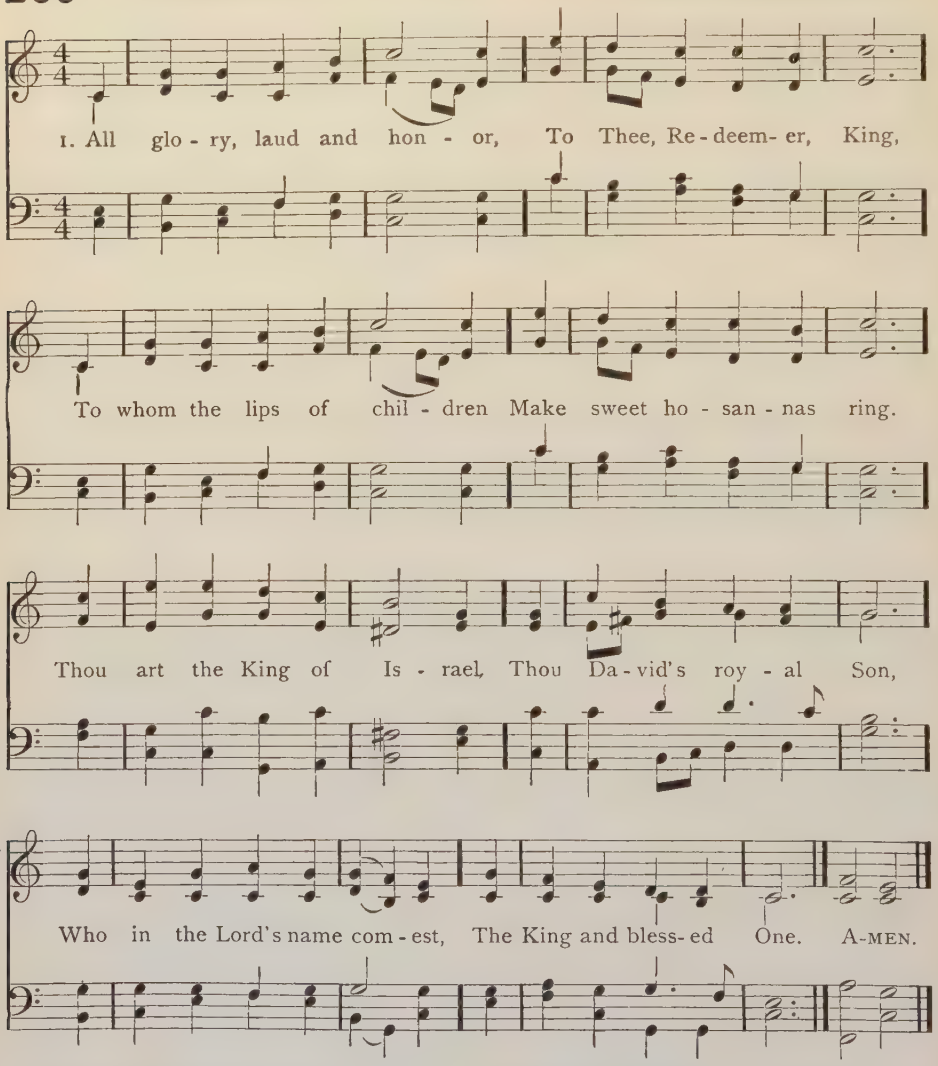
3 By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

4 Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain;
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

Jean Ingelow

200 ST. THEODULPH 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Melchior Teschner, 1615


1. All glo - ry, laud and hon - or, To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,
To whom the lips of chil - dren Make sweet ho - san - nas ring.
Thou art the King of Is - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,
Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed One. A - MEN.

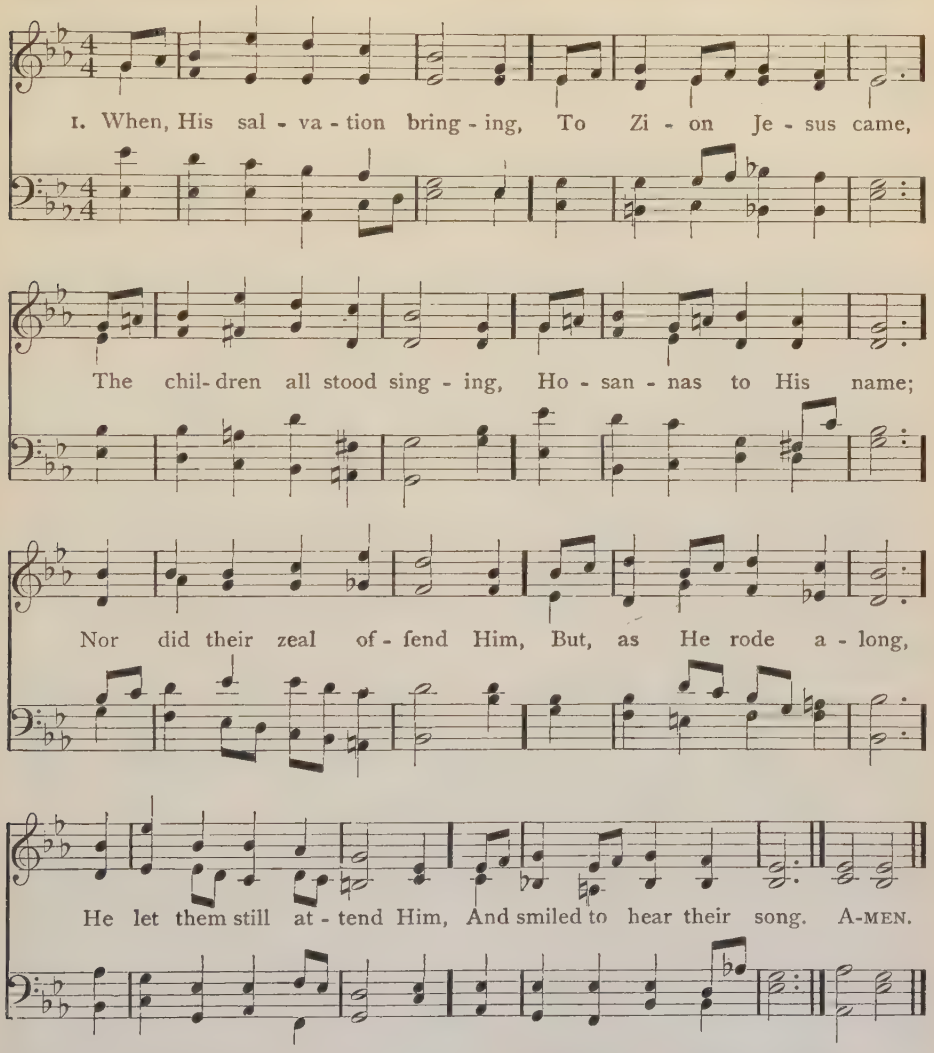
2 The company of angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.

3 To Thee, before Thy passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the praise we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.

Theodulph, 820 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1854

201 TOURS 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Berthold Tours, 1872


1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came,
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing, Ho - san - nas to His name;
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He rode a - long,
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song. A-MEN.

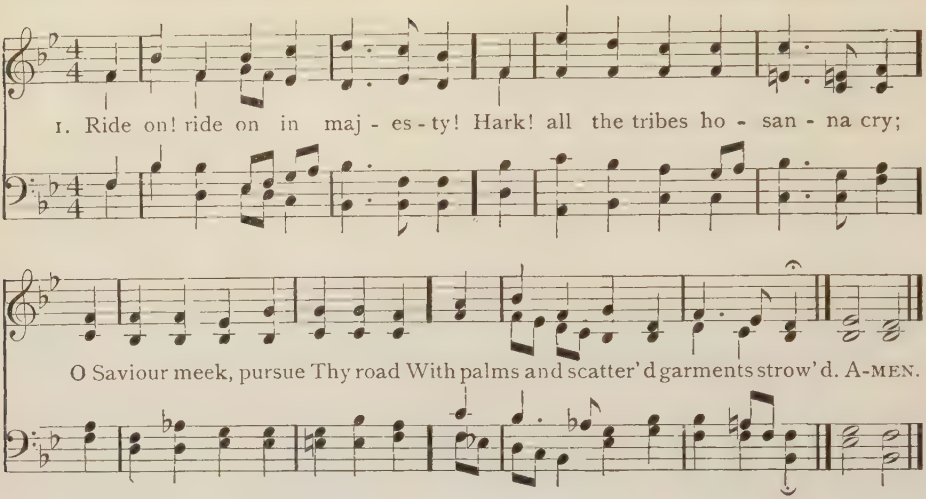
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon His throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their Hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King, 1830

202 ST. DROSTANE L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter' d garments strow' d. A-MEN.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

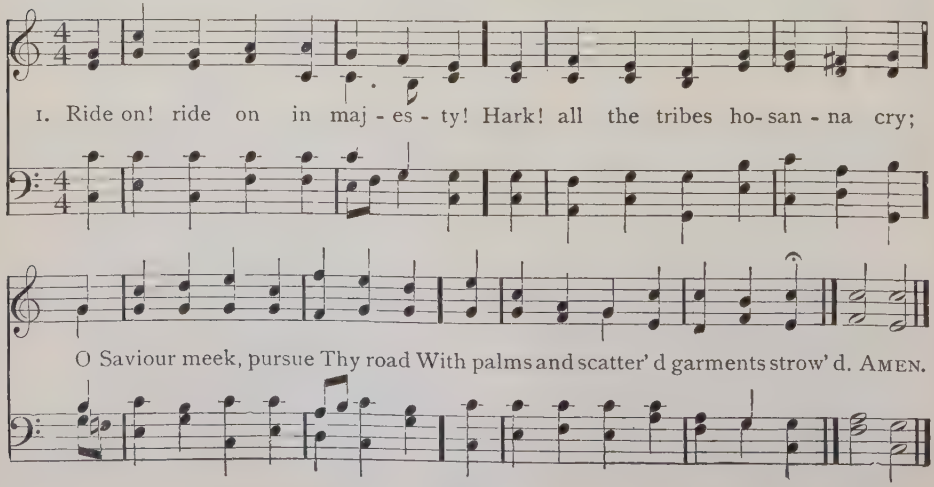
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father, on His sapphire throne
Expects His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

Henry H. Milman, 1827

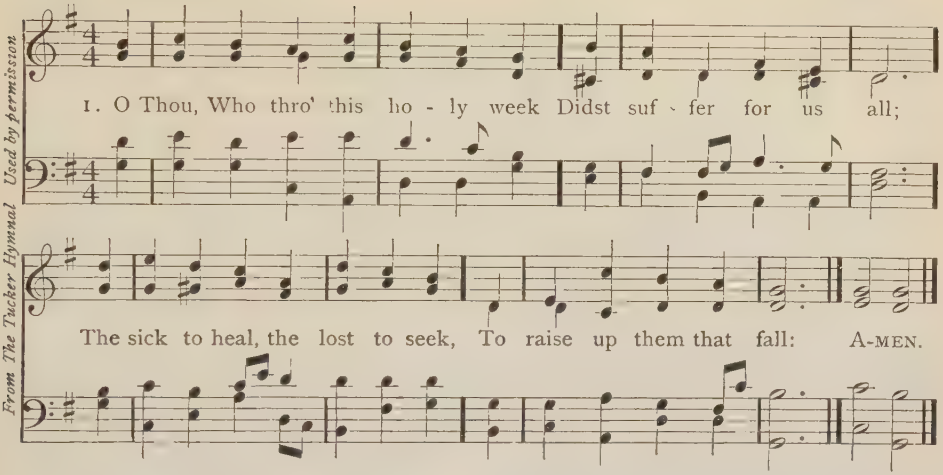
(WINCHESTER NEW) L. M. (*Second Tune*)

Alt. fr. Hamburger Musikalischer Handbuch, 1690


1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho- san - na cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter' d garments strow' d. AMEN.

203 HEYSHAM C. M.

J. Wilson



From The Tucker Hymnal Used by permission

2 We cannot understand the woe
Thy love was pleased to bear;
O Lamb of God, we only know
That all our hopes are there.

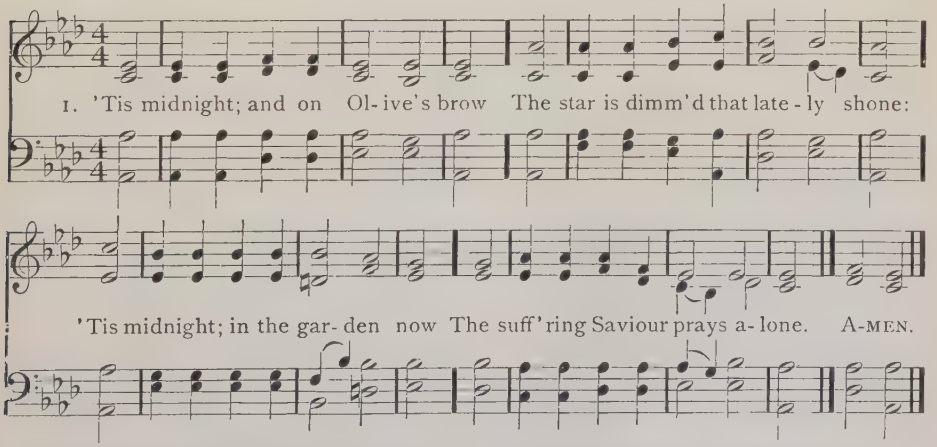
3 Thy feet the path of suffering trod,
Thy hand the victory won:
What shall we render to our God
For all that He hath done?

4 To God, the blessèd Three in One
All praise and glory be:
Crown, Lord, Thy servants who have won
The victory through Thee.

John M. Neale, 1842

204 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1853


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:
'Tis midnight; in the gar- den now The suff'ring Saviour prays a- lone. A-MEN.

2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears;
E'en the disciple that He loved
Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.

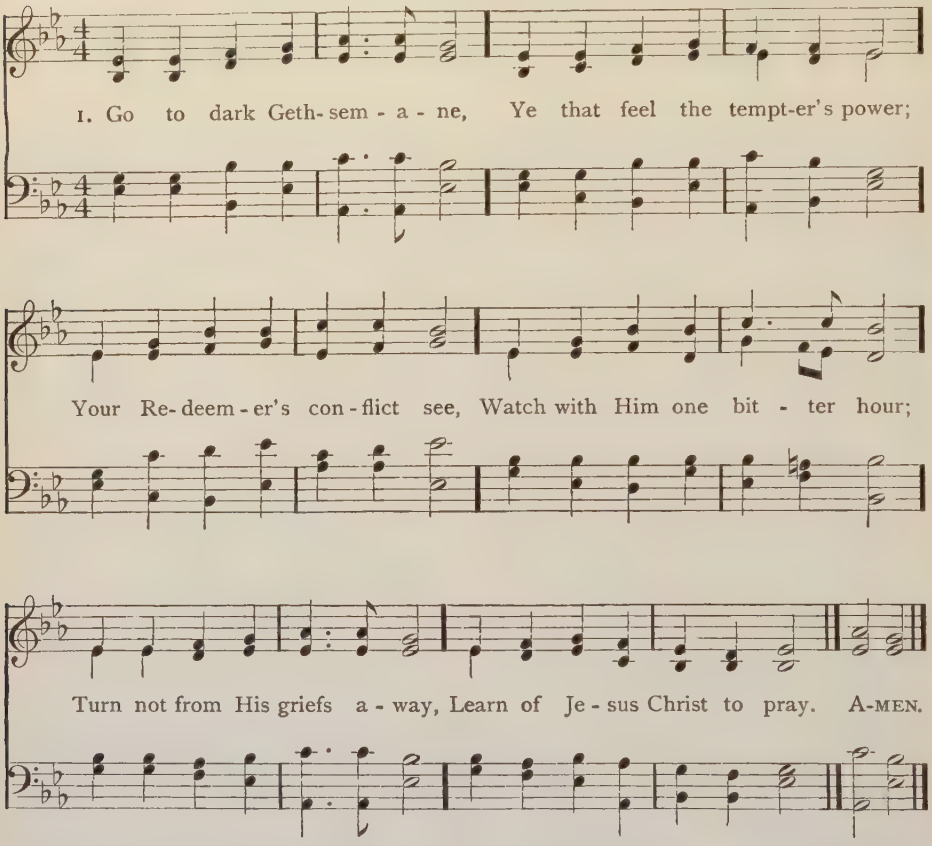
3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt
The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William B. Tappan, 1822

205 GETHSEMANE 7 7 7 7 7 7

Richard Redhead, 1853


1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's power;
Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour;
Turn not from His griefs a-way, Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-MEN.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

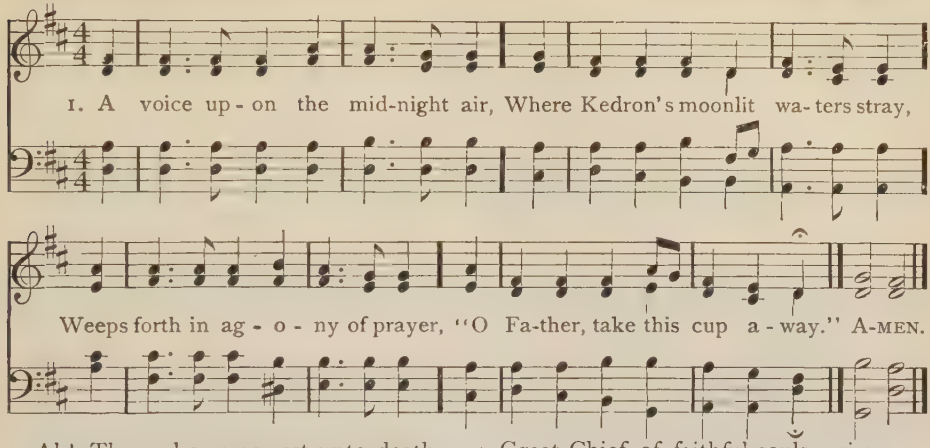
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finished," hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid His breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom,
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820 (text of 1853)

206 CRUX CRUDELIS L. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885


1. A voice up - on the mid-night air, Where Kedron's moonlit wa - ters stray,
Weeps forth in ag - o - ny of prayer, "O Fa-ther, take this cup a - way." A-MEN.

2 Ah! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in Thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away."

3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy Name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

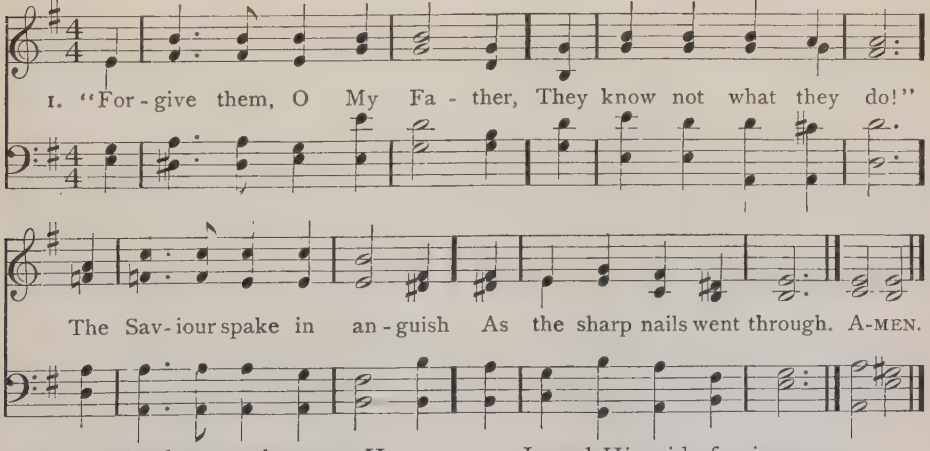
4 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr-band
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

5 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis Thy throne;
Where'er Thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is Thine own.

James Martineau, 1840

207 ST. MARGARET 7 6 7 6

W. Statham



2 No pained reproaches gave He
To them that shed His blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God.

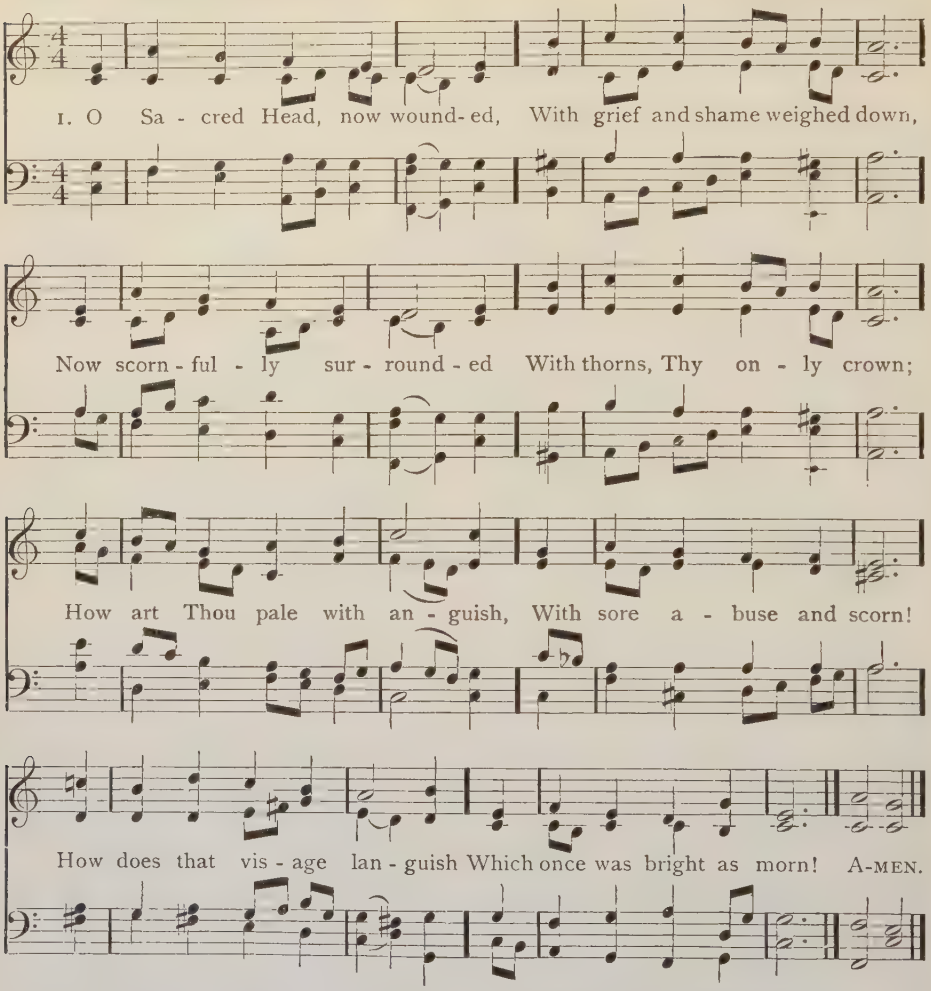
3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need His wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

4 O Depth of sweet compassion;
O Love divine and true;
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee
And know not what they do.

Cecil Frances Alexander

208 PASSION CHORALE 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Hans L. Hassler


1. O Sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown;
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn! A-MEN.

2 What Thou, my Lord hast suffered
Was all for sinner's gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this, Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee.

4 Be near when I am dying,
O show Thy cross to me;
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free.
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move,
For He who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.

Paul Gerhardt, tr. by J. W. Alexander, v. 1, l. 7 altd.

GERHARDT 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 (*Second Tune*) Joseph P. Holbrook, 1862

1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, Thy on - ly crown;
How art Thou pale with an - guish, With sore a - buse and scorn!
How does that vis - age lan - guish Which once was bright as morn! A-MEN.

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From Jesus shall not move,
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Dies safely through Thy love.

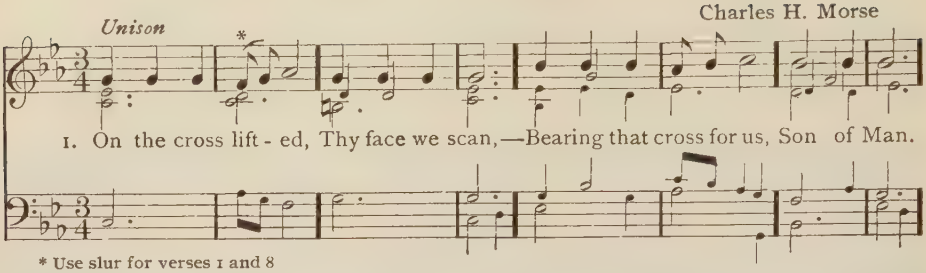
Paul Gerhardt, tr. J. W. Alexander, v. 1, l. 7 altd.

The Son of God

209 ELOI 6 4 6 3

Part I.—On the Cross

Charles H. Morse



* Use slur for verses 1 and 8

2 Thorns form Thy diadem,
Rough wood Thy throne;
For us Thy blood is shed,
Us alone.

3 No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy head;
Only the splintered cross
Is Thy bed.

4 Nails pierced Thy hands and feet,
Thy side, the spear;
No voice is nigh to say,
"Help is near."

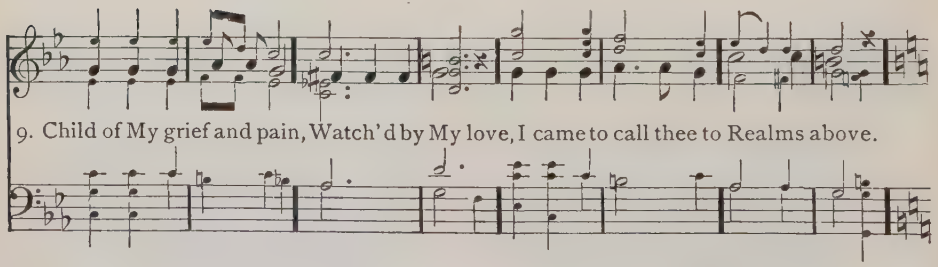
5 Loud is Thy bitter cry;
Sunk on Thy breast
Hangeth Thy bleeding head,
Without rest.

6 Loud scoffs the dying thief,
Who mocks at Thee:
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me?

7 Gazing, afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few weepers, Thou
Callest Thine own.

8 What, O my Saviour,
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me?

Part II.—The Appeal from the Cross

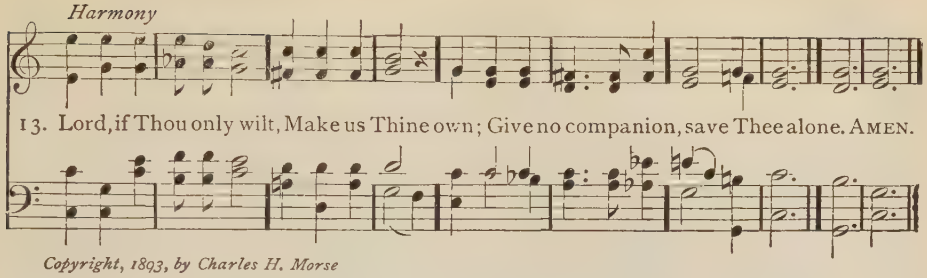


10 I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me:
In love I seek for Thee,
Do not flee.

11 For thee My blood I shed,
For thee alone;
I came to purchase thee,
For Mine own.

12 Weep thou not for My grief,
Child of My love;
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

PART III.—THE CRY OF CONSECRATION



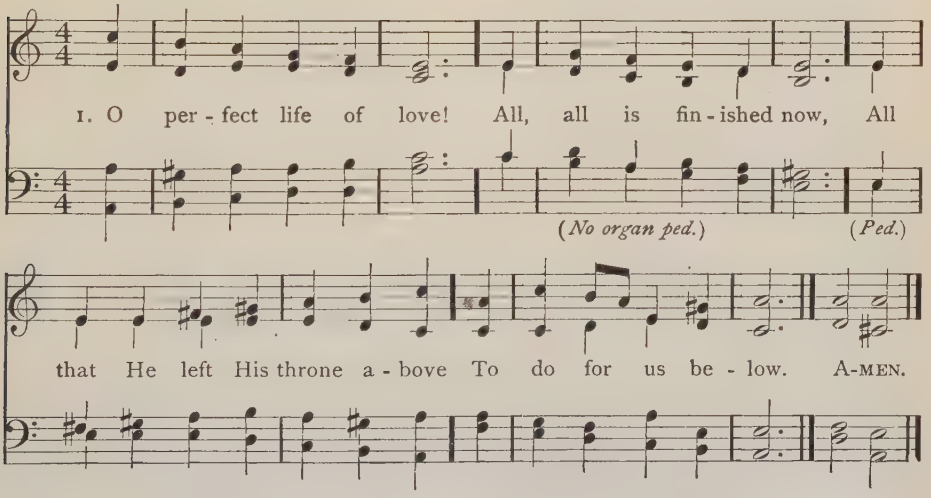
Copyright, 1893, by Charles H. Morse

14 Grant through each day of life
To stand by Thee;
With Thee when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

Edward Monro

210 ABER S. M.

William Henry Monk, 1875



2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But He has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 In perfect love He dies,
For me He dies, for me;
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to Thee.

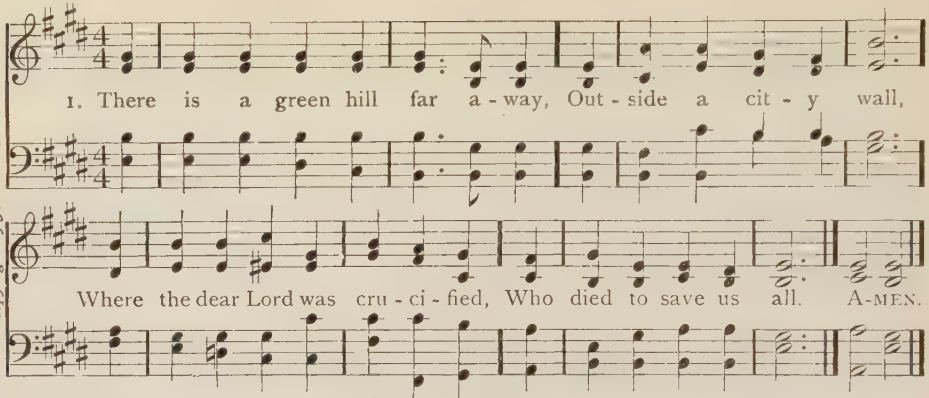
5 In every time of need,
Before the judgment-throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

6 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As Thou for me hast wrought,
And let my love the answer be
To grace Thy love has brought.

Henry W. Baker, 1874

211 MEDITATION C. M.

John H. Gower, 1891



Copyright by John H. Gower

(Or to Horsley, No. 478.)

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

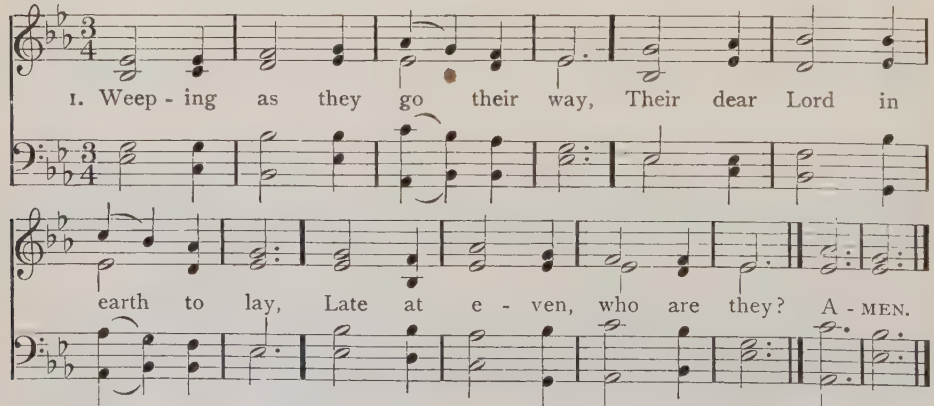
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848

212 ST. PHILIP 7 7 7

William Henry Monk, 1861



2 These are they who watched to see
Where He hung in agony,
Dying on the accursèd tree.

3 All is over; in the tomb
Sleeps He, 'mid its silent gloom,
Till the dawn of Easter come.

4 All is over, fought the fight;
Heaviness is for a night;
Joy comes with the morning light.

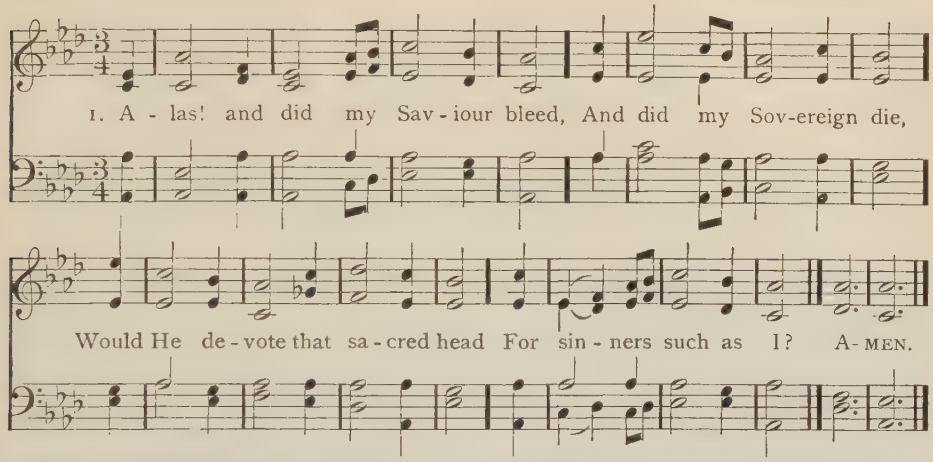
5 Leave we in the grave with Him,
Sins that shame and doubts that dim,
If our souls would rise with Him.

6 Glory to the Lord who gave
His pure Body to the grave,
Us from sin and death to save.

 W. S. Raymond, v. 3, l. 2 altd. Godfrey Thring

213 MARTYRDOM C. M.

Hugh Wilson



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

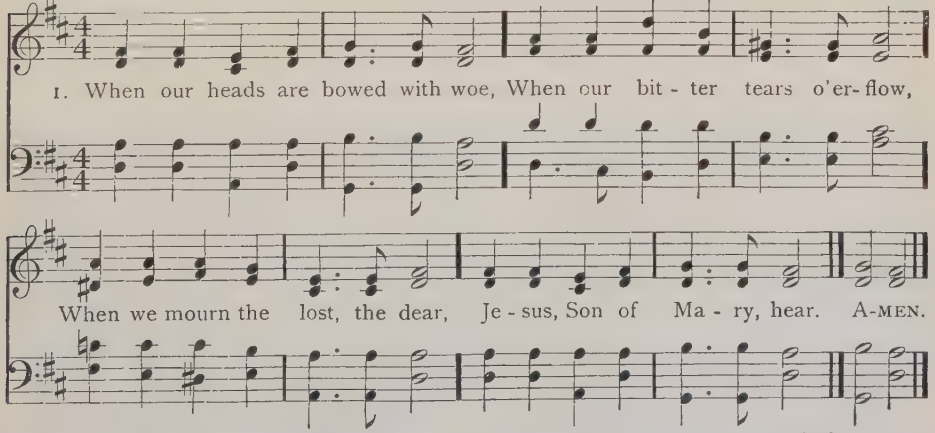
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707

214 REDHEAD 47 7 7 7 7

Richard Redhead, 1852


1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear. A-MEN.

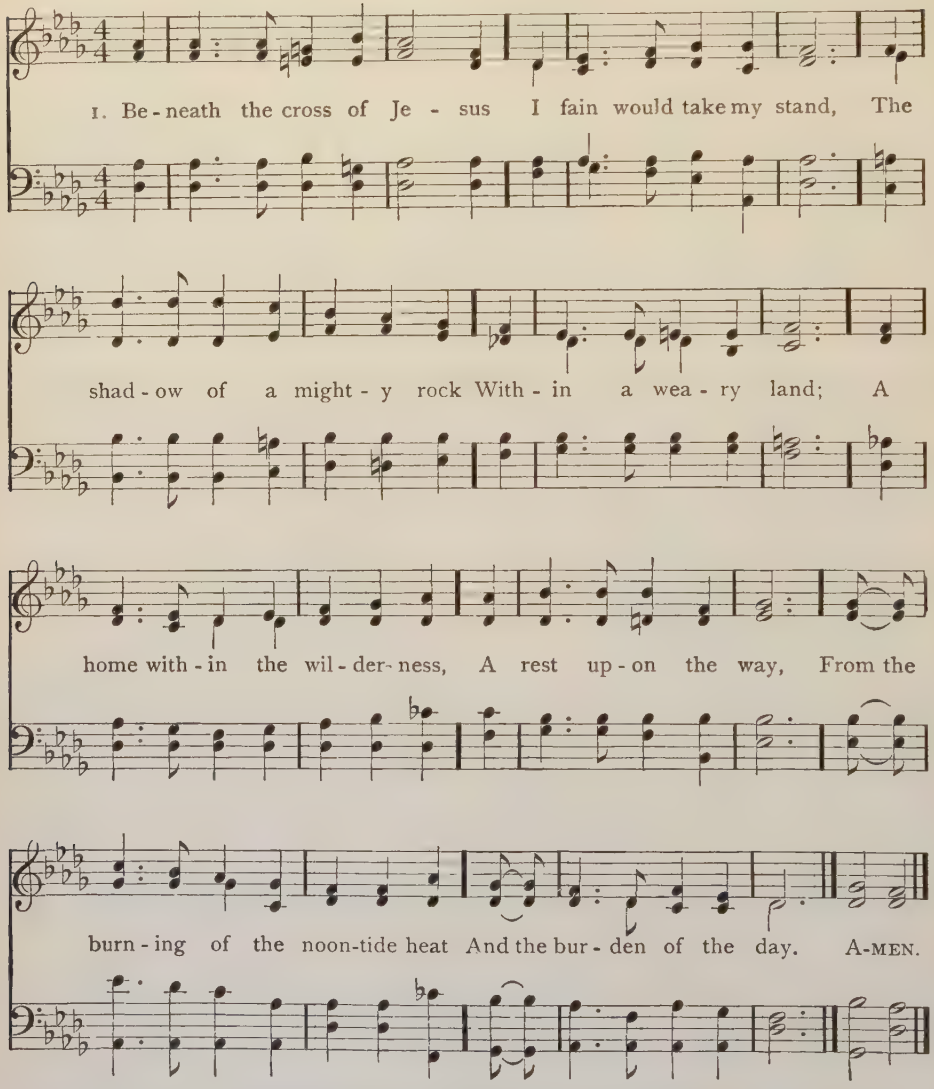
2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not Thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary hear.

Henry H. Milman

215 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7 6 8 6 8 6 8 6 Frederick C. Maker, 1881


1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The
shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A
home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the
burn - ing of the noon-tide heat And the bur - den of the day. A-MEN.

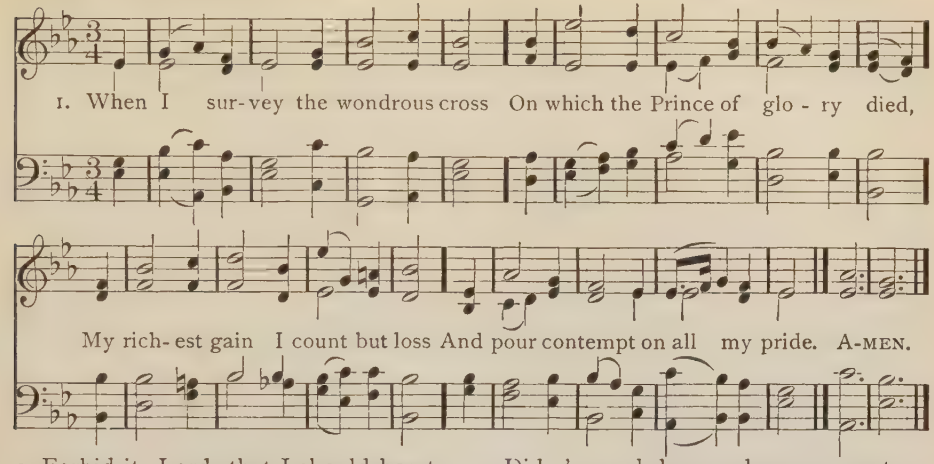
2 Upon the cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears
These wonders I confess;
The wonder of His glorious love,
And my unworthiness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place;
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of His face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, 1868

216 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Edward Miller, 1790


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
My rich-est gain I count but loss And pour contempt on all my pride. A-MEN.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

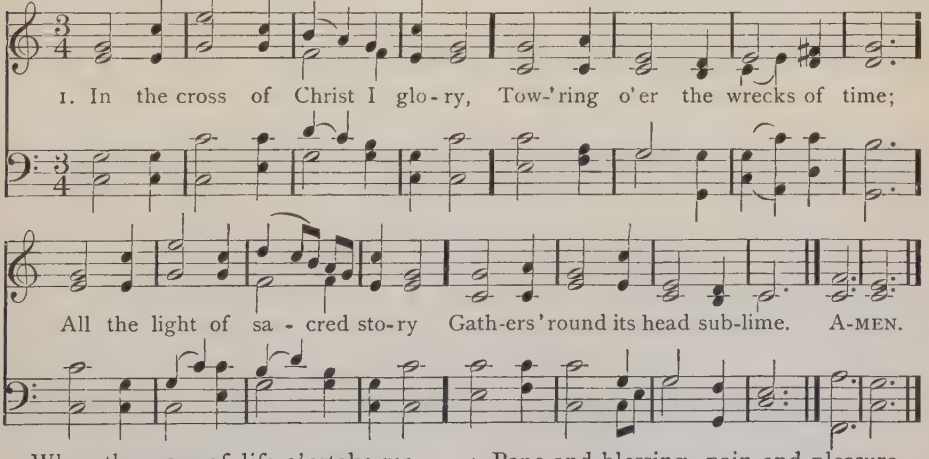
3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts, 1707

217 RATHBUN 8 7 8 7

Ithamar Conkey


1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime. A-MEN.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

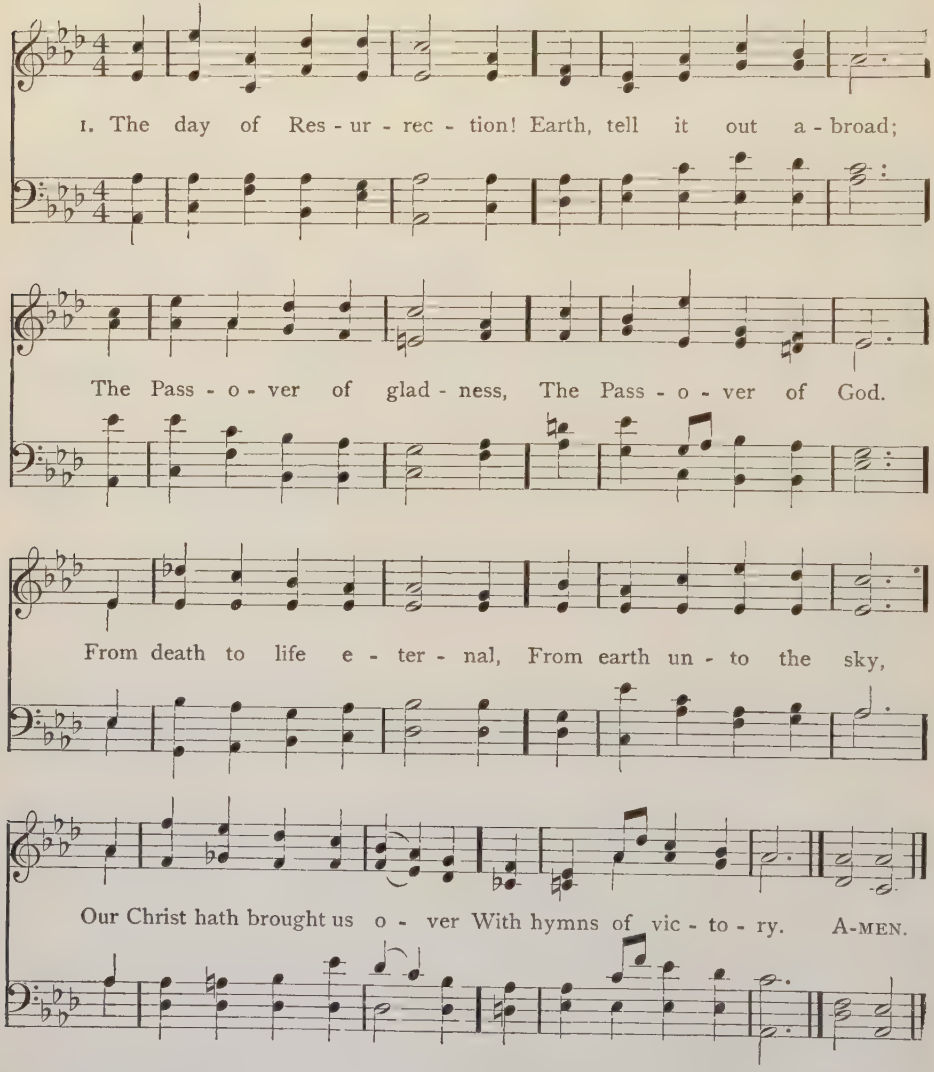
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering oe'r the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gather 'round its head sublime.

John Bowring, 1825

218 ROTTERDAM 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Berthold Tours, 1875


1. The day of Res - ur - rec - tion! Earth, tell it out a - broad;
The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.
From death to life e - ter - nal, From earth un - to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us o - ver With hymns of vic - to - ry. A-MEN.

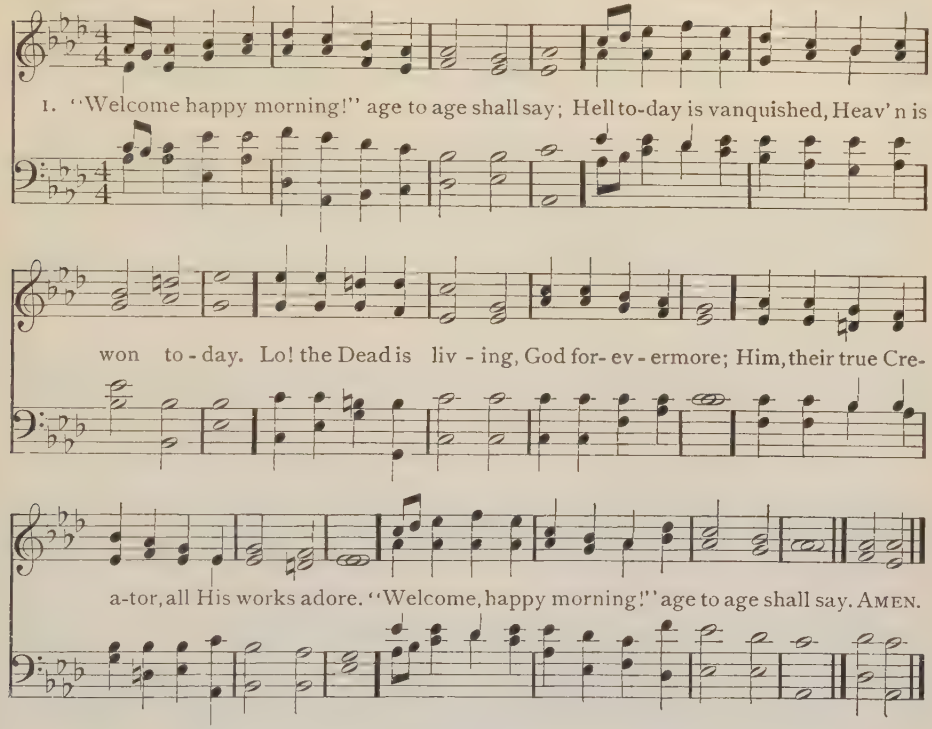
2 Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

John of Damascus (8th Cent.) Tr. John M. Neale, 1862

219 FORTUNATUS 11 11 11 11 11

Arthur Sullivan, 1872


1. "Welcome happy morning!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is
won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing, God for-ev-ermore; Him, their true Cre-
a-tor, all His works adore. "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say. AMEN.

2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

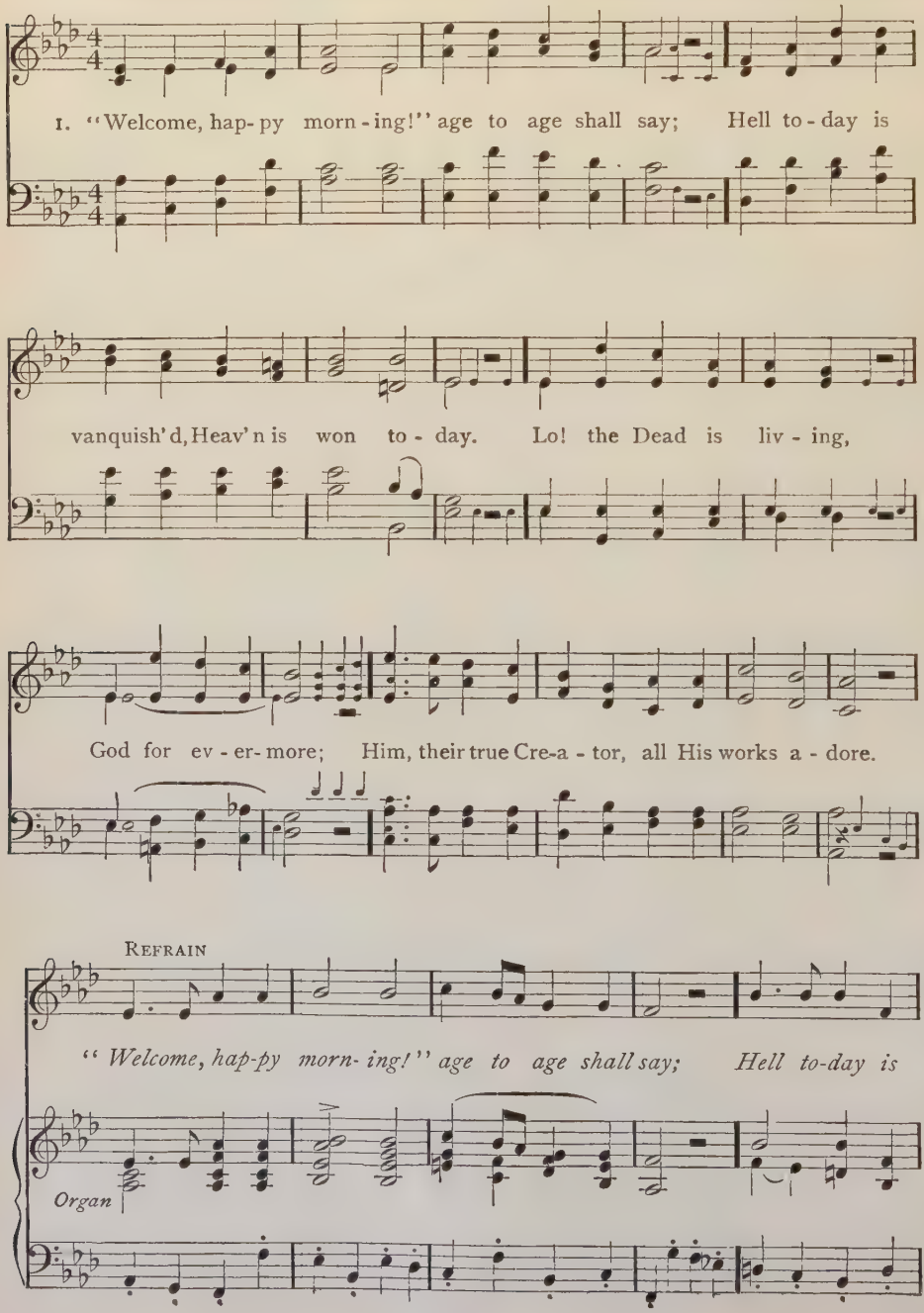
3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall;
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

4 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.

5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day.

V. H. C. Fortunatus (6th Cent.) Tr John Ellerton, 1868

220 WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING 11 11 11 11 With Refrain John Baptiste Calkin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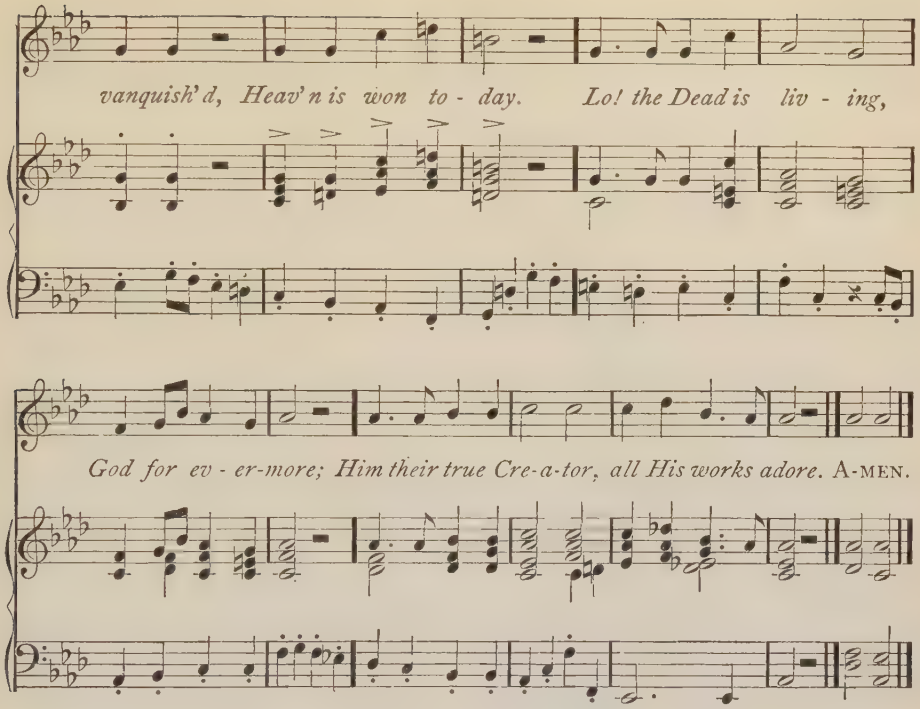
vanquish'd, Heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,
God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.
Refrain
"Welcome, hap-py morn-ing!" age to age shall say; Hell to-day is
Organ



2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,
All good gifts returned with her returning King;
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.

3 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall;
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.

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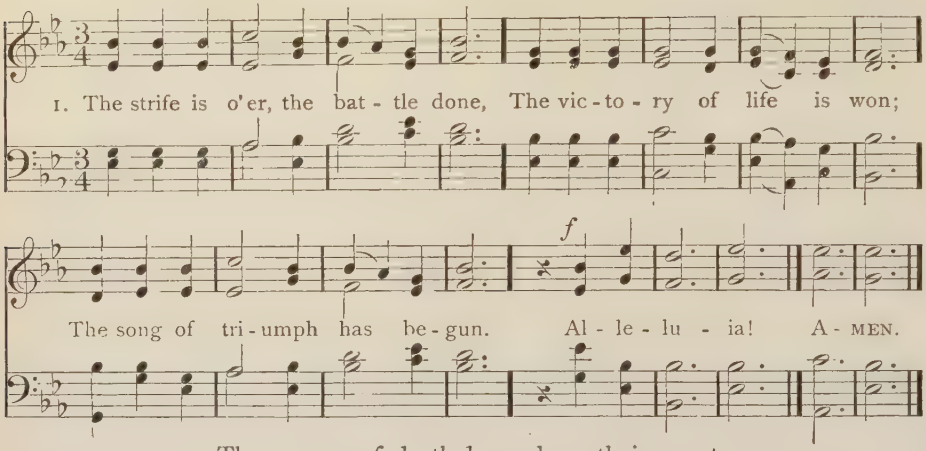
5 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.

V. H. C. Fortunatus (6th Cent.) Tr. John Ellerton, 1868

221 VICTORY 8 8 8 With Alleluia

Arr. fr. Palestrina



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst.
Alleluia!

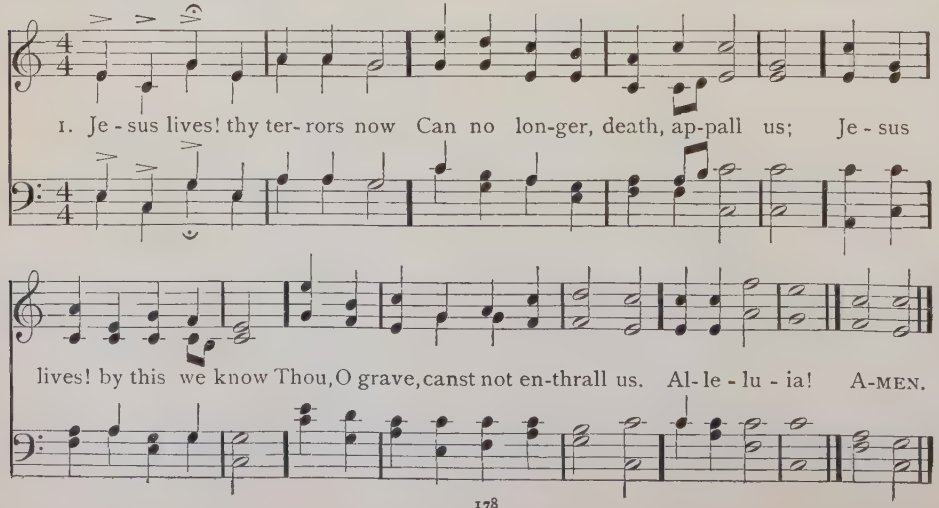
3 The three sad days have quickly sped:
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

4 Lord by the stripes that wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to Thee,
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin) Tr. F. Pott, 1861

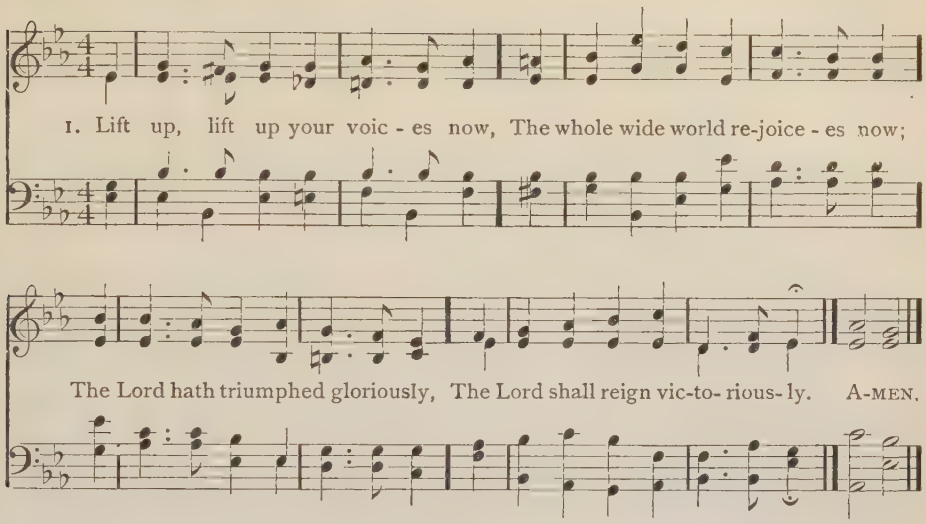
222 ST. ALBINUS 7 8 7 8 With Alleluia

Henry J. Gauntlett


1. Je - sus lives! thy ter - rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pall us; Je - sus
lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

223 WALTHAM L. M.

John B. Calkin, 1872


1. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now, The whole wide world re-joice - es now;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, The Lord shall reign vic-to- rious- ly. A-MEN.

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred,
In vain the watch kept ward and guard,
Majestic from the spoilèd tomb,
In pomp and triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host He frees from woe;
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free.
Glad alleluias raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Author Unknown

(ST. ALBINUS)

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;
Then, alone to Jesus living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.
Alleluia!

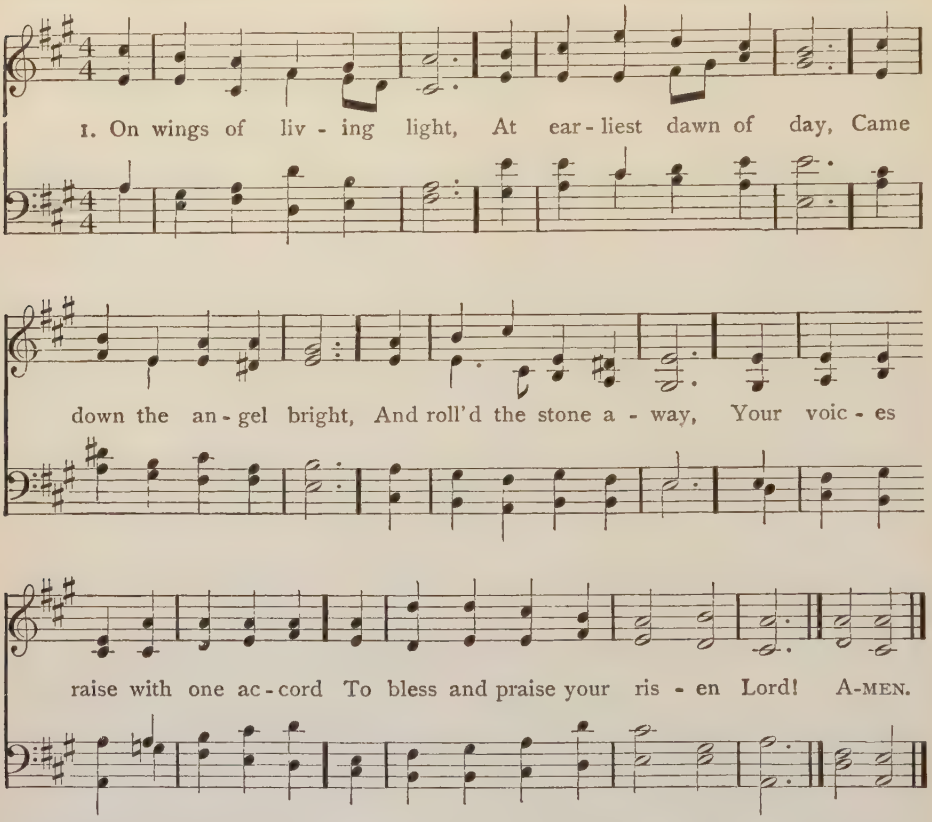
4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well
Naught from us His love shall sever,
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
May we go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757 (*Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich*)
Tr. by F. E. Cox, 1841 Alt.

224 ST. GODRIC 6 6 6 6 8 8

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862


1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day, Came
down the an - gel bright, And roll'd the stone a - way, Your voic - es
raise with one ac - cord To bless and praise your ris - en Lord! A-MEN.

2 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.
Your voices raise
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord!

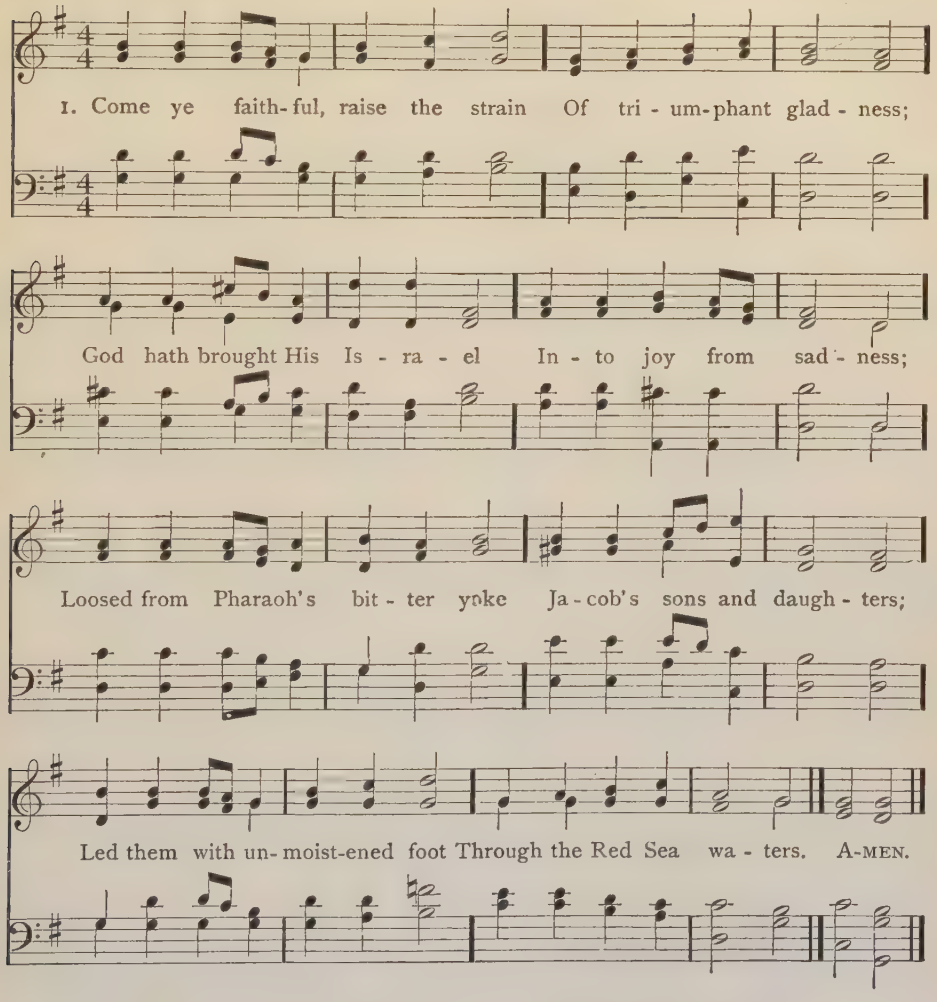
3 Ye children of the light,
Arise with Him, arise!
See, how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies!
Your voices raise
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord!

4 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away;
Buried with Him in death,
O live with Him to-day!
Your voices raise
With one accord
To bless and praise
Your risen Lord!

William Walsham How, 1872

225 ST. KEVIN 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Arthur Sullivan, 1872


1. Come ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri - um-phant glad - ness;
God hath brought His Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke Ja - cob's sons and daugh - ters;
Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa - ters. A-MEN.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day;
Christ hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

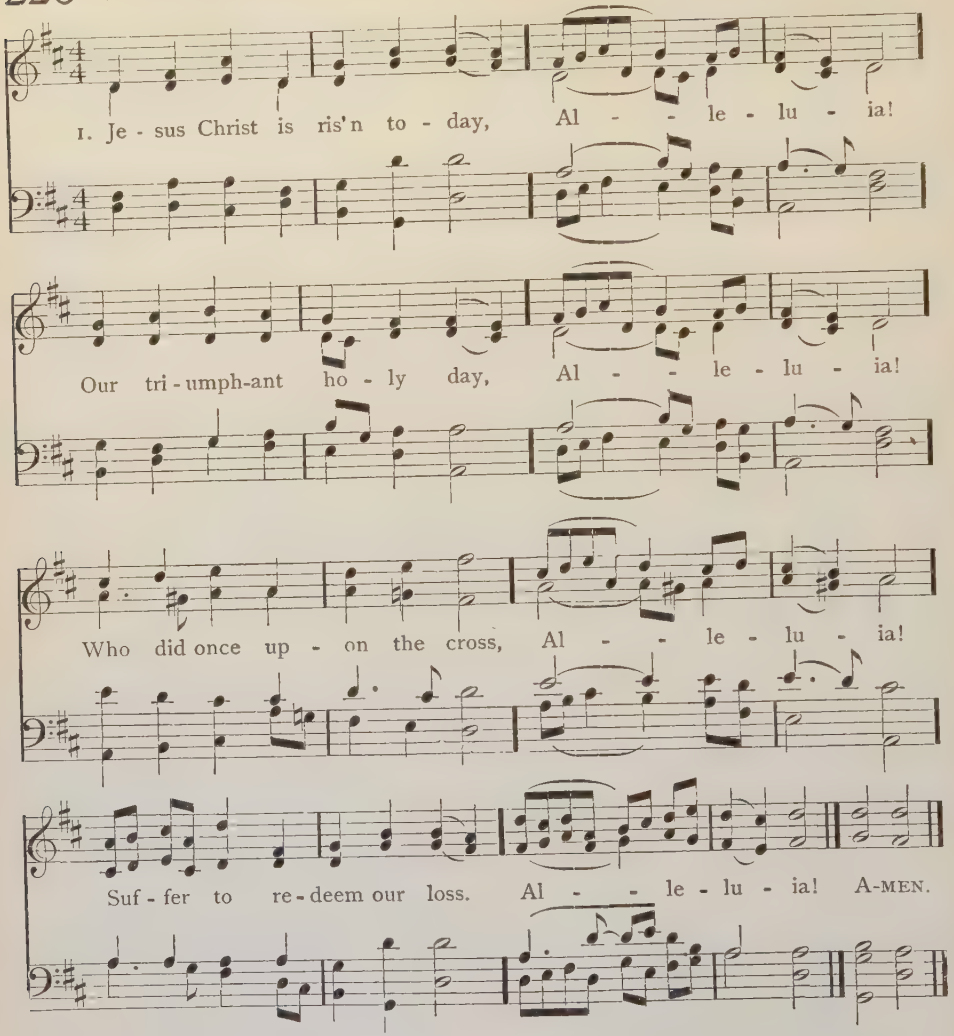
3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal;
But to-day amidst Thine own
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

Tr. John Mason Neale, 1859

226 WORGAN 7 7 7 7 With Alleluia

Lyra Davidica, 1708


1. Je - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - le - lu - ia!
Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.
Alleluia!

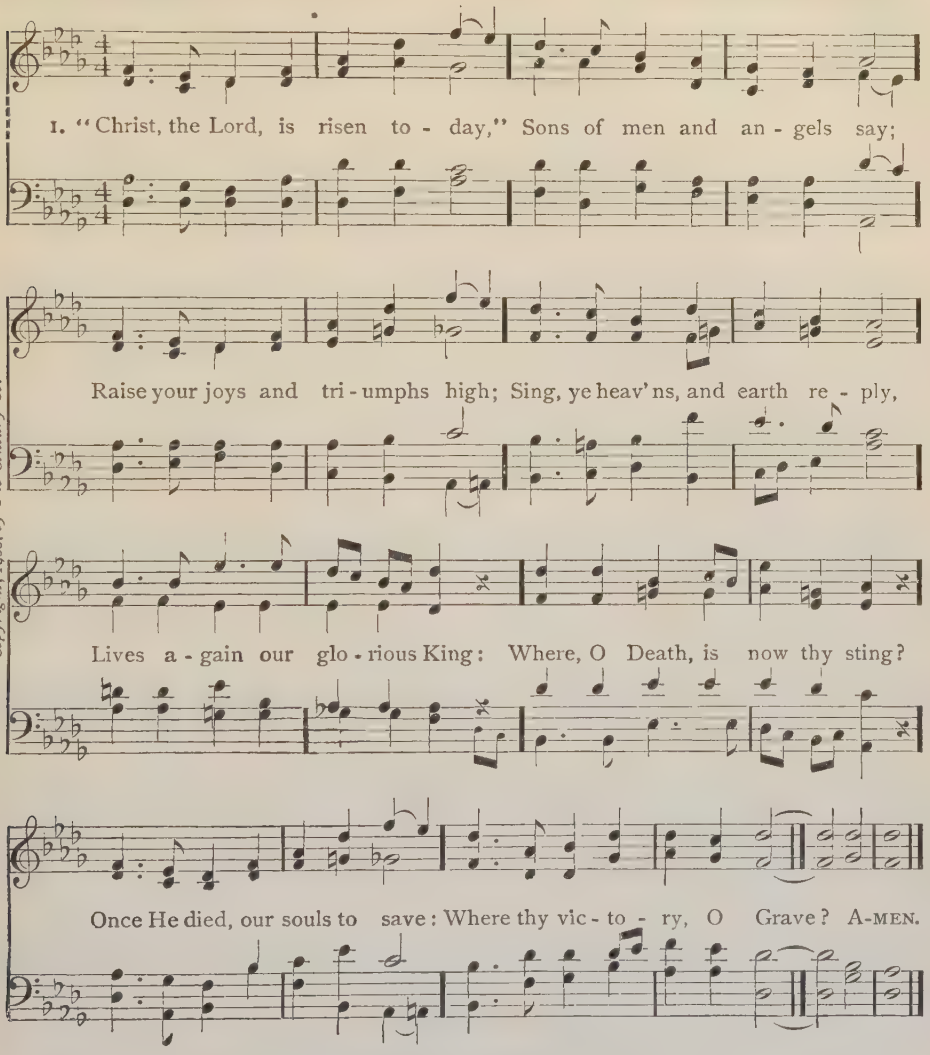
3 But the pains which He endured,
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky He's King,
Where the angels ever sing,
Alleluia!

4 Now be God the Father praised,
With the Son, from death upraised,
And the Spirit, ever blest,
One true God, by all confessed.
Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin, 14th Cent.) Tr. Tate and Brady

227 BISSELL 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Alexander S. Gibson 1908


1. "Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say;
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply,
Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save: Where thy vic - to - ry, O Grave? A-MEN.

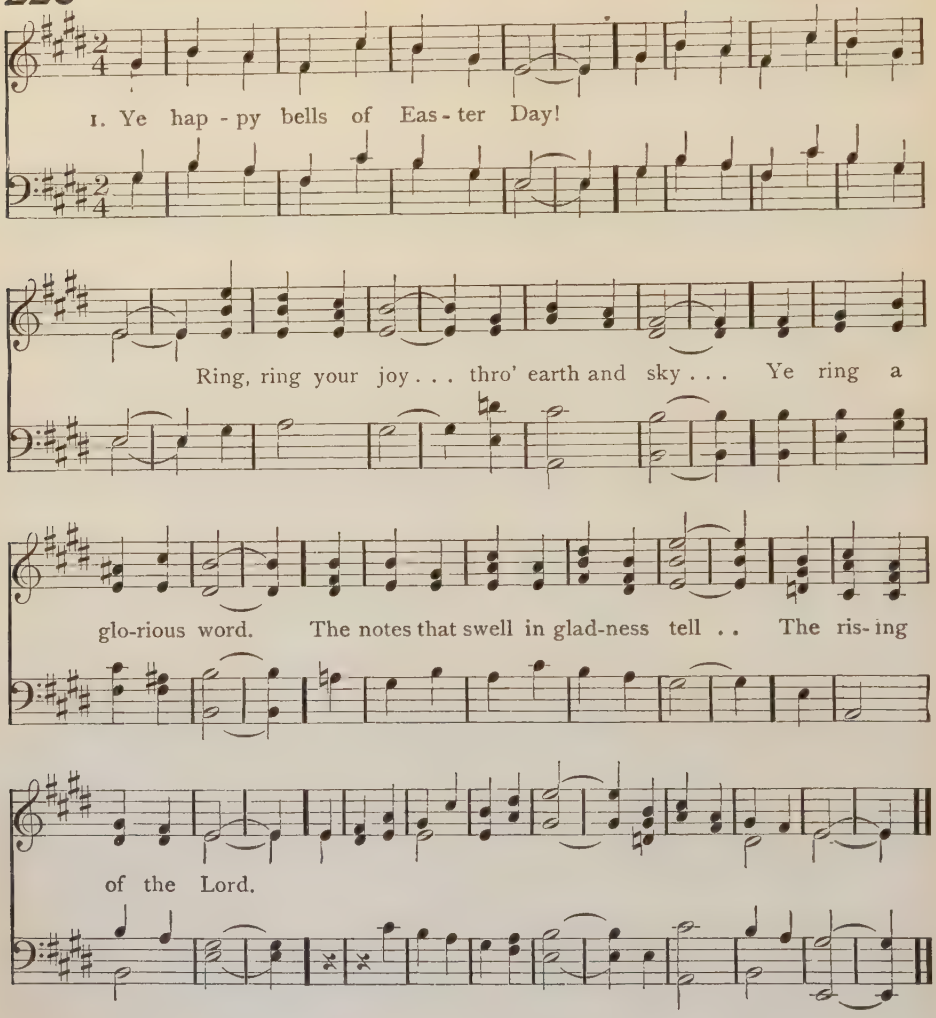
Copyright, 1908, by The Century Co.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight the victory won;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1739

228 EASTER DAY 8 8 6 8 6

John S. B. Hodges


1. Ye hap - py bells of Eas - ter Day!
Ring, ring your joy . . . thro' earth and sky . . . Ye ring a
glo-rious word. The notes that swell in glad-ness tell . . The ris-ing
of the Lord.

2 Ye carol-bells of Easter Day!
The teeming earth, that saw His birth,
When lying 'neath the sword,
Up-springeth now in joy to show
The rising of the Lord.

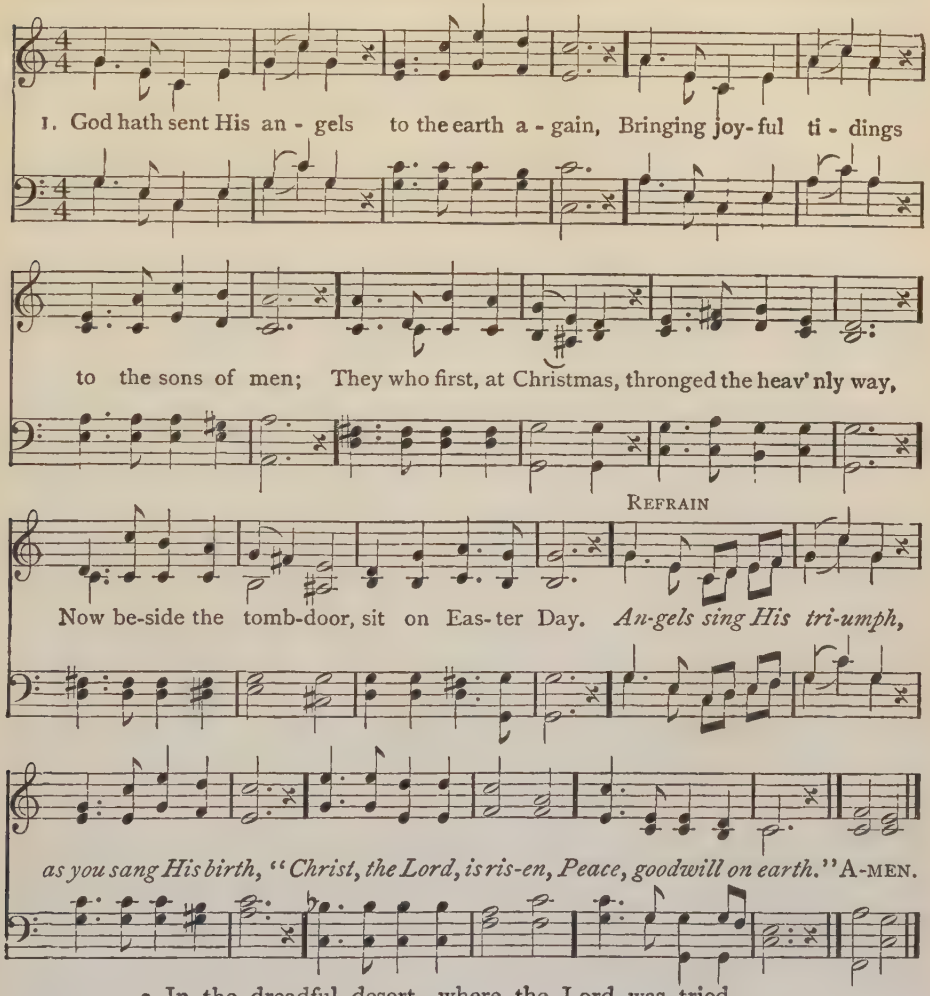
3 Ye mercy-bells of Easter Day!
His tender side was riven wide,
Where floods of mercy poured:
Redeemèd clay doth sing to-day
The rising of the Lord.

4 Ye victor-bells of Easter Day!
The thorny crown He layeth down:
Ring! ring! with strong accord;
The mighty strain of love and pain,
The rising of the Lord.

Anon.

229 EASTER ANGELS 11 11 11 11 With Refrain

James C. D. Parker


1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bringing joy-ful ti - dings
to the sons of men; They who first, at Christmas, thronged the heav'nly way,
REFRAIN
Now be-side the tomb-door, sit on Eas-ter Day. An-gels sing His tri-umph,
as you sang His birth, "Christ, the Lord, is ris-en, Peace, goodwill on earth." A-MEN.

2 In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at His side;
And when in the garden, grief and pain and care
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there.

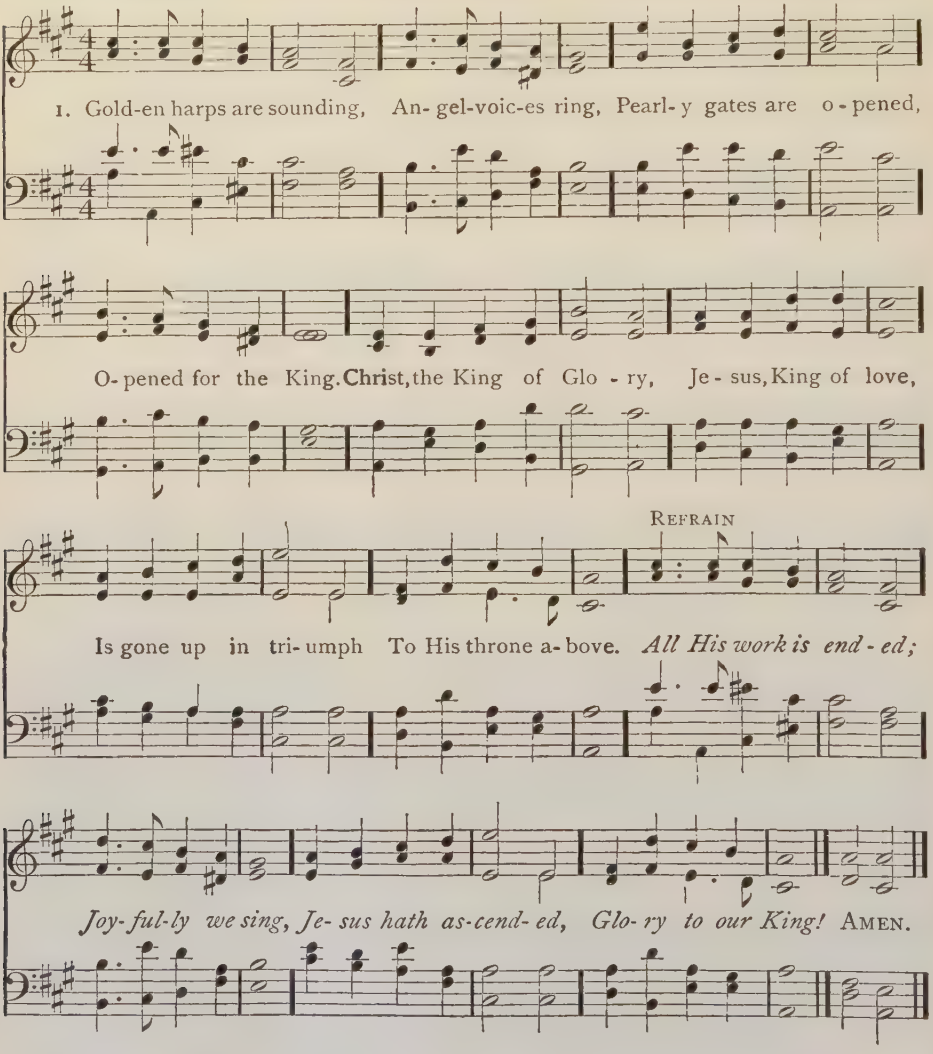
3 Yet the Christ they honor is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did His Father's will;
And the tomb deserted shineth like the sky,
Since He passed out from it into victory.

4 God has still His angels, helping, at His word,
All His faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors, leading into life.

Phillips Brooks, 1877

230 HERMAS 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 With Refrain

Frances R. Havergal, 1872


1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An- gel-voic-es ring, Pearl- y gates are o - pened,
O - pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,
REFRAIN
Is gone up in tri- umph To His throne a- bove. All His work is end - ed;
Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je- sus hath as-cend- ed, Glo- ry to our King! AMEN.

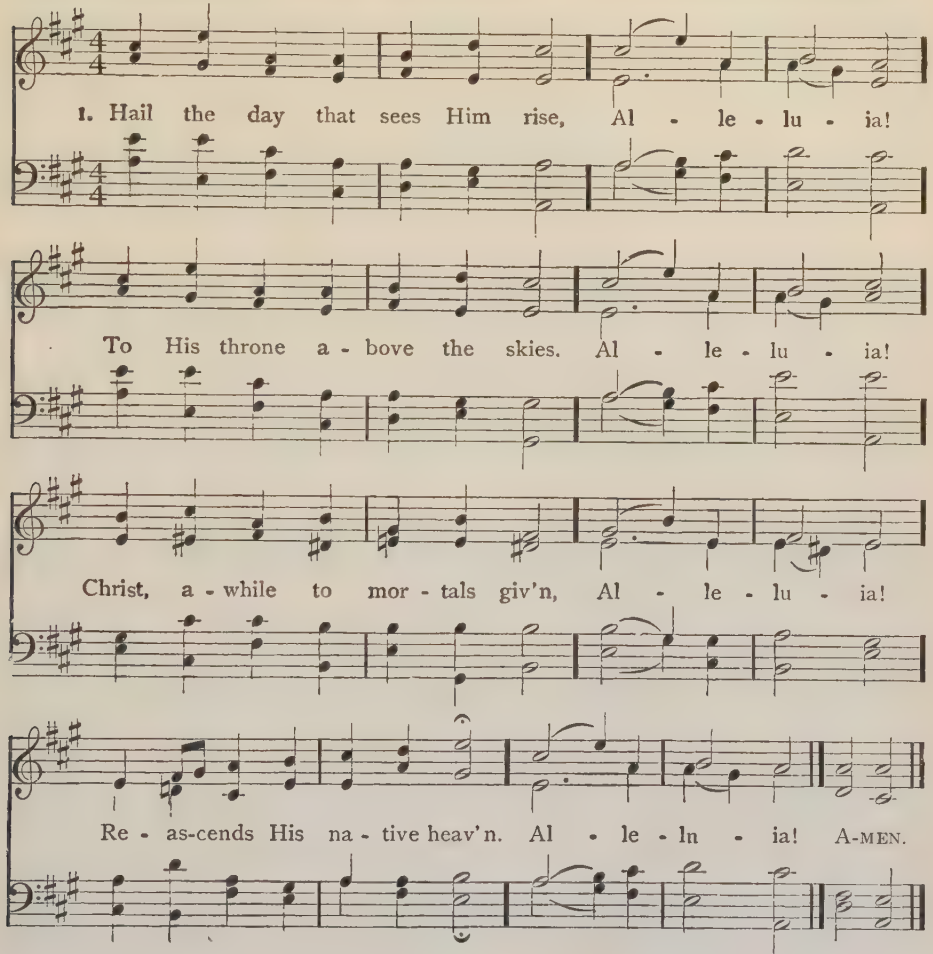
2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory,
At His Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die;
Jesus, King of glory,
Is gone up on high.

3 Pleading for His children
In that blessèd place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

231 ASCENSION 7 7 7 7 With Alleluia

William Henry Monk, 1861


1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!
To His throne a - bove the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, Al - le - lu - ia!
Re - as-cends His na - tive heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:
Lift your heads, eternal gates;
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;
See, He shows the prints of love;
Hark! His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.

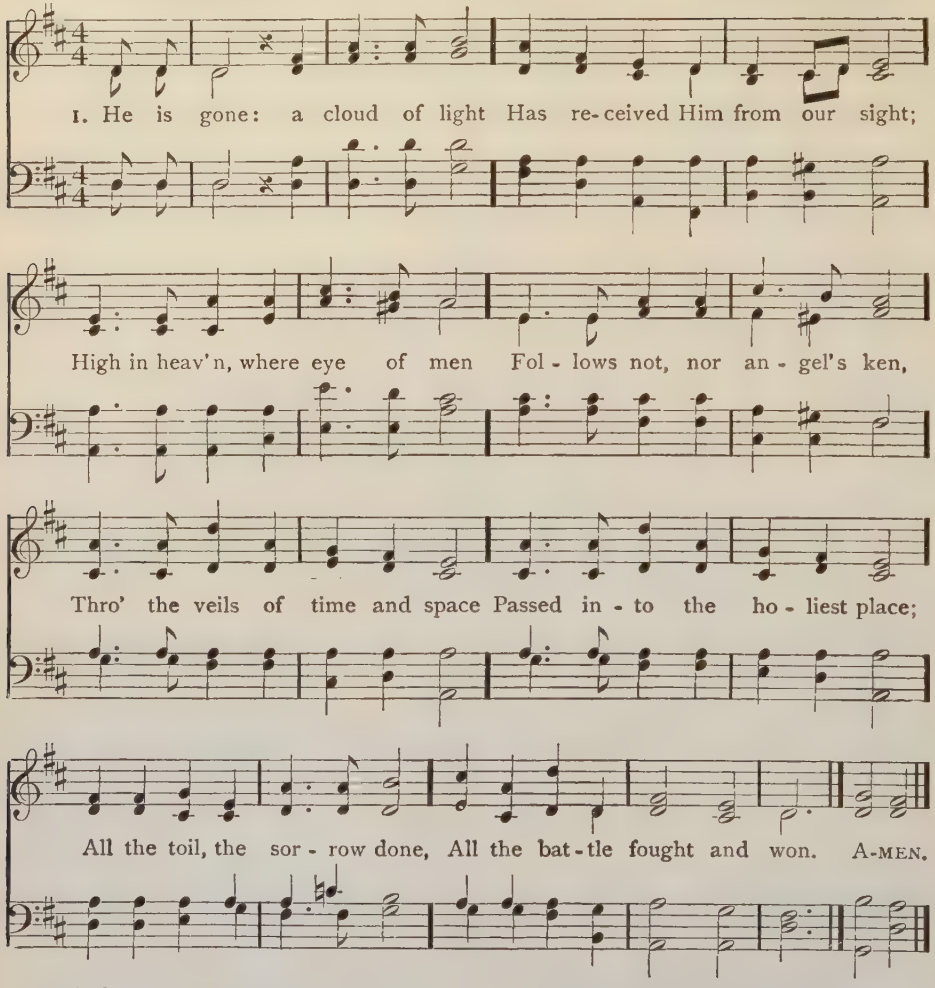
5 Still for us His death He pleads;
Prevalent He intercedes;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1739 Alt. v. 1, l. 2; v. 2, l. 1; v 6, *l.* 1

232 ST. PATRICK 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Arthur Sullivan


1. He is gone: a cloud of light Has re-ceived Him from our sight;
High in heav'n, where eye of men Fol-lows not, nor an-gel's ken,
Thro' the veils of time and space Passed in-to the ho-liest place;
All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won. A-MEN.

2 He is gone: towards their goal
World and church must onward roll;
Far behind we leave the past,
Forward are our glances cast;
Still His words before us range
Through the ages as they change;
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,
He will give whate'er we need.

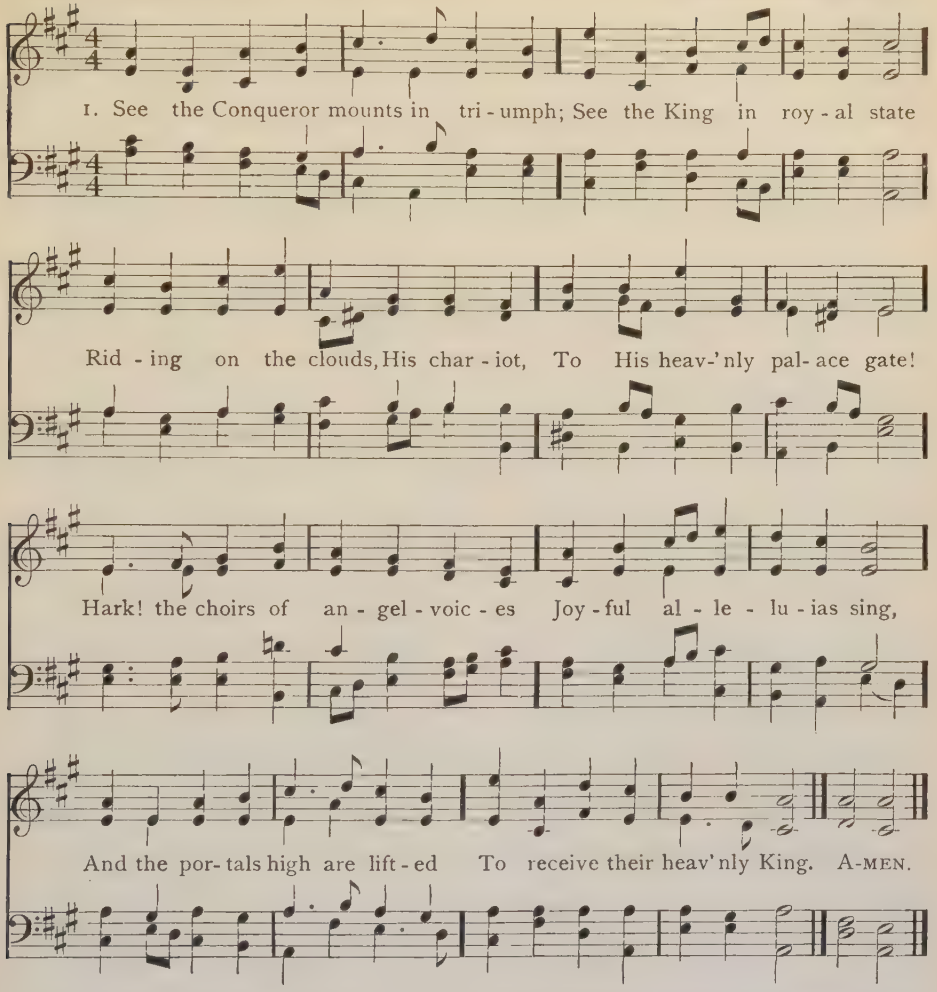
3 He is gone; but we once more
Shall behold Him as before,
In the heaven of heavens the same,
As on earth He went and came.
In the many many mansions there,
Place for us He will prepare;
In that world, unseen, unknown,
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone; but not in vain,
Wait until He comes again.
He is risen, He is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere,
Evermore in heart and mind
There our peace in Him we find;
To our own eternal Friend,
Thitherward let us ascend.

Arthur P. Stanley, 1862

233 REX GLORIAE 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart, 1868


1. See the Conqueror mounts in tri - umph; See the King in roy - al state
Rid - ing on the clouds, His char - iot, To His heav-'nly pal - ace gate!
Hark! the choirs of an - gel - voic - es Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias sing,
And the por - tals high are lift - ed To receive their heav'nly King. A-MEN.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory;
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled His foes.

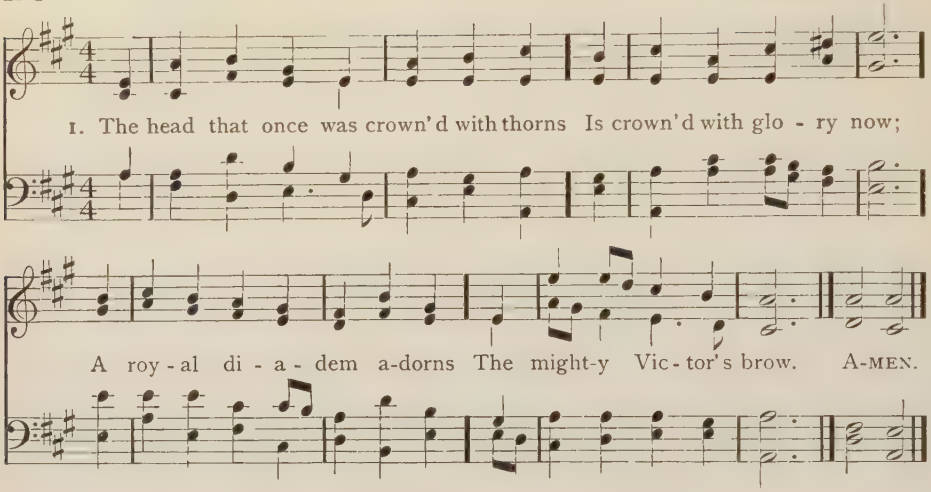
3 While He raised His hands in blessing,
He was parted from His friends,
While their eager eyes behold Him,
He upon the clouds ascends,
He who walked with God and pleased Him,
Preaching truth and doom to come,
He, our Enoch, is translated,
To His everlasting home.

4 Thou hast raised our human nature
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with Thee in glory stand.
Jesus reigns, adored by angels,
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension
We by faith behold our own.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

234 ST. MAGNUS C. M.

Jeremiah Clarke



2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is His, is His by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And Heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

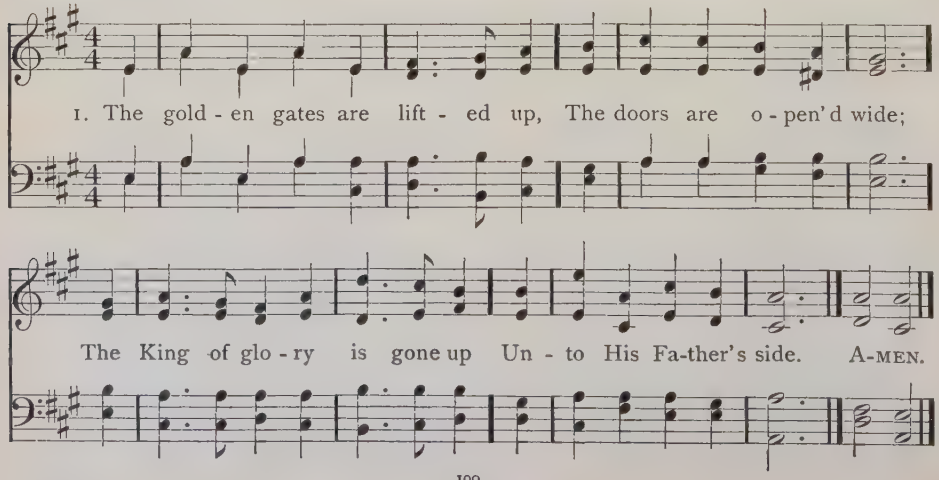
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him:
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820

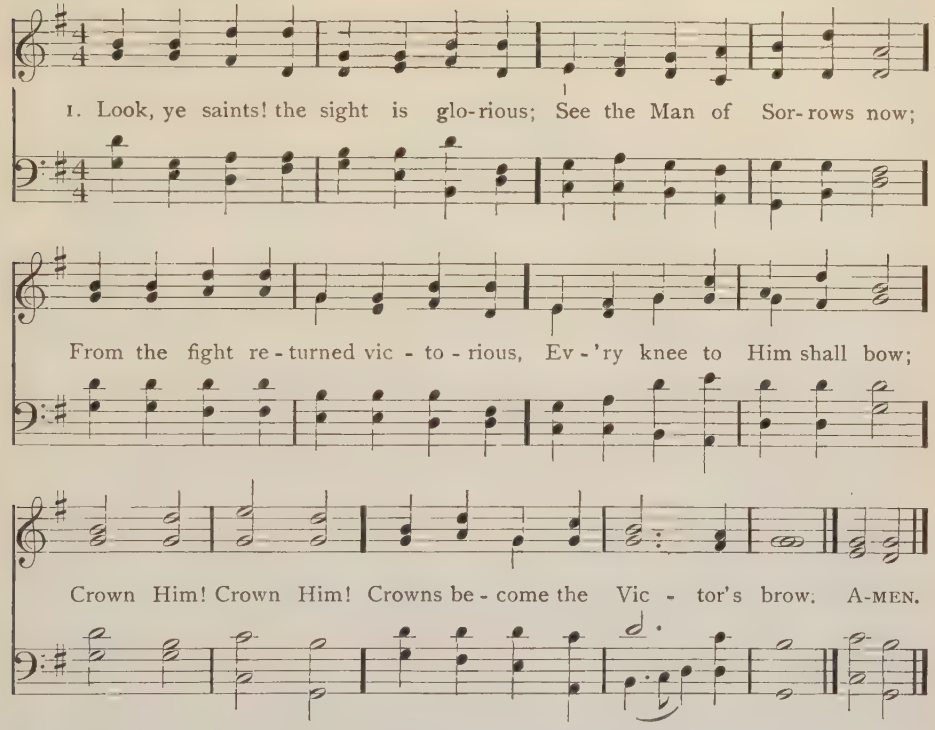
235 BRENT C. M.

S. Weekes



236 CORONAE 8 7 8 7 4 7

William Henry Monk, 1871


1. Look, ye saints! the sight is glo-rious; See the Man of Sor-rows now;
From the fight re-turned vic-to-rious, Ev-'ry knee to Him shall bow;
Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be-come the Vic-tor's brow. A-MEN.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
On the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name;
Crown Him! Crown Him!
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
O what joy the sight affords!
Crown Him! Crown Him!
King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Thomas Kelly, 1809

(BRENT)

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon Thy face.

3 And ever on our earthly path
A gleam of glory lies,
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

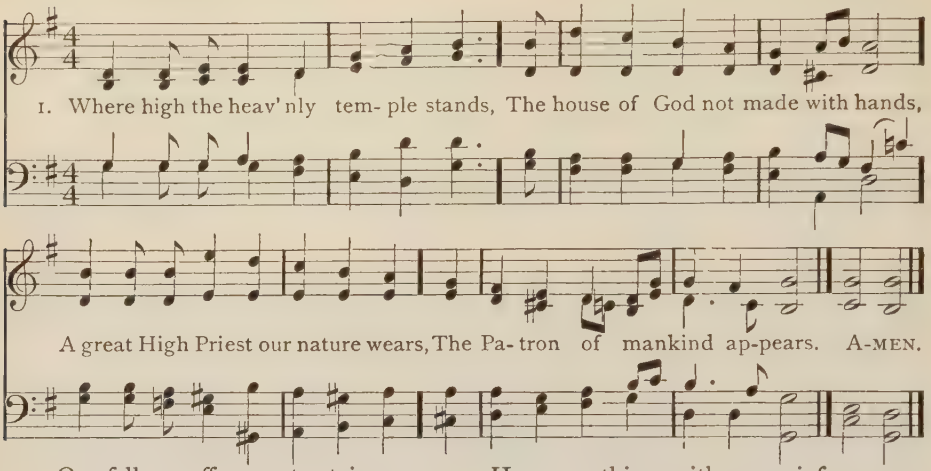
4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we wander here below,
Our treasure be in heaven;

5 That where thou art at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be:
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852, 1858

237 KEBLE L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875


1. Where high the heav'nly tem- ple stands, The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears, The Pa- tron of mankind ap-pears. A-MEN.

2 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers, in the skies,
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

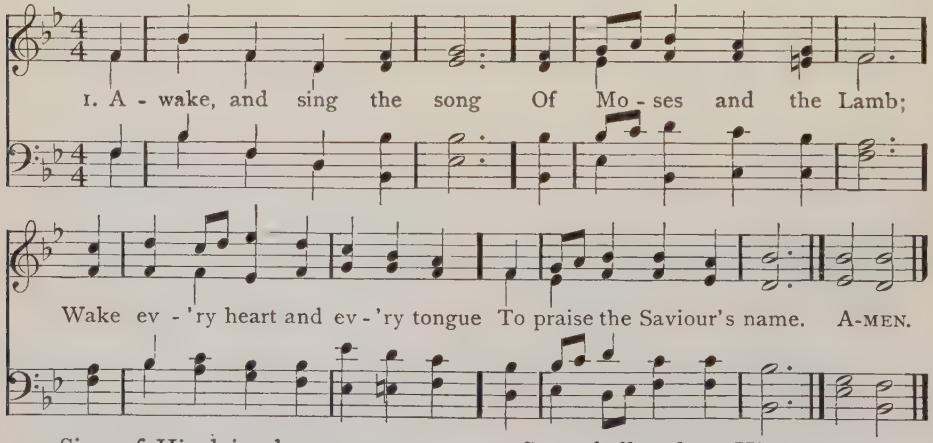
3 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

4 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

Michael Bruce

238 FESTAL SONG S. M.

W. H. Walter



2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing,
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

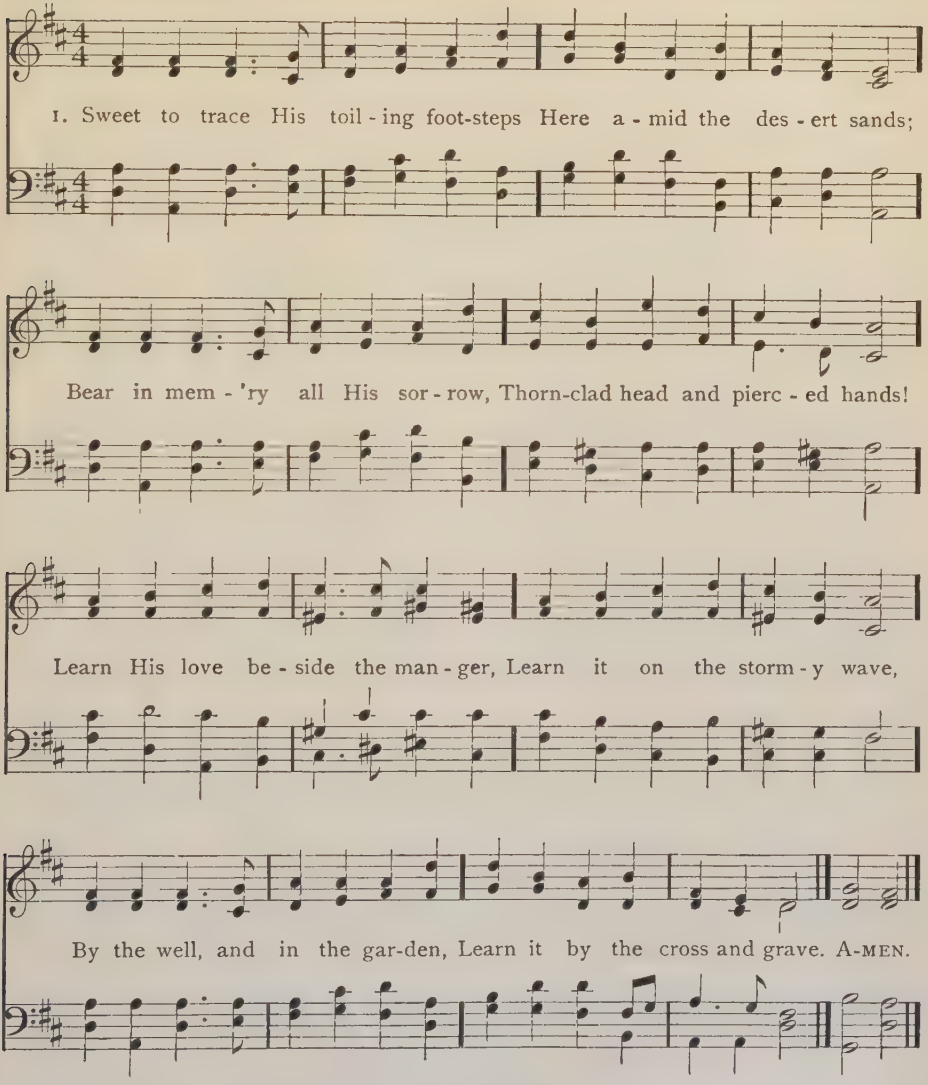
4 Soon shall ye hear Him say,
"Ye blessèd children, come."
Soon will He call you hence away,
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of glory to the Lamb.

William Hammond, 1745

239 ST. ASAPH 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

William S. Bambridge, 1872


1. Sweet to trace His toil - ing foot-steps Here a - mid the des - ert sands;
Bear in mem - 'ry all His sor - row, Thorn-clad head and pierc - ed hands!
Learn His love be - side the man - ger, Learn it on the storm - y wave,
By the well, and in the gar-den, Learn it by the cross and grave. A-MEN.

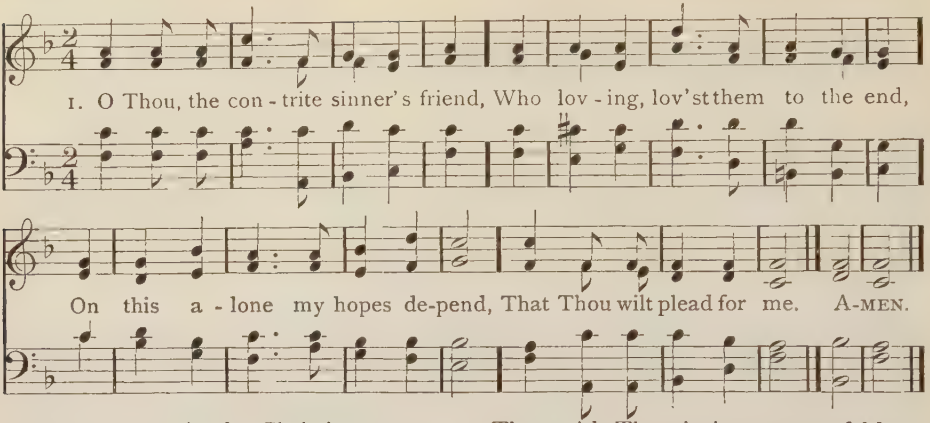
2 He, of old the Man of Sorrow,
Pleads before the Father's face,
Knowing all the needed solace,
Claiming all the needed grace.
We, so faithless and so weary,
Serving with impatient will;
He unwearied in our service,
Gladly ministering still.

3 Girded with the golden girdle,
Shining as the mighty sun,
Still His pierced hands will finish
All His work of love begun
On the night of His betrayal;
In the glory of the throne,
Still with faithful patience washing
All defilement from His own

From the German of Gerhard Tersteegen

240 PASCAL 8 8 8 6

Edward John Hopkins


1. O Thou, the con - trite sinner's friend, Who lov - ing, lov'st them to the end,
On this a - lone my hopes de-pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A-MEN.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far-off appears my resting-place,
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

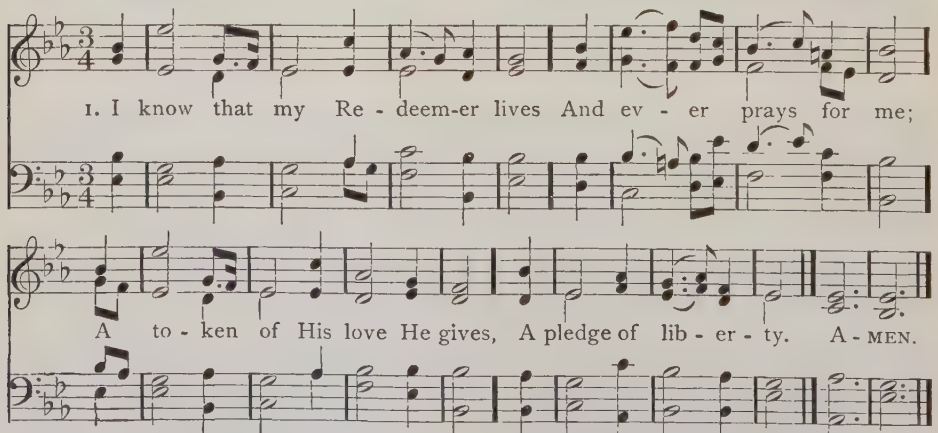
5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
O say, Thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott

241 MESSIAH C. M.

Arr. fr. George Frederick Händel



2 I find Him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

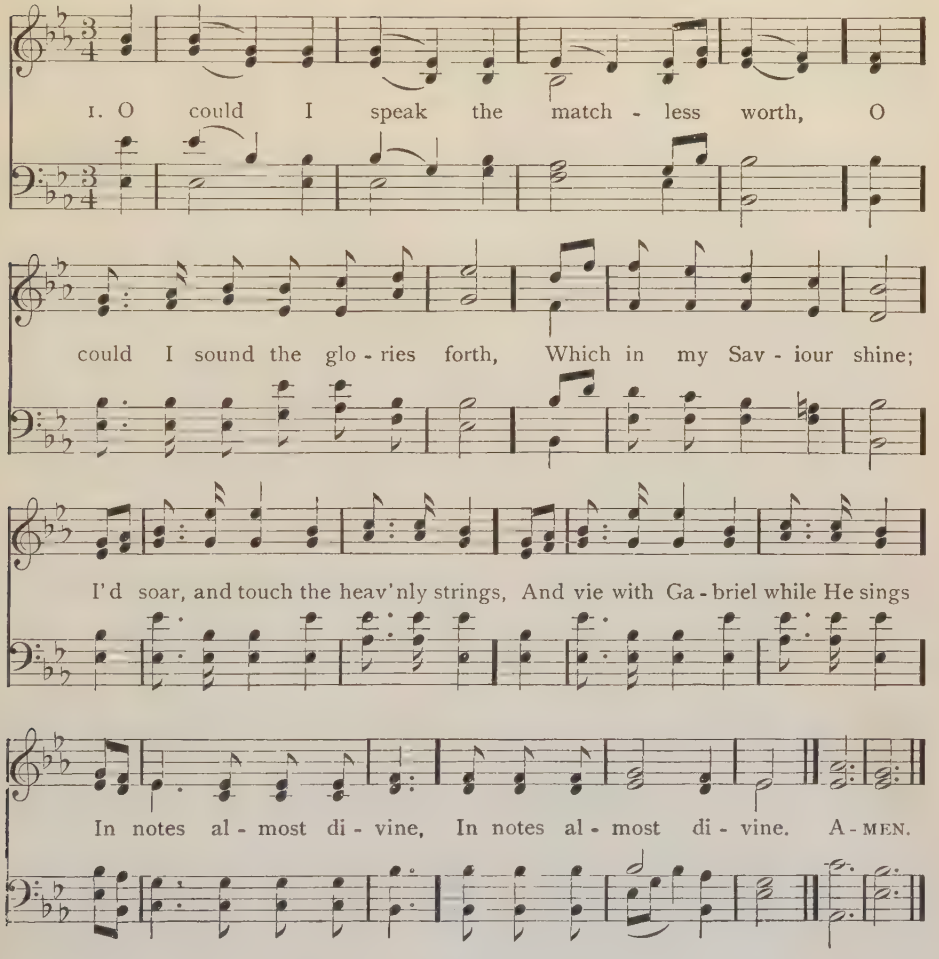
3 He wills that I should holy be:
What can withstand His will?
The counsel of His grace in me,
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy Word:
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to Thyself receive.

Charles Wesley

242 ARIEL 8 8 6 8 8 6

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836


1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O
could I sound the glo - ries forth, Which in my Sav - iour shine;
I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while He sings
In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine. A - MEN.

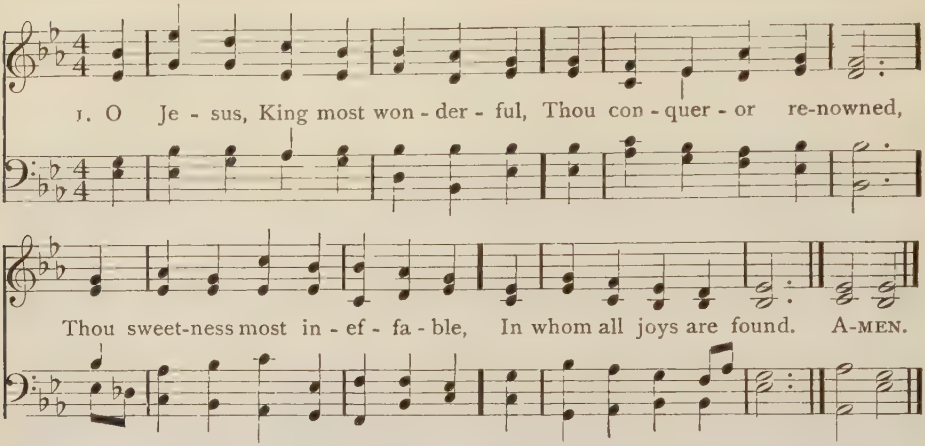
2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

3 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

Samuel Medley, 1789

243 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

3 O Jesus, light of all below,
Thou fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know
And all we can desire;

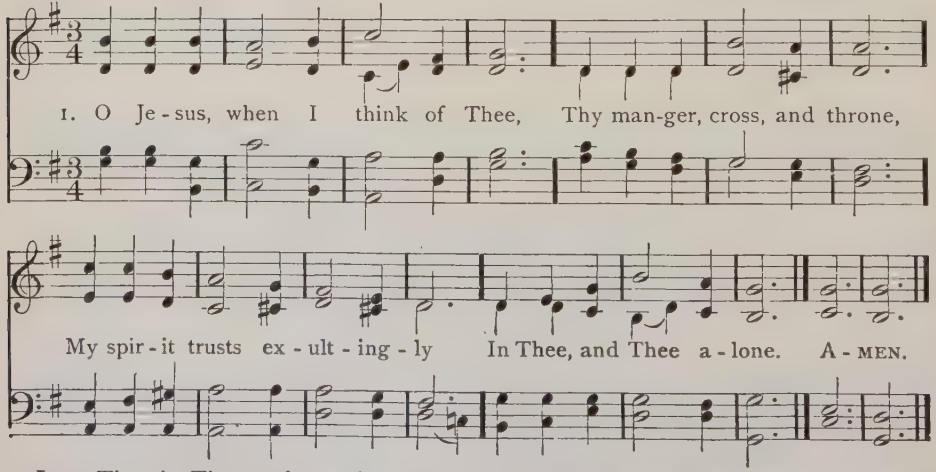
4 May every heart confess Thy name,
And ever Thee adore;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame
To seek Thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;
Thee may we love alone,
And ever in our lives express
The image of Thine own.

Tr. by Edward Caswell, 1849

244 ST. AGNES C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes

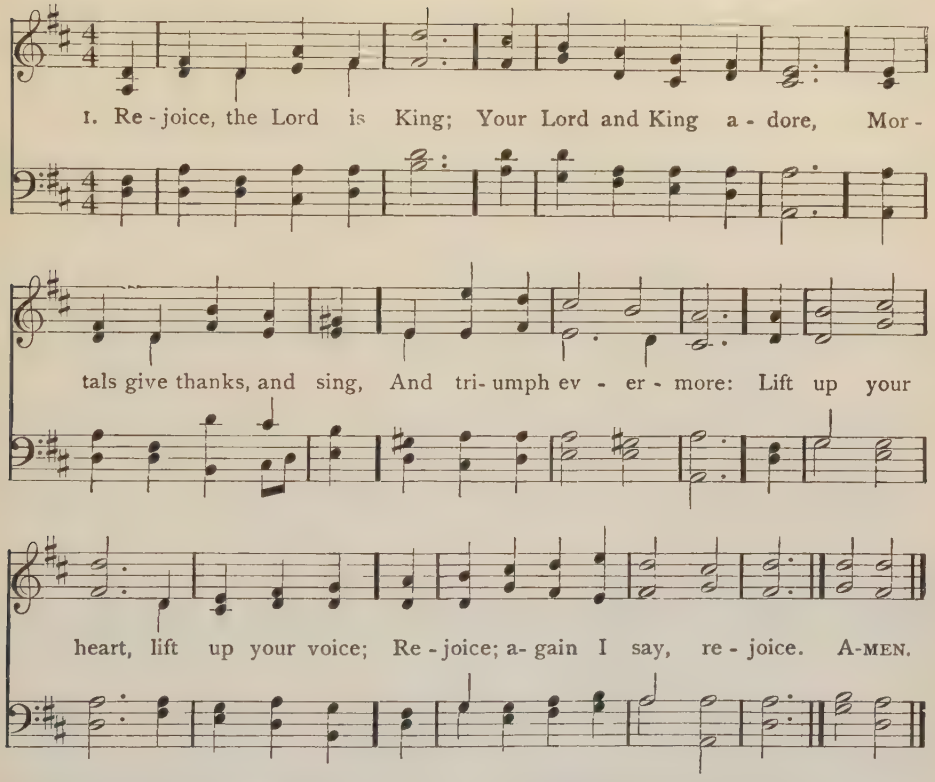


2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from Thy shame,
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

245 DARWALL 6 6 6 6 8 8

John Darwall, 1770


1. Re - joice, the Lord is King; Your Lord and King a - dore, Mor -
tals give thanks, and sing, And tri- umph ev - er - more: Lift up your
heart, lift up your voice; Re - joice; a- gain I say, re - joice. A-MEN.

2 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven,
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1744

(ST. AGNES)

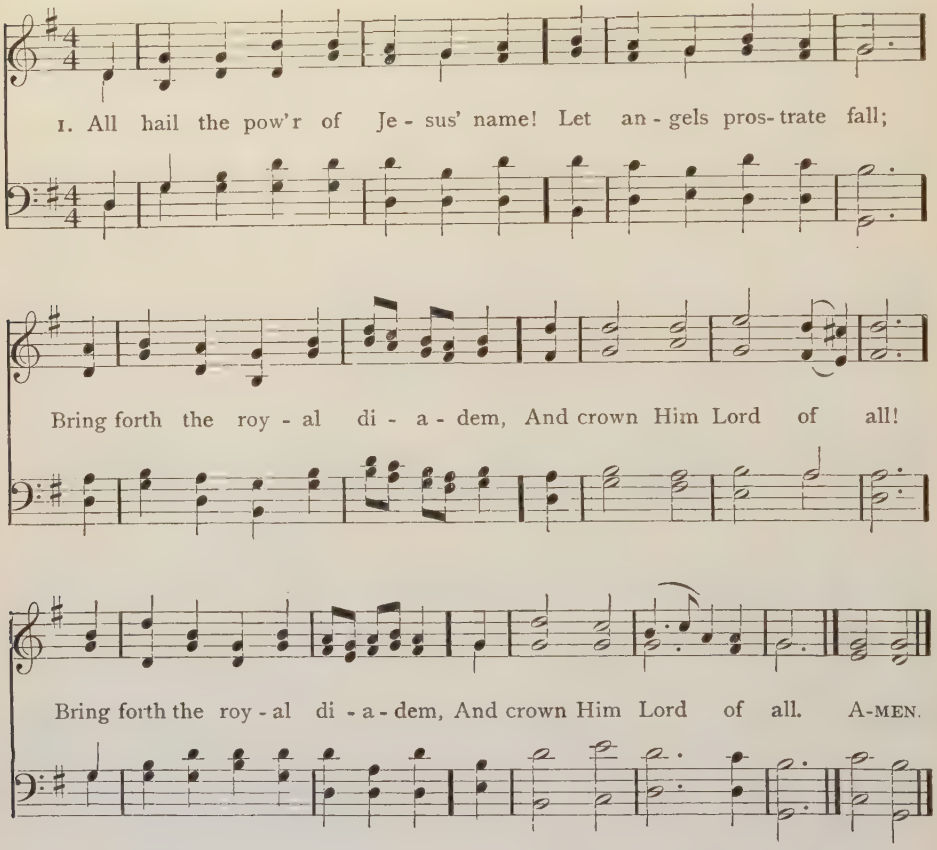
4 O let me share Thy holy birth,
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain
Triumphant of Saint Paul:
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

George W. Bethune, 1849

246 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden, 1793


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

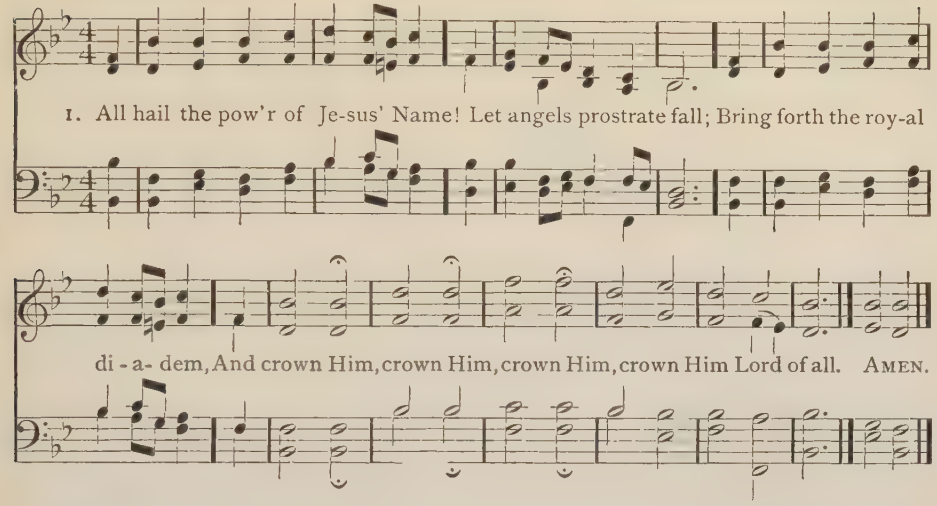
5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call,
The God incarnate, Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song
The crownèd Lord of all.

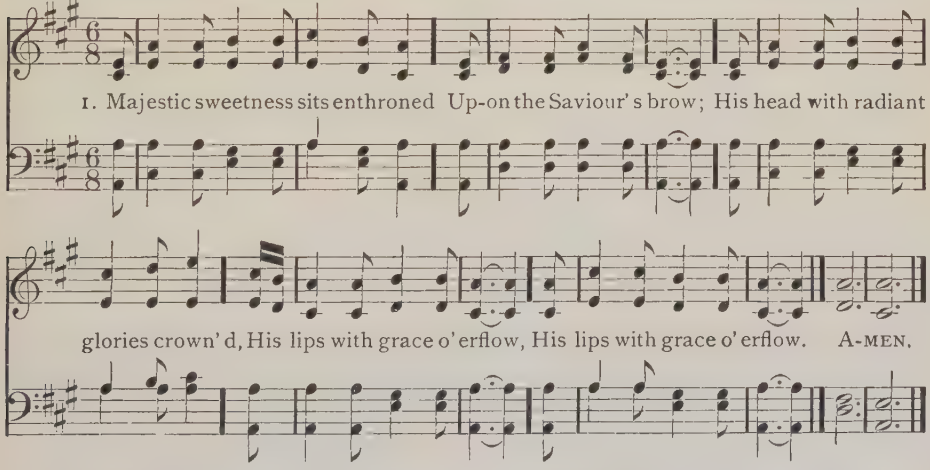
Edward Perronet

MILES LANE C. M. (*Second Tune*) William Shrubsole. 1779


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' Name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a- dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

247 ORTONVILLE C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1837


1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow. A-MEN.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

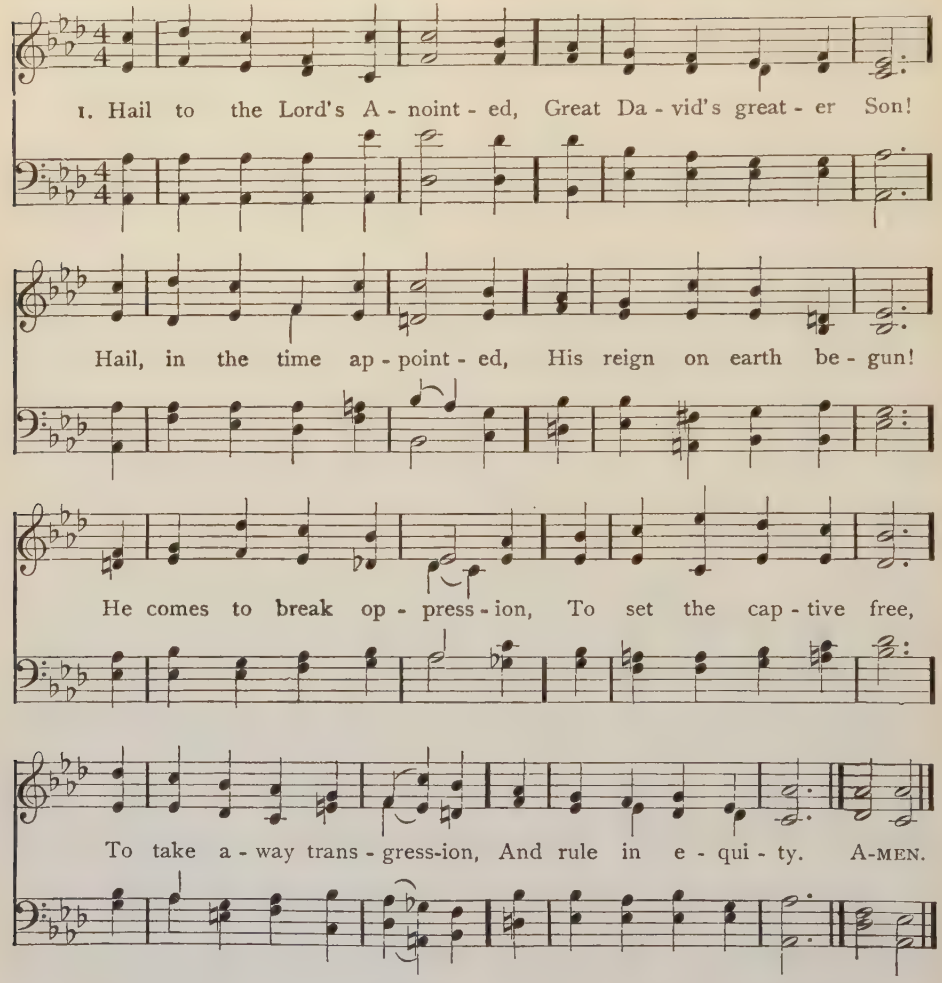
4 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be Thine!

Samuel Stennett, 1787

248 WESTWOOD 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

R. H. McCartney


1. Hail to the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - press - ion, To set the cap - tive free,
To take a - way trans - gress-ion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-MEN.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

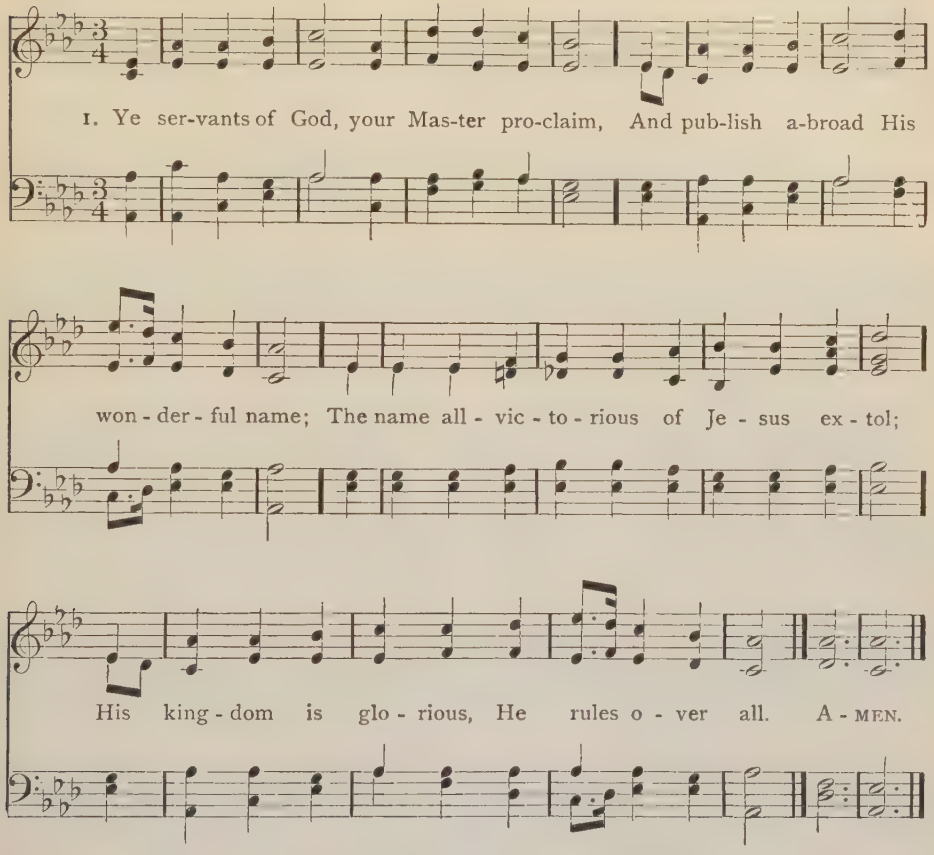
3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

4 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing, and all-blessed.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

James Montgomery, 1821

249 LYONS 10 10 11 11

Attributed to Johann Michael Häydn


1. Ye ser-vants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His
won - der - ful name; The name all - vic - to - rious of Je - sus ex - tol;
His king - dom is glo - rious, He rules o - ver all. A - MEN.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save,
And still He is nigh—His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

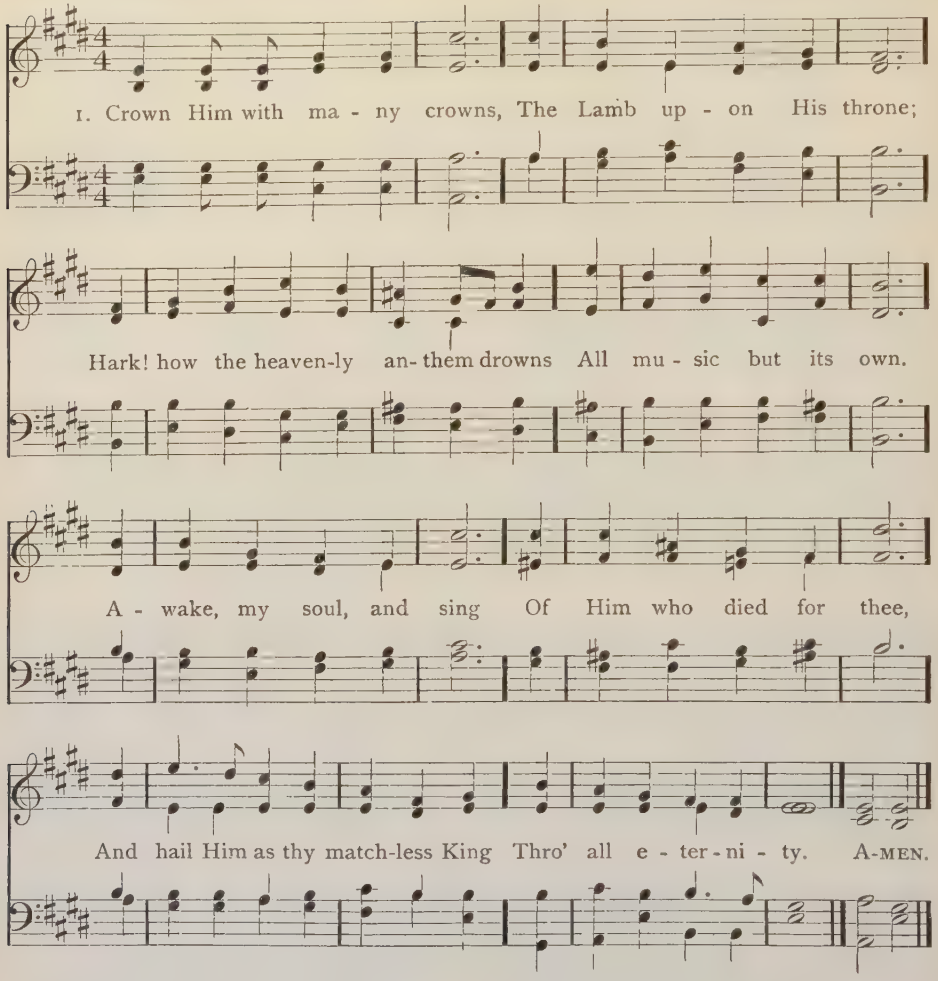
3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, all wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for Infinite Love.

Charles Wesley

250 DIADEMATA S. M. D.

George Job Elvey


1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
Hark! how the heaven-ly an- them drowns All mu - sic but its own.
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;
Behold His hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above,
In beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends His burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

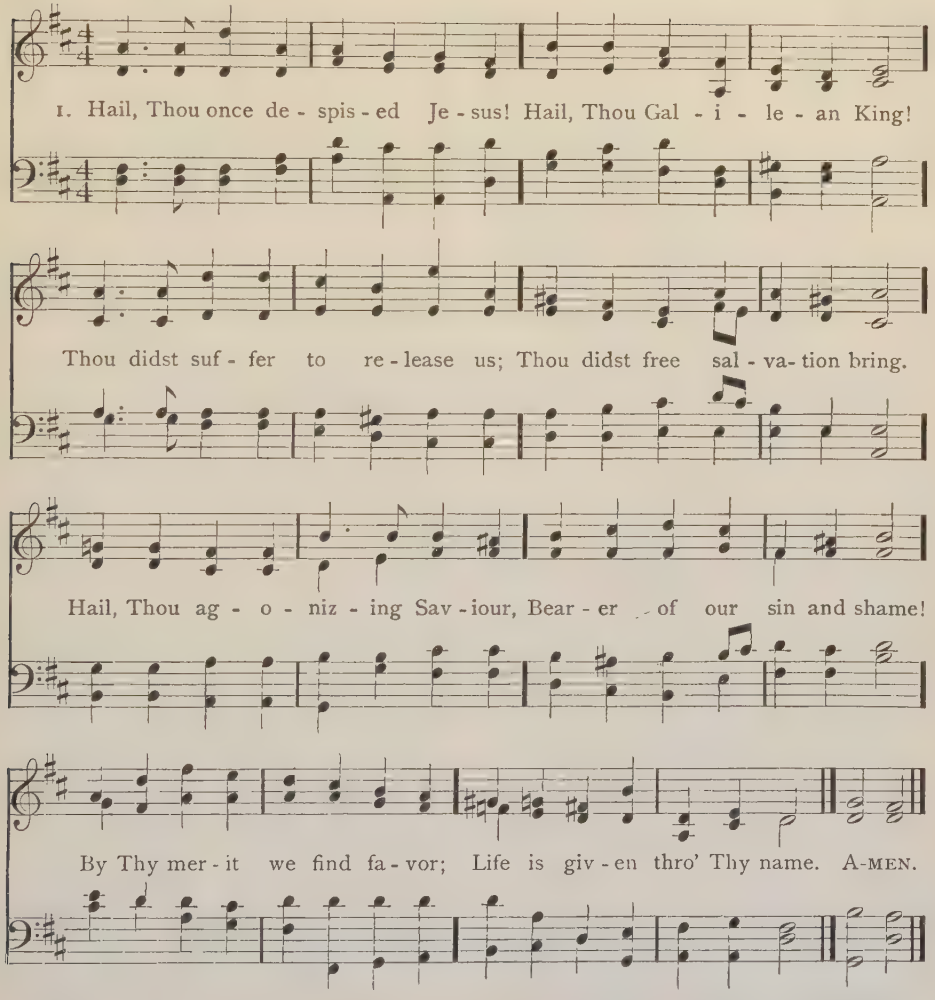
3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And 'round His pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For Thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

Matthew Bridges, 1857

251 LUX EOI 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Arthur S. Sullivan


1. Hail, Thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, Thou Gal - i - le - an King!
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
Hail, Thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
By Thy mer - it we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' Thy name. A-MEN.

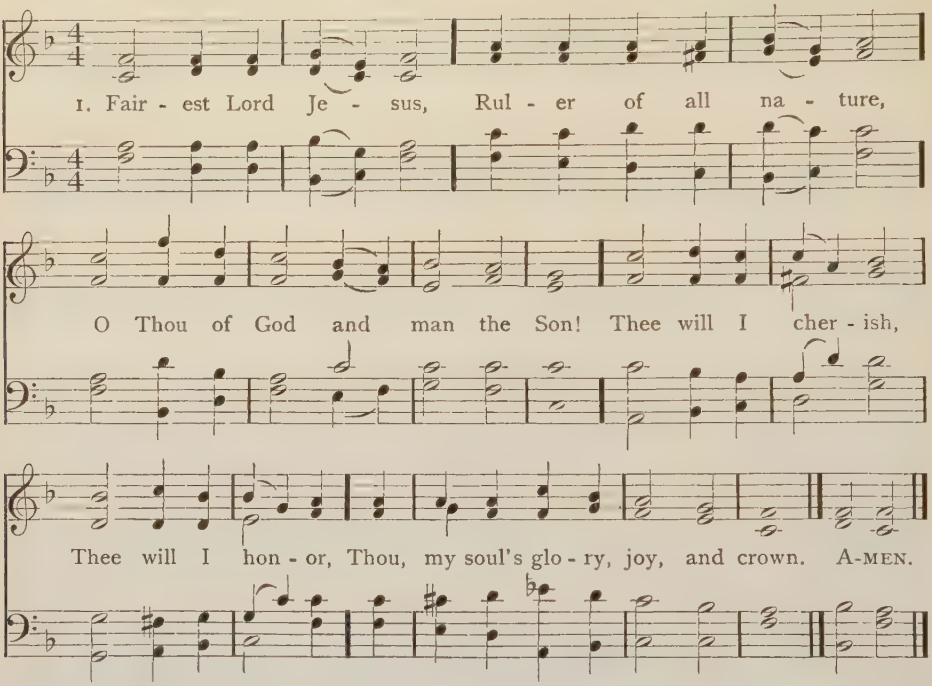
2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee are laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell, 1757—M. Madan—A. M. Toplady

252 CRUSADERS' HYMN Irregular German, arr. by R. Storrs Willis, 1850

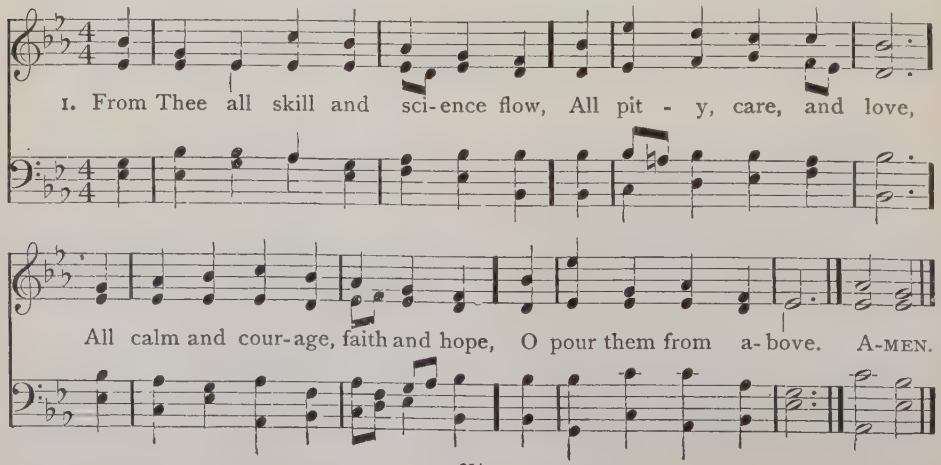

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all na - ture,
O Thou of God and man the Son! Thee will I cher - ish,
Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown. A-MEN.

2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

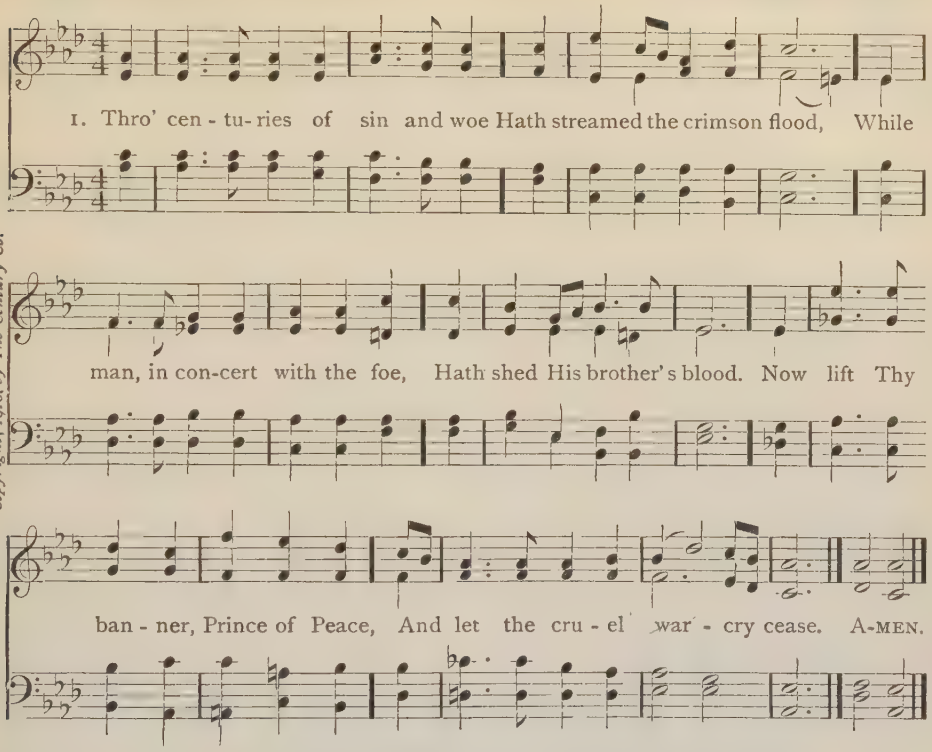
From the German Tr. by R. Storrs Willis, 1850

253 BEDFORD C. M. William Weale


1. From Thee all skill and sci-ence flow, All pit - y, care, and love,
All calm and cour-age, faith and hope, O pour them from a-bove. A-MEN.

254 GURNEY 8 6 8 6 8 8

David Stanley Smith


1. Thro' cen - tu - ries of sin and woe Hath streamed the crimson flood, While
man, in con-cert with the foe, Hath shed His brother's blood. Now lift Thy
ban - ner, Prince of Peace, And let the cru - el war - cry cease. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1910, by The Century Co.

2 In vain, 'mid clamors loud and rude,
Thy servants seek repose,
See, day by day, the strife renewed,
And brethren turned to foes:
Then lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Make wrongs among Thy subjects cease.

3 Still to the heavens the weak will pour
Their loud unanswered cry;
Still wealth doth heap its secret store,
And want forgotten lie.
Lift high Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
Let hatred die, and love increase.

4 Thy gospel, Lord, is grace and love;
O send it all abroad,
Till every heart submissive prove,
And bless the reigning God.
Come, lift Thy banner, Prince of Peace,
And give the weary world release.

John Hampden Gurney

(BEDFORD)

2 And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise, like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

3 And hasten, Lord, that perfect day
When pain and death shall cease,
And Thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;

4 When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod,
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

Charles Kingsley, 1871

255 GREENLAND 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Lausanne Psalter

1. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour, Whom yet un - seen we love,
O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove!
We wor - ship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and con - fess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King. A-MEN.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought,
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our gracious Lord and King.

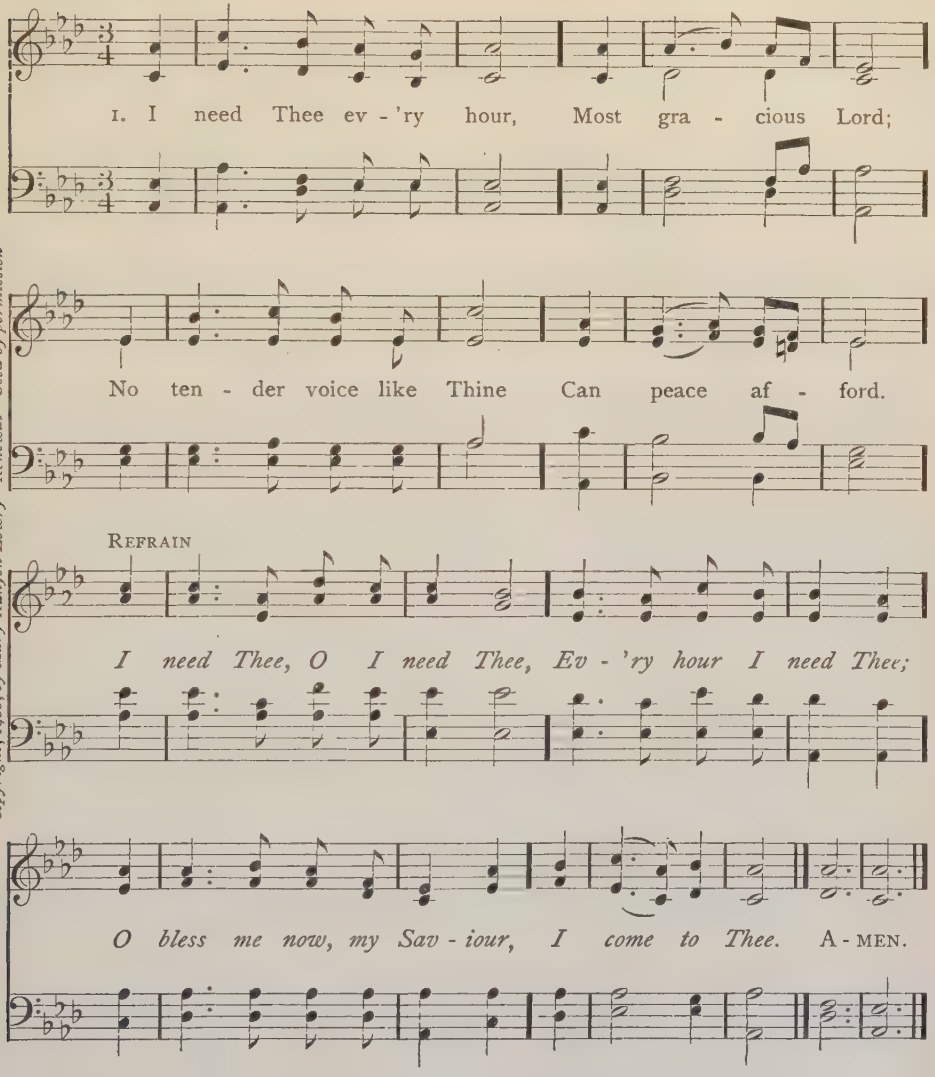
3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
Thy glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine;
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,
To Thee, O Christ, we sing;
We praise Thee, and confess Thee
Our glorious Lord and King.

4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love;
Then shall we praise and bless Thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess Thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Frances R. Havergal, 1870

256 NEED 6 4 6 4 With Refrain

Robert Lowry, 1872


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
REFRAIN
I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Sav - iour, I come to Thee. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry Renewal Used by permission

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

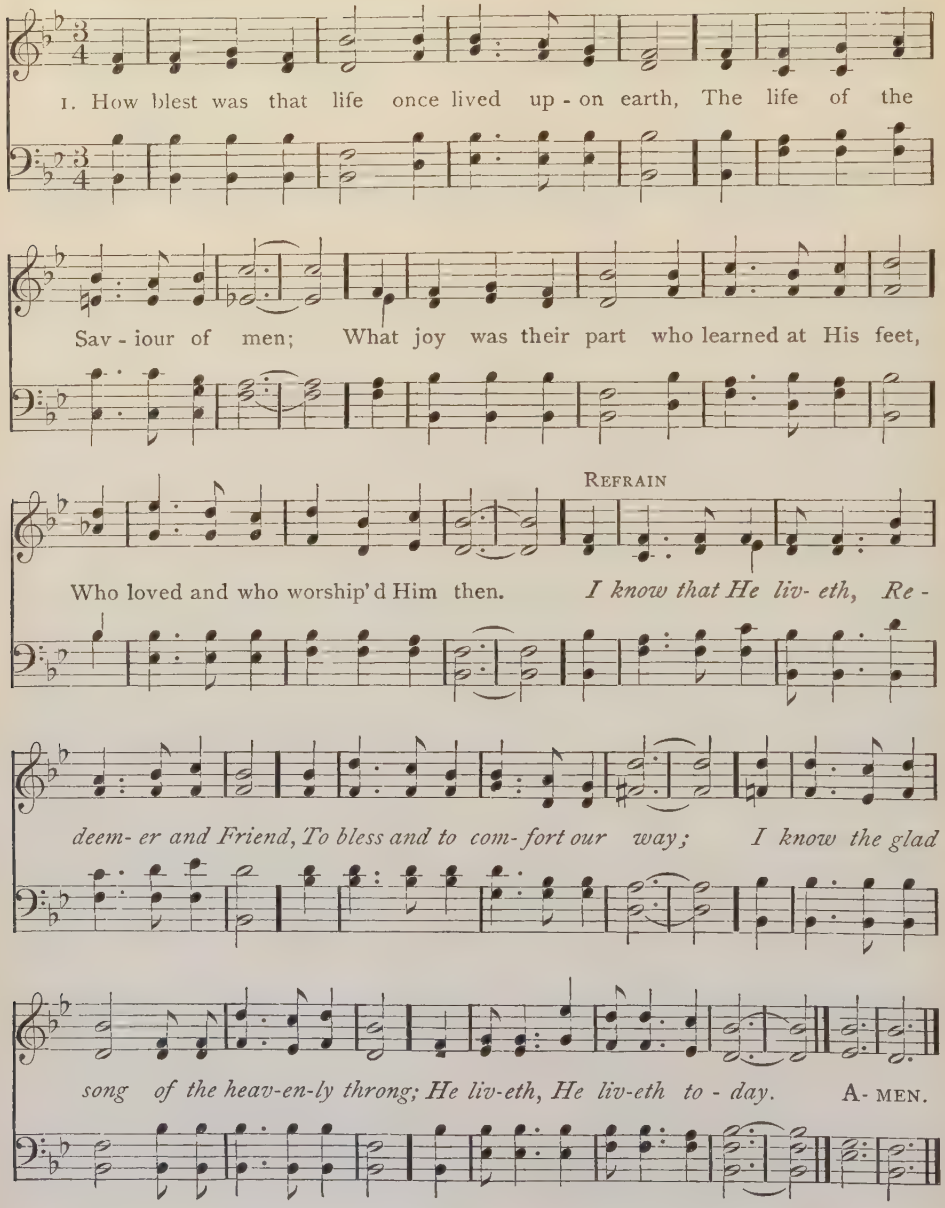
4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed;
Thou blessèd Son.

Annie S. Hawkes, 1872

257 ELSA 10 8 10 8 With Refrain

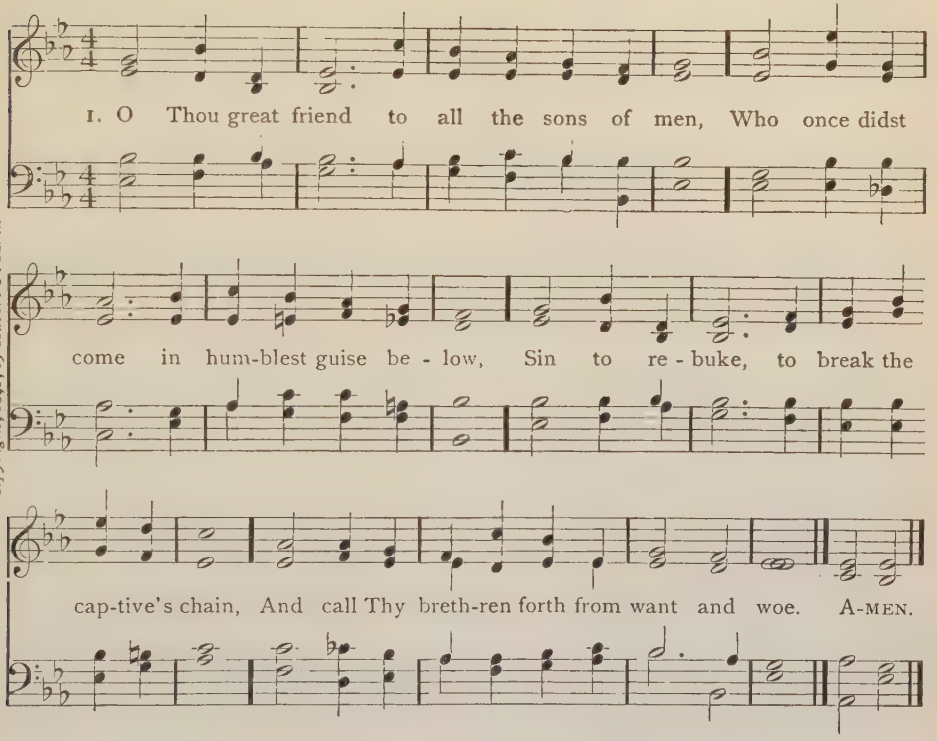
From Selected Gems


1. How blest was that life once lived up - on earth, The life of the
Sav - iour of men; What joy was their part who learned at His feet,
REFRAIN
Who loved and who worship'd Him then. I know that He liv- eth, Re -
deem- er and Friend, To bless and to com- fort our way; I know the glad
song of the heav-en-ly throng; He liv-eth, He liv-eth to - day. A- MEN.

2 The Friend of our need, the hope of the world,
Abides with us still as of old;
When wandering far in sorrow and sin,
He leadeth us home to the fold.

258 CASSIDY 10 10 10 10

Hubert P. Main, 1895


1. O Thou great friend to all the sons of men, Who once didst
come in hum-blest guise be - low, Sin to re - buke, to break the
cap-tive's chain, And call Thy breth-ren forth from want and woe. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1896, by Hubert P. Main

2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes, Thou art still the life; Thou art the way
The holiest know,—light, life, and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the light, life, way, which Thou hast given.

Theodore Parker, 1845

(ELSA)

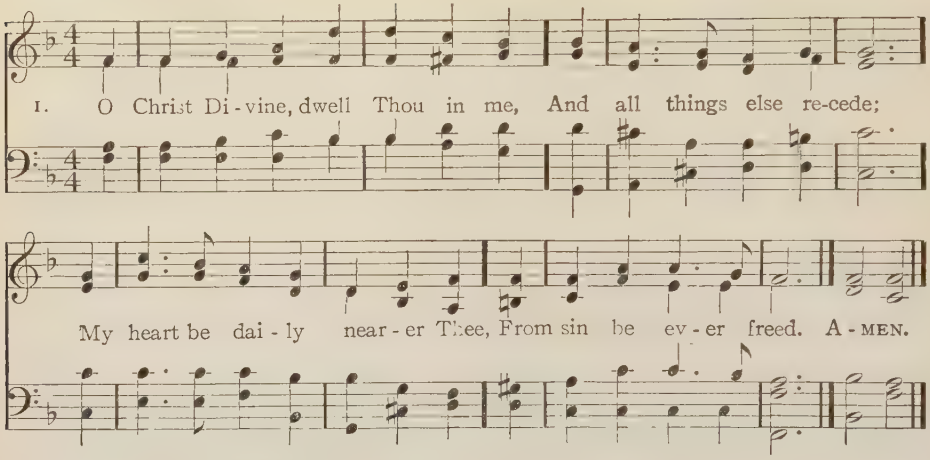
3 O Lord of the sea, Who once walked abroad
On treacherous waves of the tide,
We know that Thy strong and pitying arms,
Our wavering footsteps still guide.

4 Thou art not afar in regions unknown,
Our faith reacheth up unto Thee;
And still, through the mists of ages long past,
The Saviour of sinners doth see.

Anon.

259 NORTHREPPS C. M.

J. Booth, 1887



2 In Thy bright beams which on me fall,
Fade every evil thought;
That I am nothing, Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.

3 Make this poor self grow less and less,
Be Thou my life and aim;
O make me daily through Thy grace,
More worthy of Thy name.

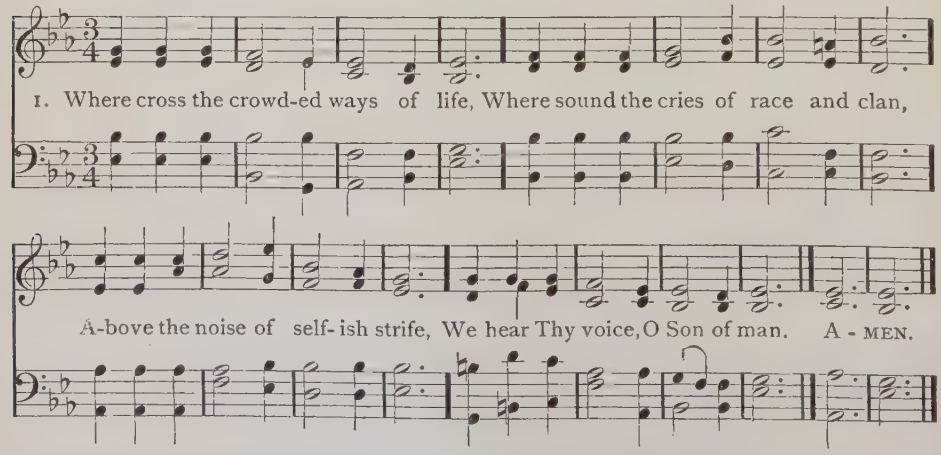
4 Daily more filled with Thee my heart,
Daily from self more free;
Thou, to whom prayer did strength impart,
Of my prayer Hearer be.

5 Let faith in Thee, and in Thy might,
My every motive move;
Be Thou alone my soul's delight,
My passion and my love.

J. C. Lavater, Tr, Mrs. H. B. Smith

260 SAXBY L. M.

Timothy R. Matthews

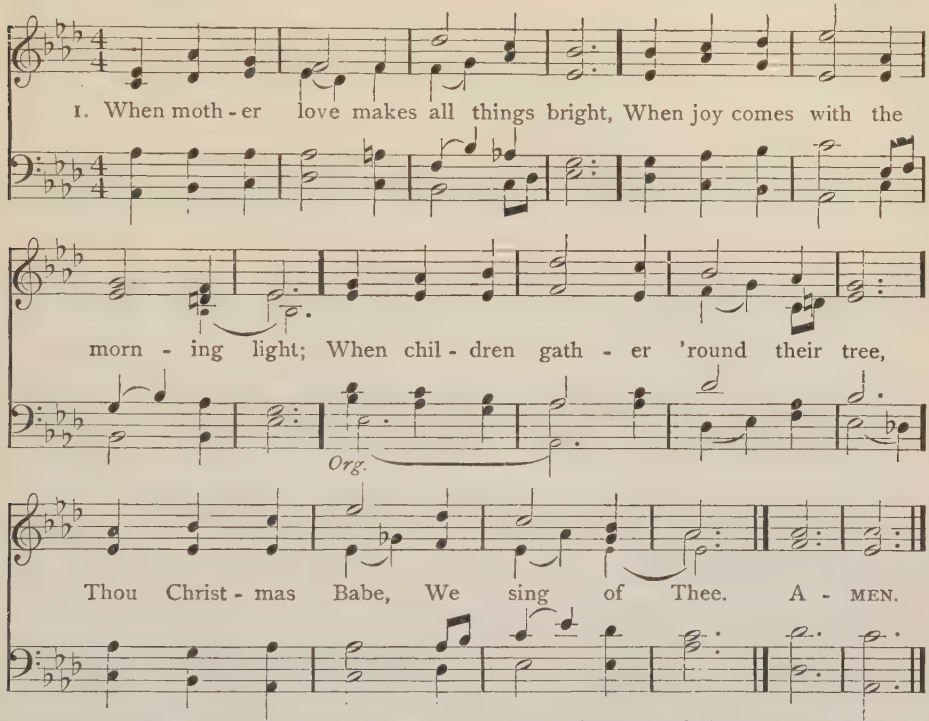

1. Where cross the crowd-ed ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
A-bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man. A-MEN.

2 In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lure of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3 The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

261 ABENDS 8 8 8 8 4 4

Herbert Stanley Oakeley


1. When moth - er love makes all things bright, When joy comes with the
morn - ing light; When chil - dren gath - er 'round their tree,
Org.
Thou Christ - mas Babe, We sing of Thee. A - MEN.

2 When manhood's brows are bent in thought
To learn what men of old have taught,
When eager hands seek wisdom's key,
Wise Temple Child
We learn of Thee.

3 When doubts assail, and perils fright,
When, groping blindly in the night,
We strive to read life's mystery,
Man of the Mount,
We turn to Thee.

4 When shadows of the valley fall,
When sin and death the soul appal,
One light we through the darkness see,
Christ on the Cross
We cry to Thee.

5 And when the world shall pass away,
And dawns at length the perfect day,
In glory shall our souls made free,
Thou God enthroned,
Then worship Thee.

Tudor Jenks

(SAXBY)

4 From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

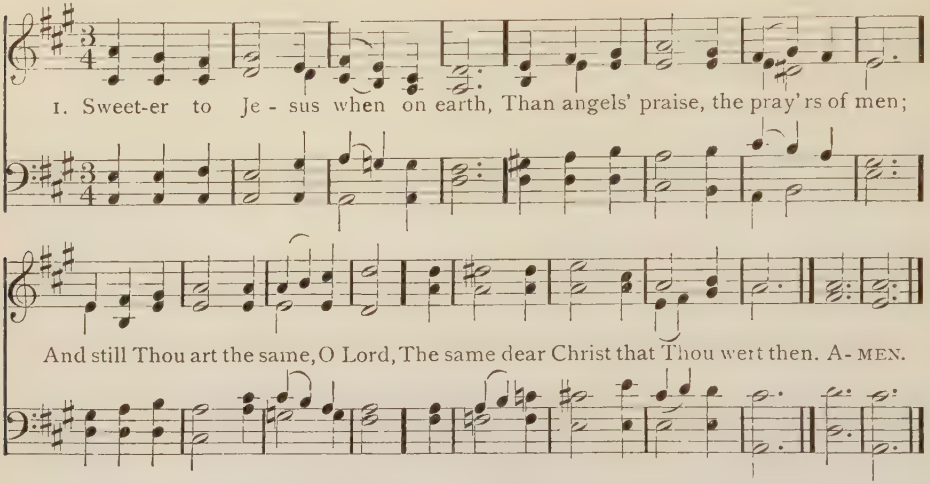
5 O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again.

6 Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

Frank Mason North

262 SHELTERING WING L. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1883


1. Sweet-er to Je - sus when on earth, Than angels' praise, the pray'rs of men;
And still Thou art the same, O Lord, The same dear Christ that Thou wert then. A- MEN.

2 We have no tears Thou wilt not dry;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts,
That Thou, dear Saviour, dost not feel.

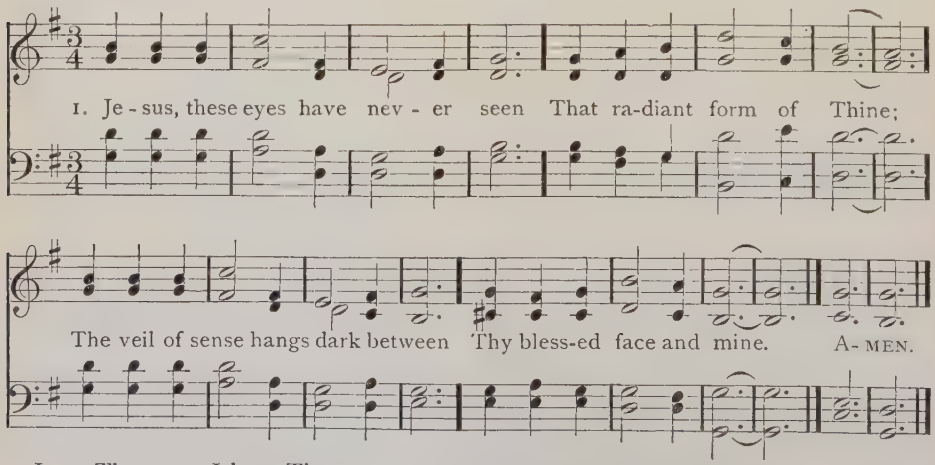
3 Thy pity like the dew distils,
And Thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

4 Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charmèd music of Thy voice,
That calls all weary souls to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice.

Harriet M. Kimball, 1864

263 LAMBETH C. M.

William Schulthes, 1871

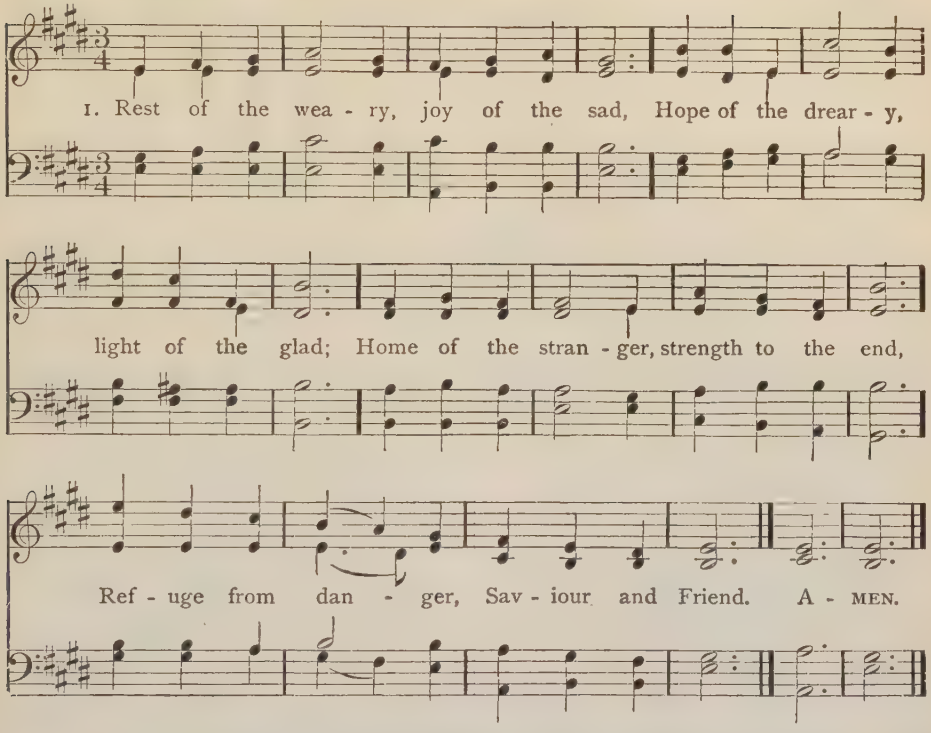

1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra-diant form of Thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy bless-ed face and mine. A- MEN.

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,
Yet art Thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

264 THEODORA (Legge) 9 9 9 9

Alfred Legge


1. Rest of the wea - ry, joy of the sad, Hope of the drear - y,
light of the glad; Home of the stran - ger, strength to the end,
Ref - uge from dan - ger, Sav - iour and Friend. A - MEN.

2 When my feet stumble, I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble, cross of the high;
When my steps wander, over me bend,
Truer and fonder, Saviour and Friend.

3 Ever confessing Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing, glory, and praise;
All my endeavor, world without end,
Thine to be ever, Saviour and Friend.

John S. B. Monsell

(LAMBETH)

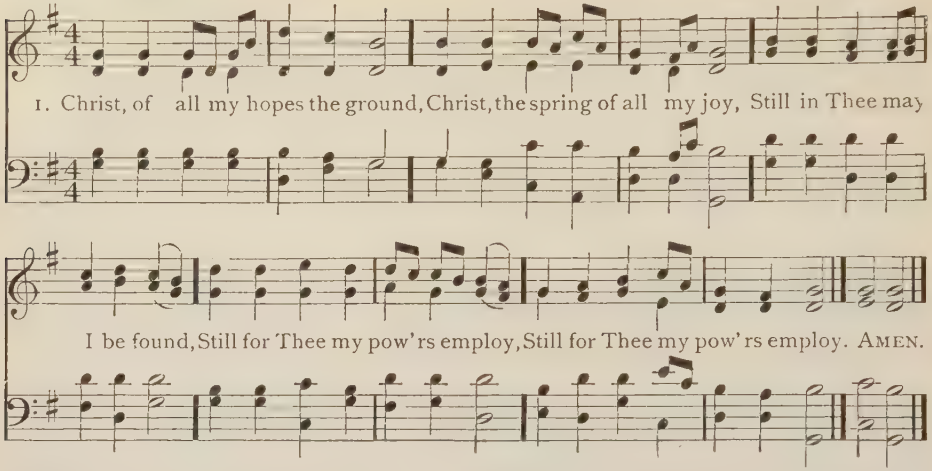
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love Thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall Thee reveal
All glorious as Thou art.

Ray Palmer

265 HENDON 7 7 7 7

Henri A. C. Malan, 1827


1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may
I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ, Still for Thee my pow'rs employ. AMEN.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from Thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it Christ to live.

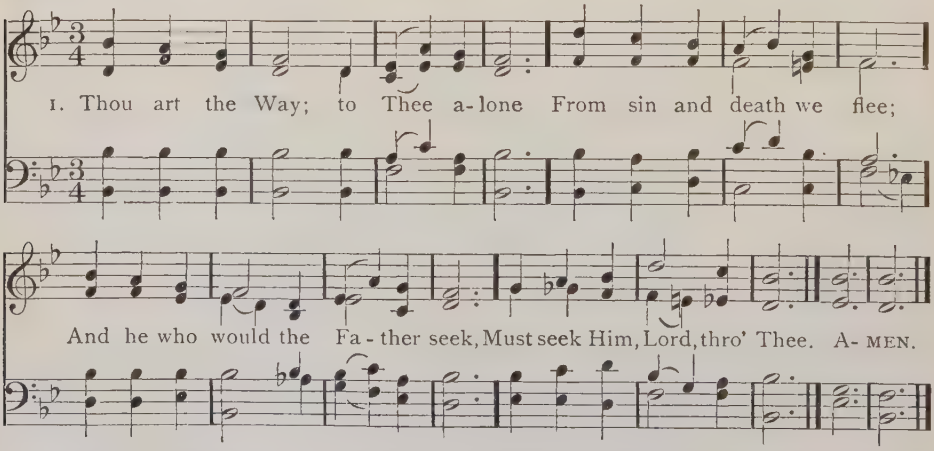
3 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from Thee my ravished soul.

4 Thus, O thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it gain to die.

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817

266 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860



2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

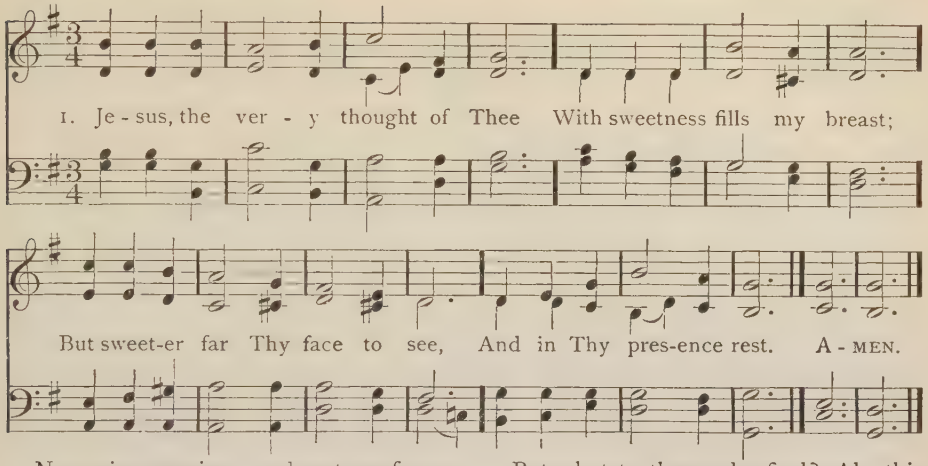
3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win
Whose joys eternal flow.

George Washington Doane

267 ST. AGNES C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1866


1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest. A - MEN.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

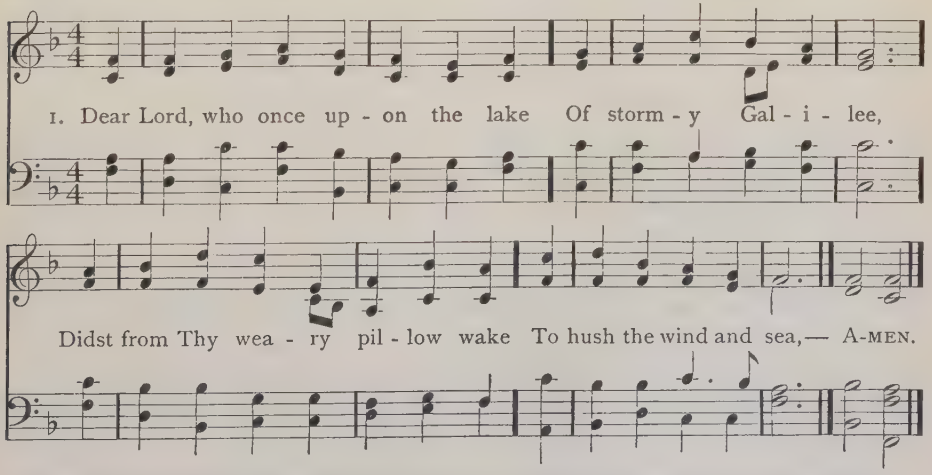
4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize shall be;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (c. 1130 or 1140) Tr. Edward Caswall

268 ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

Thomas Turton



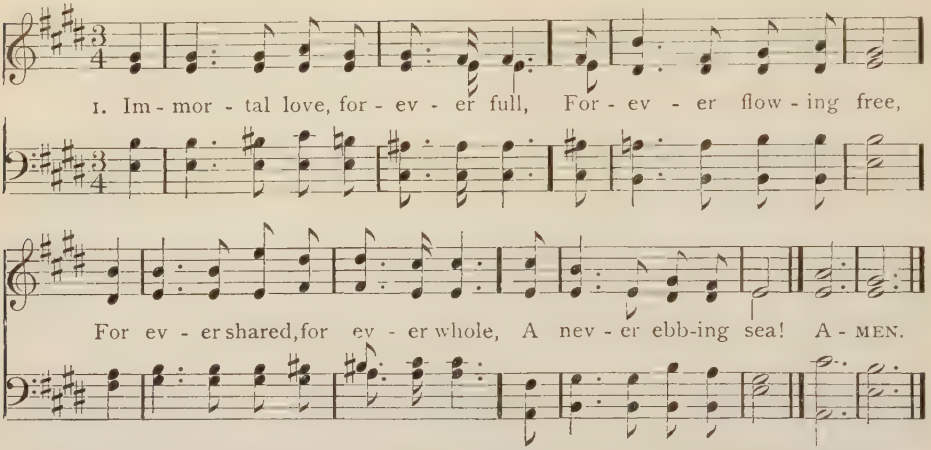
2 Come at our prayer, and speak Thy peace
Within each troubled breast;
Bid the loud winds of passion cease,
And waves of wild unrest.

3 Let that deep calm our bosoms fill,
That dwells for aye with those
Who lose their wishes in Thy will,
And in Thy love repose.

Theodore C. Pease, 1890

269 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. fr. William V. Wallace



2 We may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For Him no depths can drown.

3 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

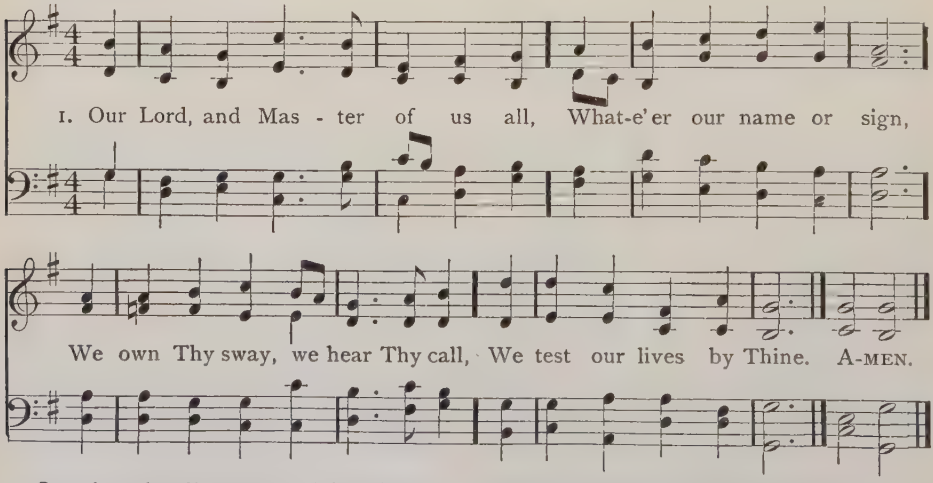
4 The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

5 Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866

270 FAITH C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1867

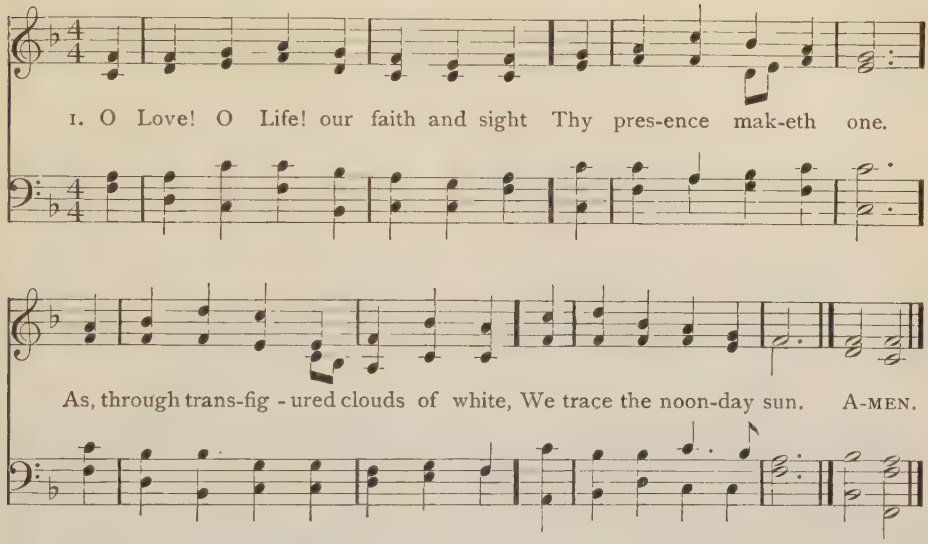


2 Our thoughts lie open to Thy sight;
And, naked to Thy glance,
Our secret sins are in the light
Of Thy pure countenance.

3 Yet, weak and blinded though we be,
Thou dost our service own;
We bring our varying gifts to Thee,
And Thou rejectest none.

271 ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

Thomas Turton


1. O Love! O Life! our faith and sight Thy pres-ence mak-eth one.
As, through trans-fig - ured clouds of white, We trace the noon-day sun. A-MEN.

2 So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The light, the truth, the way.

4 To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

5 Apart from Thee all gain is loss,
All labor vainly done;
The solemn shadow of Thy Cross
Is better than the sun.

6 Alone, O Love ineffable!
Thy saving name is given;
To turn aside from Thee is hell,
To walk with Thee is heaven!

7 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866

(FAITH)

4 To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

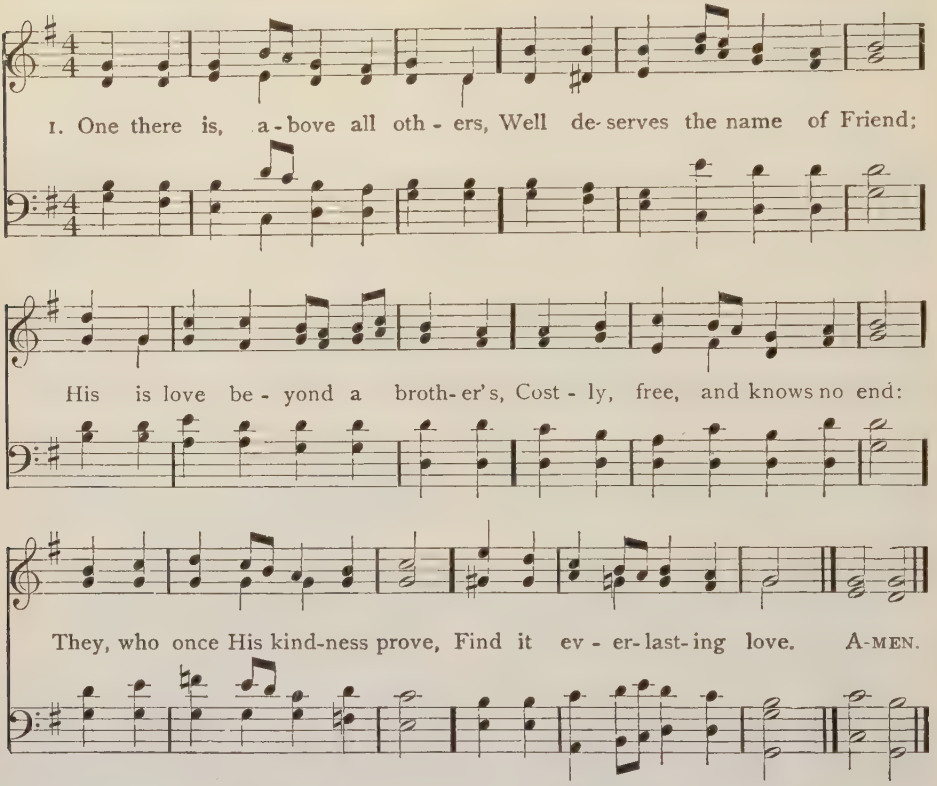
5 Who hates, hates Thee, who loves be-
Therein to Thee allied; [comes
All sweet accords of hearts and homes
In Thee are multiplied.

6 Deep strike Thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,
Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1866

272 GOUNOD (Lux Prima) 8 7 8 7 7 7

Charles F. Gounod, 1872


1. One there is, a-bove all oth-ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;
His is love be-yond a broth-er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end:
They, who once His kind-ness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love. A-MEN.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a friend in need.

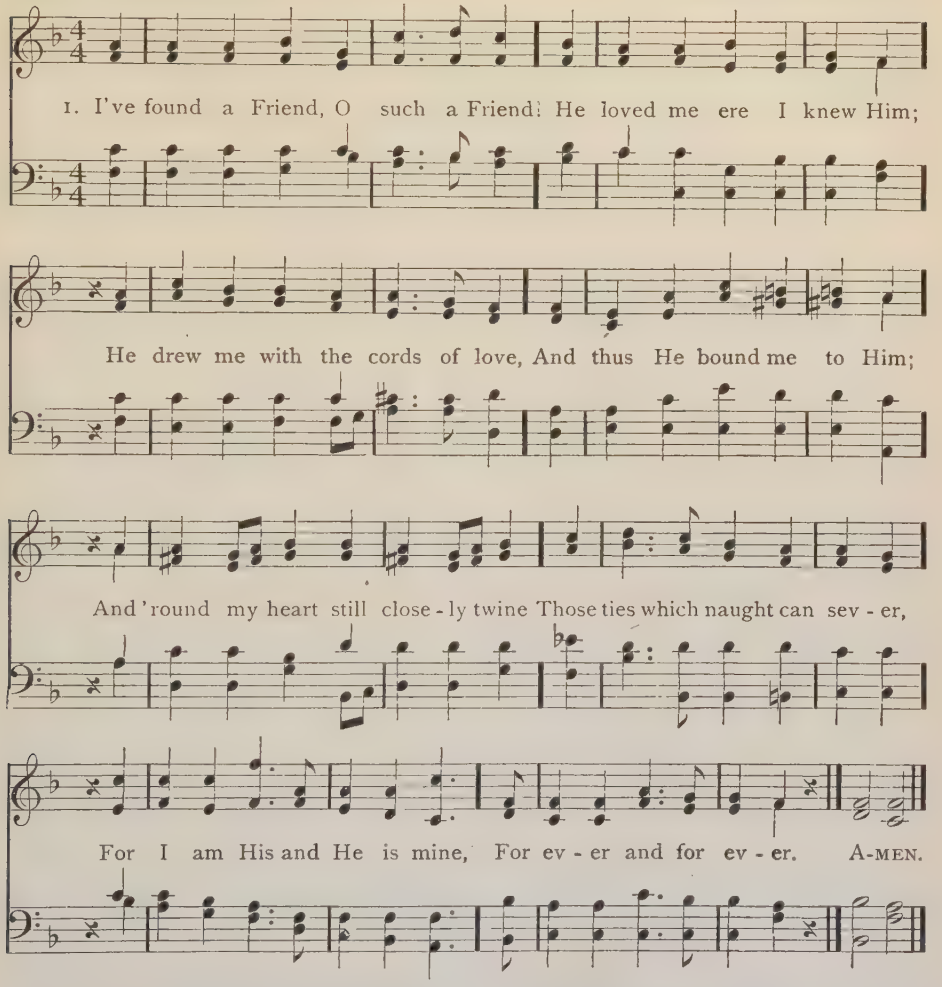
3 When He lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was His name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779

273 CONSTANCE 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Arthur Sullivan, 1875


1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;
And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
For I am His and He is mine, For ev-er and for ev-er. A-MEN.

2 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
He bled, He died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have mine own I'll call,
I'll hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all
Are His, and His for ever.

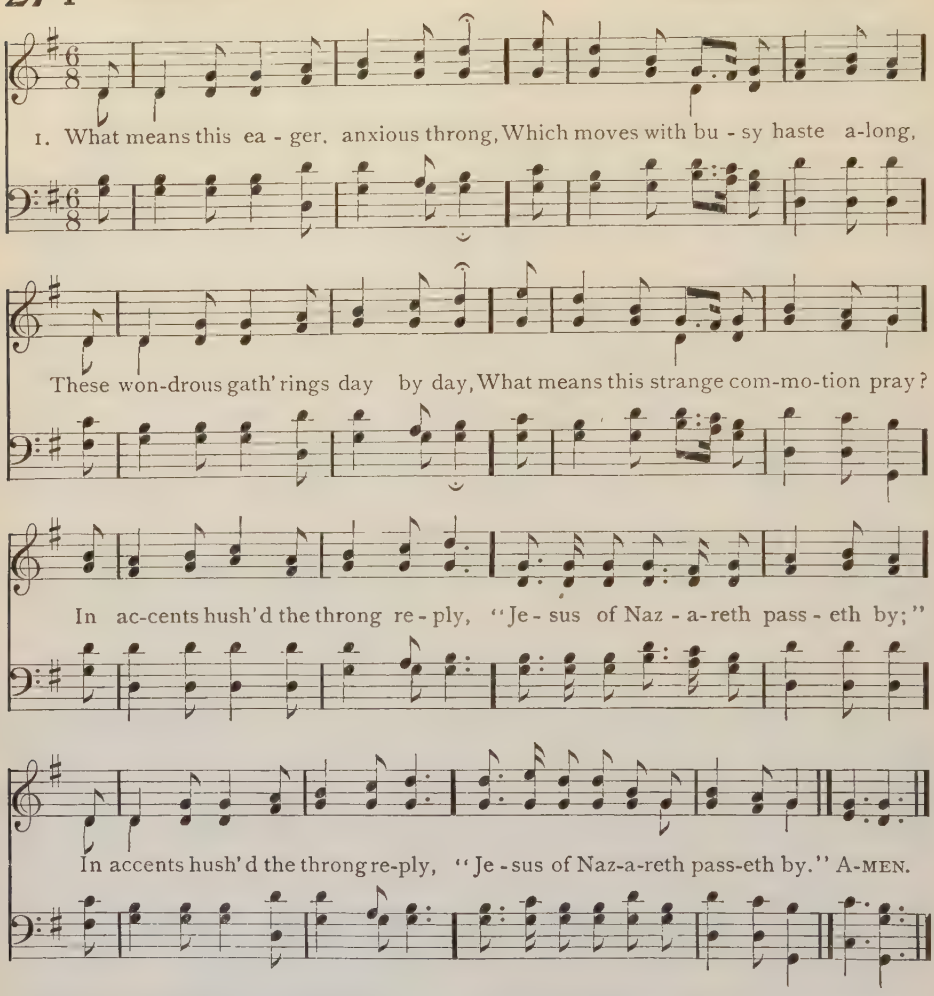
3 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend!
All power to Him is given
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor;
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend, O such a Friend
So kind and true and tender!
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No: I am His for ever.

James G. Small, 1866

274 NAZARETH 8 8 8 8 8 9

Theodore E. Perkins


1. What means this ea - ger, anxious throng, Which moves with bu - sy haste a-long,
These won-drous gath'rings day by day, What means this strange com-mo-tion pray?
In ac-cents hush'd the throng re - ply, "Je - sus of Naz - a-reth pass - eth by;"
In accents hush'd the throng re-ply, "Je - sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by." A-MEN.

2 Who is this Jesus, why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame,
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

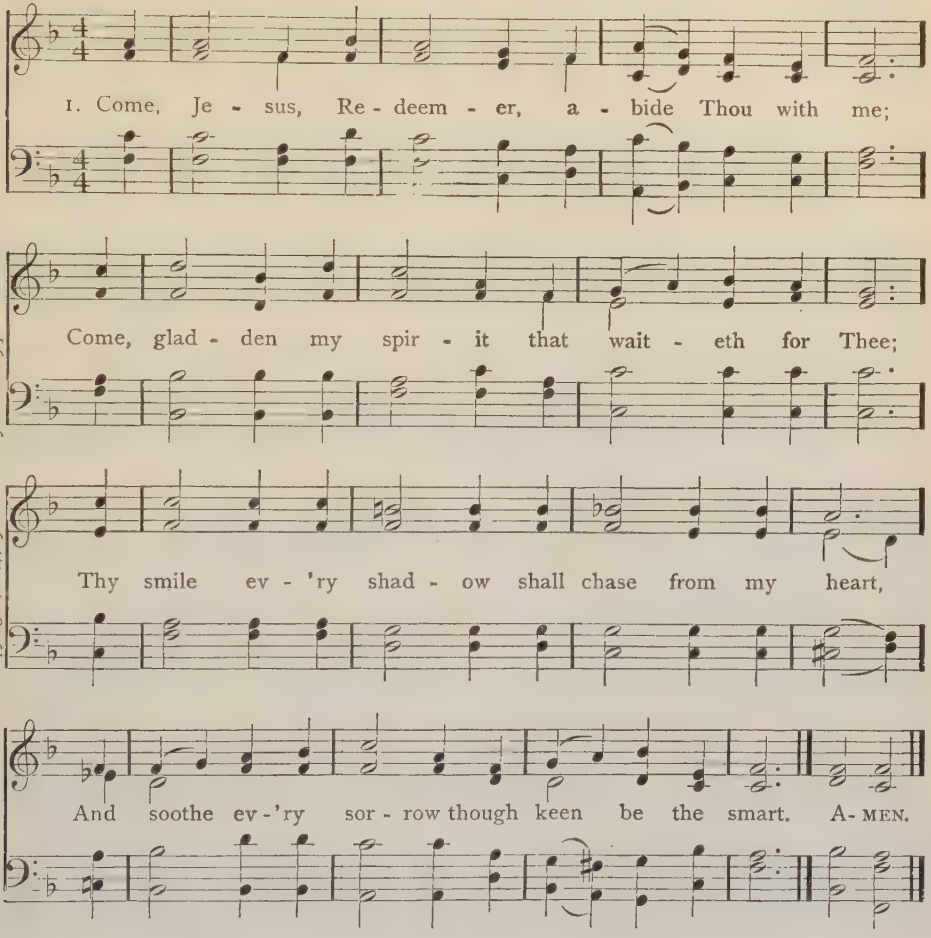
4 Again He comes, from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace.
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters; condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come,
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace;
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Emma Campbell

275 COME, JESUS, REDEEMER 11 11 11 11

S. M. Bixby, 1894


1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, a - bide Thou with me;
Come, glad - den my spir - it that wait - eth for Thee;
Thy smile ev - 'ry shad - ow shall chase from my heart,
And soothe ev - 'ry sor - row though keen be the smart. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1894, by S. M. Bixby. Used by permission

2 Without Thee but weakness, with Thee I am strong;
By day Thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since Thou, the most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

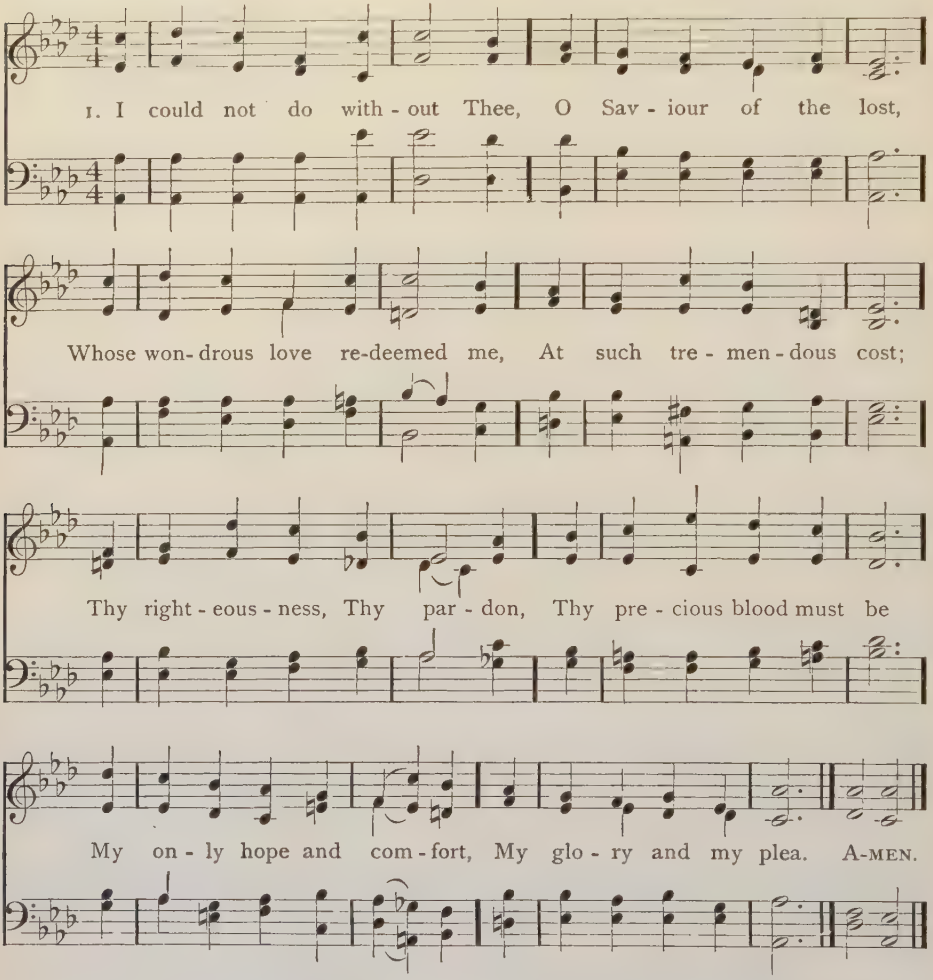
3 Thy love, O how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!
That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm;
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, Thy peace;
From restless, vain wishes, bid Thou my heart cease:
In Thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till, glad, to Thy presence my soul shall ascend.

Ray Palmer, 1864

276 WESTWOOD 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

R. H. McCartney


1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
Whose won - drous love re-deemed me, At such tre - men - dous cost;
Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy pre - cious blood must be
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea. A-MEN.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own:
But Thou, belovèd Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on Thee.

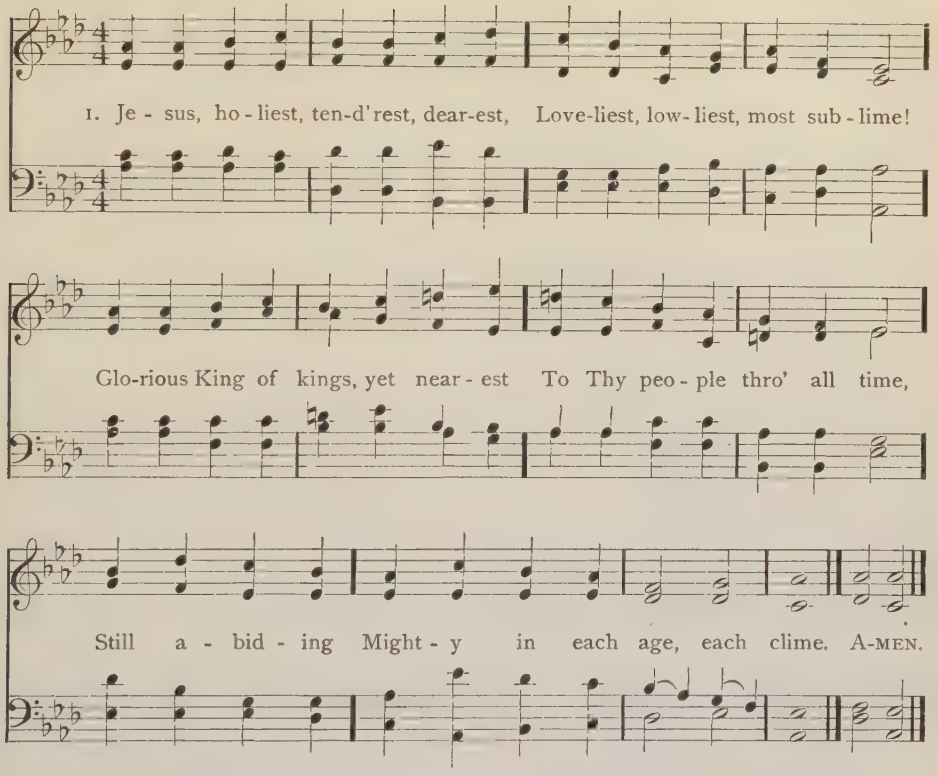
3 I could not do without Thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but Thine.

4 I could not do without Thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But Thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

277 HEBER 8 7 8 7 4 7

Edward J. Hopkins


1. Je - sus, ho - liest, ten-d'rest, dear-est, Love-liest, low - liest, most sub - lime!
Glo-rious King of kings, yet near - est To Thy peo - ple thro' all time,
Still a - bid - ing Might - y in each age, each clime. A-MEN.

2 Change, so potent through the ages,
Hath put forth no power on Thee;
Sages have supplanted sages,
Thrones have been and ceased to be:
Still Thou teachest,
Still abides Thy sovereignty.

3 Ages pass, but Thou maintainest
Thy sweet sway, Lord Jesus, now;
Freedom grows, but still Thou reignest;
Light spreads 'round, still shinest Thou.
Souls most lofty
To Thy gracious sceptre bow.

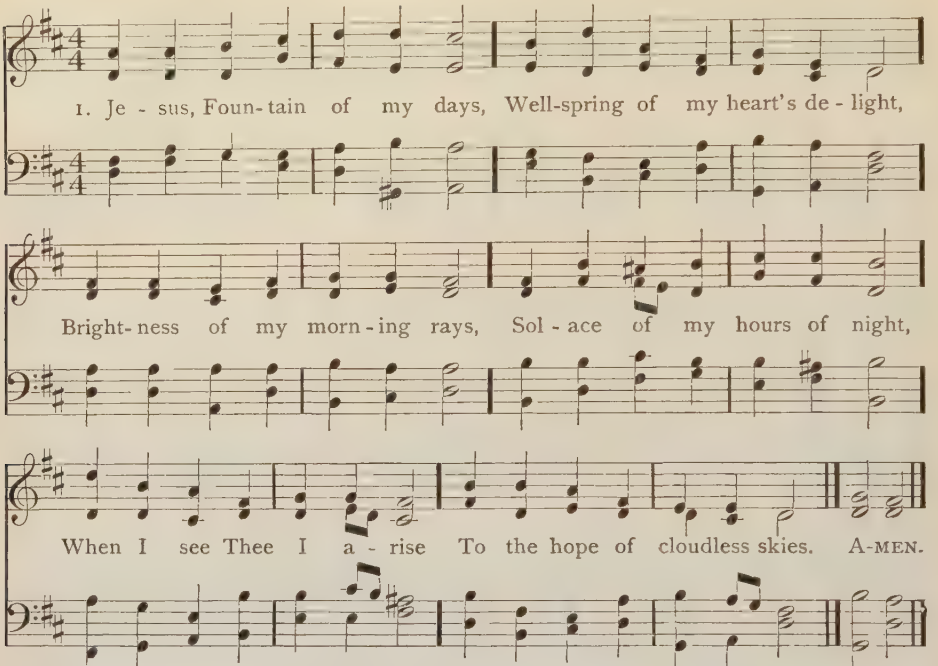
4 Never was our Helper nearer
In the strife with sin and wrong;
Never was our Brother dearer,
Never was our King more strong;
Never held'st Thou
Fuller sway o'er life and song.

5 Still the same, but more victorious,
With a wider, deeper sway;
Lord than yesterday more glorious,
King more mighty than to-day;
Thus for ever!
More our life, our strength, our stay!

Thomas H. Gill

278 RATISBON 7 7 7 7 7 7

J. Crüger (Psalmodia Sacra,) 1658


1. Je - sus, Foun-tain of my days, Well-spring of my heart's de - light,
Bright-ness of my morn-ing rays, Sol - ace of my hours of night,
When I see Thee I a - rise To the hope of cloudless skies. A-MEN.

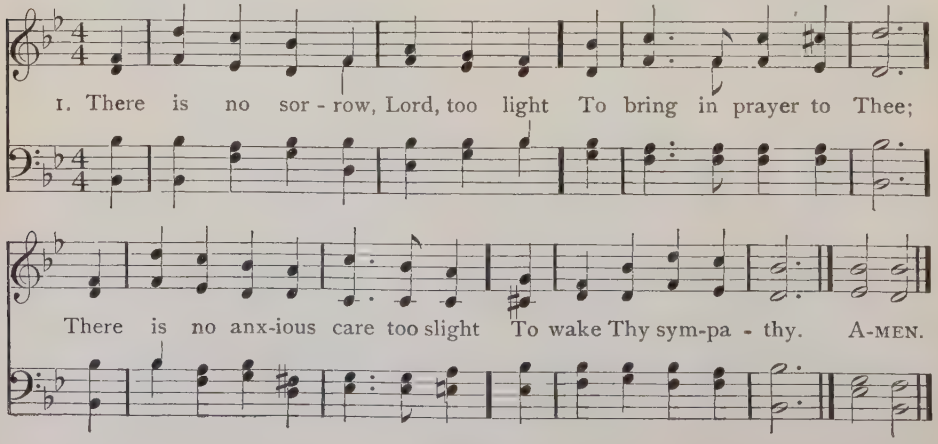
2 Lord, Thy presence on the deep
Calms the pulses of the sea,
And the waters sink to sleep
In the rest of seeing Thee,
And my oft rebellious will
Hears the mandate, "Peace, be still!"

3 Now Thy will and mine are one,
Heart in heart and hand in hand;
All the clouds have touched the sun,
All the ships have reached the land;
For Thy love has said to me,
"No more night!" and "No more sea!"

George Matheson, 1890

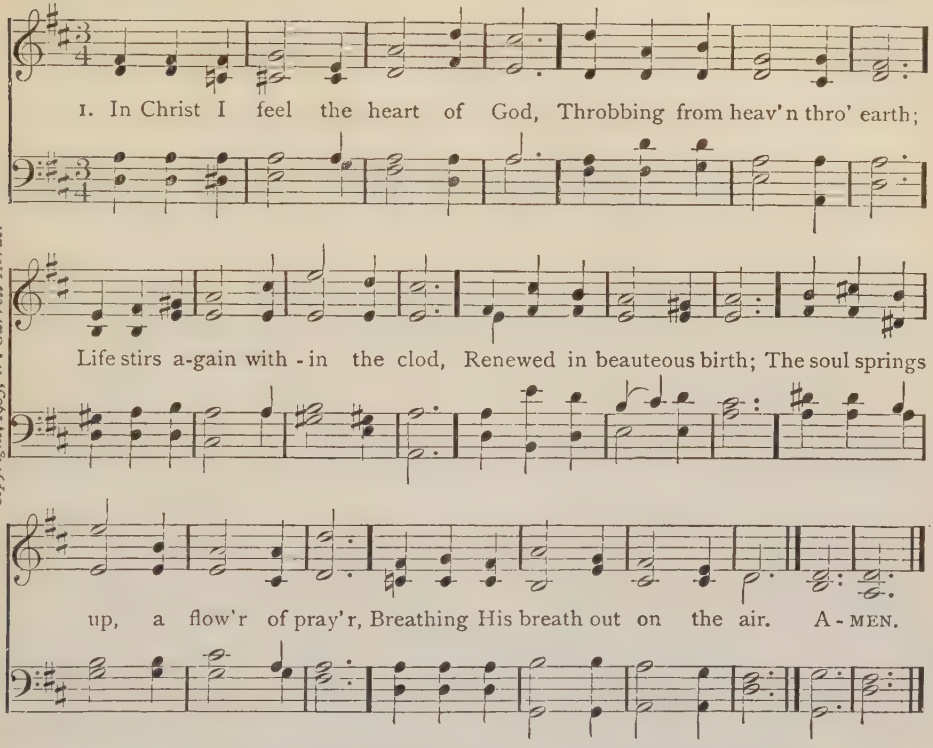
279 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Arr. fr. Thomas Hastings



280 HARVARD 8 6 8 6 8 8

Arthur Berridge


1. In Christ I feel the heart of God, Throbbing from heav'n thro' earth;
Life stirs a-gain with-in the clod, Renewed in beauteous birth; The soul springs
up, a flow'r of pray'r, Breathing His breath out on the air. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1905, W. Garrett Horder

2 In Christ I touch the hand of God,
From His pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like His.

3 Holding His hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death His smile falls sweet,
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where He leadeth me.

4 Not my Christ only; He is ours:
Humanity's close bond;
Key to its vast, unopened powers,
Dream of our dreams beyond.
What yet we shall be none can tell;
Now are we His, and all is well.

Lucy Larcom

(HOLY CROSS)

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress,
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

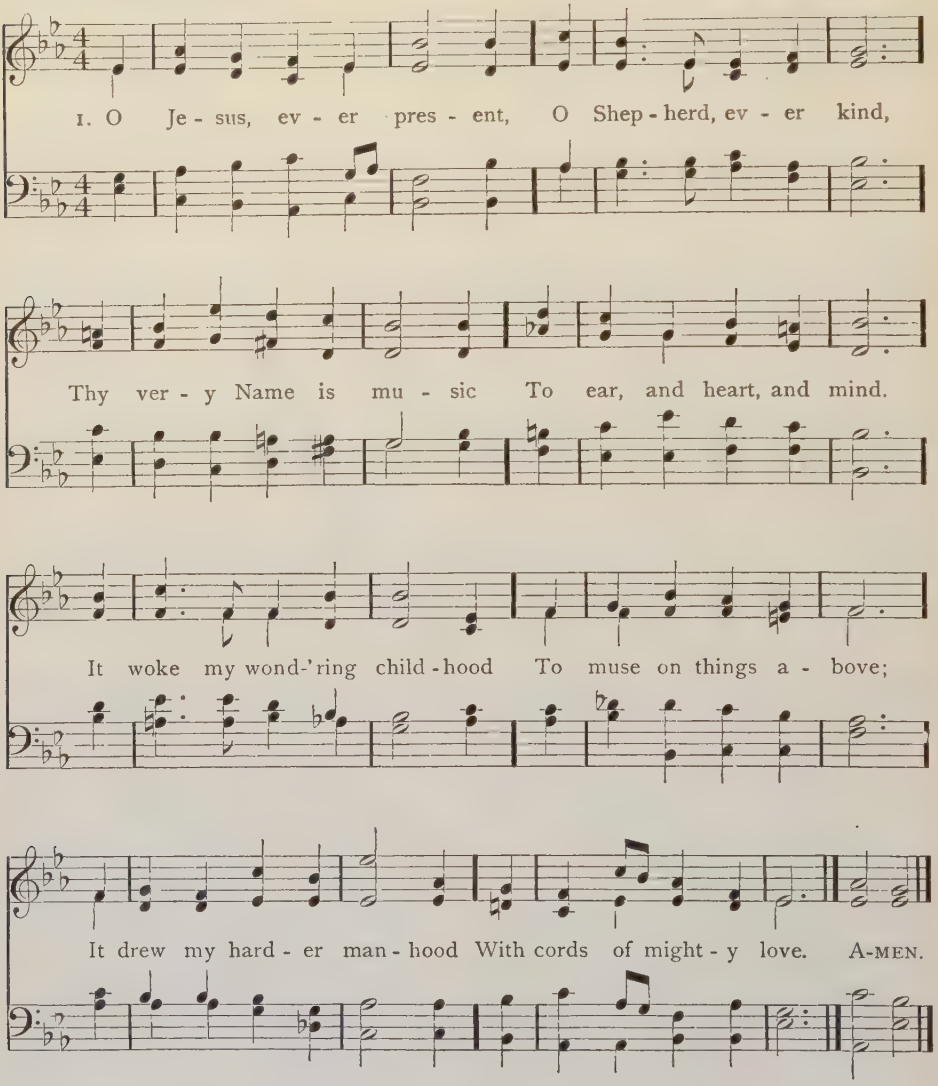
3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would over flow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson, 1860

281 MAGDALENA 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

John Stainer, 1875


1. O Je - sus, ev - er pres - ent, O Shep - herd, ev - er kind,
Thy ver - y Name is mu - sic To ear, and heart, and mind.
It woke my wond-'ring child - hood To muse on things a - bove;
It drew my hard - er man - hood With cords of might - y love. A-MEN.

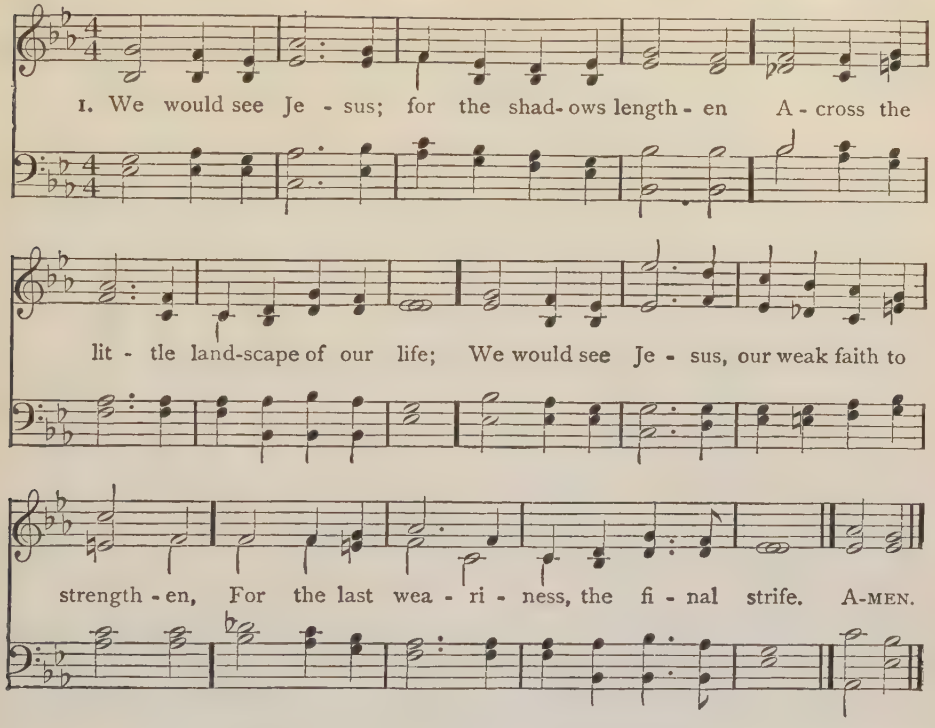
2 How oft to sure destruction
My feet had gone astray,
Wert Thou not, patient Shepherd,
The Guardian of my way.
How oft in darkness fallen,
And wounded sore by sin,
Thy hand has gently raised me,
And healing balm poured in.

3 O Shepherd good, I follow,
Wherever Thou wilt lead;
No matter where the pasture
With Thee at hand to feed.
Thy voice, in life so mighty,
In death shall make me bold;
O bring my ransomed spirit
To Thine eternal fold.

Lawrence Tuttiett

282 FELIX 11 10 11 10

Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn


1. We would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length - en A - cross the
lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to
strength - en, For the last wea - ri - ness, the fi - nal strife. A-MEN.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.

3 We would see Jesus; other lights are paling,
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.

4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.

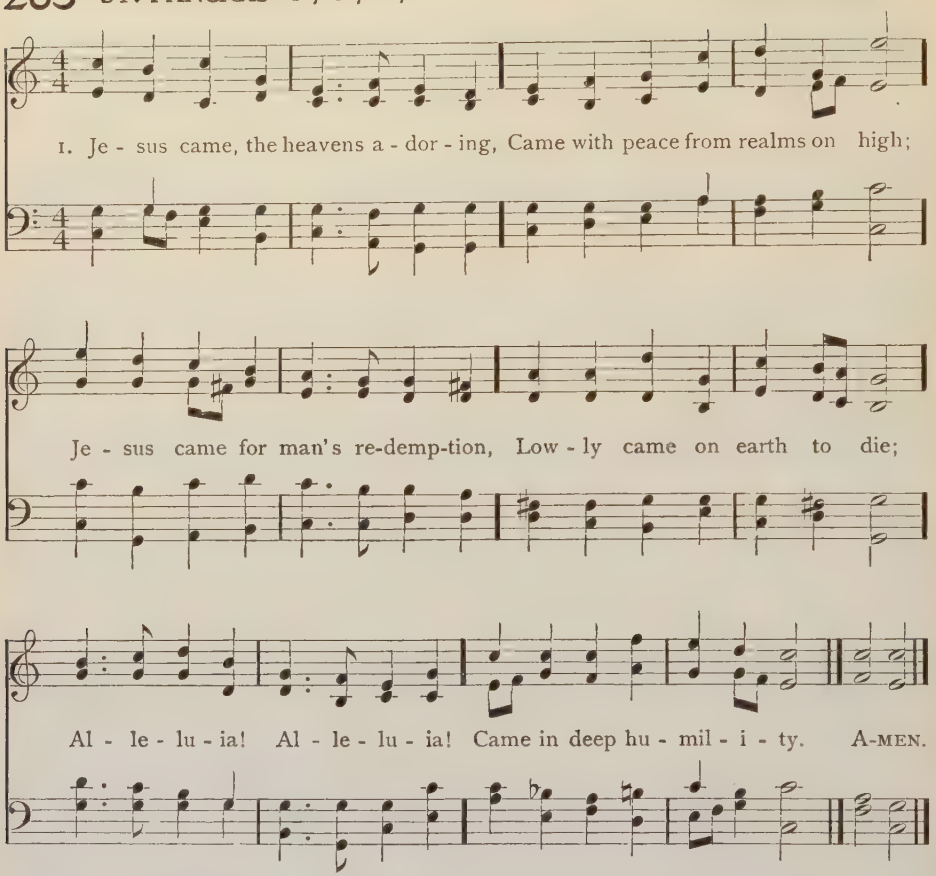
5 We would see Jesus; sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

6 We would see Jesus; this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight,
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Anna B. Warner, 1858

283 ST. PANCRAS 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart


1. Je - sus came, the heavens a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;
Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A-MEN.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to souls rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Lifting up our souls to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

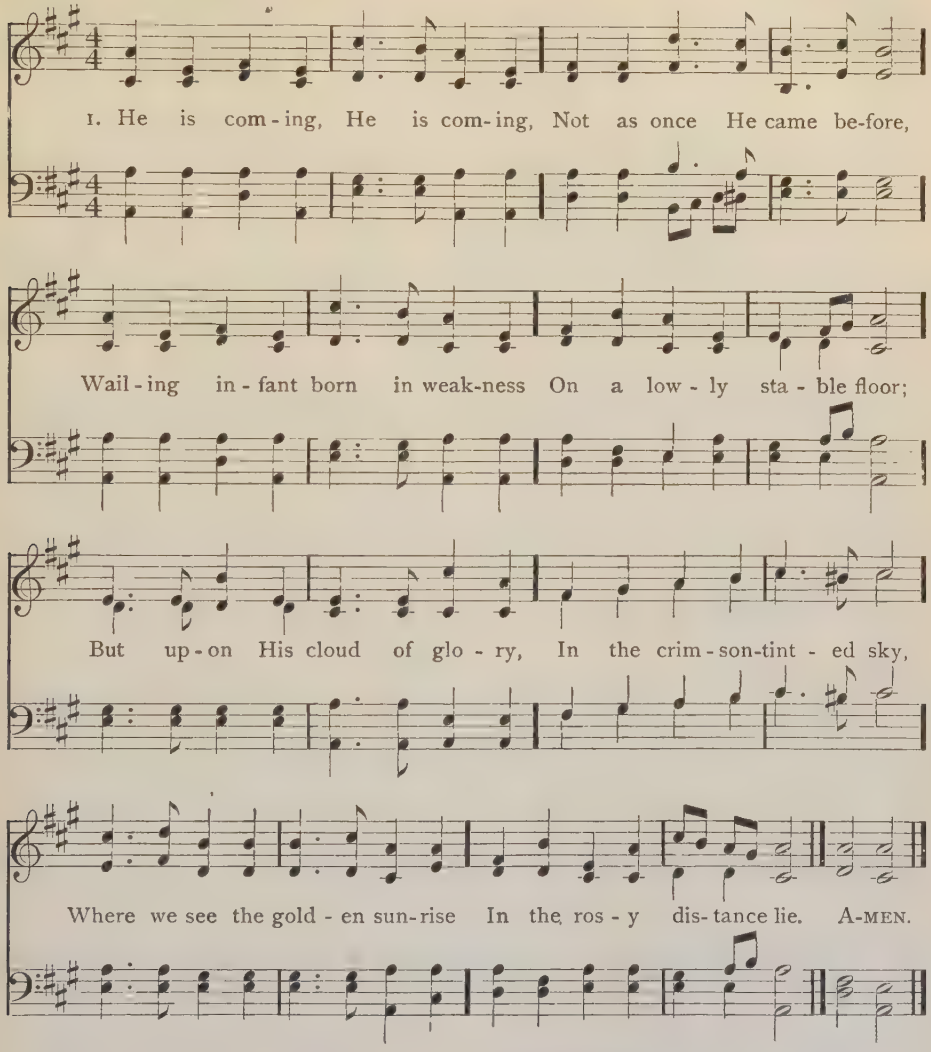
4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay;
Alleluia! ever singing
Till the dawn of endless day.

Godfrey Thring

284 CONQUEROR 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry F. Hemy


1. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, Not as once He came be-fore,
Wail-ing in-fant born in weak-ness On a low-ly sta-ble floor;
But up-on His cloud of glo-ry, In the crim-son-tint-ed sky,
Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ros-y dis-tance lie. A-MEN.

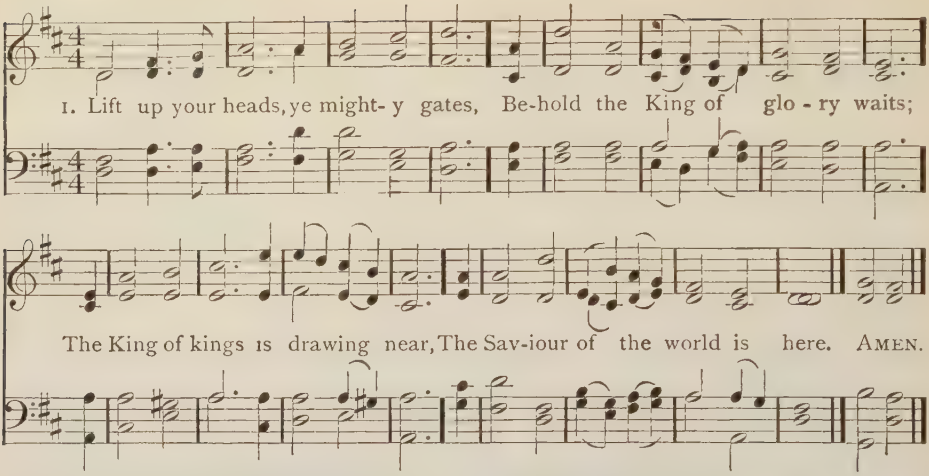
2 He is coming, He is coming,
Not as once He wandered through
All the hostile land of Judah,
With His followers poor and few;
But with all the holy angels
Waiting 'round His judgment-seat,
And the chosen twelve Apostles
Sitting crowned at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,
Let His lowly first estate,
And His tender love, so teach us
That in faith and hope we wait,
Till in glory eastward burning,
Our redemption draweth near,
And we see the sign in heaven
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848, ab.

285 TRURO L. M.

Charles Burney


1. Lift up your heads, ye might- y gates, Be-hold the King of glo - ry waits;
The King of kings is drawing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here. AMEN.

2 O blest the land, the city blest,
Where Christ the Ruler is confest;
O happy hearts and happy homes
To whom this King of triumph comes.

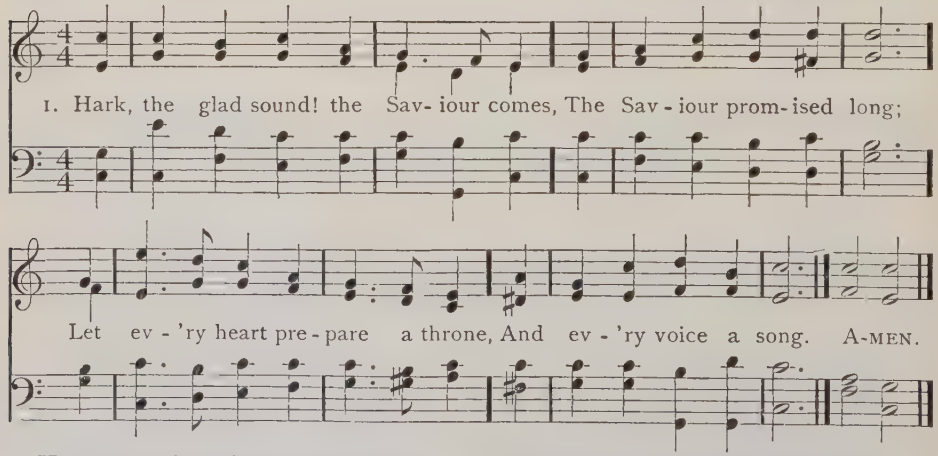
3 Fling wide the portals of your heart;
Make it a temple, set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer and love and joy.

4 So come, my Sovereign; enter in,
Let new and nobler life begin;
The Holy Spirit, guide us on
Until the glorious crown be won.

George Weissel, 1635 Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1855

286 ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

Frederick George Baker


1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sav- iour comes, The Sav - iour prom-ised long;
Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare a throne, And ev - 'ry voice a song. A-MEN.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

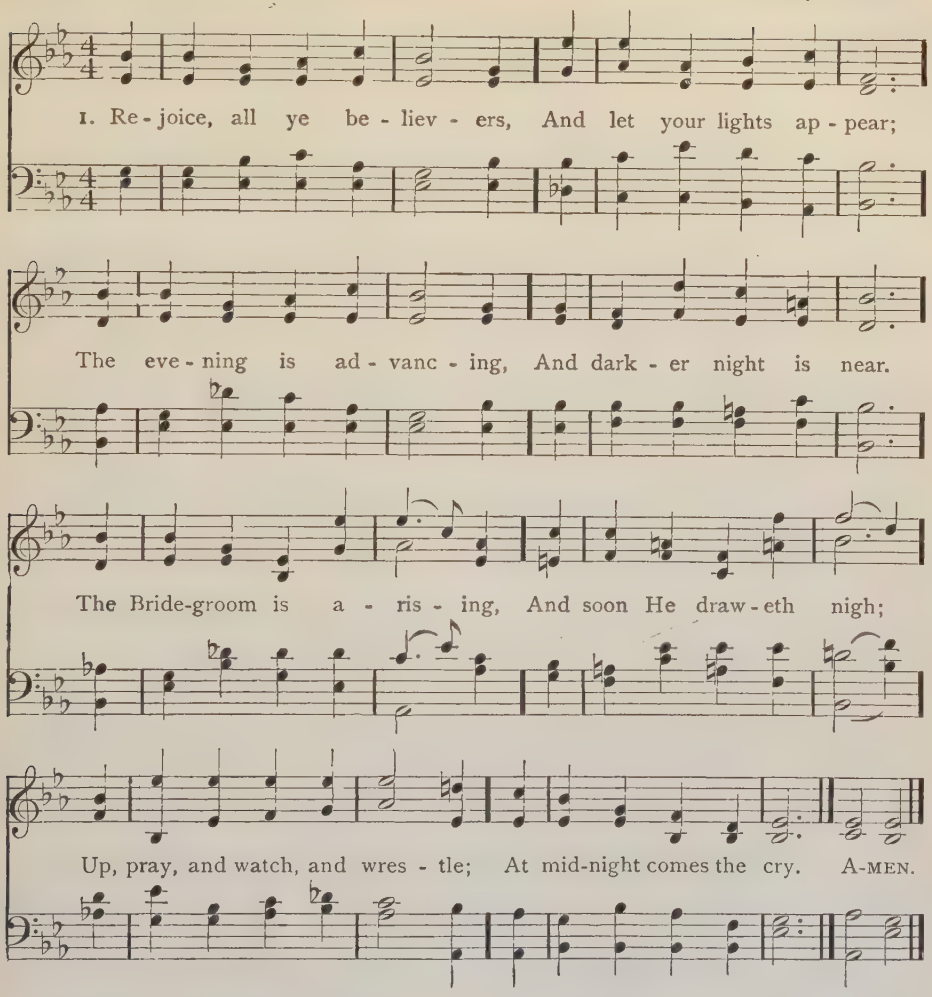
3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

Philip Doddridge

287 LANCASHIRE 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Henry Smart


1. Re - joice, all ye be - liev - ers, And let your lights ap - pear;
The eve - ning is ad - vanc - ing, And dark - er night is near.
The Bride-groom is a - ris - ing, And soon He draw - eth nigh;
Up, pray, and watch, and wres - tle; At mid-night comes the cry. A-MEN.

2 See that your lamps are burning;
Replenish them with oil;
And wait for your salvation,
The end of earthly toil.
The watchers on the mountain
Proclaim the Bridegroom near,
Go meet Him as He cometh,
With Alleluias clear.

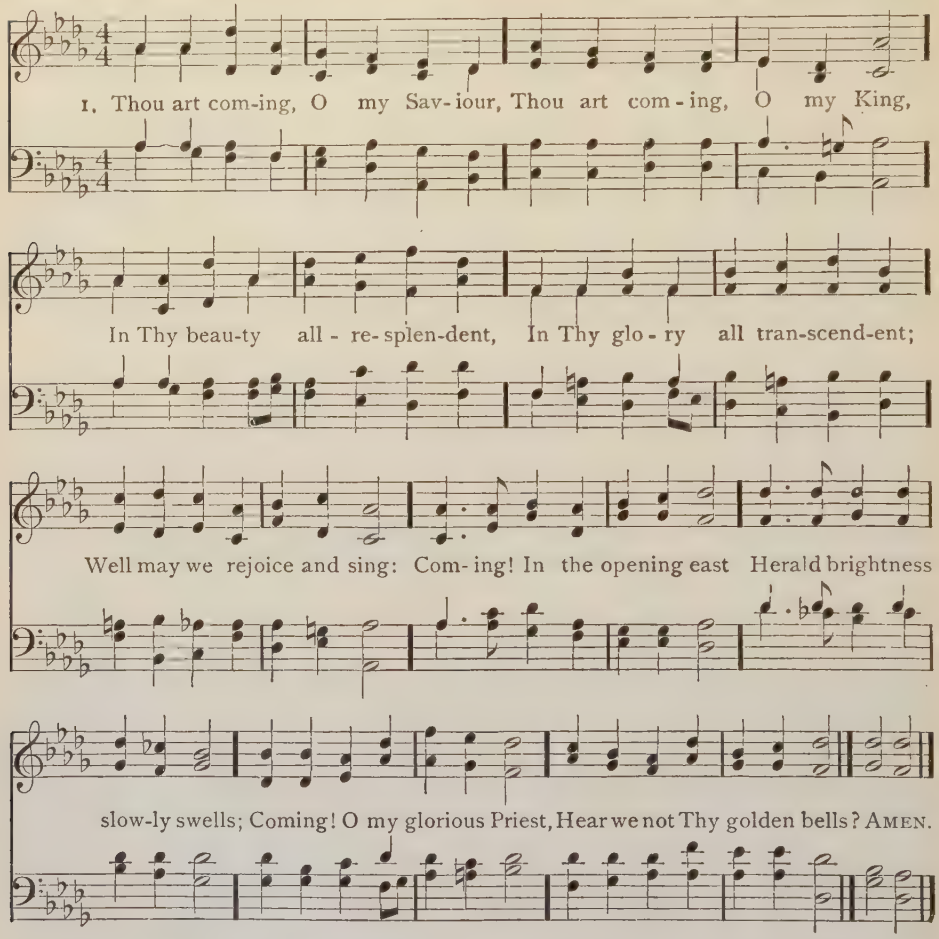
3 Ye saints, who here in patience
Your cross and sufferings bore,
Shall live and reign forever
When sorrow is no more.
Around the Throne of glory,
The Lamb ye shall behold,
In triumph cast before Him
Your diadems of gold.

4 Our Hope and Expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, Thou Sun, so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere.
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
That brings us unto Thee.

Sarah Borthwick Findlater

288 ADVENT 8 7 8 8 7 7 7 7

William Henry Monk, 1875


1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing, O my King,
In Thy beau-ty all-re-splen-dent, In Thy glo-ry all tran-scend-ent;
Well may we rejoice and sing: Com-ing! In the opening east Herald brightness
slow-ly swells; Coming! O my glorious Priest, Hear we not Thy golden bells? AMEN.

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say;
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

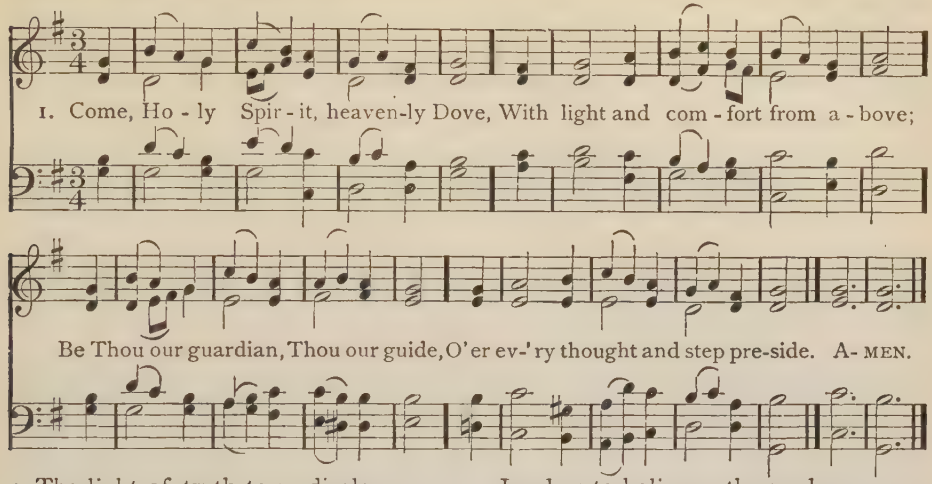
3 Thou art coming; we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

4 O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own belovèd Lord;
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honor, glory, blessing
Brought to Thee with one accord;
Thee, my Master, and my Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
Glorified, adored, and owned.

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

289 INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
Be Thou our guardian, Thou our guide, O'er ev-'ry thought and step pre-side. A- MEN.

2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

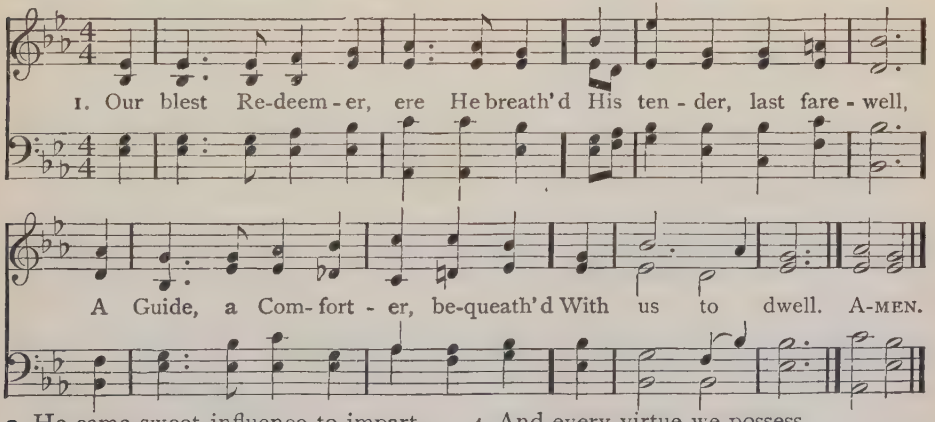
3 Lead us to Christ, the Living Way,
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to heaven that we may share
Fullness of joy for ever there;
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest.

Simon Browne, alt.

290 ST. CUTHBERT 8 6 8 4

John Bacchus Dykes



2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

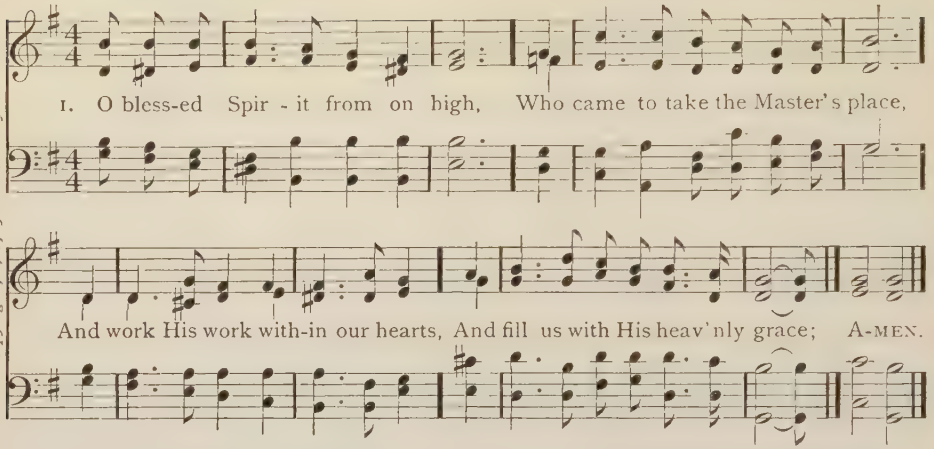
4 And every virtue we possess,
And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber

291 PETITIO L. M.

William Washburn Sleeper, 1912


1. O bless-ed Spir - it from on high, Who came to take the Master's place,
And work His work with-in our hearts, And fill us with His heav'nly grace; A-MEN.

Copyright, 1912, by The Century Co.

2 Leave us no longer comfortless,
But ever in our spirits dwell,
The Father's presence to reveal,
The Saviour's gracious love to tell.

3 Bring all His teachings to our minds,
And guide us into all His truth,
Take of His own, and show to us
The secret of immortal youth.

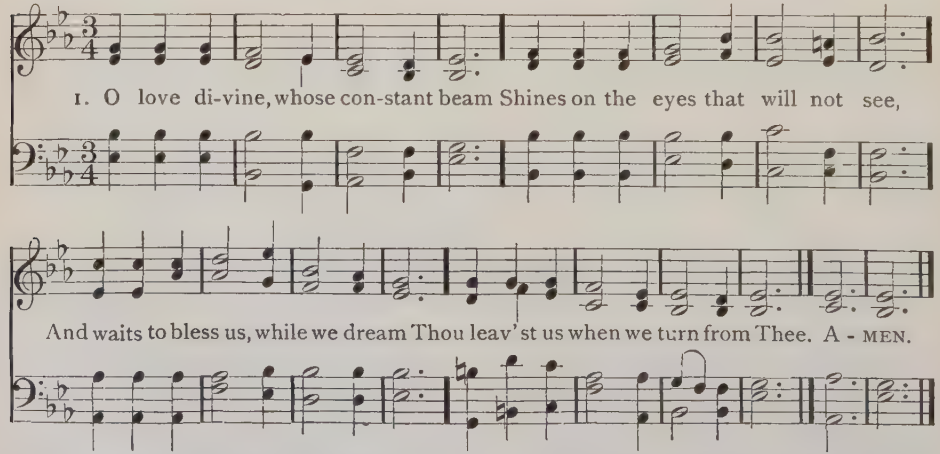
4 Convince of sin and righteousness,
Of judgment, and the life to be,
That by the cleansing power of grace
Our souls from evil may be free.

5 Perfect in us Christ's holy joy,
Endue us with His promised power,
That we may live as He would live,
Until life's glad and final hour.

Dwight Mallory Pratt, 1912

292 SAXBY L. M.

Timothy R. Matthews

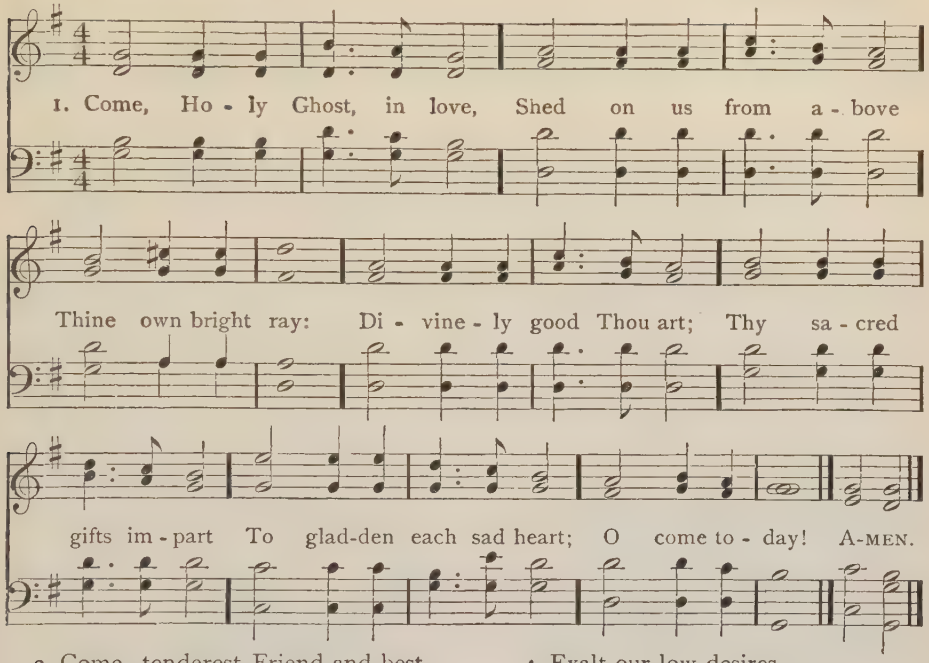

1. O love di-vine, whose con-stant beam Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us, while we dream Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee. A - MEN.

2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, Thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

3 Nor bonds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favors fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

293 NEW HAVEN 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Thomas Hastings


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred
gifts im - part To glad-den each sad heart; O come to - day! A-MEN.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light, serene and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but Thine,
Send forth Thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all who Christ confess,
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

Latin (13th Cent.) Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858

(SAXBY)

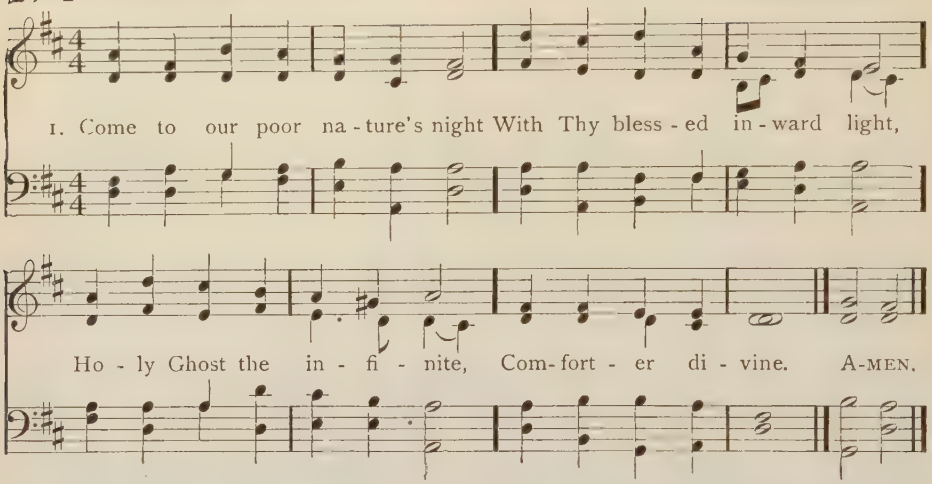
4 Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The law of love beyond all law,
The life o'erflooding death and sin.

5 Shine, Light of God; make broad Thy scope,
To all who sin and suffer; more
And better than we dare to hope
Make with Thy love our longings poor.

John Greenleaf Whittier

294 CAPETOWN 7 7 7 5

Friedrich Filitz



2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;
Lost, until by Thee restored,
Comforter divine.

3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter divine.

4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

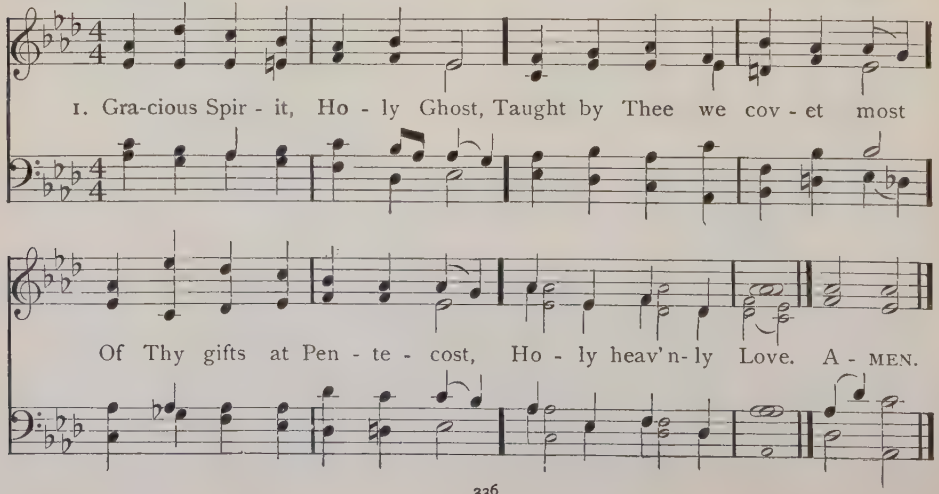
5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to Thy high abode,
Comforter divine.

George Rawson, 1853

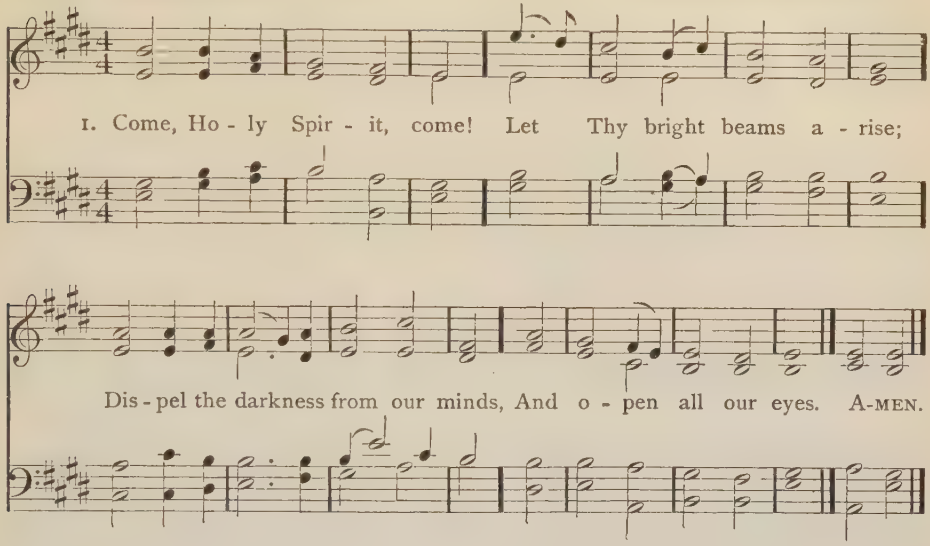
295 CHARITY 7 7 7 5

John Stainer, 1868



296 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

4 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

J. Hart, 1759 Alt. A. M. Toplady, 1776

(CHARITY)

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us Love.

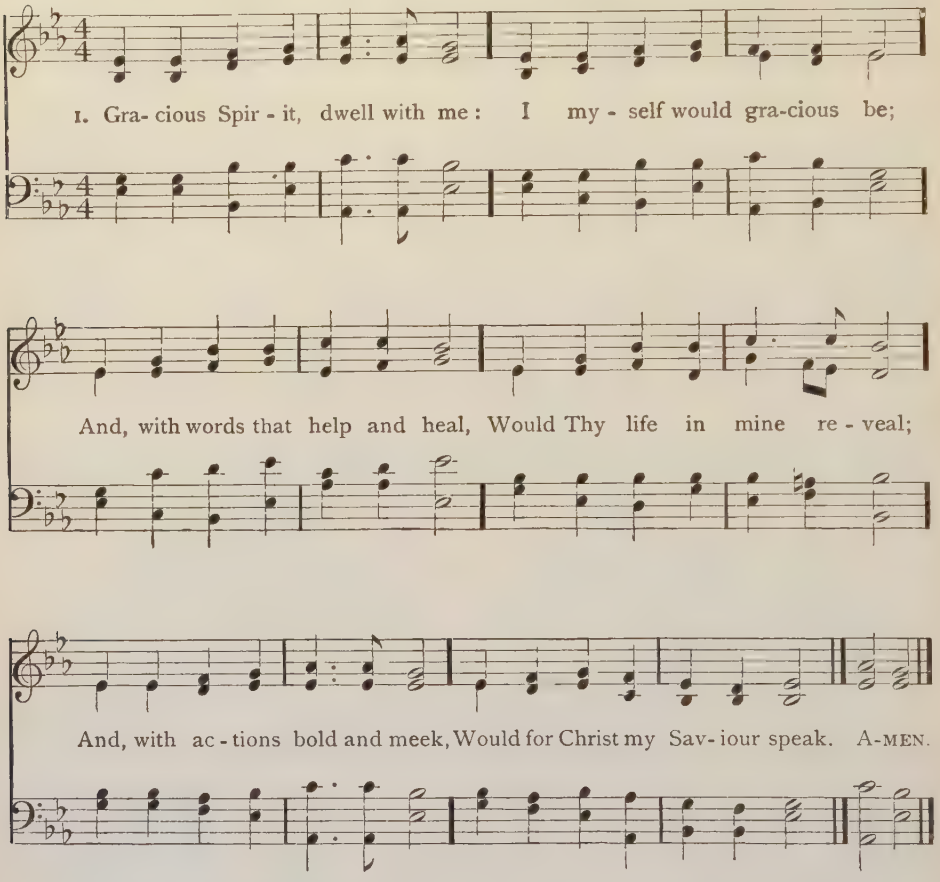
5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to Thee sing,
Holy heavenly Love.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

297 GETHSEMANE 7 7 7 7 7 7

Richard Redhead, 1853


1. Gra- cious Spir - it, dwell with me: I my - self would gra-cious be;
And, with words that help and heal, Would Thy life in mine re - veal;
And, with ac - tions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak. A-MEN.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity,

3 Silent Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

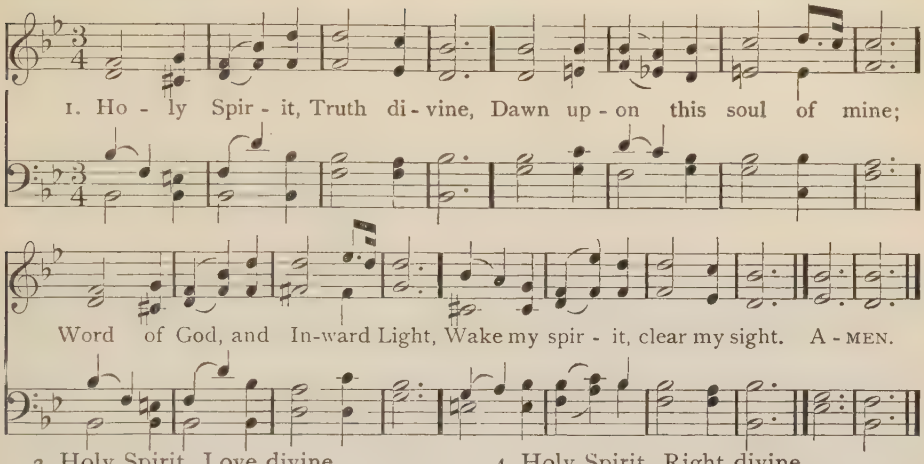
4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me:
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

298 LAST HOPE 7 7 7 7

Louis Gottschalk Arr. by Edwin P. Parker



2 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this soul of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in Thy pure fire;

3 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

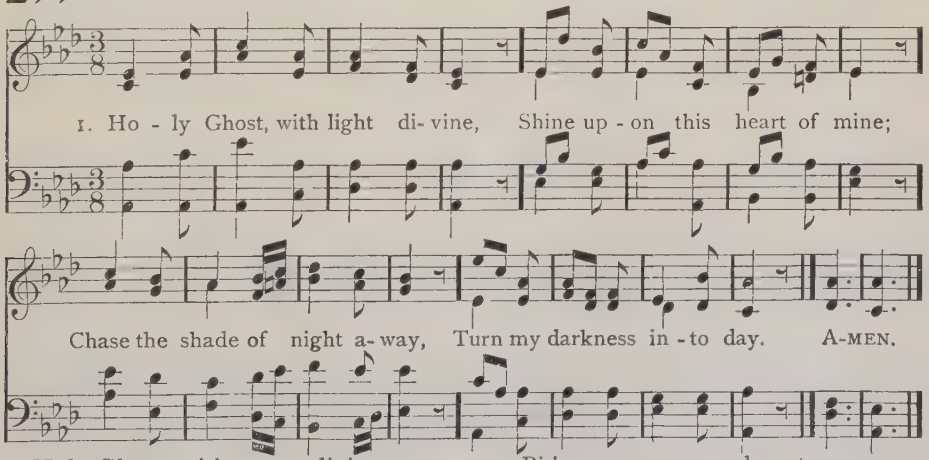
4 Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

5 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

299 HORTON 7 7 7 7

Xavier Schnyder



2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

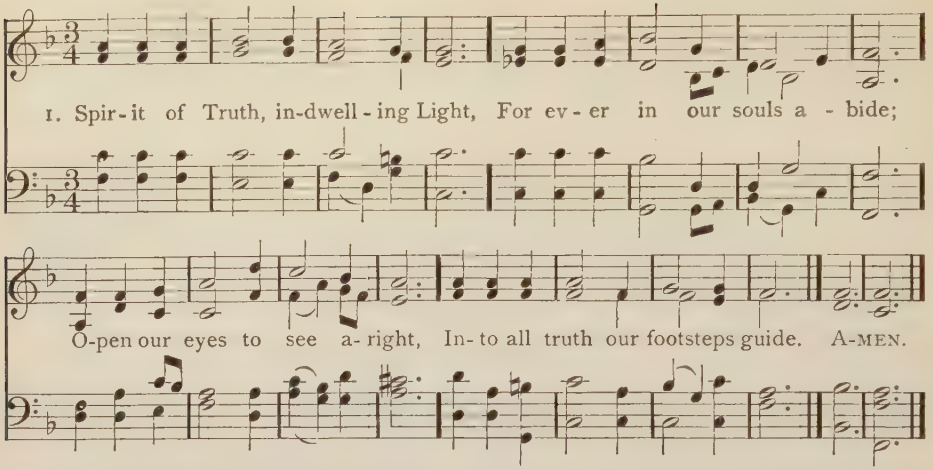
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine,
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1817

300 ILKLEY L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Spir-it of Truth, in-dwell-ing Light, For ev-er in our souls a-bide;
O-pen our eyes to see a-right, In-to all truth our footsteps guide. A-MEN.

2 Spirit of Comfort and of Love,
Come to our hearts with soothing spell;
Our troubled thoughts, our fears remove,
With us for ever deign to dwell.

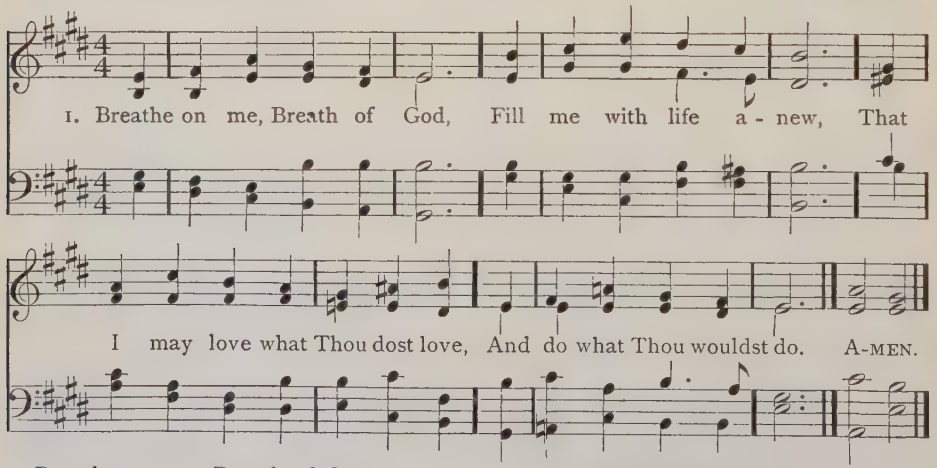
3 Sent from the Father by the Son,
Come forth, our Guide to Them to be,
For Thou, we know, with Them art One,
And we have Them in having Thee.

4 Peace that the world has not to give
Is theirs, who do the Saviour's will;
Help Thou us more to Him to live,
And with His peace our spirits fill.

John E. Bode

301 POTSDAM S. M.

John Sebastian Bach



2 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do, or to endure.

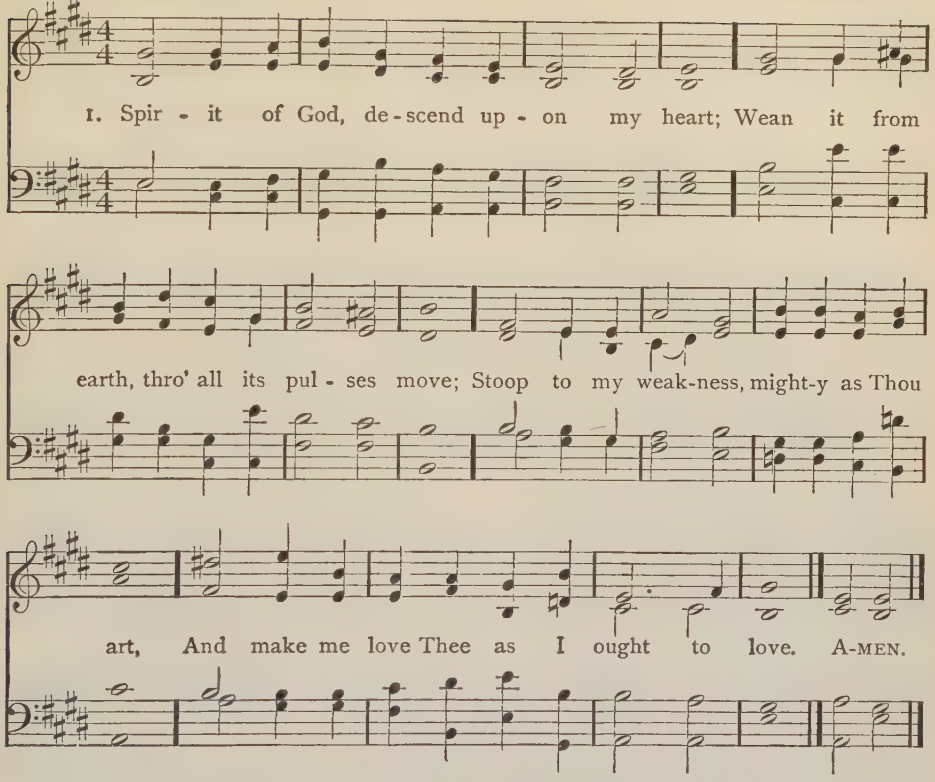
3 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

4 Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die;
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity.

Edwin Hatch

302 LONGWOOD 10 10 10 10

Joseph Barnby


1. Spir - it of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from
earth, thro' all its pul - ses move; Stoop to my weak-ness, might-y as Thou
art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A-MEN.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind,
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

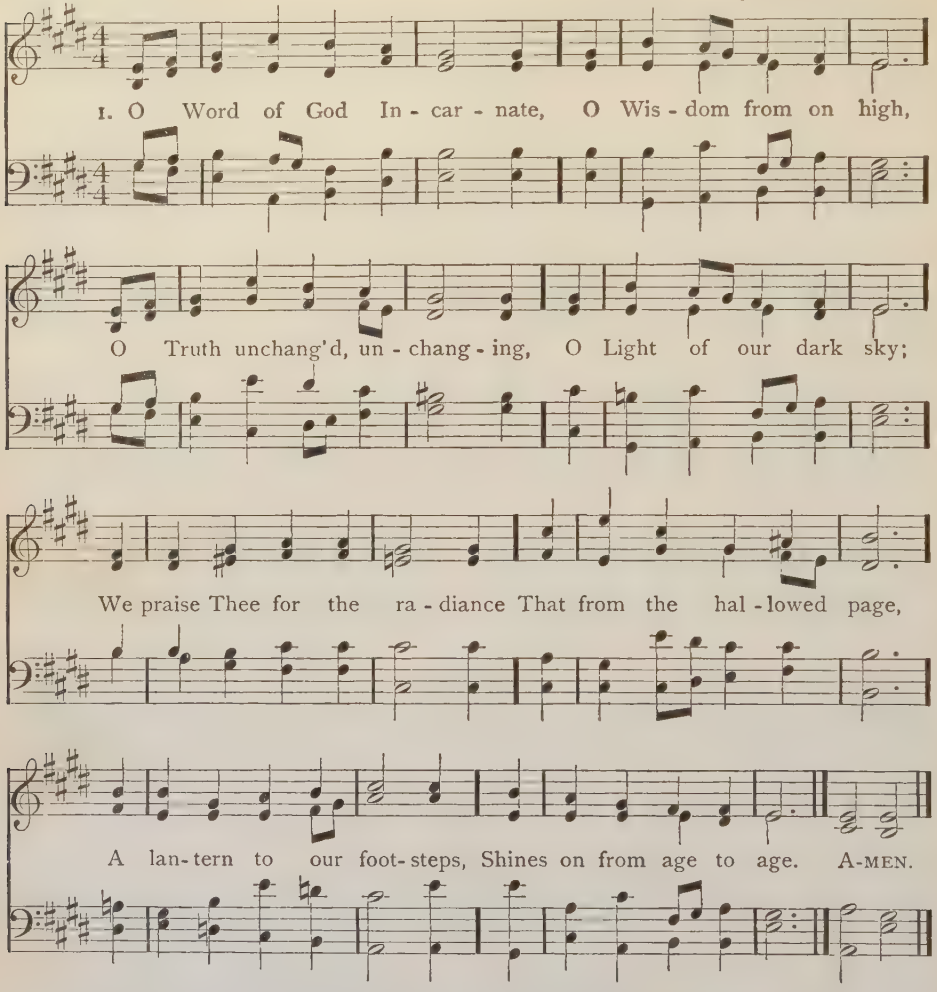
4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

George Croly, 1854

303 MUNICH 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Meiningisches Gesangbuch
Harmonized by Mendelssohn


1. O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
O Truth unchang'd, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A-MEN.

2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket,
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the Living Word.

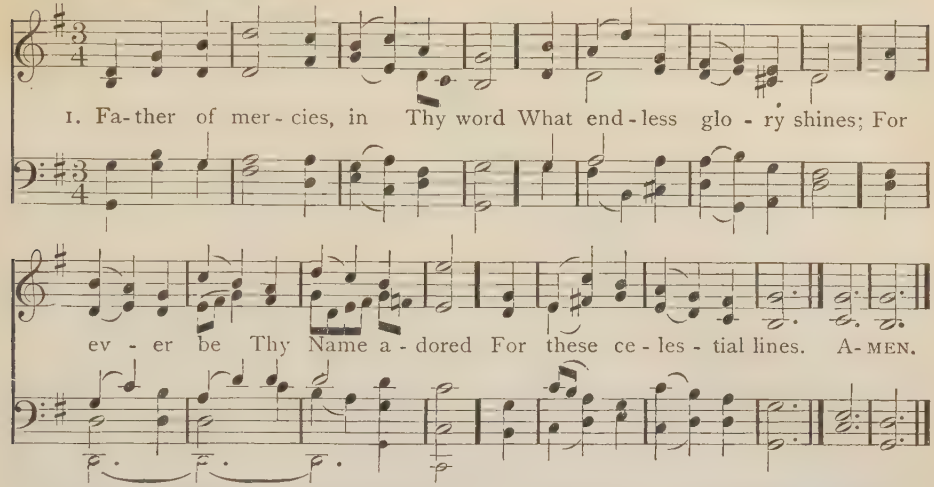
3 It floateth like a banner,
Before God's Host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass,
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see Thee face to face.

William Walsham How, 1867

304 CHESTERFIELD C. M.

Thomas Haweis



2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

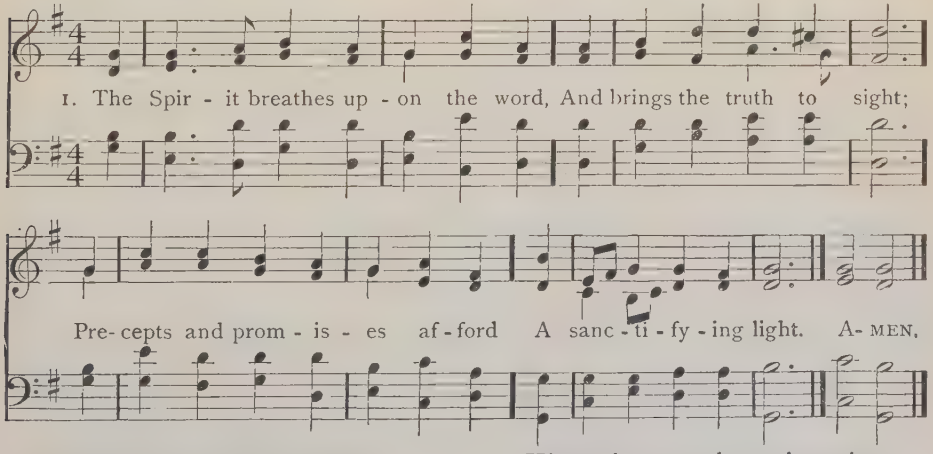
3 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760

305 FARRANT C. M.

Richard Farrant



2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

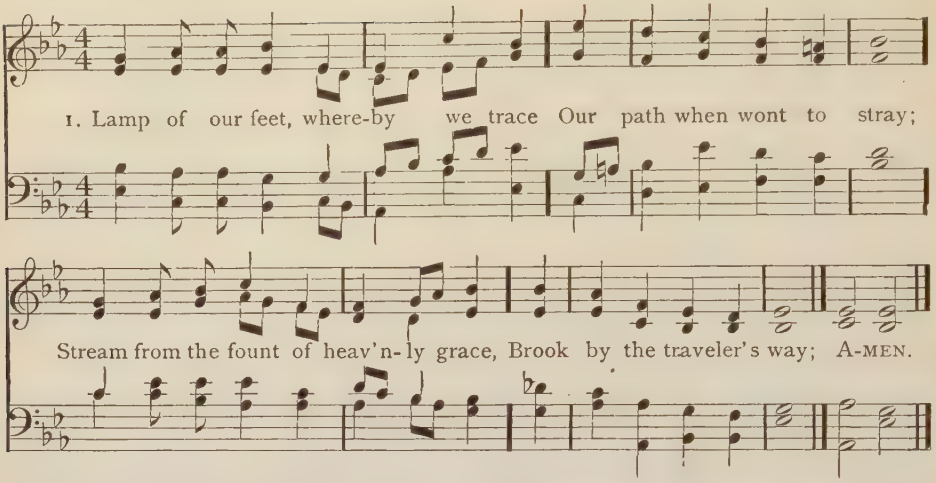
3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

William Cowper, 1770

306 ELVET C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the traveler's way; A-MEN.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,
The manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky;

3 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

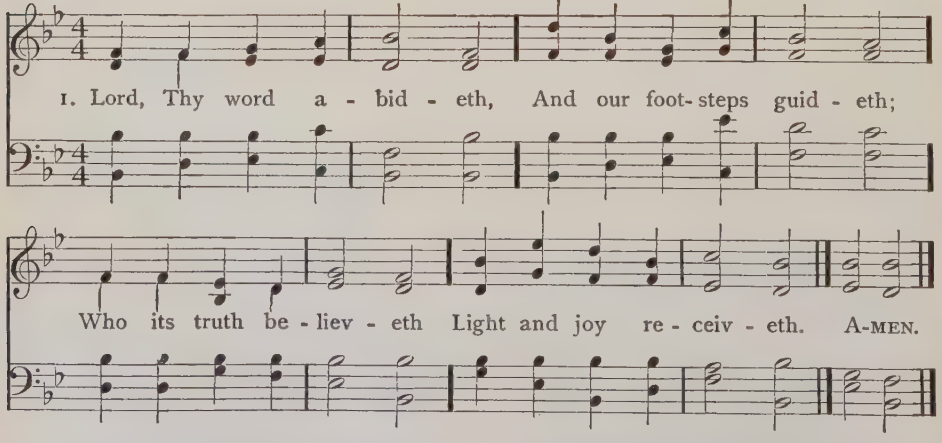
4 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth,
Thy volume must unseal.

5 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1836

307 ST. CYPRIAN 6 6 6 6

H. R. Chope, 1862

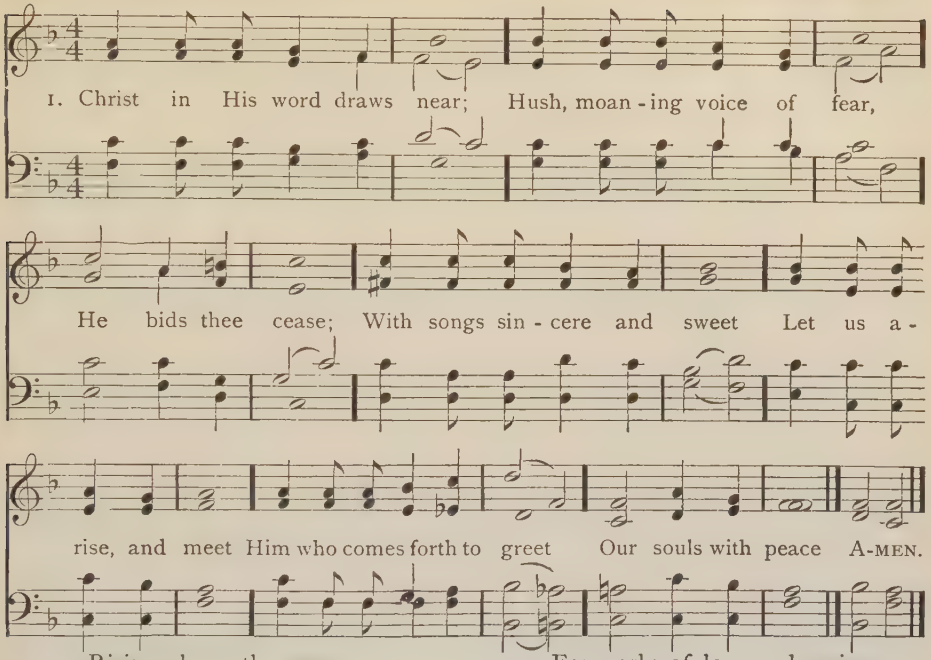


2 When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word will cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

308 KIRBY BEDON 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Edward Bunnett, 1887


1. Christ in His word draws near; Hush, moan-ing voice of fear,
He bids thee cease; With songs sin-cere and sweet Let us a-
rise, and meet Him who comes forth to greet Our souls with peace A-MEN.

2 Rising above thy care,
Meet Him as in the air,
O weary heart;
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as He comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art.

3 For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone,
Now He, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
Clad in His robes of love,
'Tis He, our Lord!
Dim earth itself grows clear
As His light draweth near;
O let us hush and hear
His holy word.

Thomas T. Lynch, 1855

(ST. CYPRIAN)

4 Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy Word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

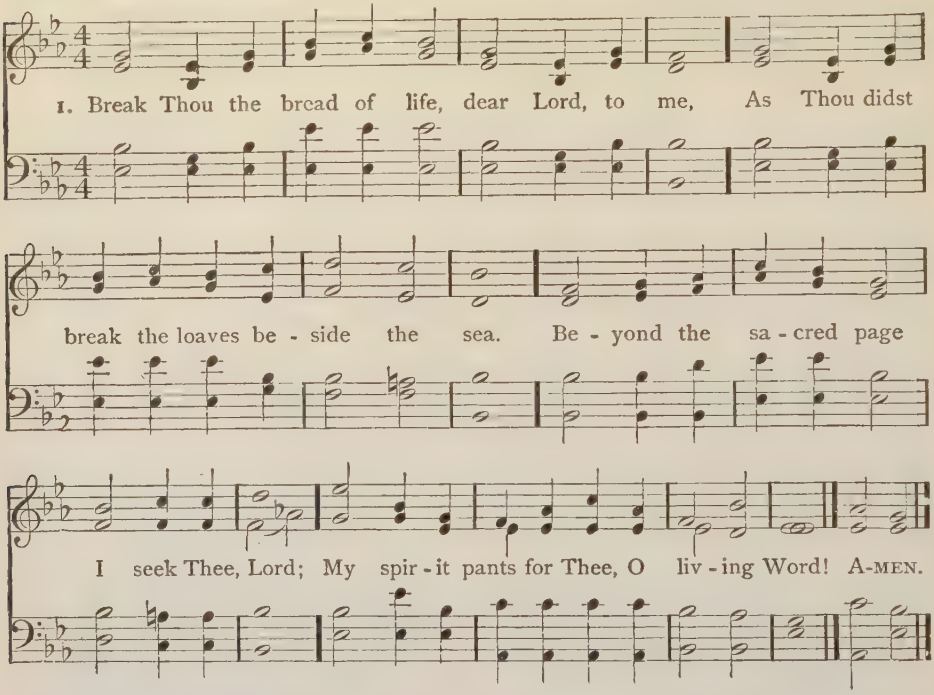
5 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying.

6 O that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee.

H. W. Baker, 1861

309 BREAD OF LIFE 10 10 10 10

William F. Sherwin, 1877

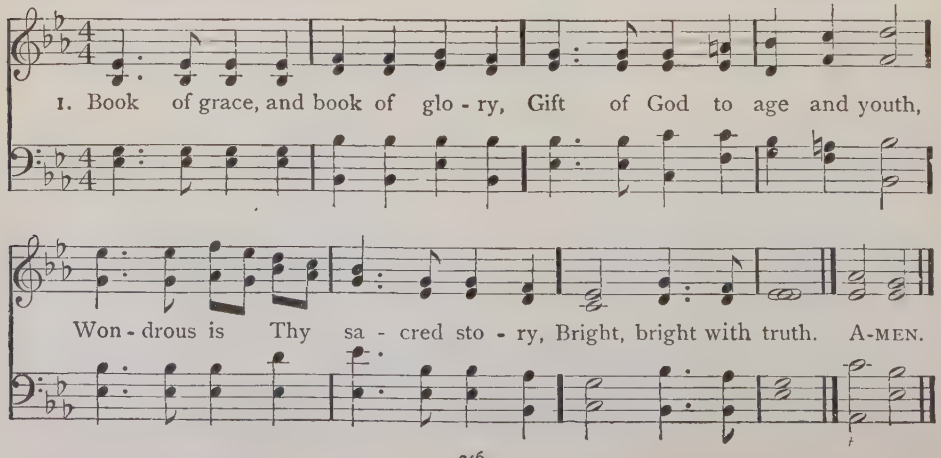

1. Break Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
break the loaves be - side the sea. Be - yond the sa - cred page
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! A-MEN.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

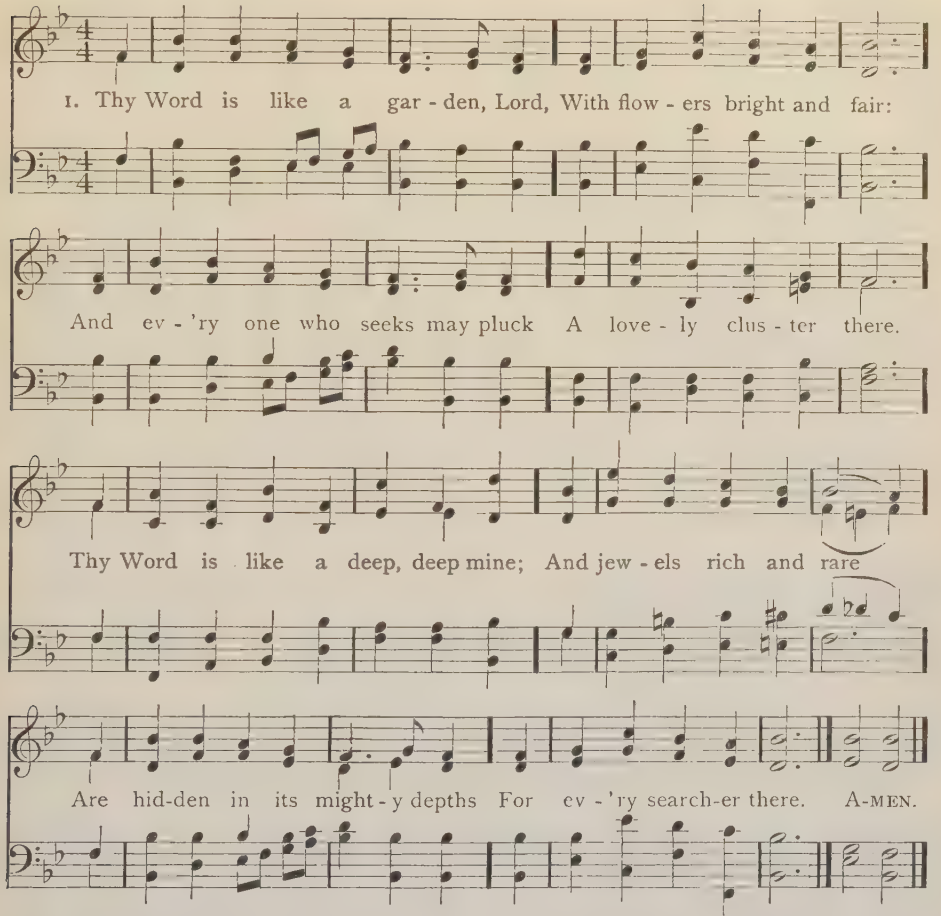
310 BOOK OF LIFE 8 7 8 4

Lowell Mason



311 SERAPH C. M. D.

Old Melody


1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair:
And ev - 'ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clus - ter there.
Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine; And jew - els rich and rare
Are hid-den in its might - y depths For ev - 'ry search-er there. A-MEN.

2 Thy Word is like a starry host;
A thousand rays of light
Are seen to guide the traveler
And make his pathway bright.
Thy Word is like an armory,
Where soldiers may repair,
And find for life's long battle-day
All needful weapons there.

3 O may I love Thy precious Word,
May I explore the mine,
May I its fragrant flowers glean,
May light upon me shine!
O may I find my armor there,
Thy Word my trusty sword;
I'll learn to fight with every foe
The battle of the Lord.

Thomas H. Gill

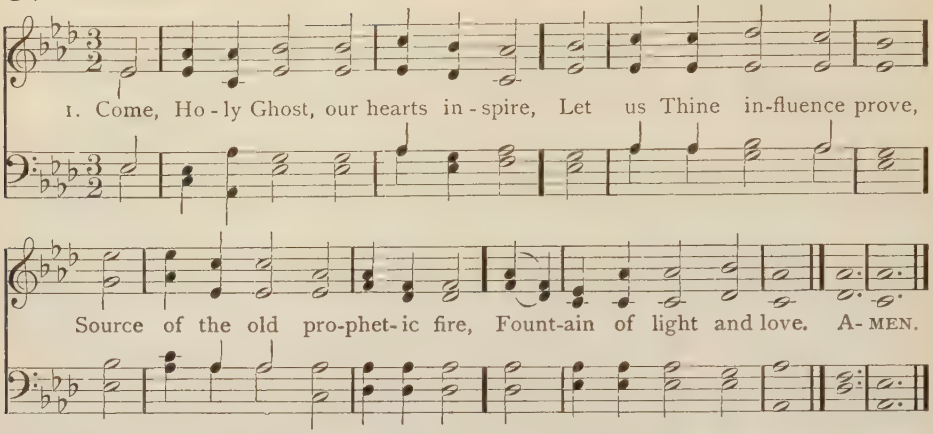
(BOOK OF LIFE)

2 Book of love! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to Thee.

3 Book of life! when we, reposing,
Bid farewell to friends we love,
Give us, for the life then closing,
Life, life above.

312 AZMON C. M.

Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, 1828, by Lowell Mason, 1839


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts in - spire, Let us Thine in-fluence prove,
Source of the old pro-phet-ic fire, Fount-ain of light and love. A- MEN.

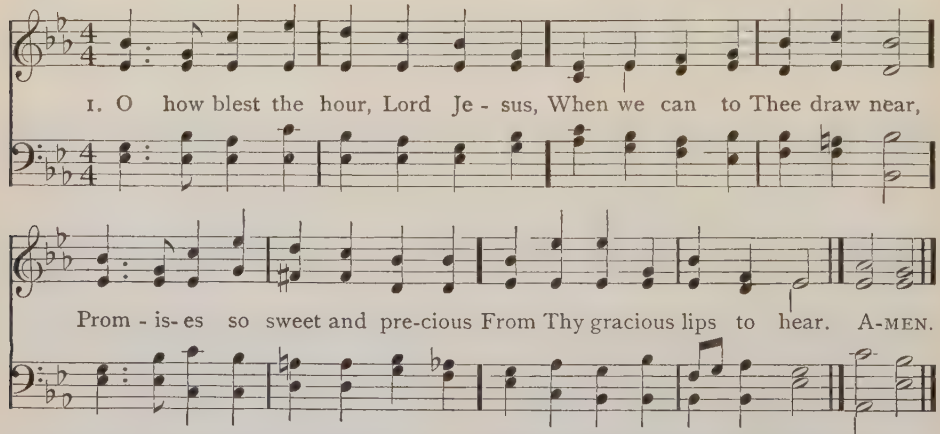
2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.

3 God, through Himself, we then shall know
If Thou within us shine,
And sound with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

Charles Wesley

313 ST. OSWALD 8 7 8 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1857


1. O how blest the hour, Lord Je - sus, When we can to Thee draw near,
Prom - is- es so sweet and pre-cious From Thy gracious lips to hear. A-MEN.

2 Be with us this day to bless us,
That we may not hear in vain;
With the saving truths impress us,
Which the words of life contain.

3 Open Thou our minds, and lead us
Safely on our heavenward way;
With the lamp of truth precede us,
That we may not go astray.

4 Make us gentle, meek, and humble,
And yet bold in doing right:
Scatter darkness, lest we stumble;
Men walk safely in the light.

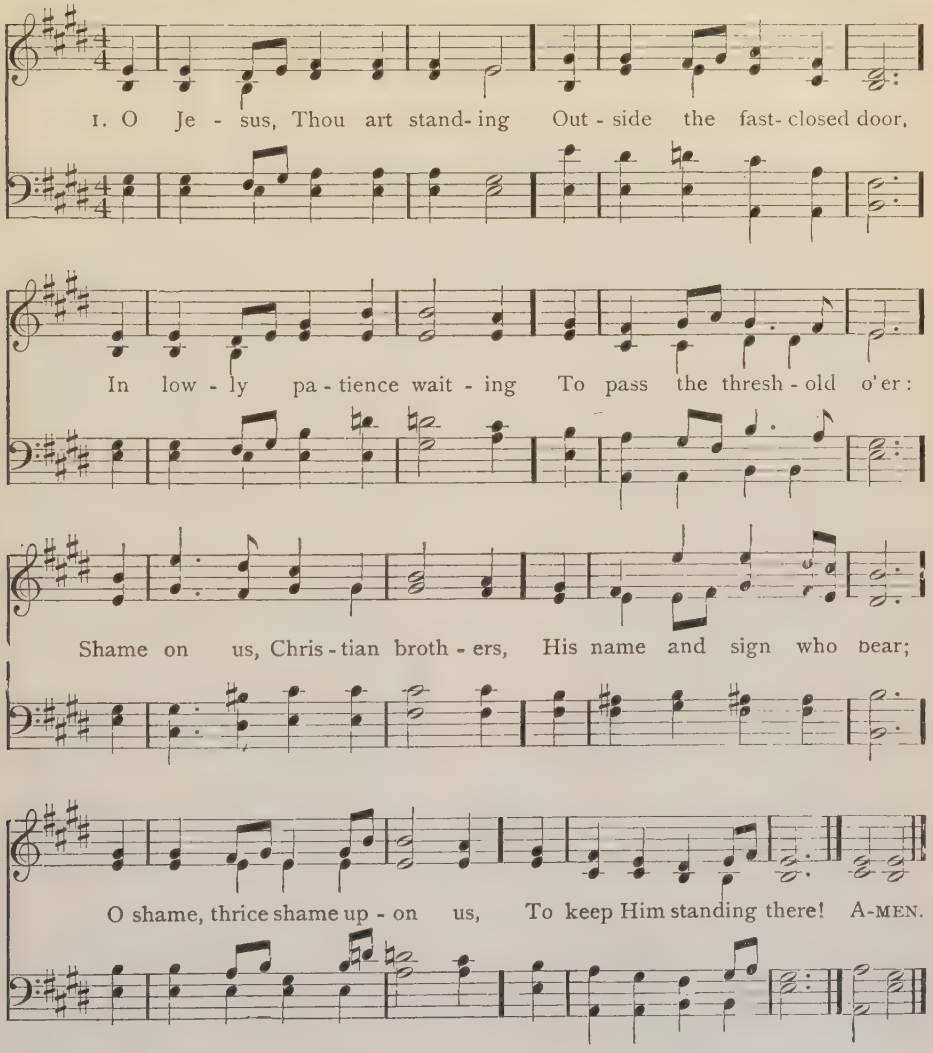
5 Lord, endue Thy word from heaven
With such light, and love, and power.
That in us its silent leaven
May work on from hour to hour.

6 Give us grace to bear our witness
To the truths we have embraced;
And let others both their sweetness
And their quickening virtue taste.

Spitta; Tr. by R. Massie

314 ST. HILDA 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Justin H. Knecht, 1799
and Edward Husband, 1871


1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand- ing Out - side the fast- closed door,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh - old o'er:
Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear;
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there! A-MEN.

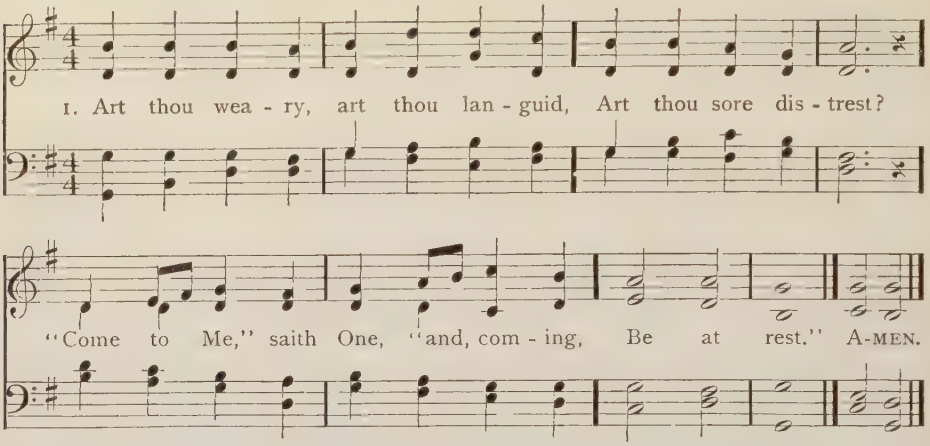
2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo, that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred;
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore.

William Walsham How, 1867

315 STEPHANOS 8 5 8 3

Henry W. Baker, 1861



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."

3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns?
Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

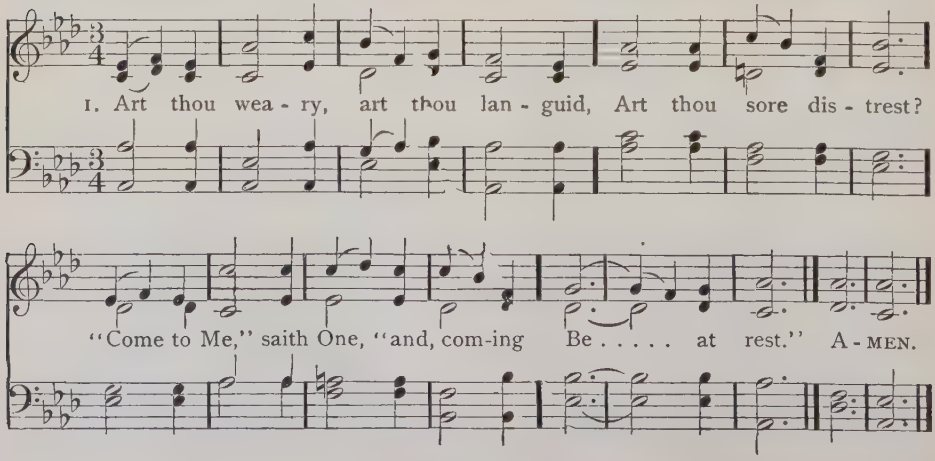
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

John M. Neale, 1862

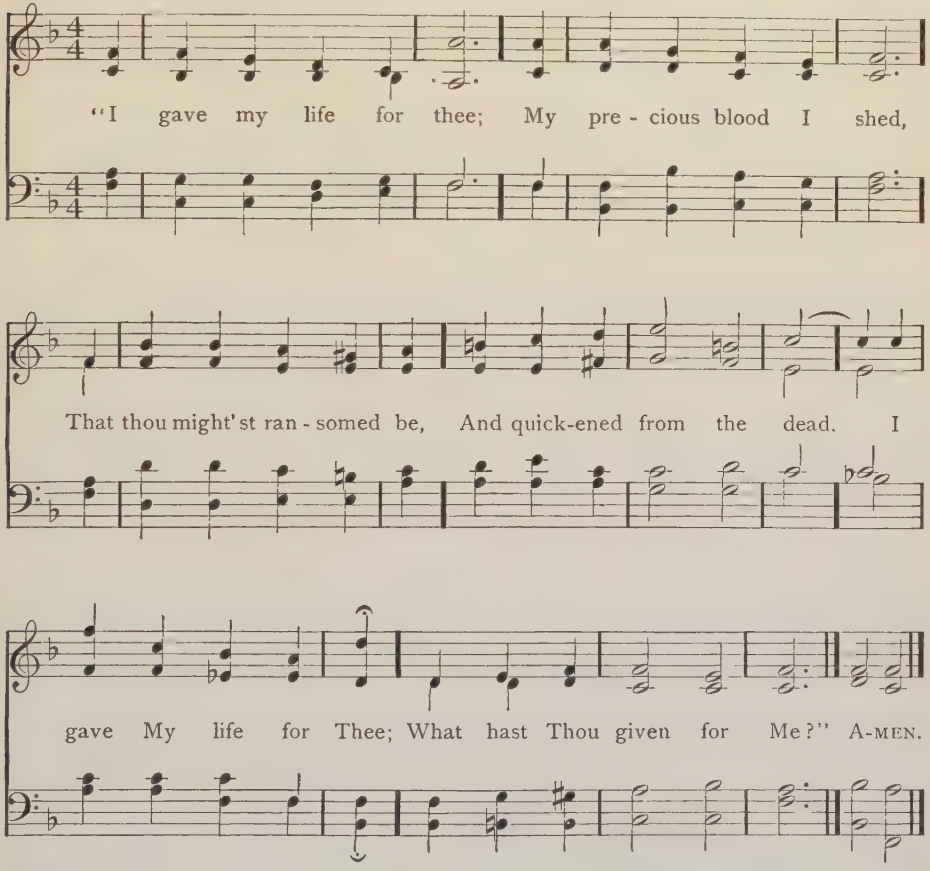
BULLINGER 8 5 8 3 (*Second Tune*)

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877



316 ST. OLAVE 6 6 6 6 6 6

Joseph Barnby


"I gave my life for thee; My pre - cious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ran - somed be, And quick-ened from the dead. I
gave My life for Thee; What hast Thou given for Me?" A-MEN.

2 "I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That an eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee;
Hast thou spent one for Me?"

3 "My Father's home of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?"

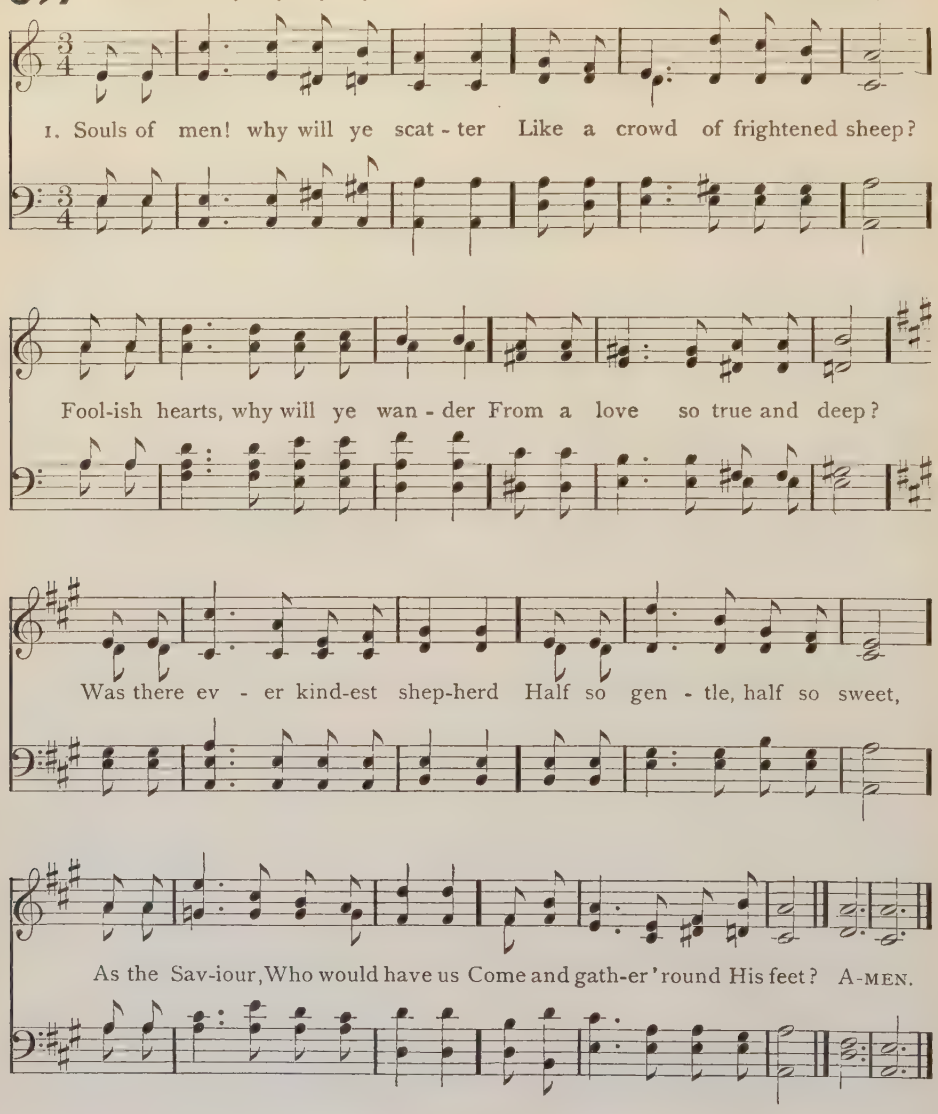
4 "And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love.
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to Me?"

5 O let thy life be given,
Thy years for Him be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Bring thou thy precious all;
Follow thy Saviour's call.

Frances Ridley Havergal

317 ILSLEY 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Frank Grenville Ilsley


1. Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
Was there ev - er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,
As the Sav-iour, Who would have us Come and gath-er 'round His feet? A-MEN.

2 It is God; His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.
There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.
There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good!
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.

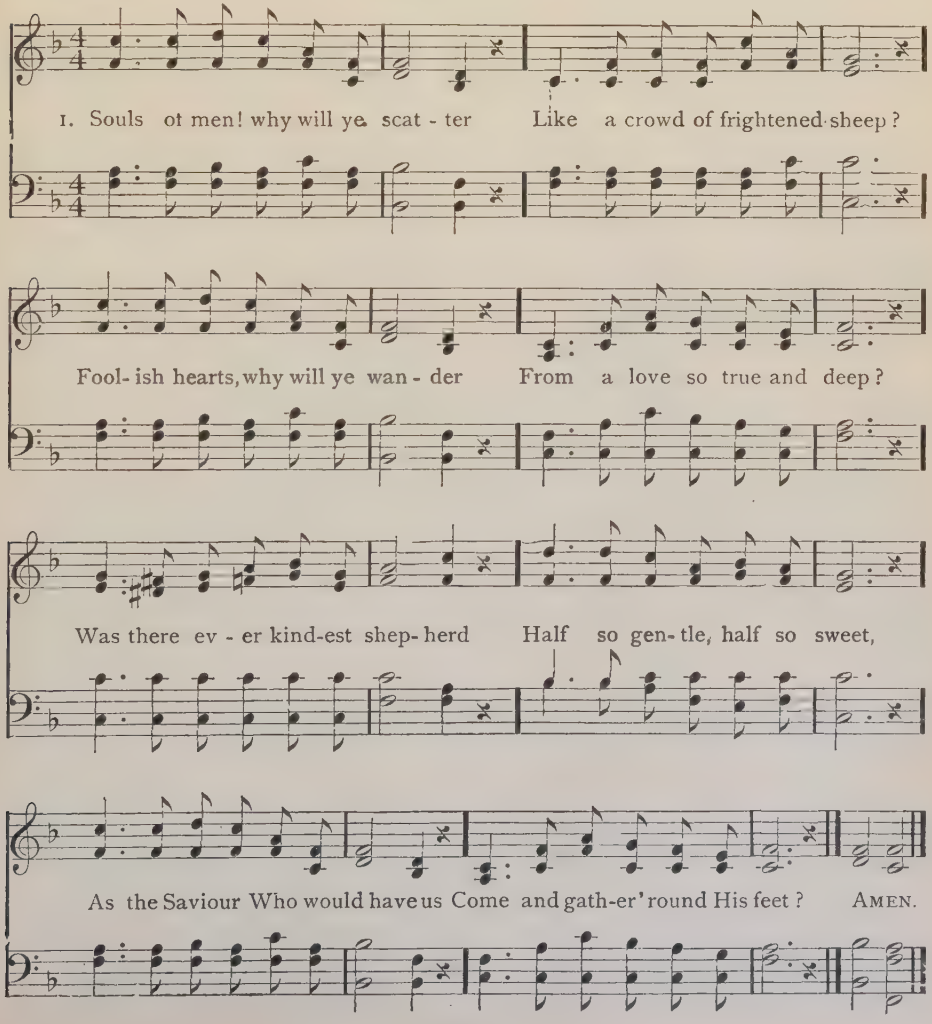
The Call of Christ

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

5 There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

ERIE 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7 (*Second Tune*) Charles C. Converse, 1868


1. Souls of men! why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of frightened sheep?
Fool-ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?
Was there ev - er kind-est shep-herd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour Who would have us Come and gath-er 'round His feet? AMEN.

318 SERVETUS L. M.

Edwin G. Monk

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie? A-MEN.

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

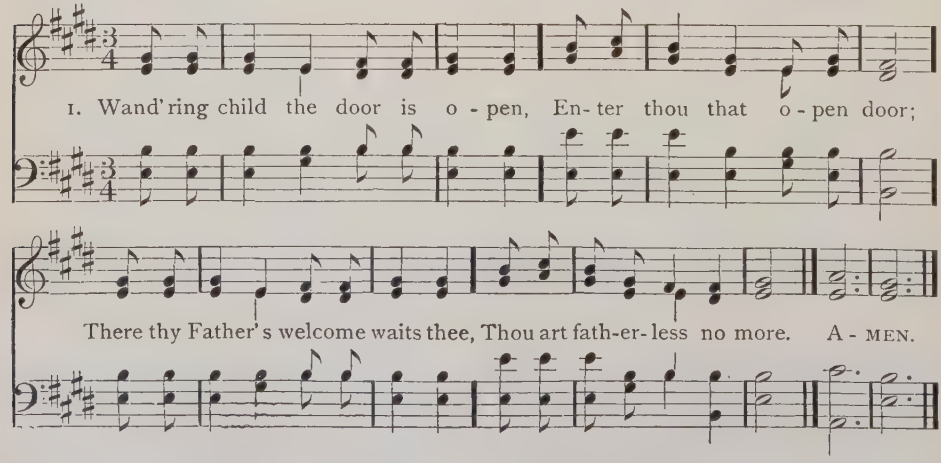
4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me stlll: my heart, awake!

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay.
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1735 Tr. Sarah B. Findlater, 1855

319 DORRNANCE 8 7 8 7

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848

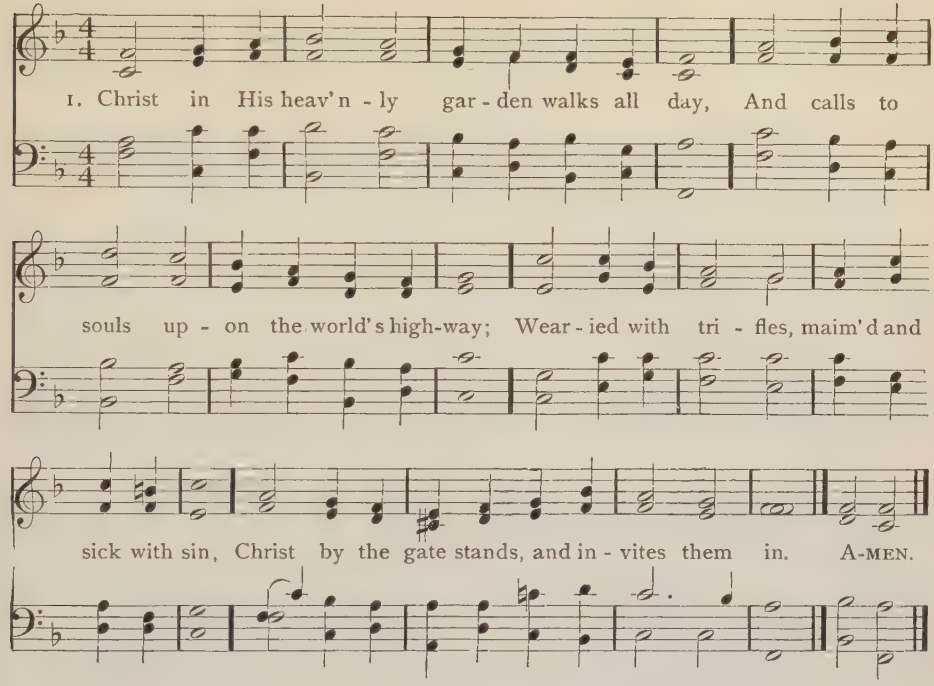

1. Wand'ring child the door is o - pen, En- ter thou that o - pen door;
There thy Father's welcome waits thee, Thou art fath-er- less no more. A - MEN.

2 One fair door, there is one only,
It is Jesus who hath died;
Him that cometh He receiveth,
For His grace and love are wide.

3 Child, no need to knock and ask Him
If thou mayest humbly come;
Lo, He stands in love beseeching
Saying, "Sinful child, come home."

320 TOULON 10 10 10 10

The Geneva Psalter, 1551


1. Christ in His heav'n - ly gar - den walks all day, And calls to
souls up - on the world's high-way; Wear - ied with tri - fles, maim'd and
sick with sin, Christ by the gate stands, and in - vites them in. A-MEN.

2 "How long, unwise, will ye pursue your woe?
Here from the throne sweet waters ever go;
Here the white lilies shine like stars above;
Here in the red rose burns the face of Love."

3 "'Tis not from earthly paths I bid you flee,
But lighter in My ways your feet will be;
'Tis not to summon you from human mirth,
But add a depth and sweetness not of earth."

4 "Still by the gate I stand as on ye stray;
Turn your steps hither; am not I the Way?
The sun is falling fast, the night is nigh;
Why will ye wander, wherefore will ye die?"

Francis Turner Palgrave

(DORRNANCE)

4 Canst thou love the night so dreary,
And the mountains sad and lone,
That thou lingerest, when He tells thee
Paradise is all thine own?

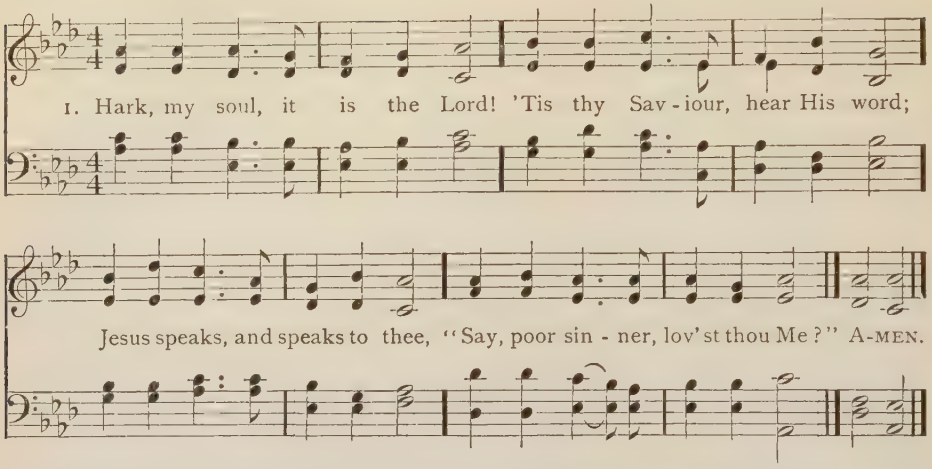
5 For thy asking thou canst have it,
For thy taking it is thine;
Ere thou comest God shall meet thee,
O how kind is love divine.

6 Wandering child, the door is open,
Enter thou that open door,
And from thy dear Father's presence
Thou shalt go out nevermore.

Adapted from the German

321 ST. BEES 7 7 7 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862


1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord! 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?" A-MEN.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light."

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee."

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death."

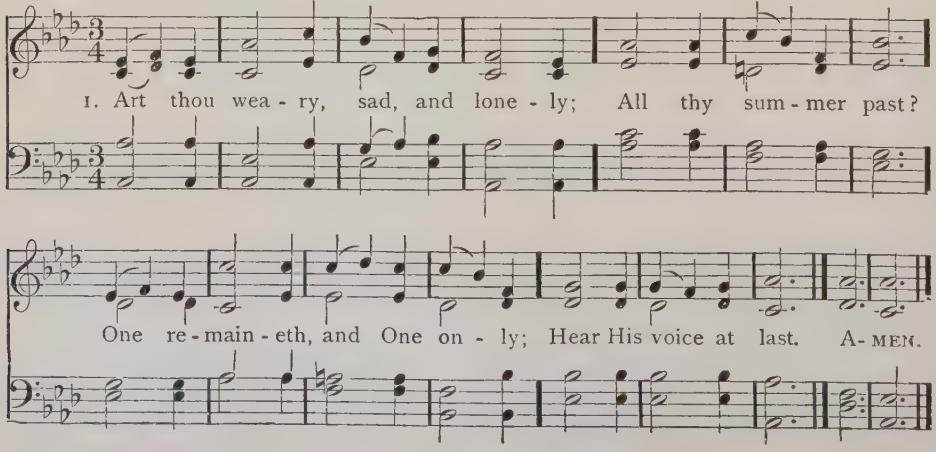
5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more!

William Cowper, 1768

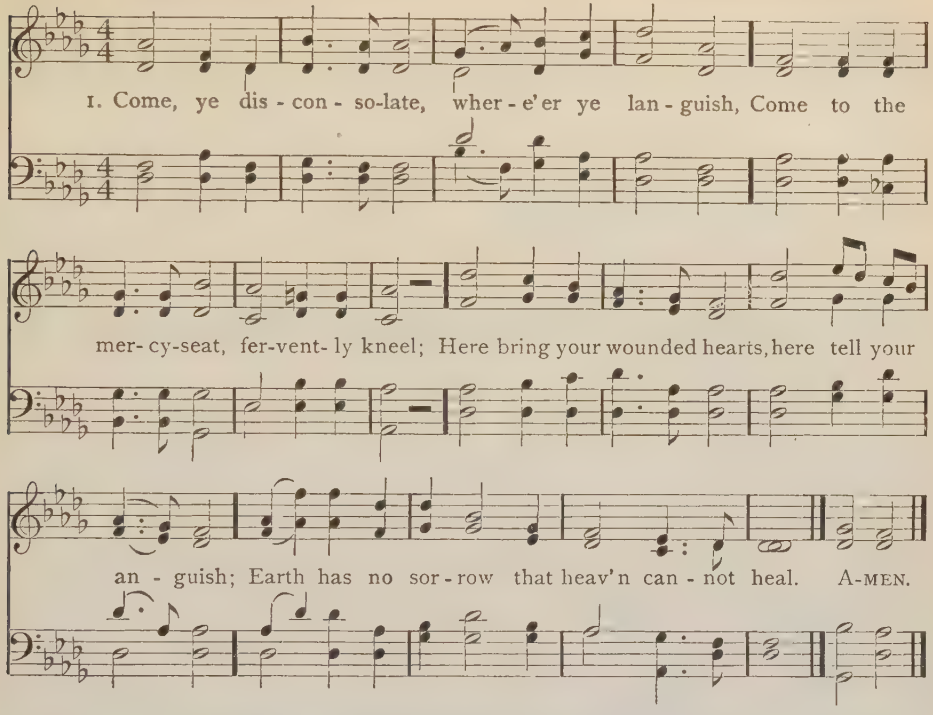
322 BULLINGER 8 5 8 5

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877



323 CONSOLATOR 11 10 11 10

Samuel Webbe, 1792


1. Come, ye dis - con - so-late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
mer- cy-seat, fer-vent- ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal. A-MEN.

2 Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816 Alt. V. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1832

(BULLINGER)

2 Voice that called thee all unheeded,
Love that knocked in vain;
Now, forsaken, dost thou need it?
Hear that Voice again.

3 "Open to Me, my beloved;
I have waited long,
Till the night fell on the glory,
Silence on the song;"

4 "Till the brightness and the sweetness,
And the smiles were fled;
Till thy heart was worn and broken,—
Till thy love was dead."

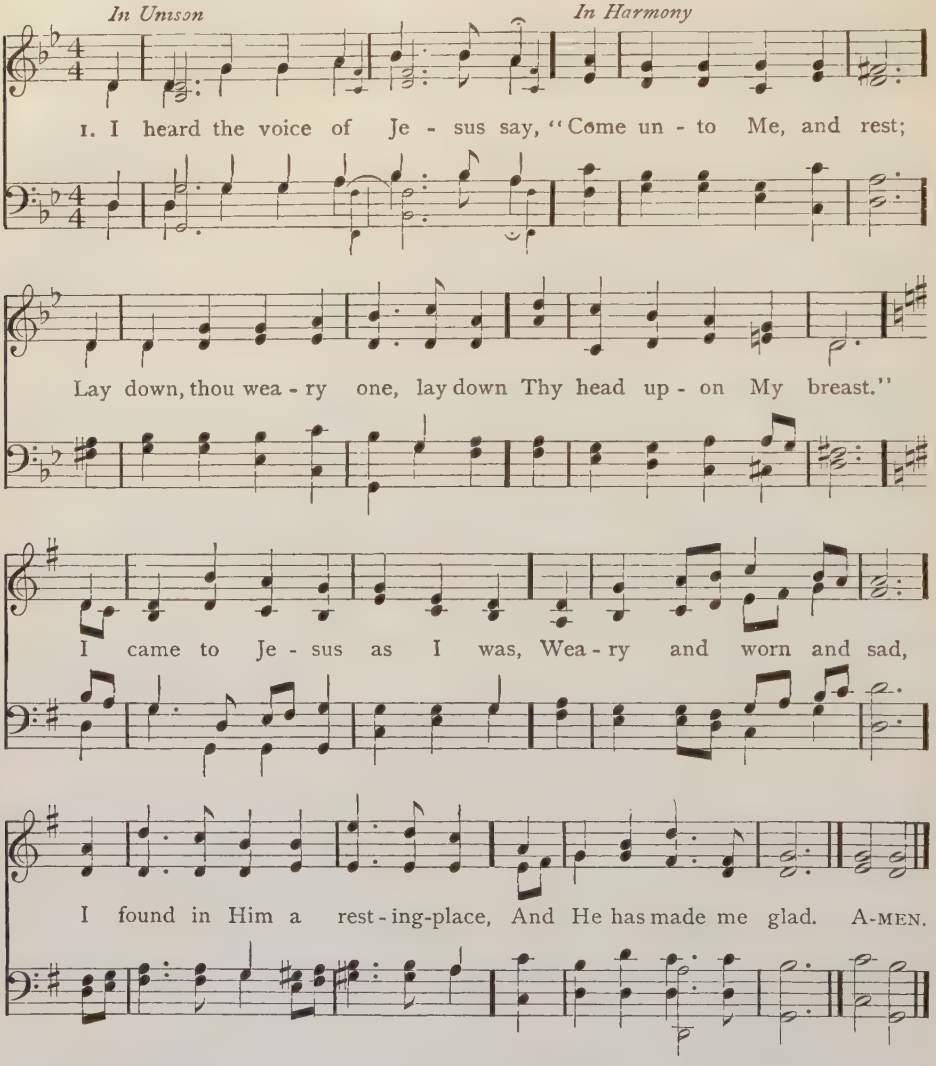
5 "Soul, from Heaven I speak to woo
Thee, the lost, the lone; [thee,
Earth may fail thee, sin undo thee,
All the more Mine own."

6 "Soul, I knock, I stand beseeching,
Turn Me not away;
Heart that craves thee; Love that needs
Wilt thou say Me nay?" [thee,—

Tr. from Tersteegen

324 VOX DILECTI C. M. D.

John Bacchus Dykes


In Unison
In Harmony
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad,
I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A-MEN.

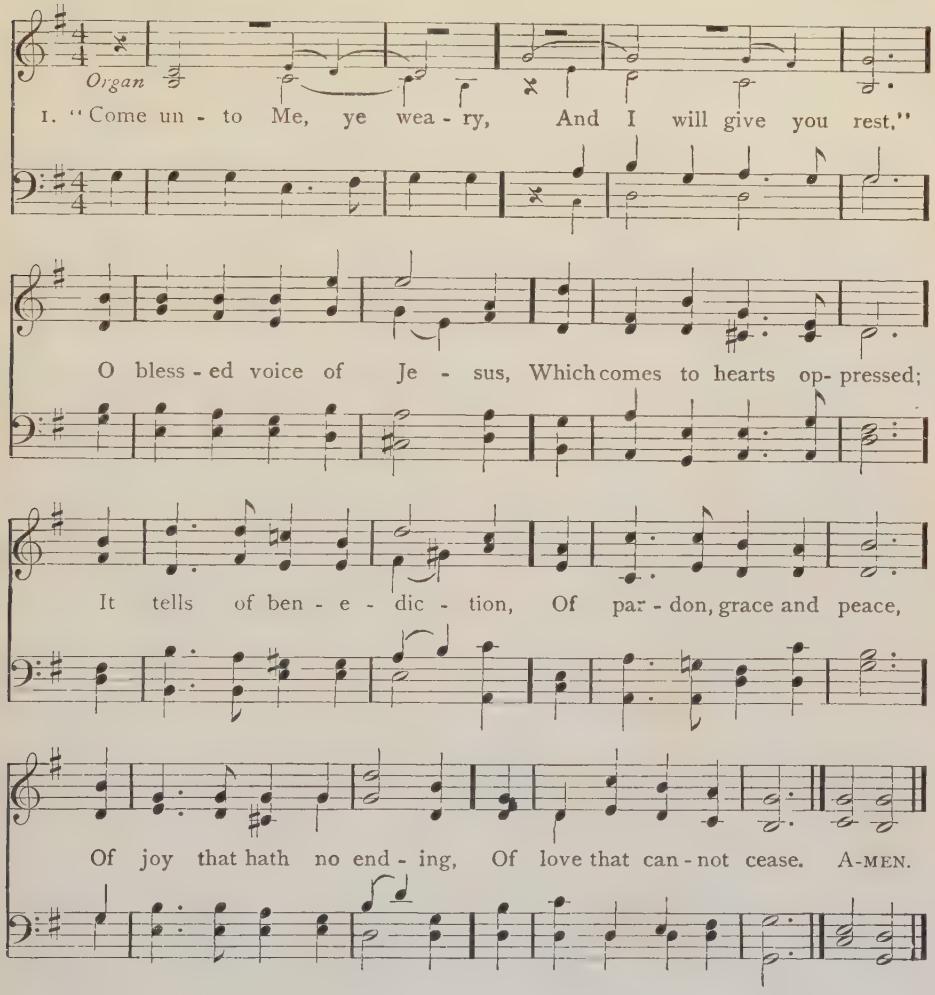
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water: thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1846

325 COME UNTO ME 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

John Bacchus Dykes


Organ
1. "Come un - to Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest,"
O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op- pressed;
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace and peace,
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love that can - not cease. A-MEN.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light:"
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night.
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But He has brought us gladness
And songs at break of day.

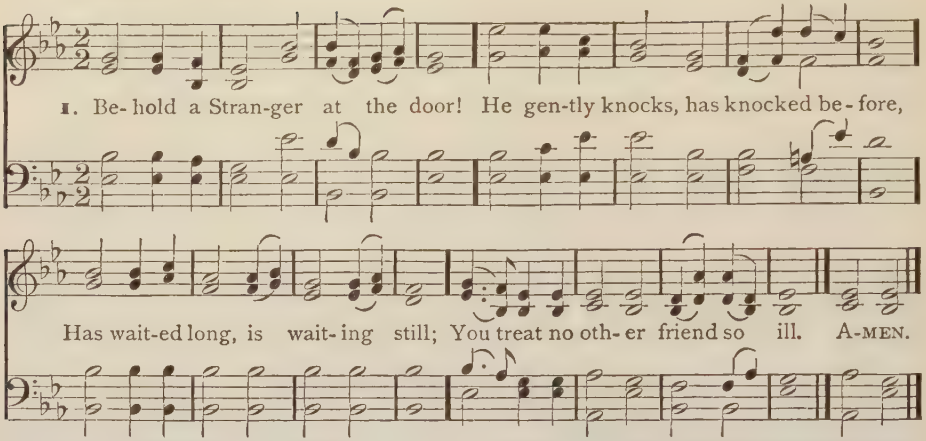
3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you life:"
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife;
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out:"
O welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt,
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

William C. Dix, 1867

326 BERA L. M.

John E. Gould


1. Be-hold a Stran-ger at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked be-fore,
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill. A-MEN.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom He condescends to dwell.

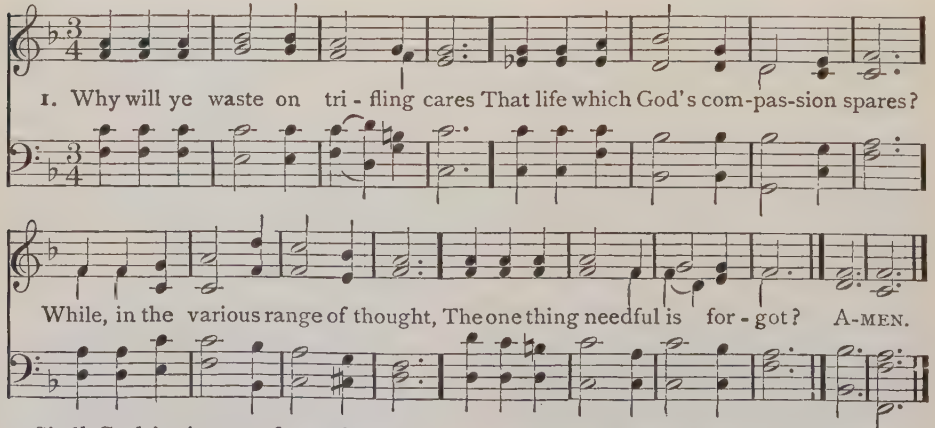
4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
If Jesus comes, He comes to reign,—
To reign, and with no partial sway;
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

5 Sovereign of souls, Thou Prince of Peace,
O may Thy gentle reign increase:
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be His empire all mankind.

Joseph Grigg, 1765

327 ILKLEY L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Why will ye waste on tri-fling cares That life which God's com-pas-sion spares?
While, in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is for-got? A-MEN.

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

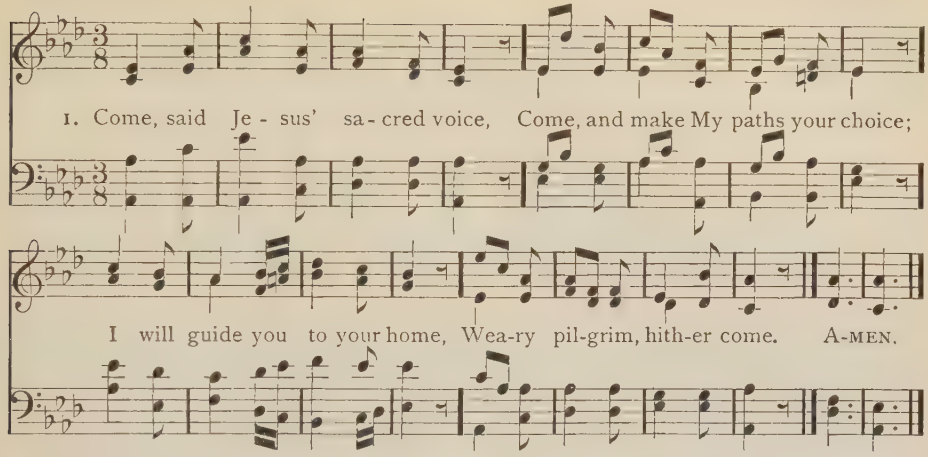
3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! Thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart:
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge

328 HORTON 7 7 7 7

Xavier Schnyder


1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home, Wea-ry pil-grim, hith-er come. A-MEN.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

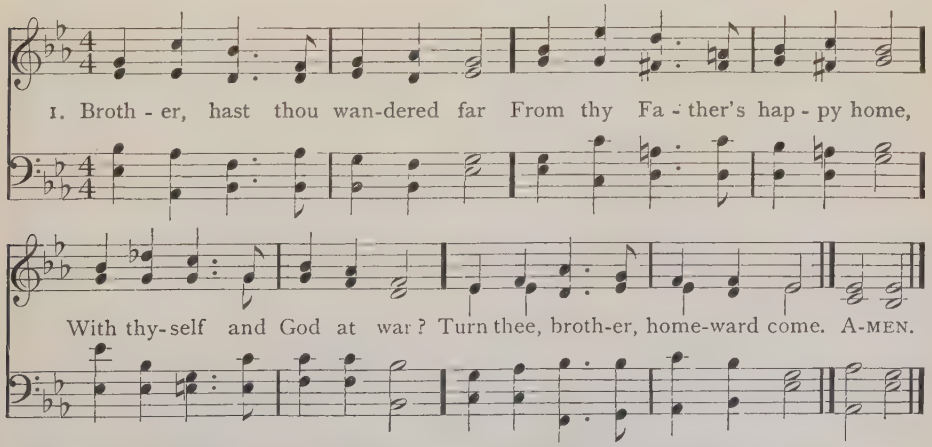
3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld, 1792

329 COME 7 7 7 7

George M. Garrett, 1872


1. Broth - er, hast thou wan-dered far From thy Fa - ther's hap - py home,
With thy-self and God at war? Turn thee, broth-er, home-ward come. A-MEN.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave,
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save.

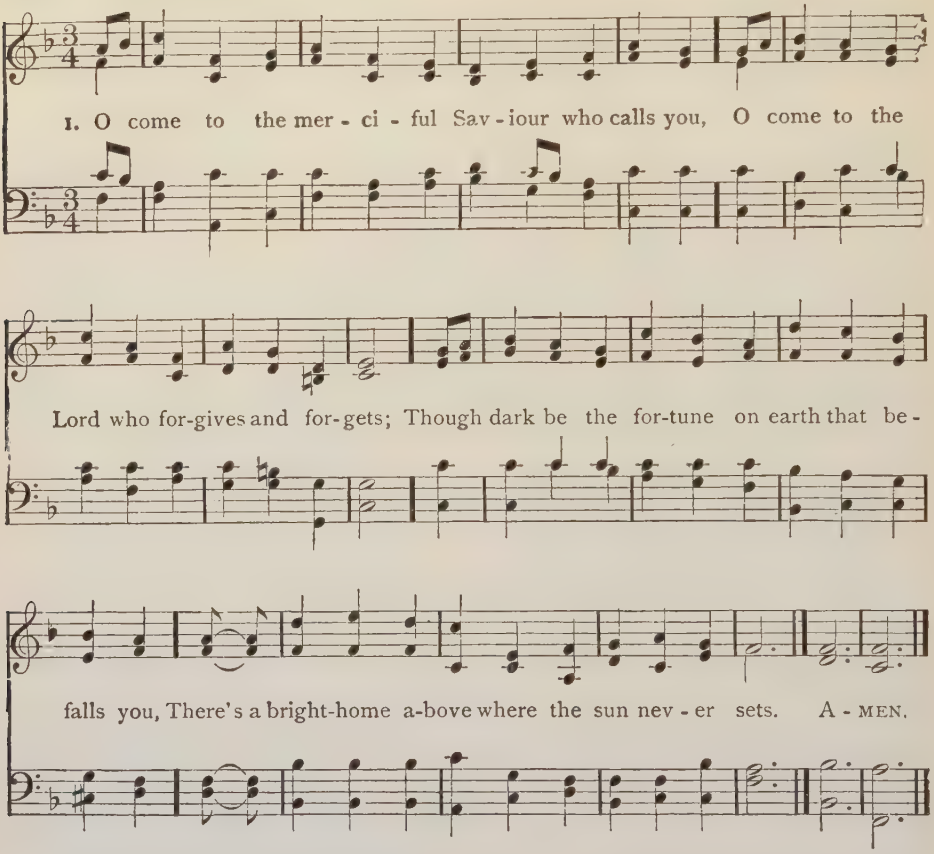
3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul,
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole.

4 Fall before Him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in His ear,
Seek Him while He may be found,
Call upon Him,—He is near.

James Freeman Clarke, 1844

330 WHITCHURCH 12 11 12 11

Ethelbert W. Bullinger


1. O come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls you, O come to the
Lord who for-gives and for-gets; Though dark be the for-tune on earth that be -
falls you, There's a bright-home a-bove where the sun nev - er sets. A - MEN.

2 O come then to Jesus, whose arms are extended
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;
O come, for your exile will shortly be ended,
And Jesus will show you His beautiful face.

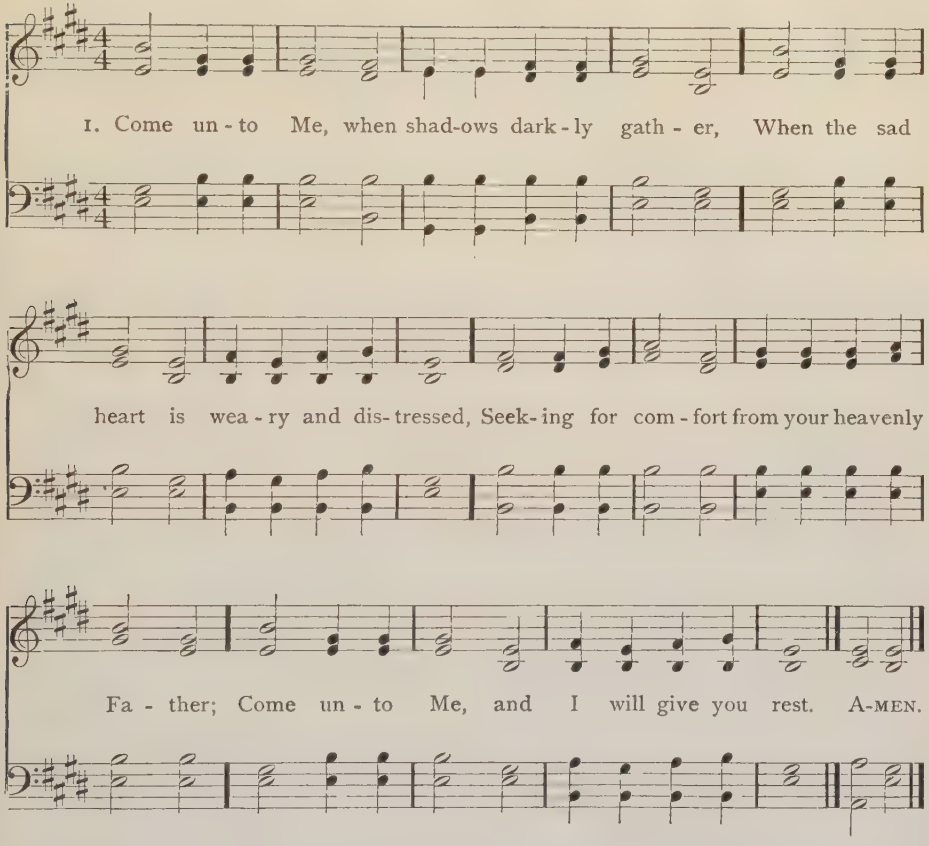
3 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows brighter
The longer you look at the depths of His love;
And fear not! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

4 Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His name.

Frederick W. Faber

331 HENLEY 11 10 11 10

Lowell Mason


1. Come un - to Me, when shad-ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad
heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly
Fa - ther; Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A-MEN.

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned.

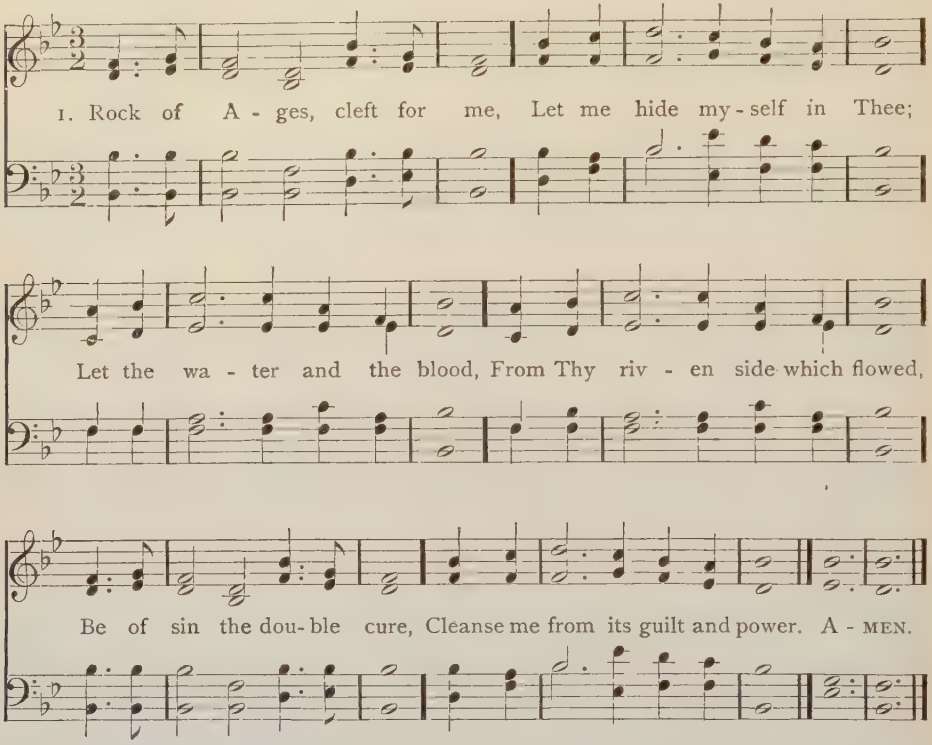
3 Large are the mansions in Thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

Catherine H. Esling, 1839

332 TOPLADY 7 7 7 7 7 7

Thomas Hastings, 1830


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - MEN.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

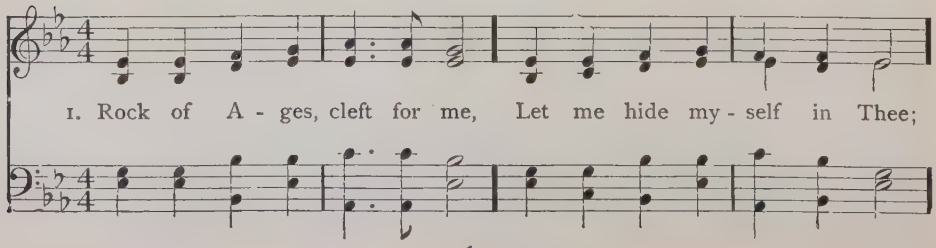
3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776

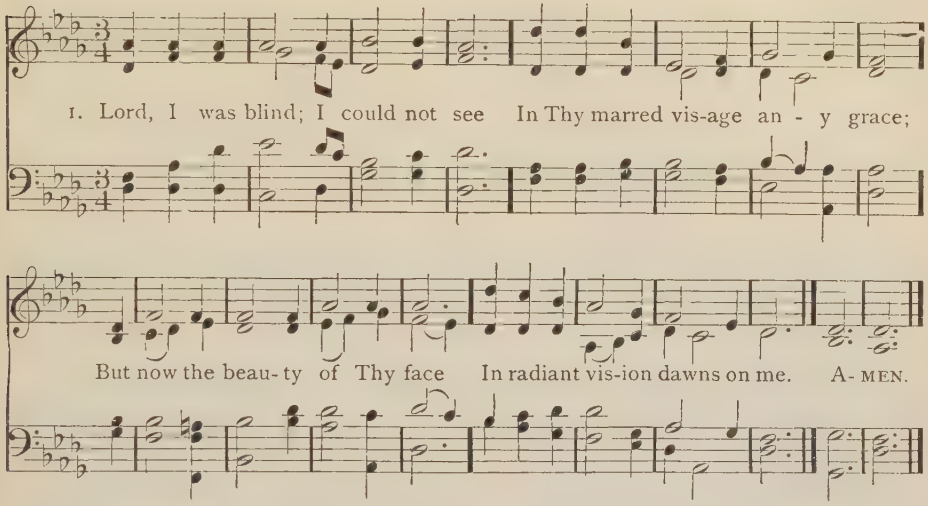
GETHSEMANE 7 7 7 7 7 7 (*Second Tune.*)

Richard Redhead, 1853



333 RIVAULX L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875


1. Lord, I was blind; I could not see In Thy marred vis-age an - y grace;
But now the beau-ty of Thy face In radiant vis-ion dawns on me. A-MEN.

2 Lord, I was deaf; I could not hear
The thrilling music of Thy voice;
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,
And all Thy uttered words are dear.

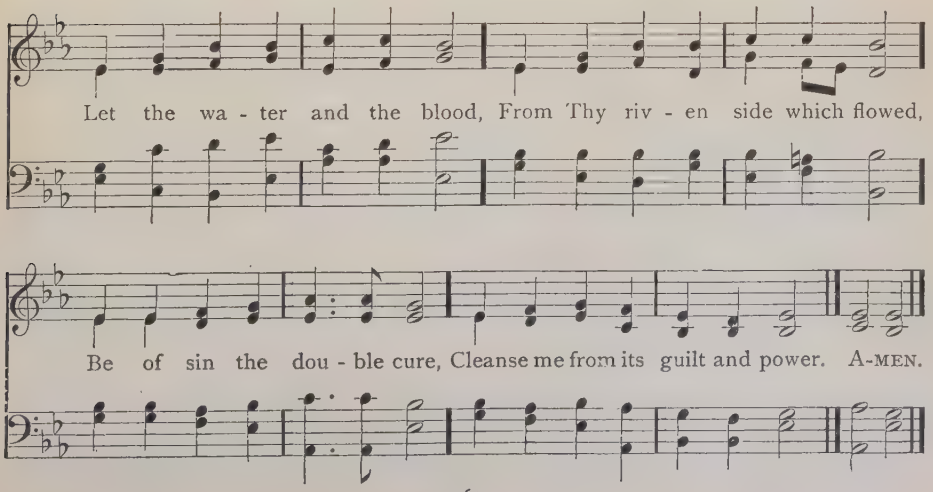
3 Lord, I was dumb; I could not speak
The grace and glory of Thy name,
But now, as touched with living flame,
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

4 Lord, I was dead; I could not stir
My lifeless soul to come to Thee;
But now, since Thou hast quickened me
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

5 Lord, Thou hast made the blind to see,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,
The dead to live; and lo, I break
The chains of my captivity.

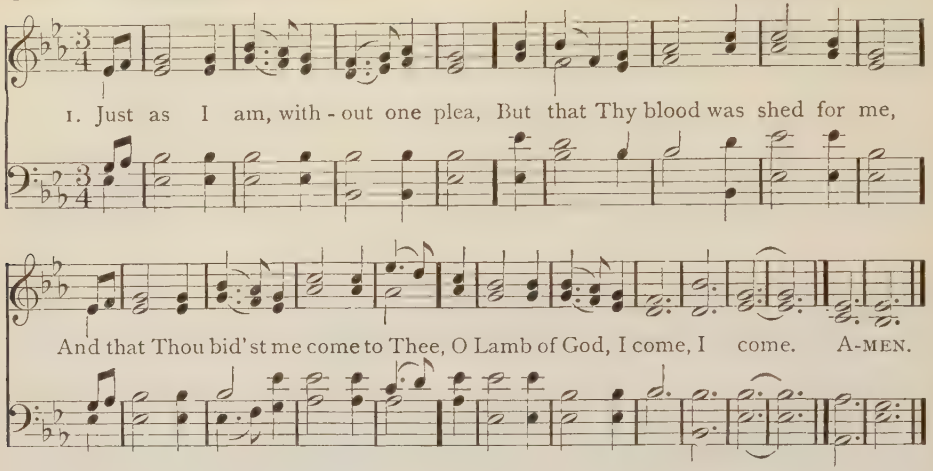
William T. Matson

GETHSEMANE (Continued)


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-MEN.

334 WOODWORTH L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1849


1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

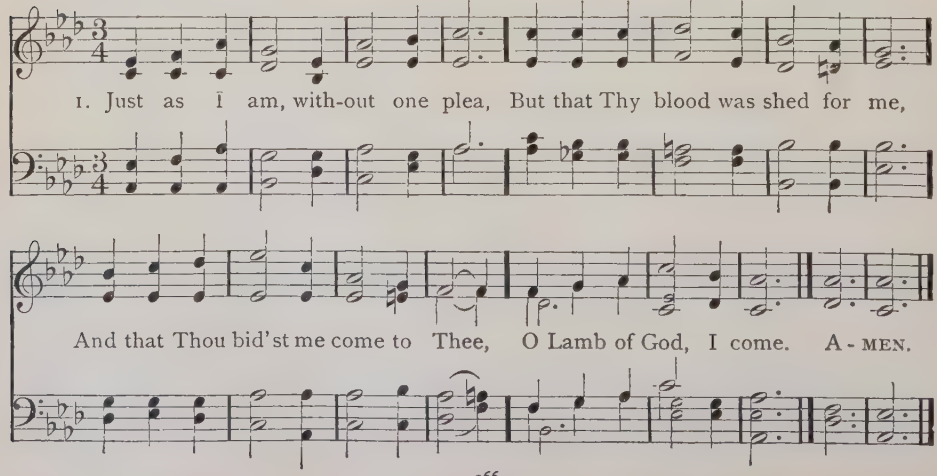
5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am! Thy love unknown
Hast broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

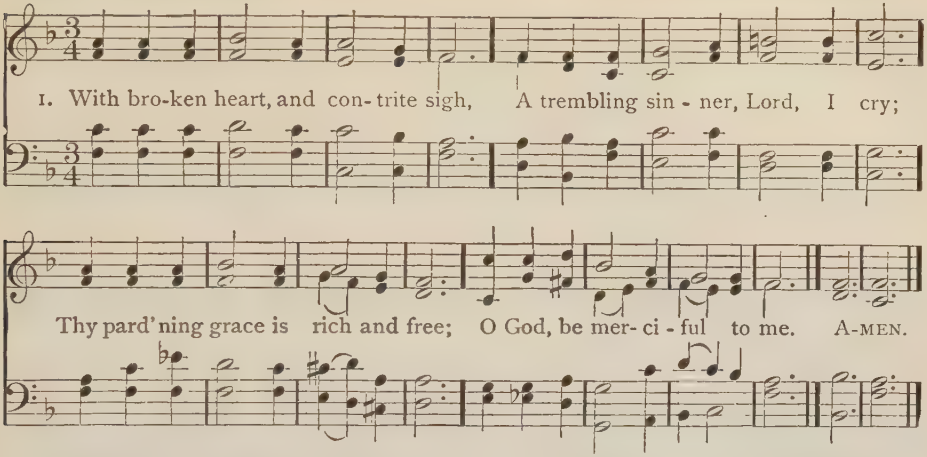
(JUST AS I AM) 8 8 8 6 (*Second Tune*)

Joseph Barnby, 1893



335 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865


1. With bro-ken heart, and con-trite sigh, A trembling sin-ner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pard'ning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer-ci-ful to me. A-MEN.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and His Cross my only plea,
O God, be merciful to me.

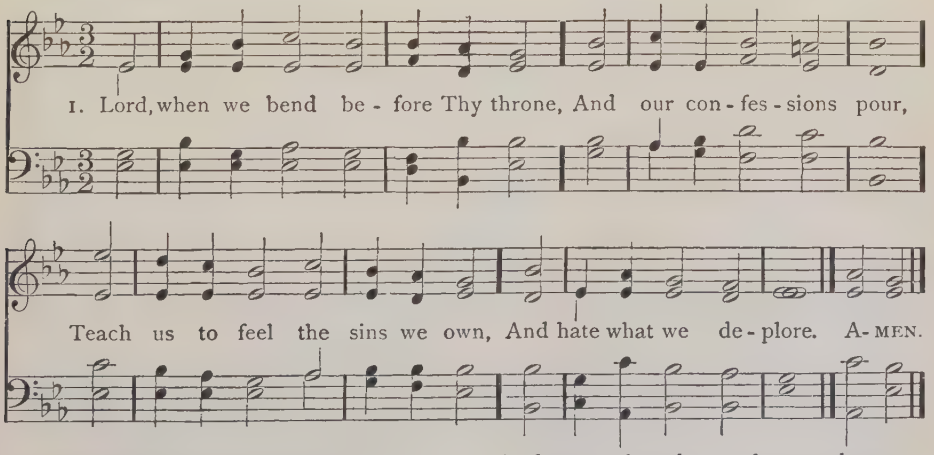
3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But Thou dost all my anguish see,
O God, be merciful to me.

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee,
O God, be merciful to me.

Cornelius Elven

336 DOWNS C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832


1. Lord, when we bend be-fore Thy throne, And our con-fes-sions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de-plore. A-MEN.

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

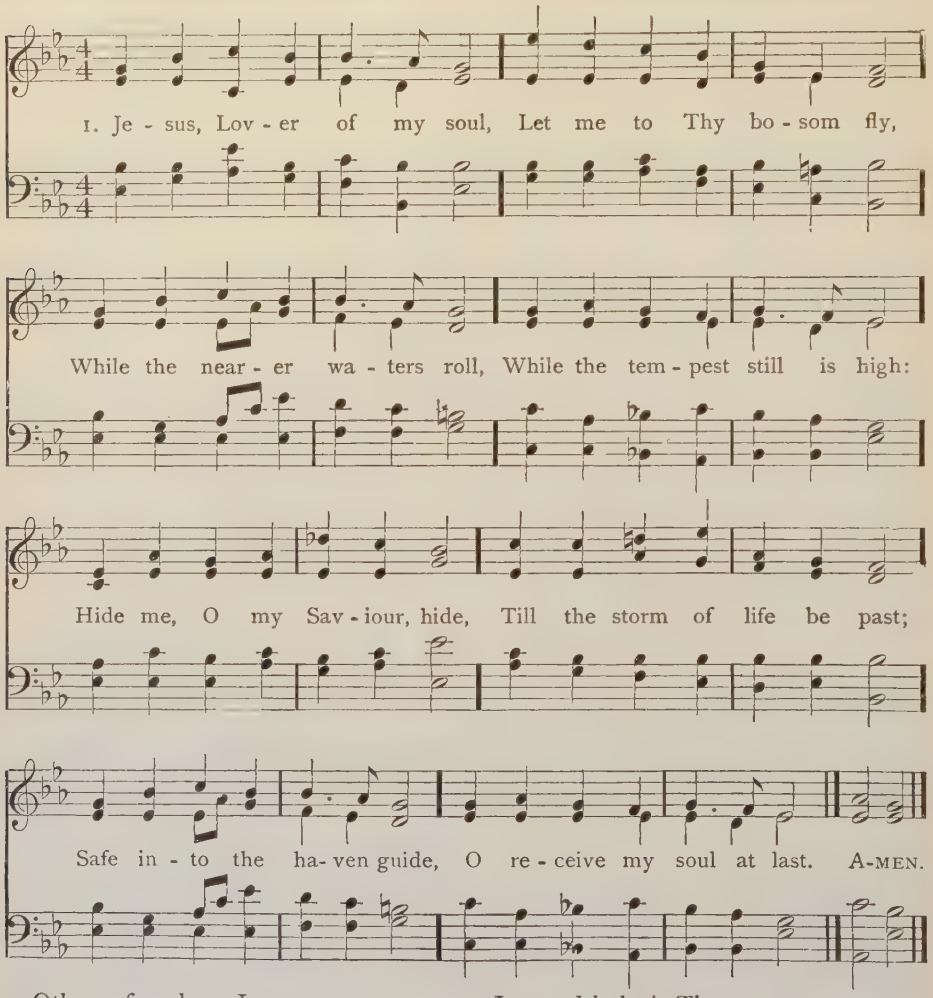
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share
That is not wholly Thine.

4 May faith each meek petition fill
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle, 1802

337 HOLLINGSIDE 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
Safe in - to the ha- ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

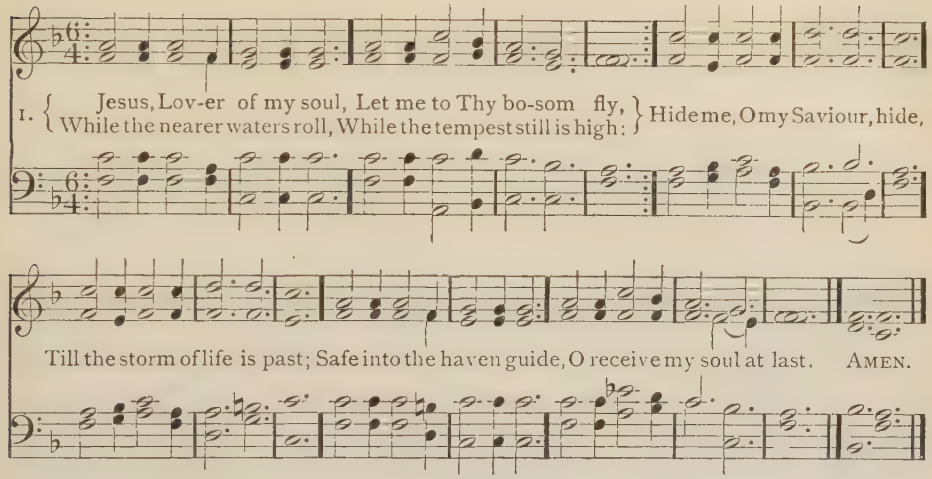
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

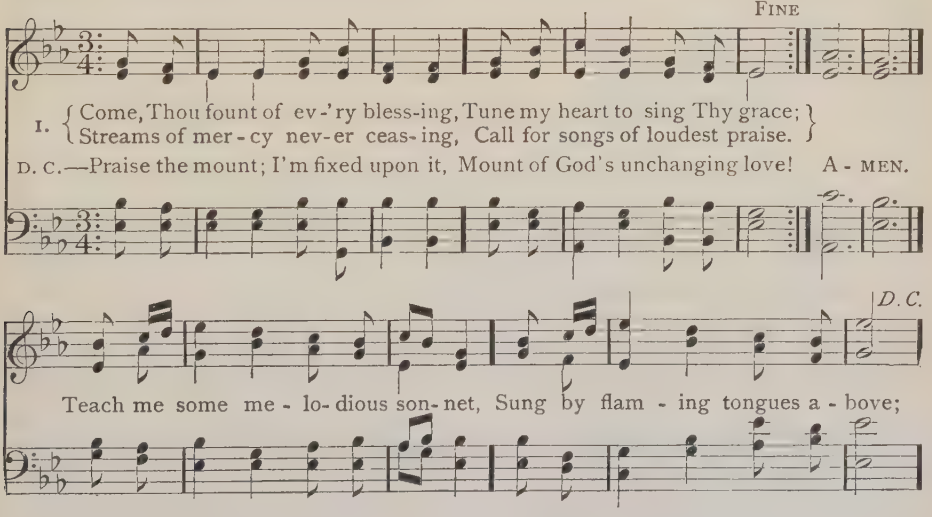
Charles Wesley, 1740

MARTYN 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 (*Second Tune*) Simeon B. Marsh, 1836


1. Jesus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last. AMEN.

338 NETTLETON 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

John Wyeth, 1812


FINE
1. Come, Thou fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
D. C.—Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it, Mount of God's unchanging love! A-MEN.
D. C.
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure;
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,
Seal it from Thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1758

339 SPANISH HYMN 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1826

1. Sav-iour, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes;
O by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit - a - ny. A-MEN.

2 By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the mighty tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

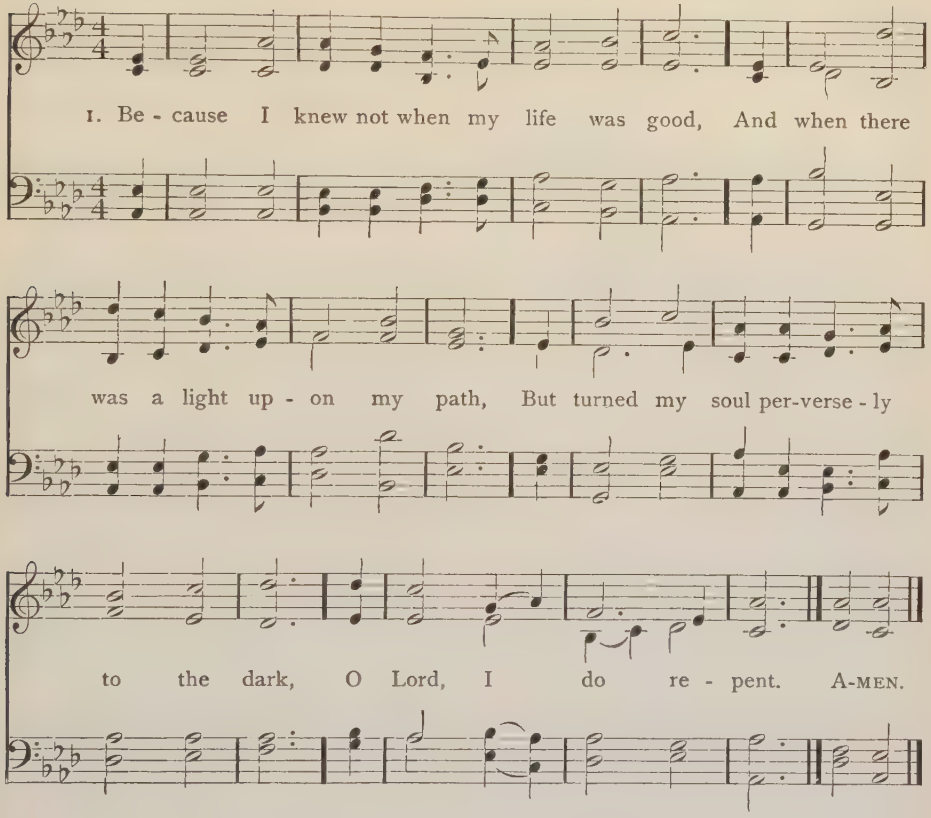
3 By the sacred grief that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

Robert Grant, 1815

340 ARTAVIA 10 10 10 6

Edward J. Hopkins


1. Be - cause I knew not when my life was good, And when there
was a light up - on my path, But turned my soul per-verse - ly
to the dark, O Lord, I do re - pent. A-MEN.

2 Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on,
O Lord, I do repent.

3 Because I spent the strength Thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee,
O Lord, I do repent.

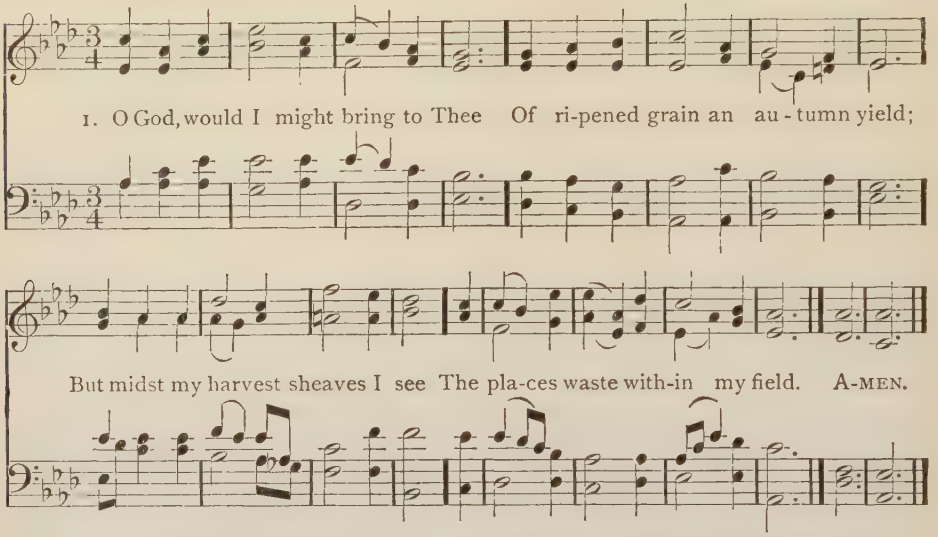
4 Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life,
O Lord, I do repent.

5 Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child,
O Lord, I do repent.

Sarah Williams, 1868

341 BRYNYWAWR 8 8 8 8

Daniel Protheroe


1. O God, would I might bring to Thee Of ri-pened grain an au-tumn yield;
But midst my harvest sheaves I see The pla-ces waste with-in my field. A-MEN.

2 I take Thy promise to my heart;
"Thy places waste I will restore."
Never shall hope or joy depart
If love so triumph evermore.

3 My waste of time, Immortal One,
Alone eternity may take,
And bind my losses to Thy throne,
To make them gains for love's dear sake.

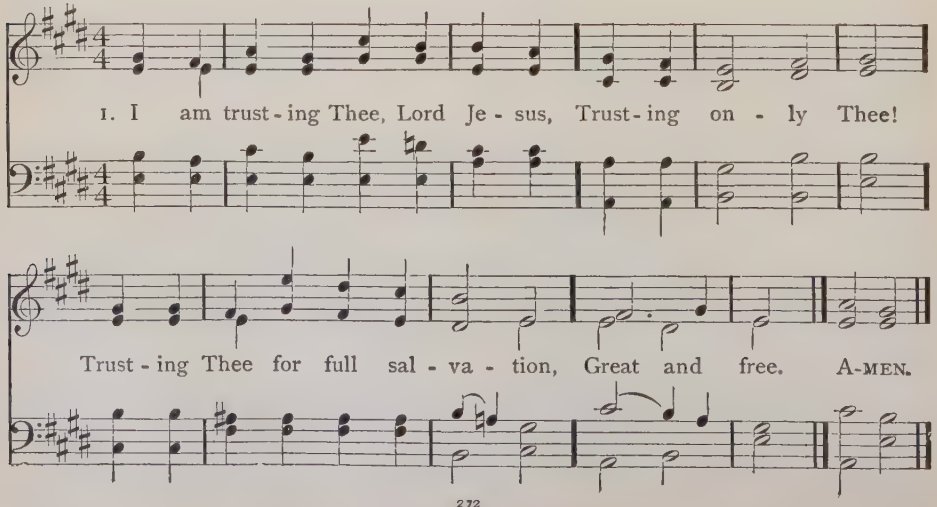
4 My waste of power—Thy wisdom, Lord,
Will show me things worth while at length;
Then will I battle in accord
With love's enfolding arm of strength.

5 The waste that sin has wrought in me,
Beneath Thy cross is all restored;
My time, my power, my heart to Thee,
My life renewed I give Thee, Lord.

Frank W. Gunsaulus

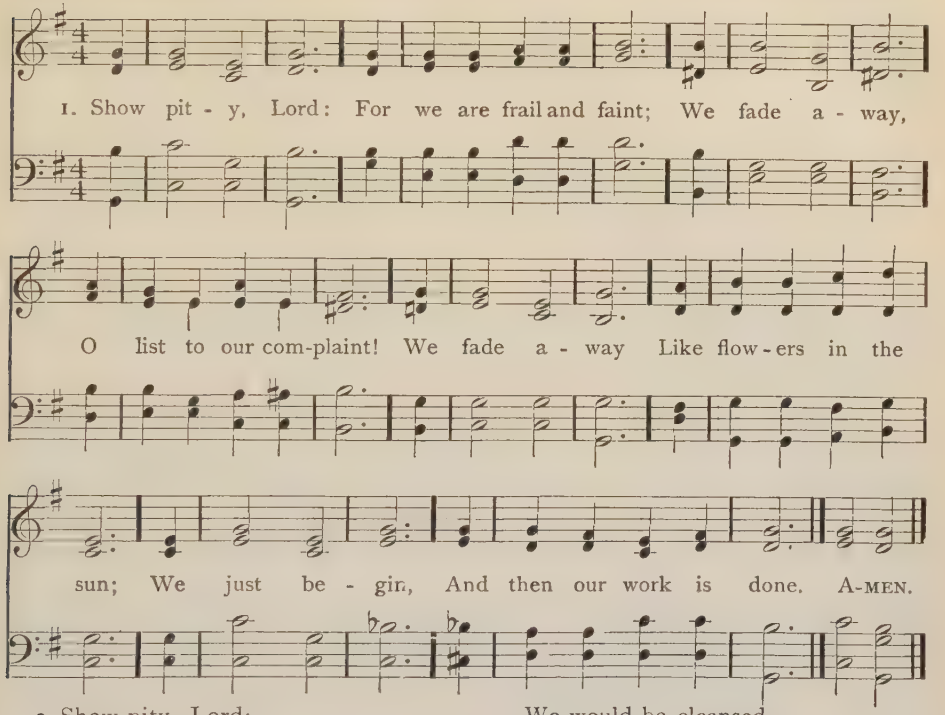
342 ST. HELEN'S 8 5 8 3

Robert P. Stewart



343 AUCKLAND 4 6 4 6 4 6 4 6

Frederick C. Maker


1. Show pit - y, Lord: For we are frail and faint; We fade a - way,
O list to our com-plaint! We fade a - way Like flow - ers in the
sun; We just be - gin, And then our work is done. A-MEN.

2 Show pity, Lord;
Our souls are sore distressed;
As troubled seas,
Our natures have no rest;
As troubled seas
That surging, beat the shore,
We throb and heave,
Ever and evermore.

3 Show pity, Lord;
Our grief is in our sin;
We would be cleansed;
O make us pure within.
We would be cleansed,
For this we cry to Thee;
Thy word of love
Can make the conscience free.

4 Show pity, Lord;
Inspire our hearts with love;
That holy love
Which draws the soul above;
That holy love
Which makes us one with Thee,
And with Thy saints,
Through all eternity.

David Thomas

(ST. HELEN'S)

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

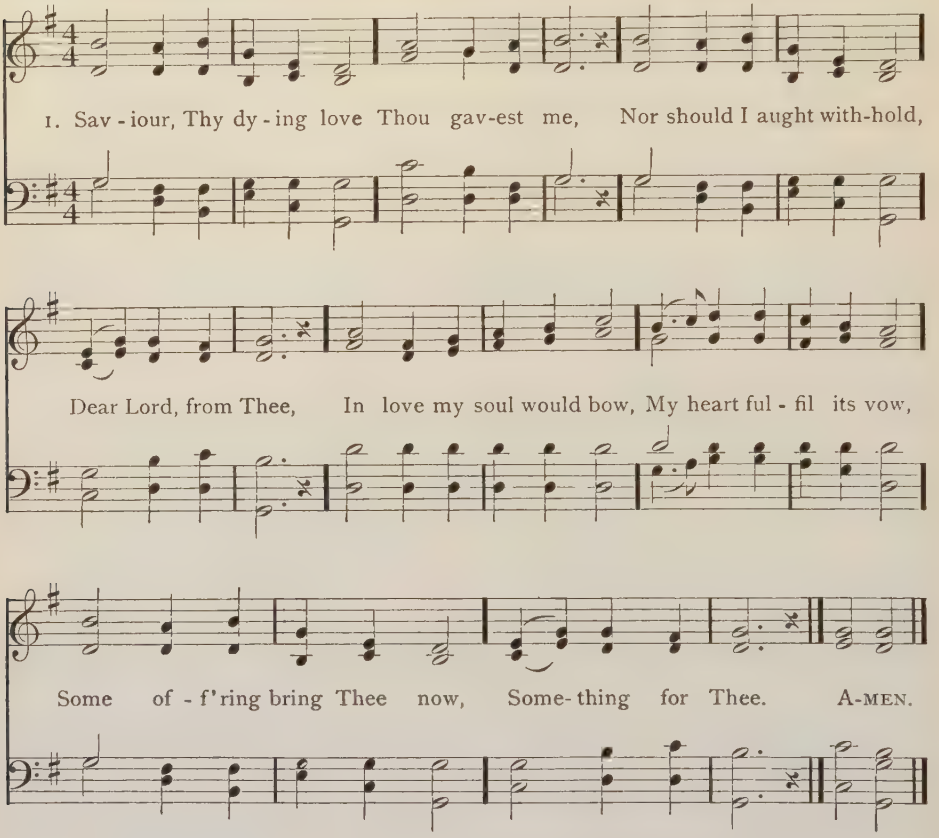
4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

344 SOMETHING FOR THEE 6 4 6 4 6 6 6 4

Theodore E. Perkins


1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold,
Dear Lord, from Thee, In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,
Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some- thing for Thee. A-MEN.

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat
Pleading for me,
My feeble faith looks up,
Jesus, to Thee.
Help me the cross to bear,
Thy wondrous love declare,
Some song to raise, or prayer,
Something for Thee.

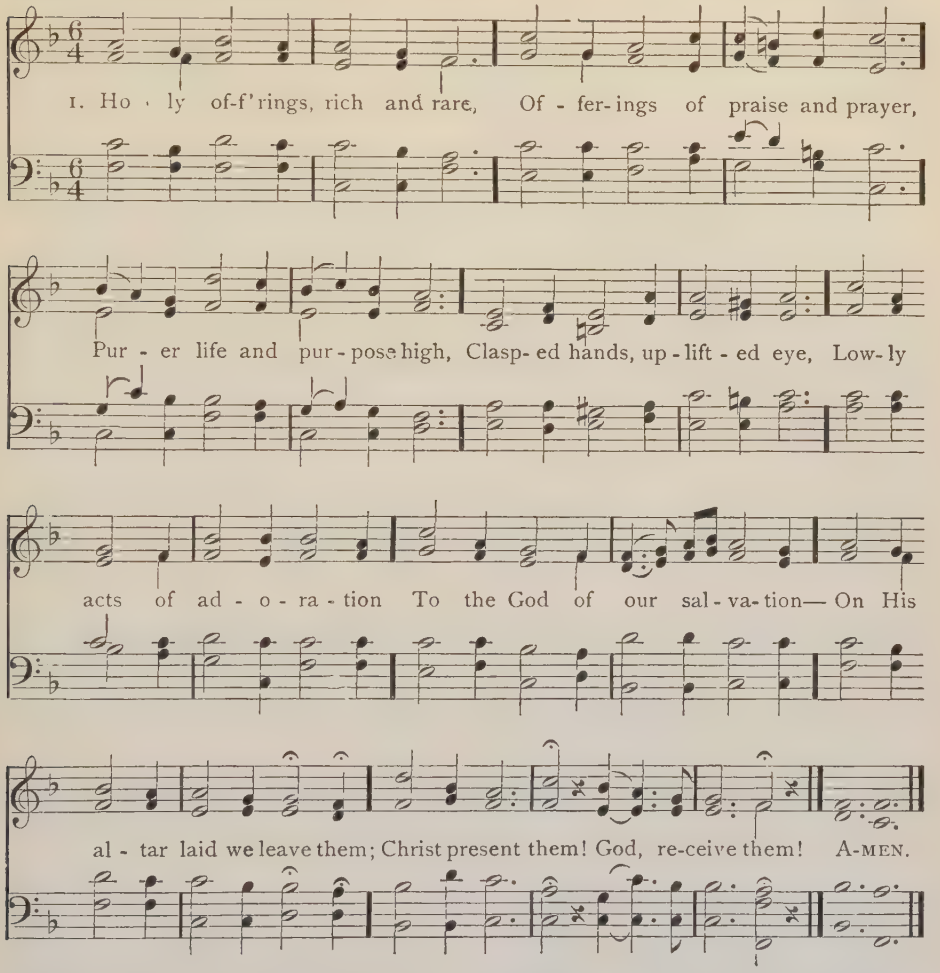
3 Give me a faithful heart,
Likeness to Thee,
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,
Thy gifts so free,
In joy, in grief, through life,
Dear Lord, for Thee!
And when Thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for Thee.

Sylvanus D. Phelps, 1867

345 HOLY OFFERINGS 7 7 7 7 8 8 8 8

Richard Redhead


1. Ho - ly of-f'rings, rich and rare, Of - fer-ings of praise and prayer,
Pur - er life and pur-pose high, Clasp-ed hands, up-lift-ed eye, Low-ly
acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal-va-tion— On His
al - tar laid we leave them; Christ present them! God, re-ceive them! A-MEN.

2 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,
Broken-hearted sighs and tears,
Dreams of what we yet might be
Could we cling more close to Thee,
Which, despite of faults and failings,
Help Thy grace in its prevailings—
On Thine altar laid we leave them;
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

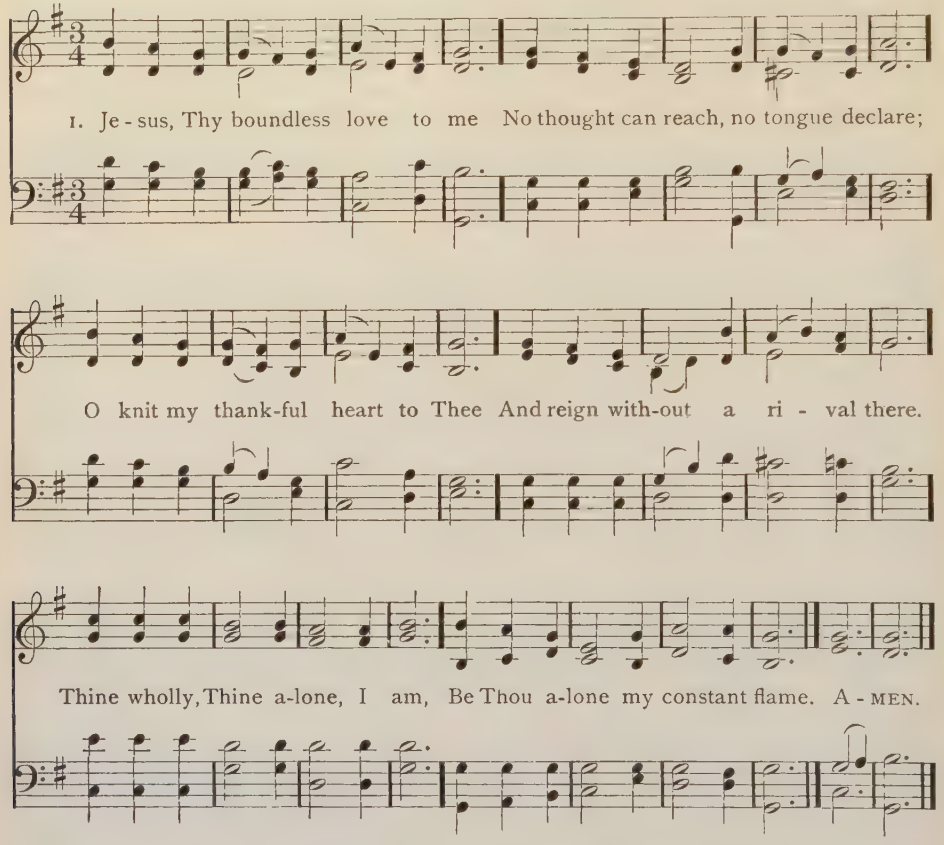
3 Sinful thoughts and wilful ways,
Love of self and human praise,
Pride of life and lust of eye,
Worldly pomp and vanity—
Faults that let and will not leave us,
Though their staying sorely grieve us,
Help, O help us to outlive them;
Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!

4 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,
Lowlier penitence for sin,
More of Christ our souls within;
Love which, when its life was newer,
Burnt within us deeper, truer—
Lost too long, while we deplore them;
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

John S. B. Monsell, 1871

346 ST. CATHERINE L. M. 6 l.

Henry F. Hemy, 1865;
Alt. by James G. Walton, 1871


1. Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thank-ful heart to Thee And reign with-out a ri - val there.
Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am, Be Thou a-lone my constant flame. A - MEN.

2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone;
O may Thy love possess me whole,
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:
Strange fires far from my soul remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!
All pain before thy presence flies:
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

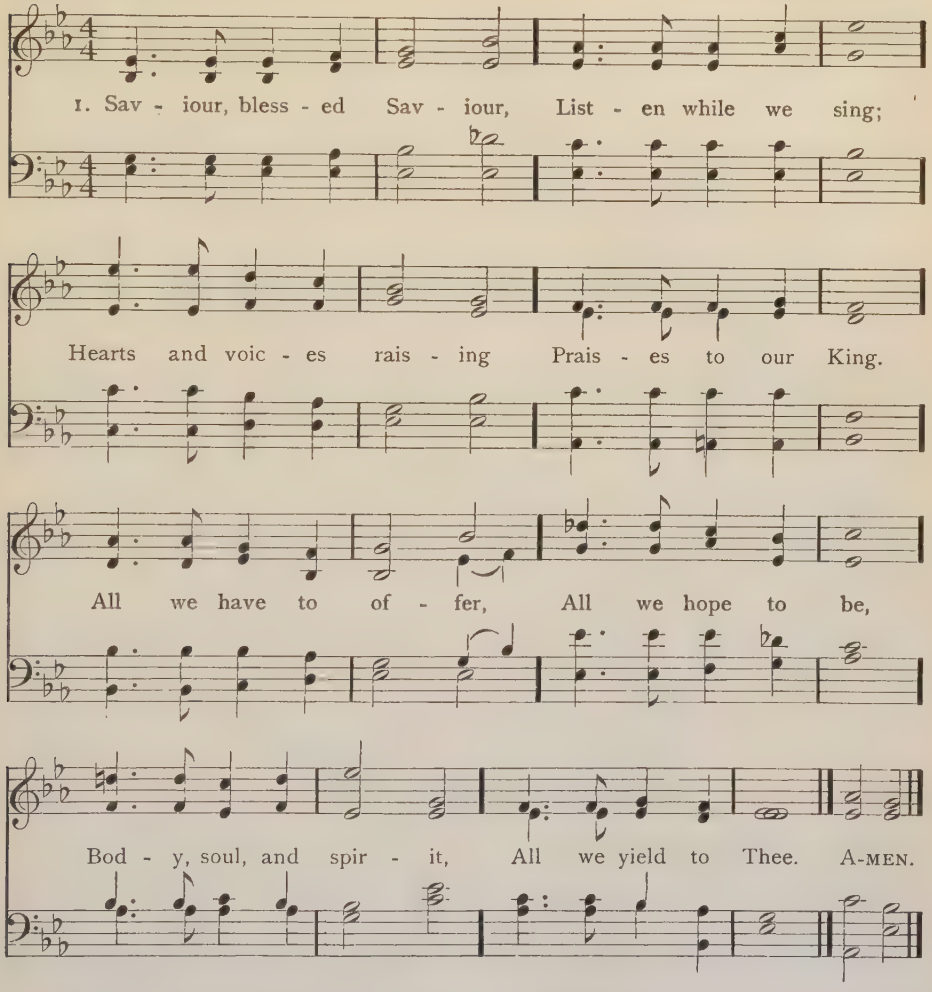
4 Still let Thy love point out my way;
What wondrous things Thy love hath wrought!
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my word, inspire my thought;
And if I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;
In weakness, be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that dark final hour
Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,
That I may love Thee without end.

Paulus Gerhardt, 1653 Tr. J. Wesley, 1739; verse 3, l. 7, alt.

347 RUTH 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5

Samuel Smith, 1870


1. Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, List - en while we sing;
Hearts and voic - es rais - ing Prais - es to our King.
All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be,
Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to Thee. A-MEN.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ we draw to Thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

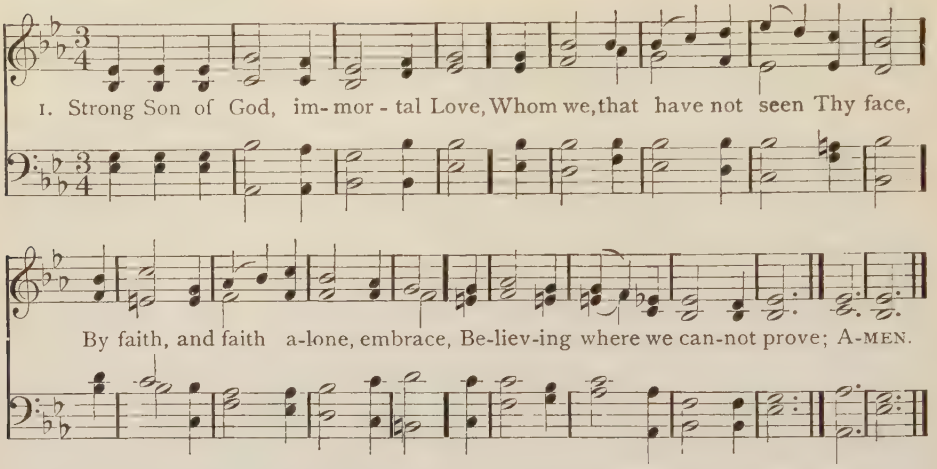
3 Clearer still, and clearer,
Dawns the light from heaven,
In our sadness bringing
News of sins forgiven;
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed Thy radiance
On a world of sin.

4 Brighter still, and brighter,
Glows the western sun,
Shedding all its gladness
O'er our work that's done;
Time will soon be over,
Toil and sorrow past;
May we, blessèd Saviour,
Find a rest at last.

Godfrey Thring, 1866

348 ALDRICH L. M.

Charles Harford Lloyd


1. Strong Son of God, im-mor-tal Love, Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith a-lone, embrace, Be-liev-ing where we can-not prove; A-MEN.

2 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

3 Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

4 Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

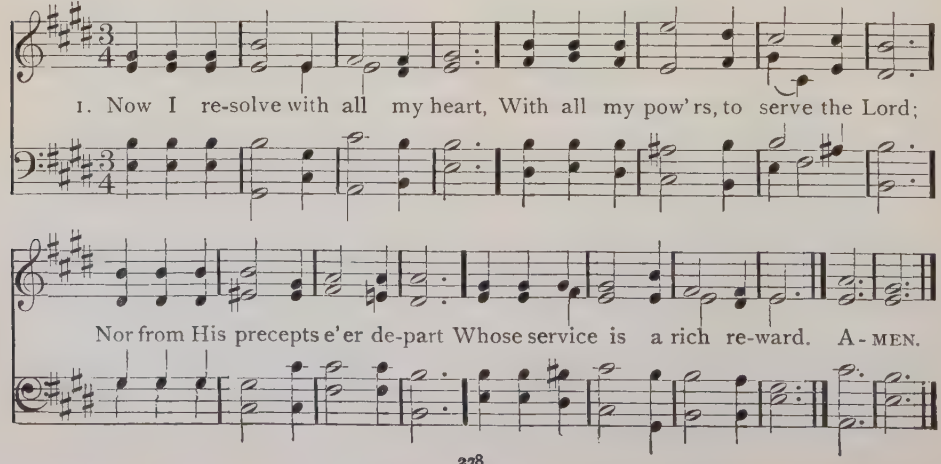
5 We have but faith: we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

6 Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.

Alfred Tennyson

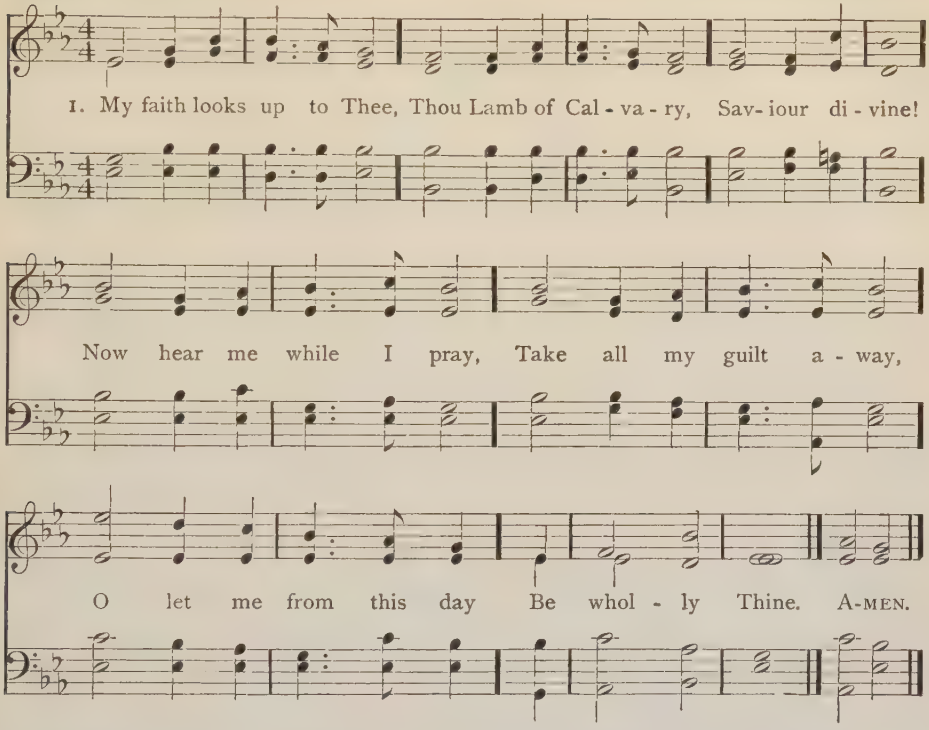
349 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey


1. Now I re-solve with all my heart, With all my pow'rs, to serve the Lord;
Nor from His precepts e'er de-part Whose service is a rich re-ward. A-MEN.

350 OLIVET 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Lowell Mason, 1832


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!
Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,
O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A-MEN.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

Ray Palmer

(ST. CRISPIN)

2 O be His service all my joy;
Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labors so divine.

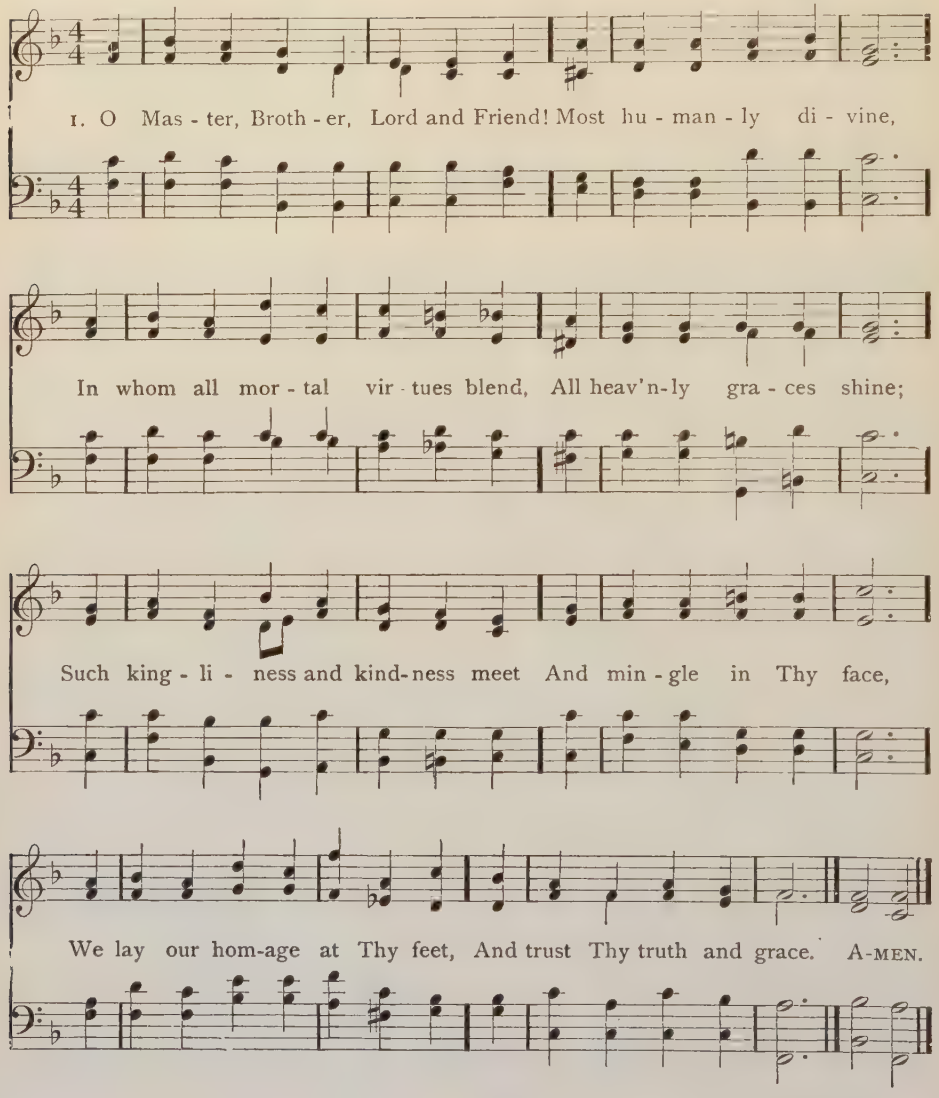
3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways:
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

Anne Steele, 1760

351 BLENDEN C. M. D.

Charles E. Kettle, 1876


1. O Mas - ter, Broth - er, Lord and Friend! Most hu - man - ly di - vine,
In whom all mor - tal vir - tues blend, All heav'n-ly gra - ces shine;
Such king - li - ness and kind-ness meet And min - gle in Thy face,
We lay our hom-age at Thy feet, And trust Thy truth and grace. A-MEN.

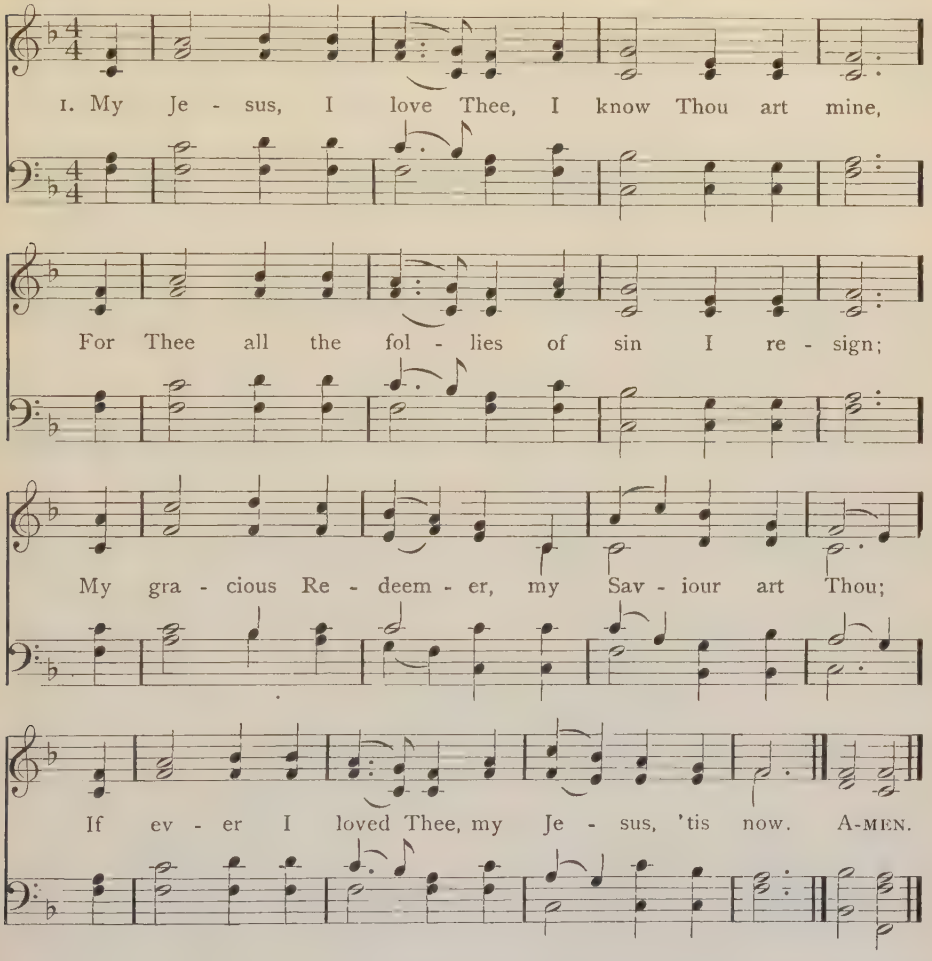
2 Help us to prove, as we profess,
Our fellowship with Thee,
To manifest the loveliness
Which in Thy life we see.
Thy gentleness to us impart,
Thy purity bestow;
The rest and peace of Thy meek heart
O let our spirits know.

3 And ever, as our need may be,
Supply, correct, forgive;
That we may live to learn of Thee,
And learn of Thee to live.
Touch every cloud with holy light,
Through days and years to come;
Make sorrow sweet and darkness bright,
And lead us gently home.

Edwin P. Parker, 1903

352 GORDON 11 11 11 11

Adoniram J. Gordon


1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou;
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A-MEN.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon, on Calvary's tree;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

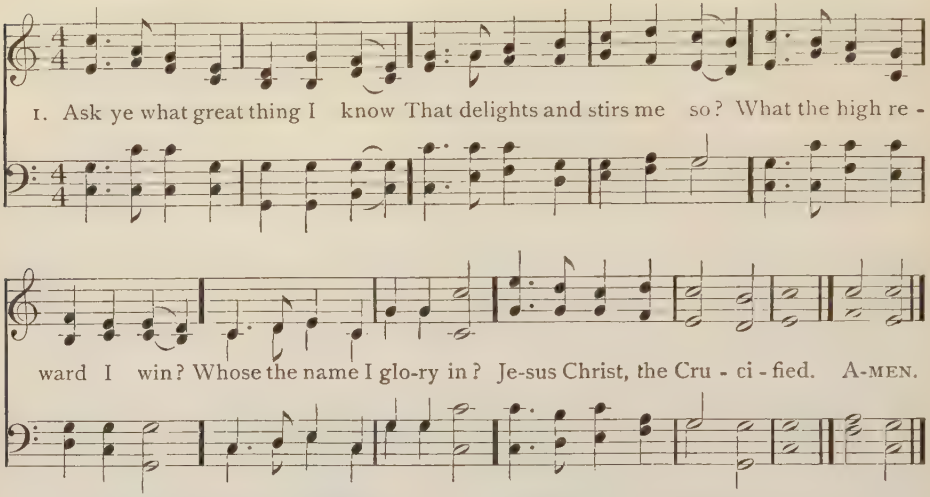
3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

Anon.

353 ESSEX 7 7 7 7

Thomas Clark, 1805


1. Ask ye what great thing I know That delights and stirs me so? What the high re -
ward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru - ci - fied. A-MEN.

2 Who defeats my fiercest foes?
Who consoles my saddest woes?
Who revives my fainting heart,
Healing all its hidden smart?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

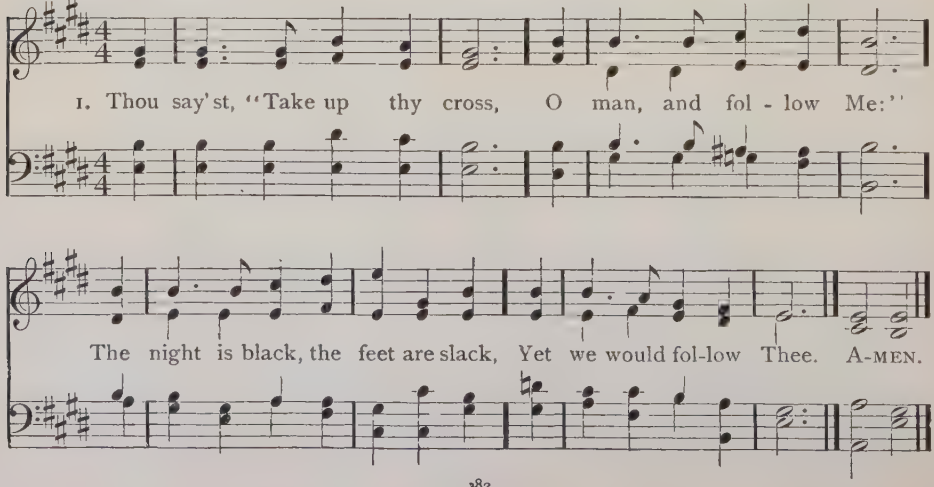
3 Who is life in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on His right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in Him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave,—
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

Tr. Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1863

354 ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887



355 SOMETHING FOR THEE 6 4 6 4 6 6 6 4

Theodore E. Perkins

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make
On bend-ed knee. This is my earn-est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee. A-MEN.

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek;
Give what is best;
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry,
My heart shall raise,—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss, 1869

(ALDERSGATE)

2 But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we Thy face could see!
Thy blessèd face one moment's space;
Then might we follow Thee!

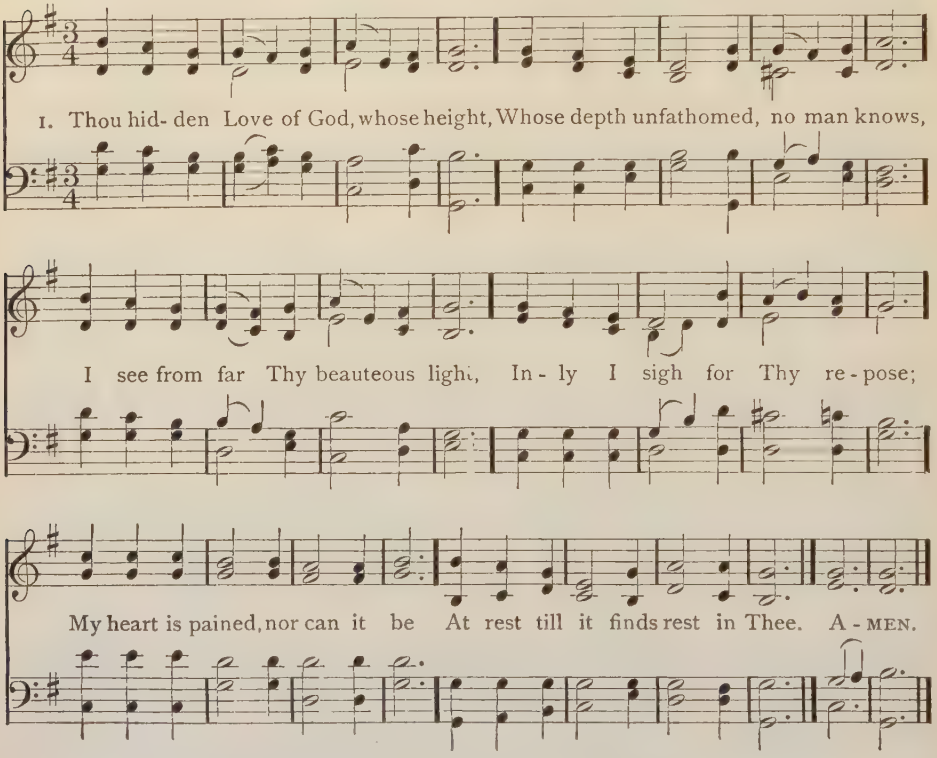
3 Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow Thee?

4 Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be;
Set up Thy throne within Thine own:
Go, Lord; we follow Thee.

Francis T. Palgrave

356 ST. CATHERINE L. M. 61.

Henry F. Hemy, 1865;
Alt. by James G. Walton, 1871


1. Thou hid- den Love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far Thy beauteous light, In - ly I sigh for Thy re - pose;
My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in Thee. A - MEN.

2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall see:
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!

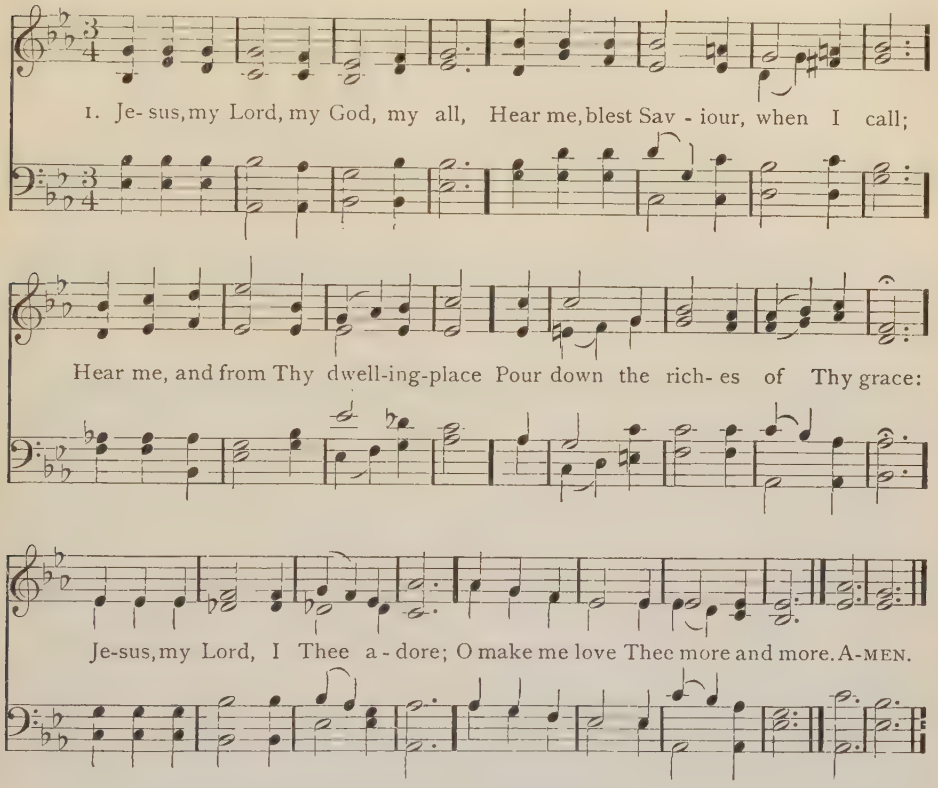
3 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me Thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729 Tr. by John Wesley, 1736

357 ADORO L. M. 61.

Joseph Barnby, 1872


1. Je- sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call;
Hear me, and from Thy dwell-ing-place Pour down the rich- es of Thy grace:
Je-sus, my Lord, I Thee a - dore; O make me love Thee more and more. A-MEN.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought;
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how extol Thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of Thy name?
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

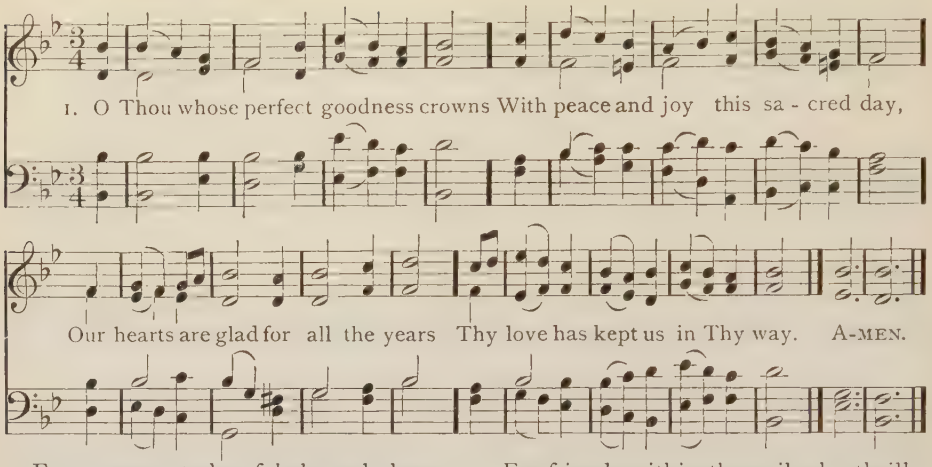
3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song;
To Thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is Thine;
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore;
O make me love Thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1854

358 WAREHAM L. M.

William Knapp, 1738


1. O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns With peace and joy this sa - cred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years Thy love has kept us in Thy way. A-MEN.

2 For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air,

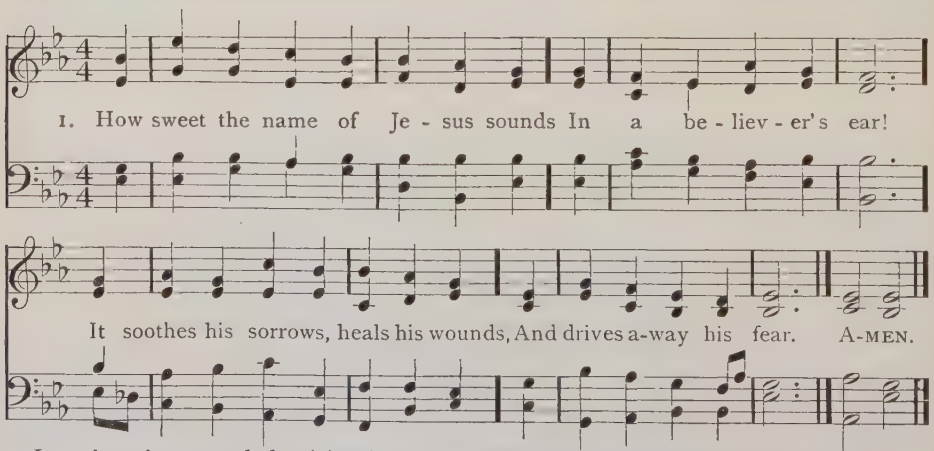
3 For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time,
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime:—

4 For this, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless Thy holy name.
Come life or death, enough to know
That Thou art evermore the same.

John W. Chadwick, 1889

359 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear. A-MEN.

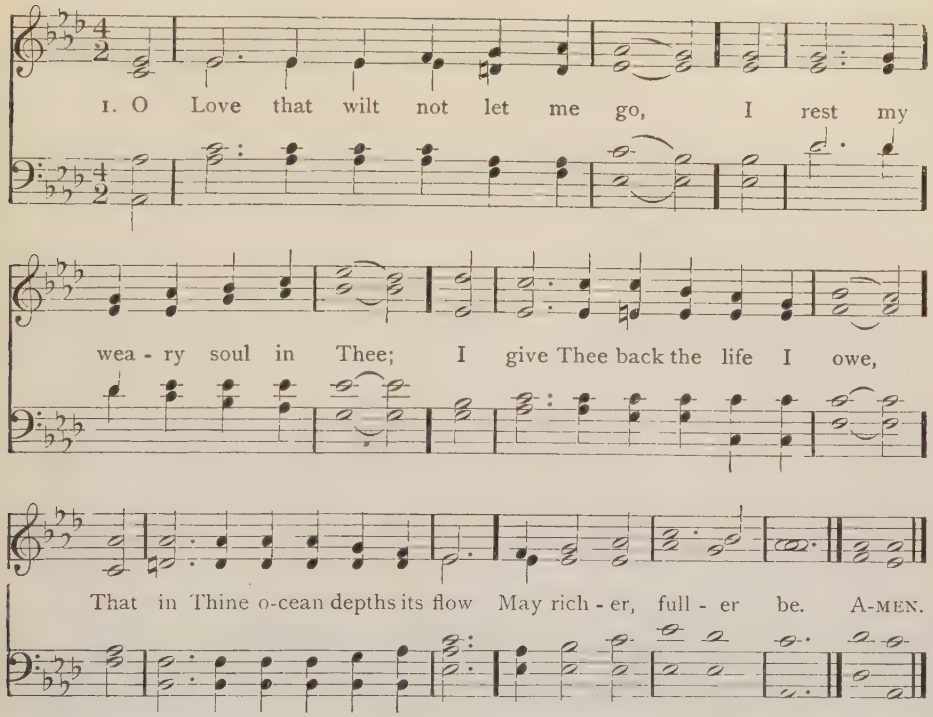
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast!
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

360 ST. MARGARET 8 8 8 8 6

Albert L. Peace, 1885


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be. A-MEN.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1882

(ST. PETER'S OXFORD)

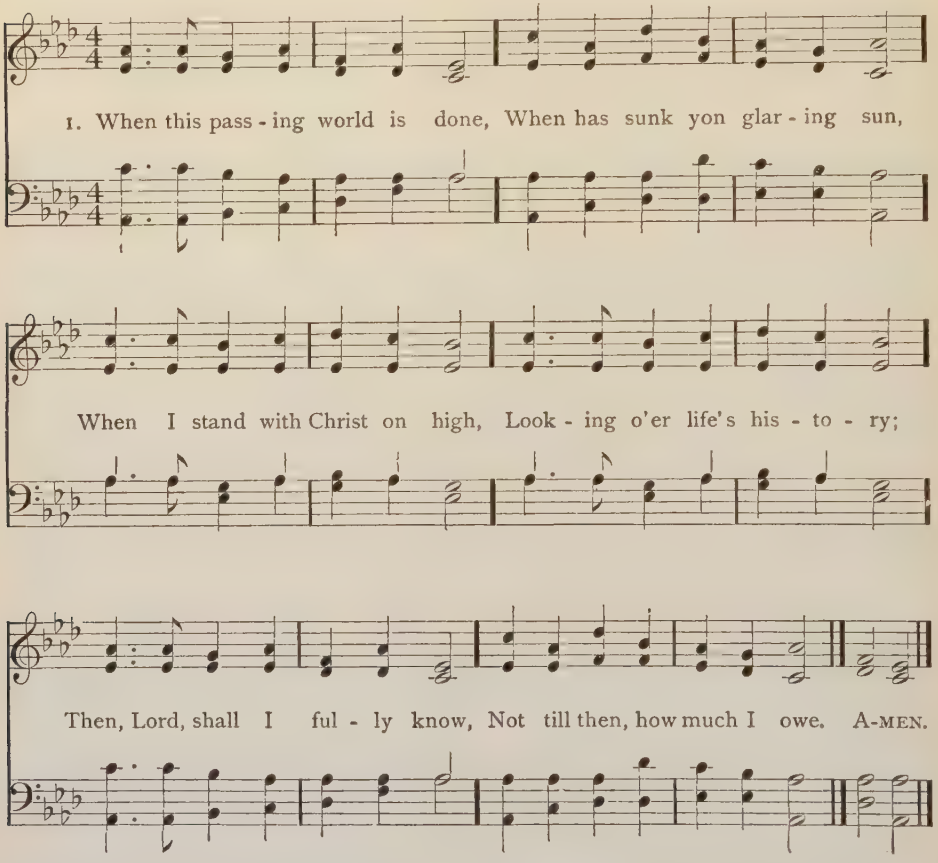
5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton 1779

361 SPANISH HYMN 7 7 7 7 7 7

Arr. by Benjamin Carr, 1826


1. When this pass - ing world is done, When has sunk yon glar - ing sun,
When I stand with Christ on high, Look - ing o'er life's his - to - ry;
Then, Lord, shall I ful - ly know, Not till then, how much I owe. A-MEN.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

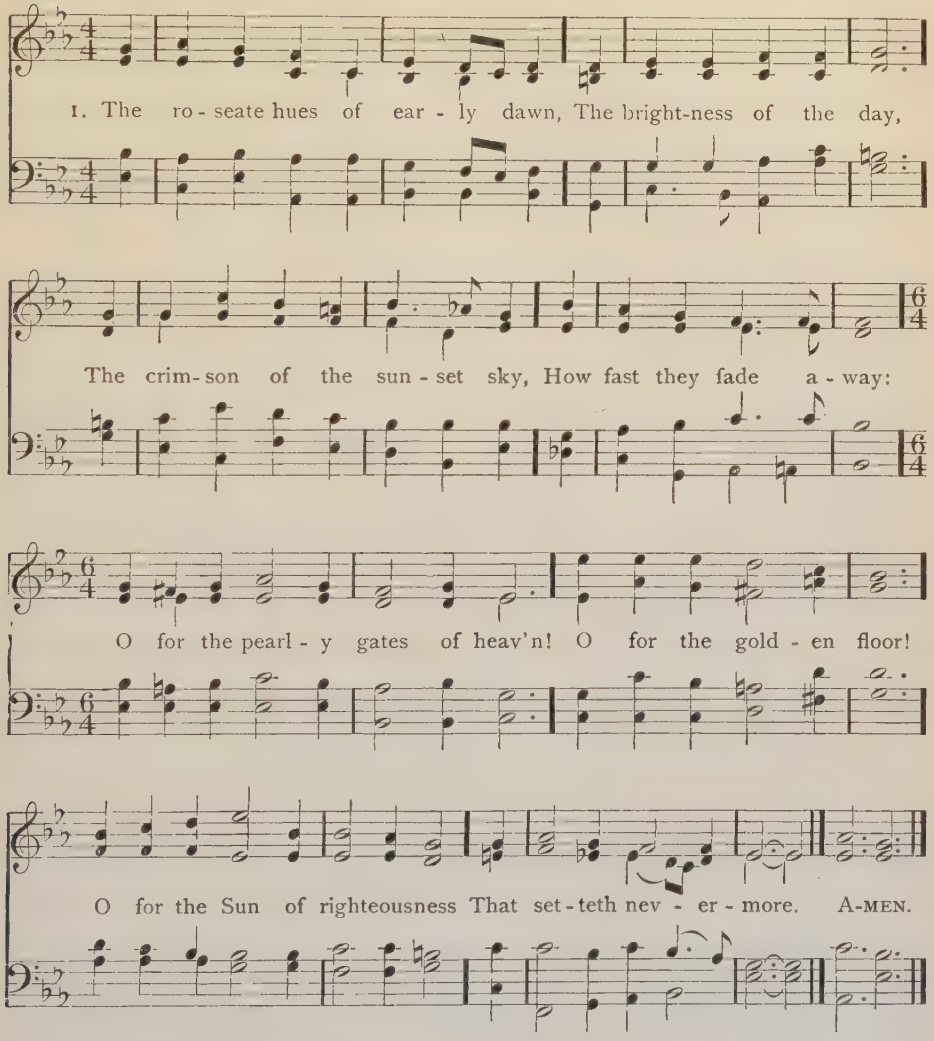
4 E'en on earth, as through a glass,
Darkly, let Thy glory pass;
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make Thy Spirit's help so meet;
E'en on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

5 Chosen, not for good in me,
Wakened up from sin to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified;
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

R. M. McCheyne

362 CASTLE RISING C. M. D.

Frederick A. J. Hervey, 1867


1. The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The bright-ness of the day,
The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way:
O for the pearl - y gates of heav'n! O for the gold - en floor!
O for the Sun of righteousness That set - teth nev - er - more. A-MEN.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint:
O for a heart that never sins,
O for a soul washed white,
O for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

2 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire:
O by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
O by Thy life laid down,
O that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown!

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

363 LOVE DIVINE 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

George F. Le Jeune, 1872

1. Love di-vine, all loves ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart. A-MEN.

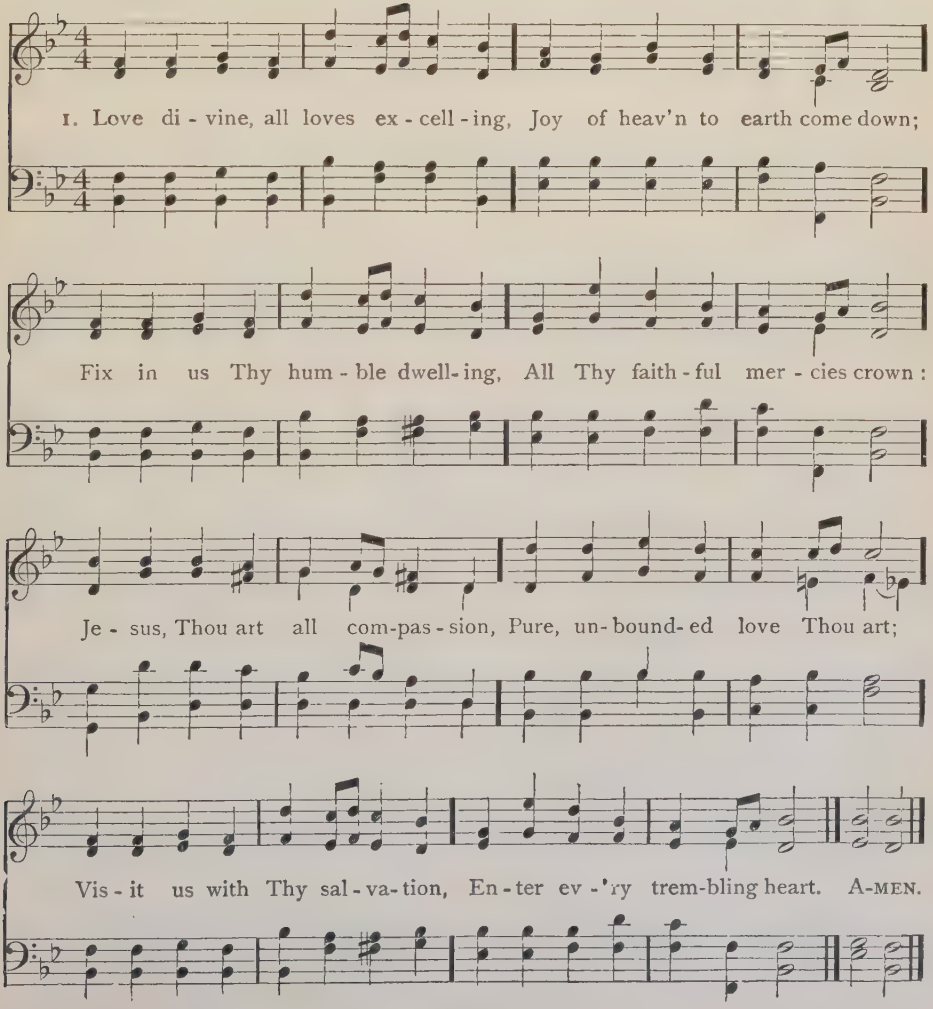
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured in Thee,
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

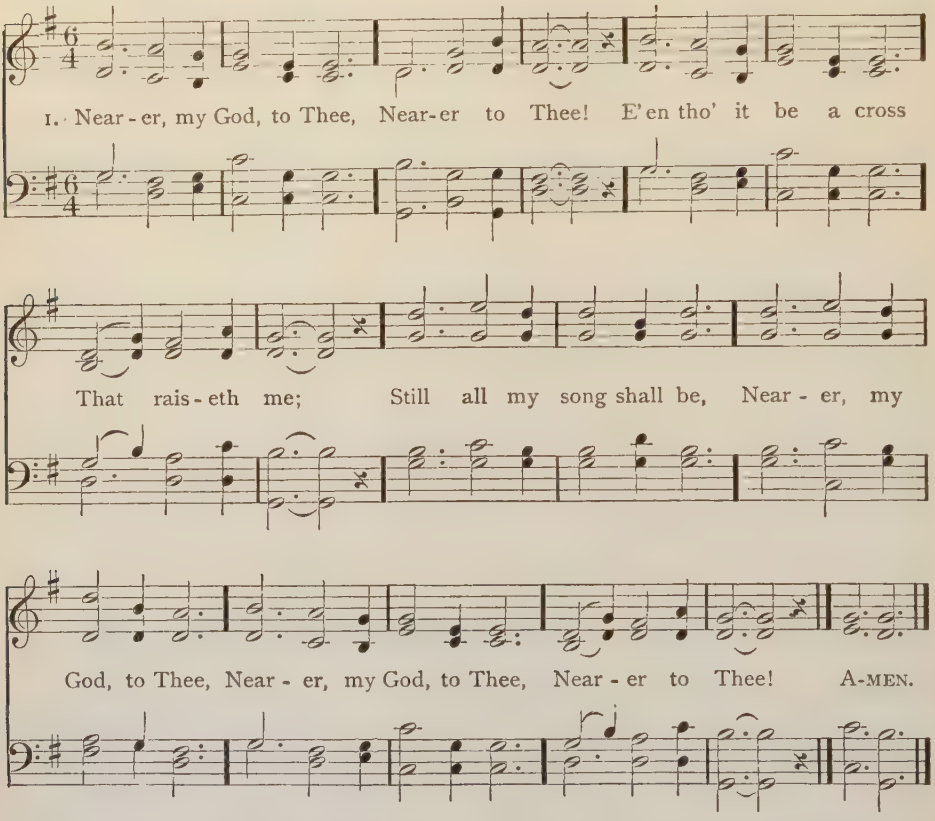
Charles Wesley, 1747

BEECHER 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7 (*Second Tune*) John Zundel, 1870


1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart. A-MEN.

364 BETHANY 6 4 6 4 6 6 4

Lowell Mason, 1856


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A-MEN.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

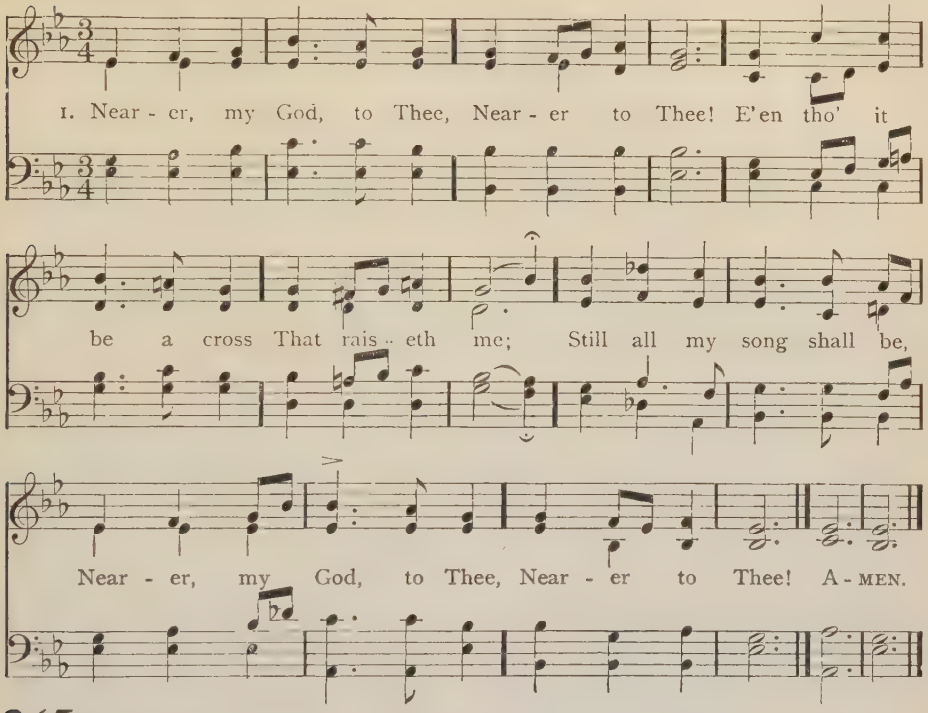
3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

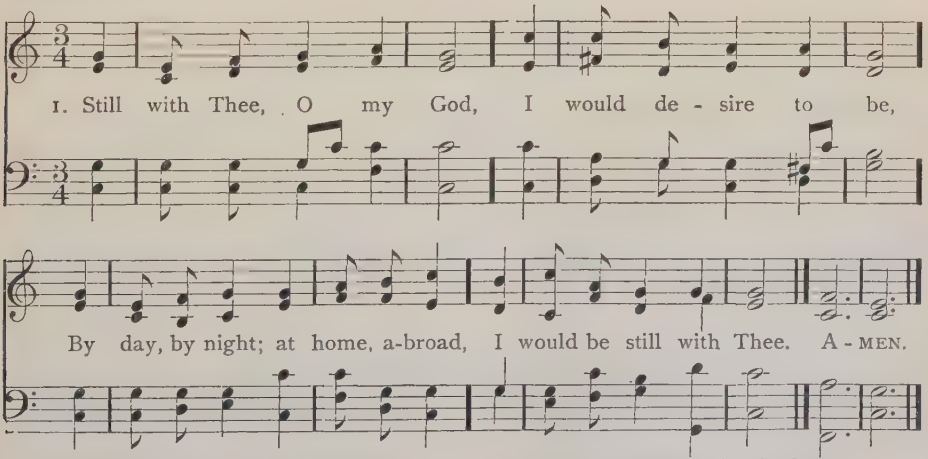
Sarah F. Adams, 1841

HORBURY 6 4 6 4 6 6 4 (*Second Tune*) John Bacchus Dykes, 1861


1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

365 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1832



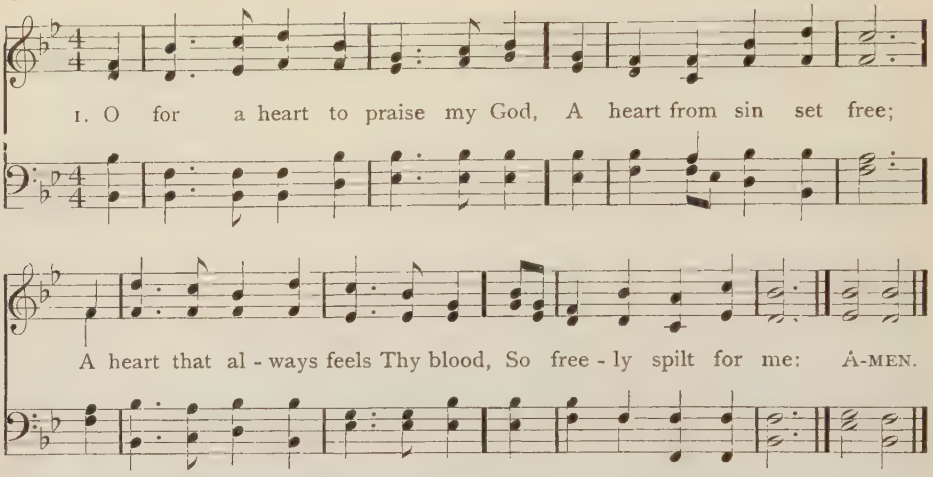
2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

James Drummond Burns, 1857

366 BROWN C. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1844



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within;

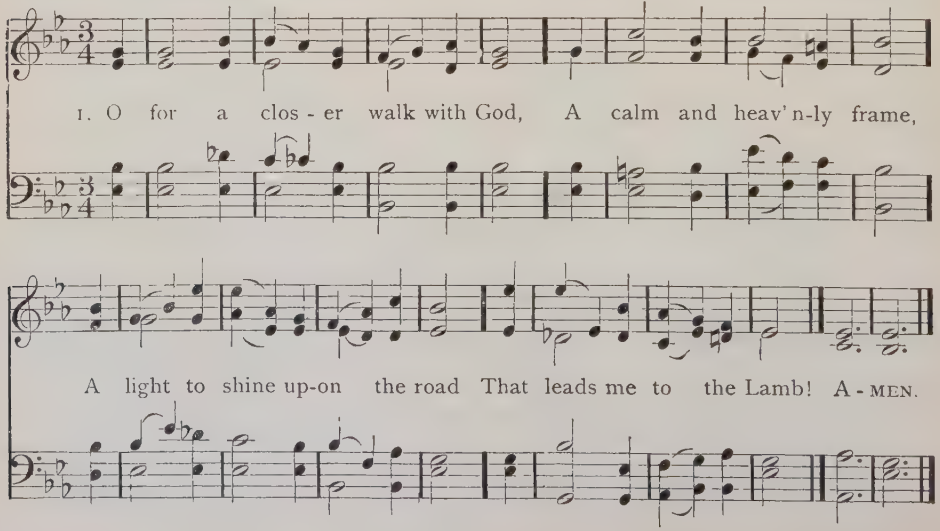
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1742

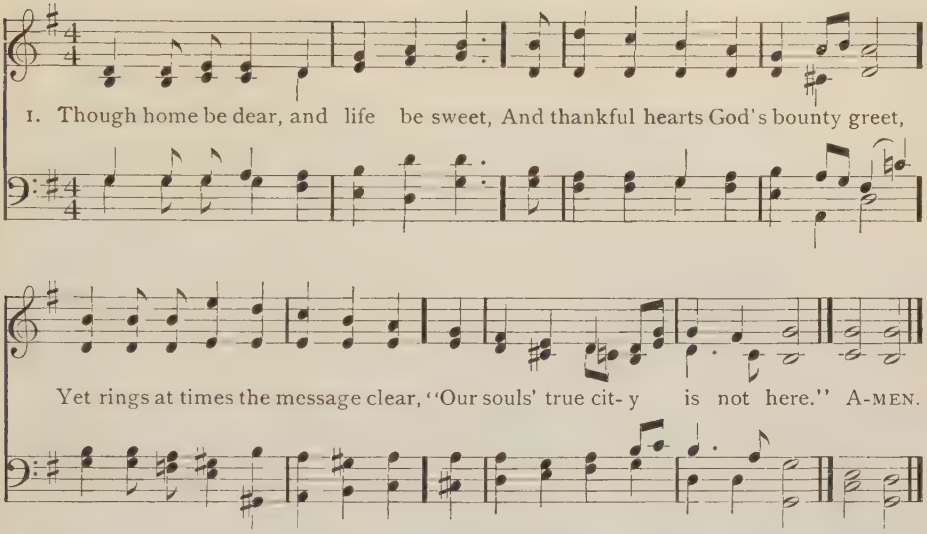
367 BOOTERSTOWN C. M.

Henry Bussell



368 KEBLE L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875


1. Though home be dear, and life be sweet, And thankful hearts God's bounty greet,
Yet rings at times the message clear, "Our souls' true cit- y is not here." A-MEN.

2 'Mid changing scenes of joy and pain,
There comes again and yet again,
A vision of the changeless rest,
Where God's own face shall make us blest.

3 And through the web of earthly life,
Its grief and gladness, work and strife,
There runs a thread divine, to tie
Our time-life to the life on high.

4 O help us, Lord, with thankful heart
To grasp each day's eternal part,
And build our home on that calm height
Where saints do walk with Thee in light.

Ella Armitage

(BOOTERSTOWN)

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn
And drove Thee from my breast.

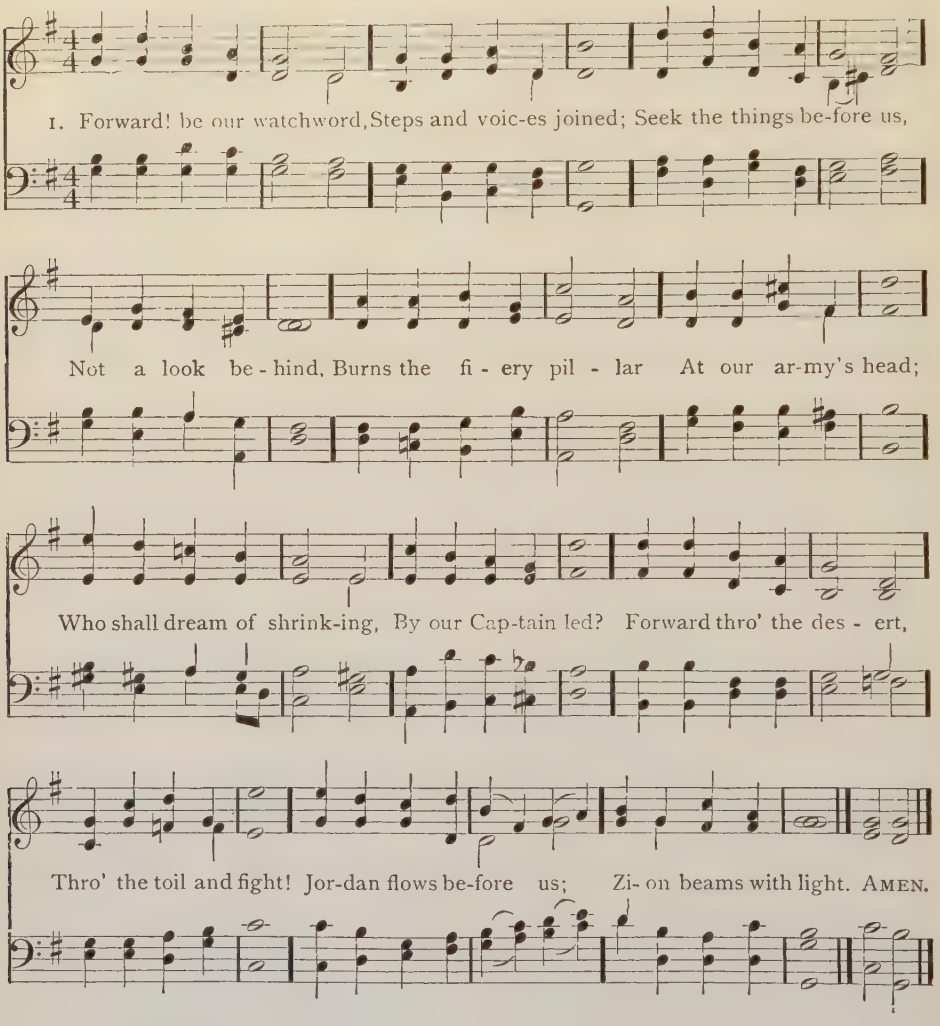
5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1769

369 WATCHWORD 6 5 6 5 6 5 D.

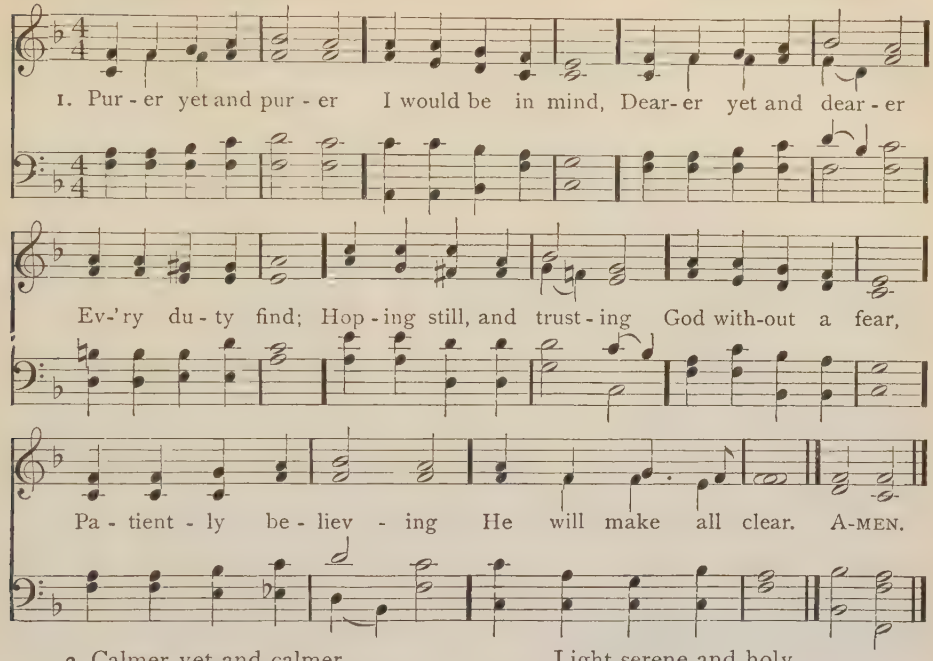
Henry Smart, 1872


1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voic-es joined; Seek the things be-fore us,
Not a look be - hind, Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our ar-my's head;
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? Forward thro' the des - ert,
Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be-fore us; Zi- on beams with light. AMEN.

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth.
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light!

3 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these have uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight.

370 MARY MAGDALENE 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 — John Bacchus Dykes


1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and dear - er
Ev-'ry du - ty find; Hop - ing still, and trust - ing God with-out a fear,
Pa - tient - ly be - liev - ing He will make all clear. A-MEN.

2 Calmer yet and calmer
In the hour of pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To His will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light,—
Light serene and holy,
Where my soul may rest,
Purified and lowly,
Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter
Ever onward run,
Firmer yet and firmer
Step as I go on.
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast;
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. Von Goethe

(WATCHWORD)

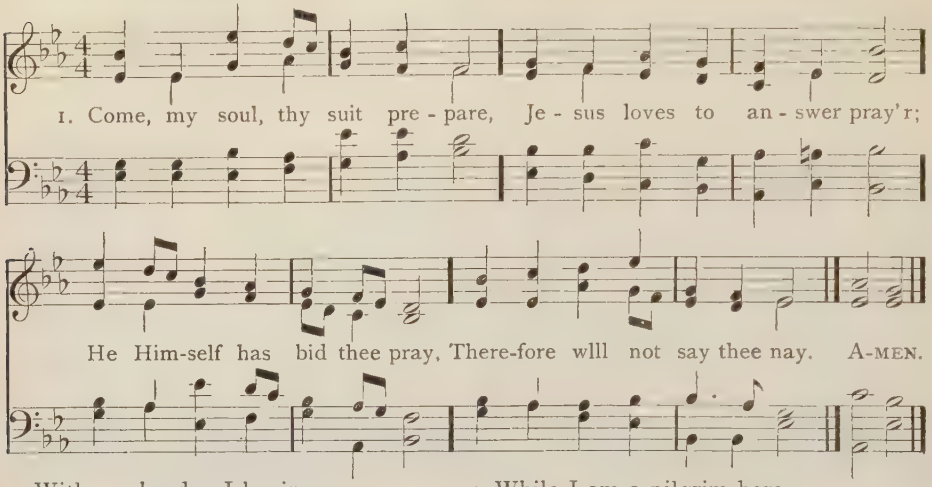
4 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

5 To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise,
To the Son, and Spirit,
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford, 1871

371 THEODORA 7 7 7 7

Arr. fr. George Frederick Händel, 1749


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;
He Him-self has bid thee pray, There-fore will not say thee nay. A-MEN.

2 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast,
There Thy blood-bought right maintain
And without a rival reign.

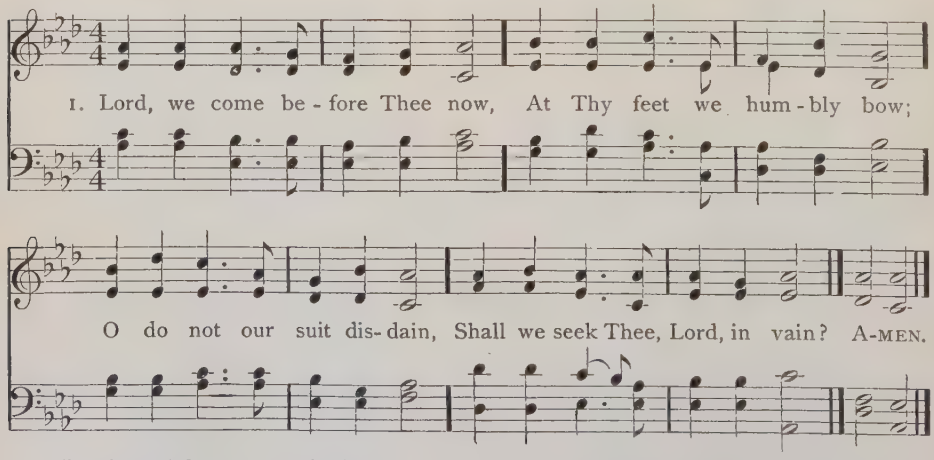
4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer:
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

John Newton, 1779

372 ST. BEES 7 7 7 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1874

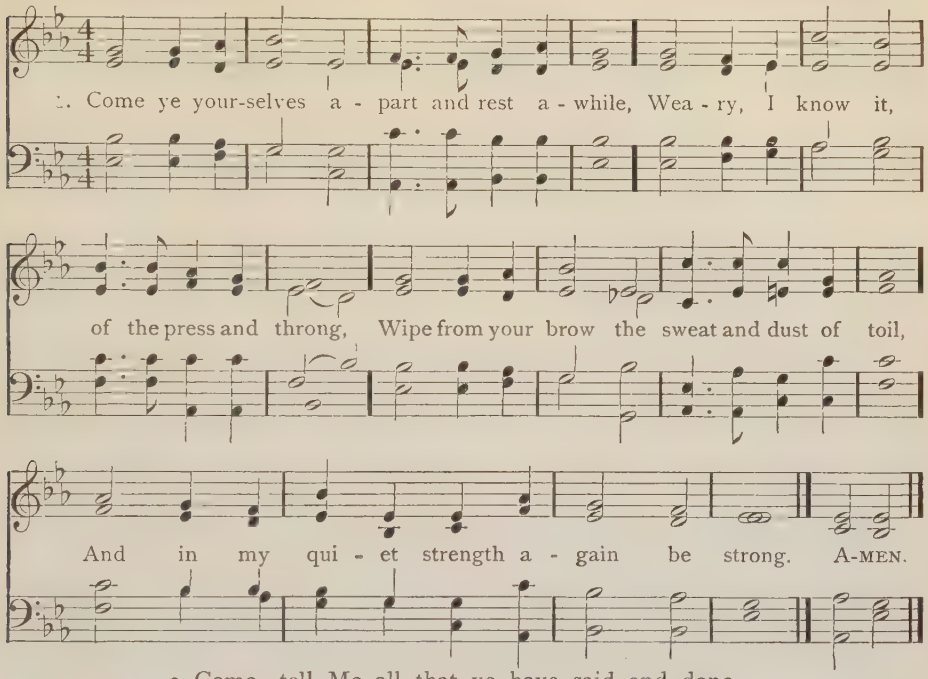


2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

373 PENITENTIA 10 10 10 10

Edward Dearle, 1874


Come ye your-selves a - part and rest a - while, Wea - ry, I know it,
of the press and throng, Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
And in my qui - et strength a - gain be strong. A-MEN.

2 Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done,
Your victories and failures, hopes and fears,
I know how hardly souls are wooed and won;
My choicest wreaths are always wet with tears.

3 Come ye, and rest; the journey is too great,
And ye will faint beside the way and sink:
The bread of life is here for you to eat,
And here for you the wine of love to drink.

4 Then, fresh from converse with your Lord, return
And work till daylight softens into even;
The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
More of your Master and His rest in heaven.

Edward H. Bickersteth

(ST. BEES)

4 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

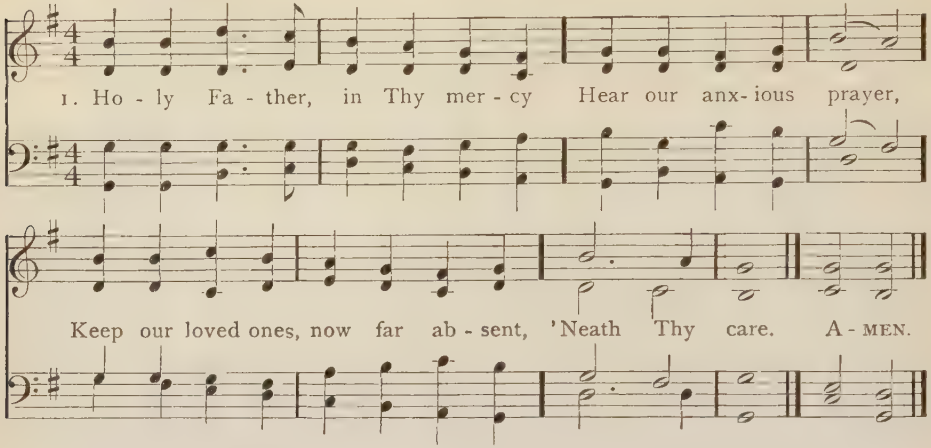
5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God sincere and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

William Hammond, 1745

374 CAIRNBROOK 8 5 8 3

Ebenezer Prout



2 Jesus, Saviour, let Thy presence
Be their light and guide;
Keep, O keep them, in their weakness,
At Thy side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
When in loneliness,
In Thy love look down and comfort
Their distress.

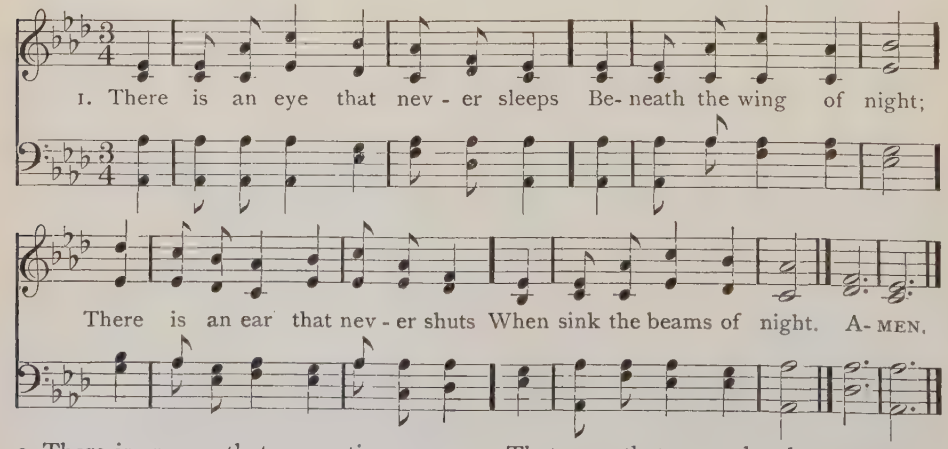
4 May the joy of Thy salvation
Be their strength and stay;
May they love and may they praise Thee
Day by day.

5 Holy Spirit, let Thy teaching
Sanctify their life;
Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
In the strife.

Isabella S. Stephenson

375 EVAN C. M.

William Henry Havergal, 1846


1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
There is an ear that nev - er shuts When sink the beams of night. A - MEN.

2 There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

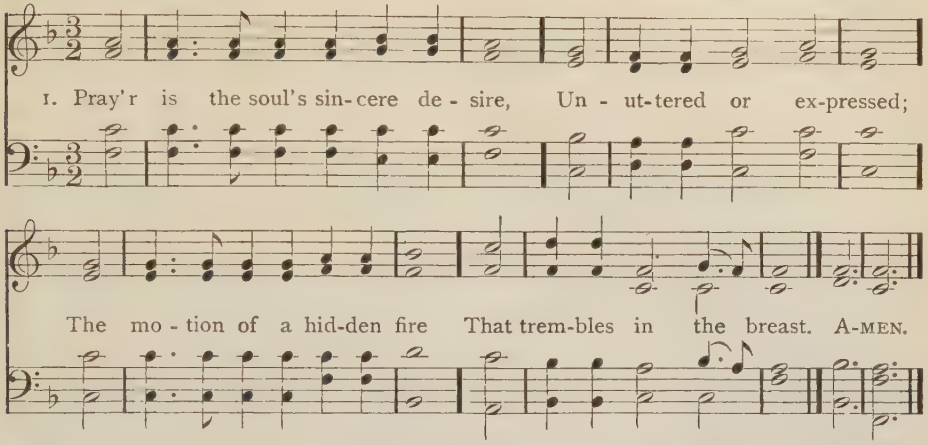
3 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

4 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne;
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down!

James C. Wallace

376 BYEFIELD C. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1840



2 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

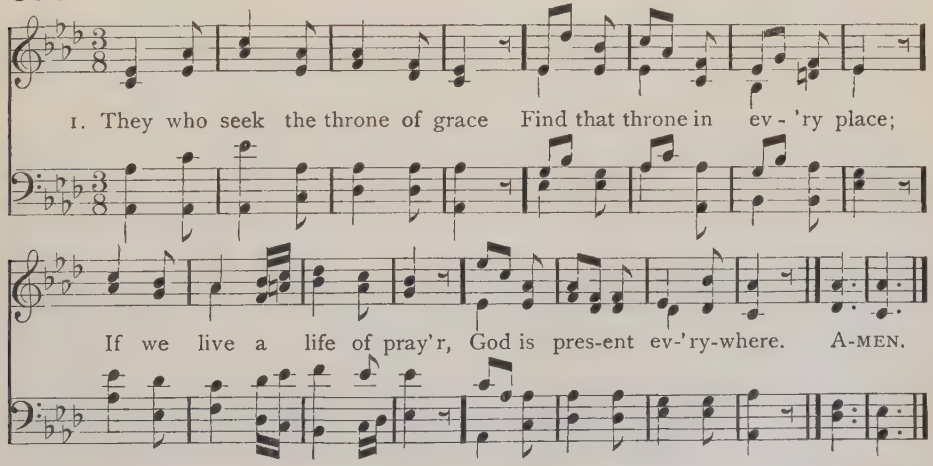
3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

4 O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

James Montgomery, 1818

377 HORTON 7 7 7 7

Xavier Schnyder



2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

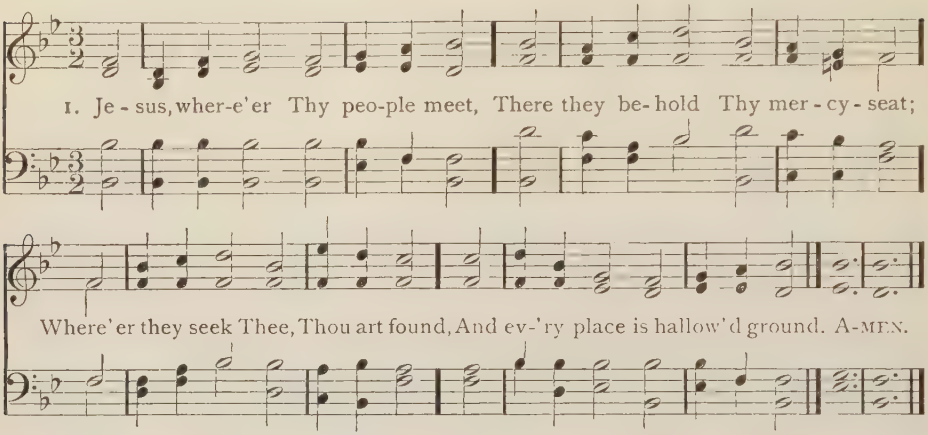
3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

Oliver Holden

378 HEBRON L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830


1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be-hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallow'd ground. A-MEN.

2 For Thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

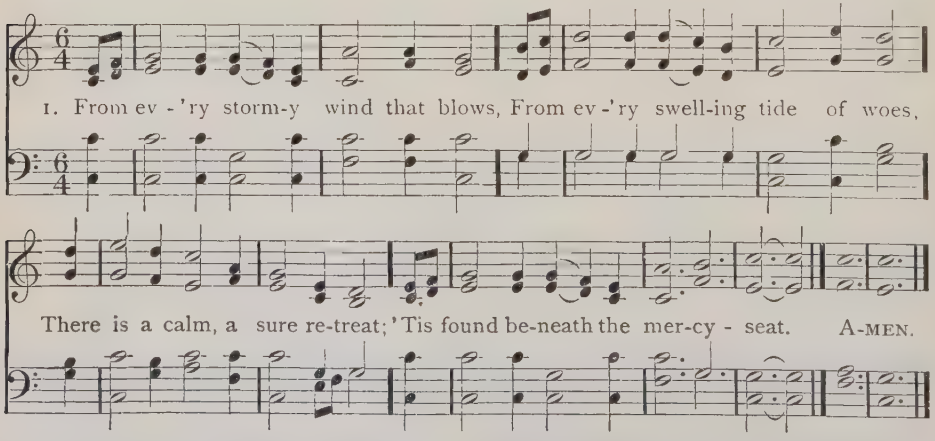
3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own,
To raise for Thee an earthly throne;
And where Thy name Thou dost record,
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

William Cowper, 1769, ab.

379 RETREAT L. M.

Thomas Hastings, 1842


1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev -'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat. A-MEN.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all beside more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

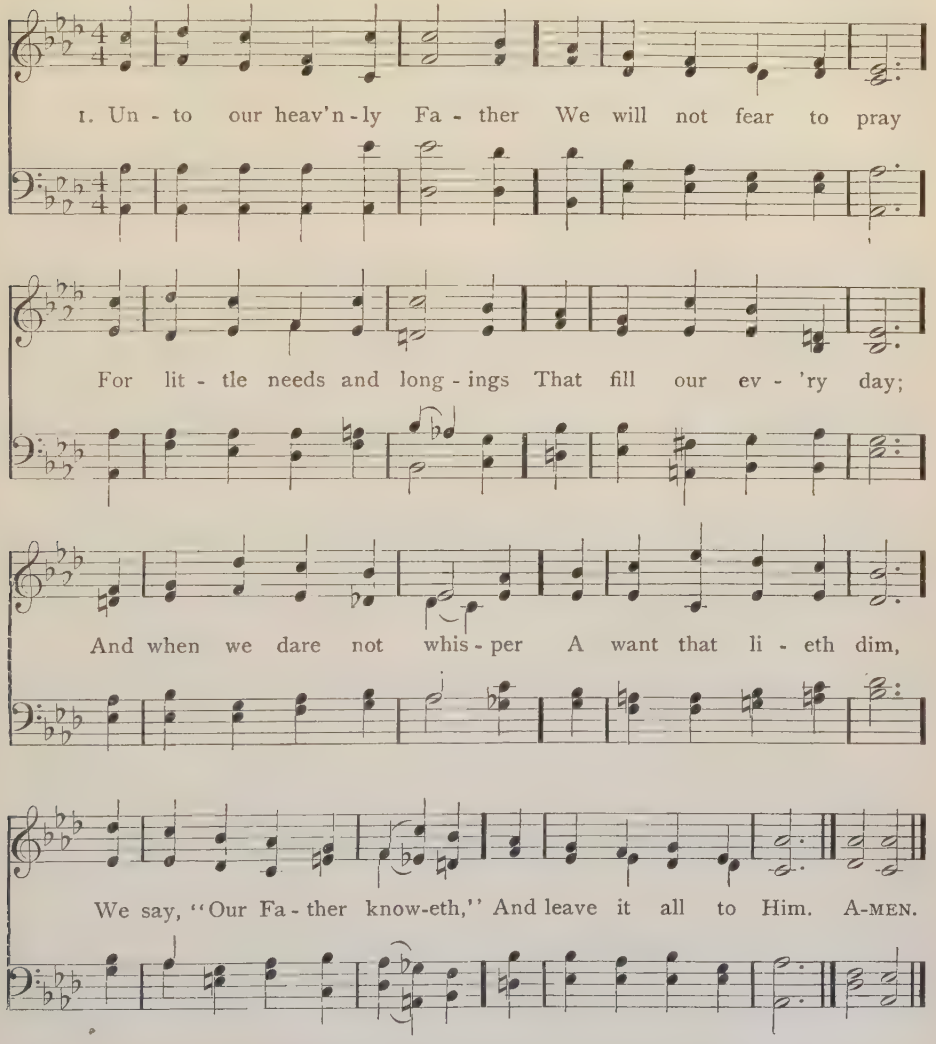
3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell, 1828

380 WESTWOOD 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

R. H. McCartney

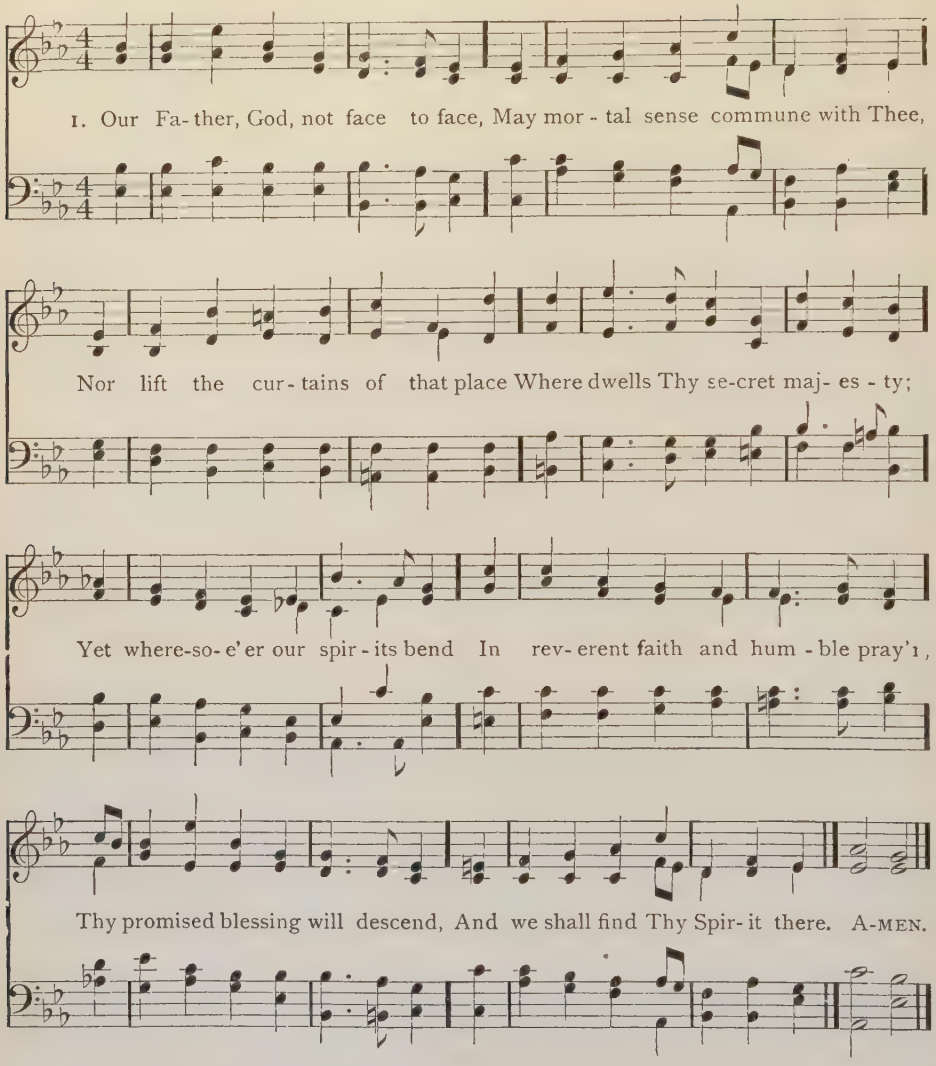

1. Un - to our heav'n - ly Fa - ther We will not fear to pray
For lit - tle needs and long - ings That fill our ev - 'ry day;
And when we dare not whis - per A want that li - eth dim,
We say, "Our Fa - ther know-eth," And leave it all to Him. A-MEN.

2 For His great love has compassed
Our nature and our need;
We know not; but He knoweth,
And He will bless indeed.
Therefore, O heavenly Father,
Give what is best to me:
And take the wants unanswered
As offerings made to Thee.

Anon.

381 SUNSET (Banias) L. M. D.

Meyer Lutz


1. Our Fa-ther, God, not face to face, May mor-tal sense commune with Thee,
Nor lift the cur-tains of that place Where dwells Thy se-cret maj-es-ty;
Yet where-so-e'er our spir-its bend In rev-erent faith and hum-ble pray'r,
Thy promised blessing will descend, And we shall find Thy Spir-it there. A-MEN.

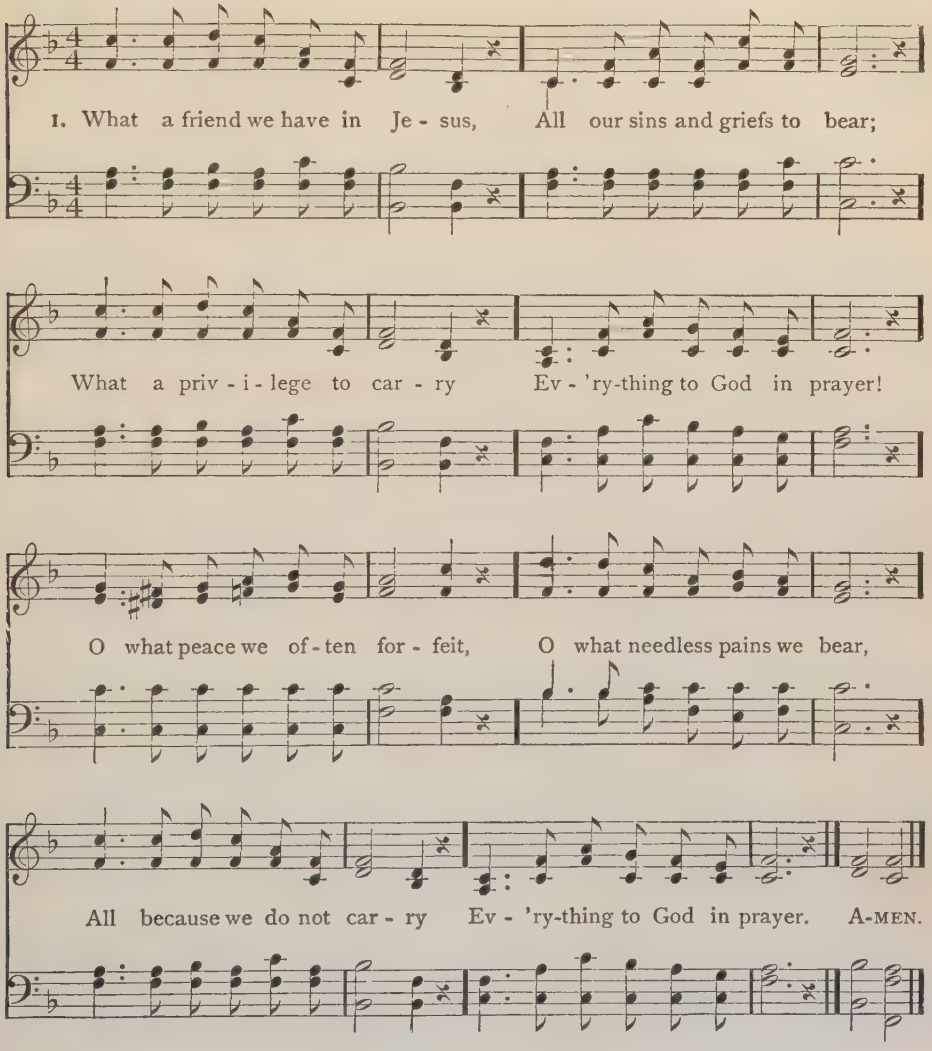
2 Lord, be the spot where now we meet
An open gateway into heaven;
Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
And feel our many sins forgiven;
Here may desponding care look up,
And sorrow lay its burden down,
Or learn of Him to drink the cup,
To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
Find better than Bethesda's pool,
Or than Siloam's healing wave:
And may we learn, while here apart
From the world's passion and its strife,
That Thy true shrine's a loving heart,
And Thy best praise a holy life.

Edwin H. Chapin

382 ERIE 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Charles C. Converse, 1868


1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we of - ten for - feit, O what needless pains we bear,
All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer. A-MEN.

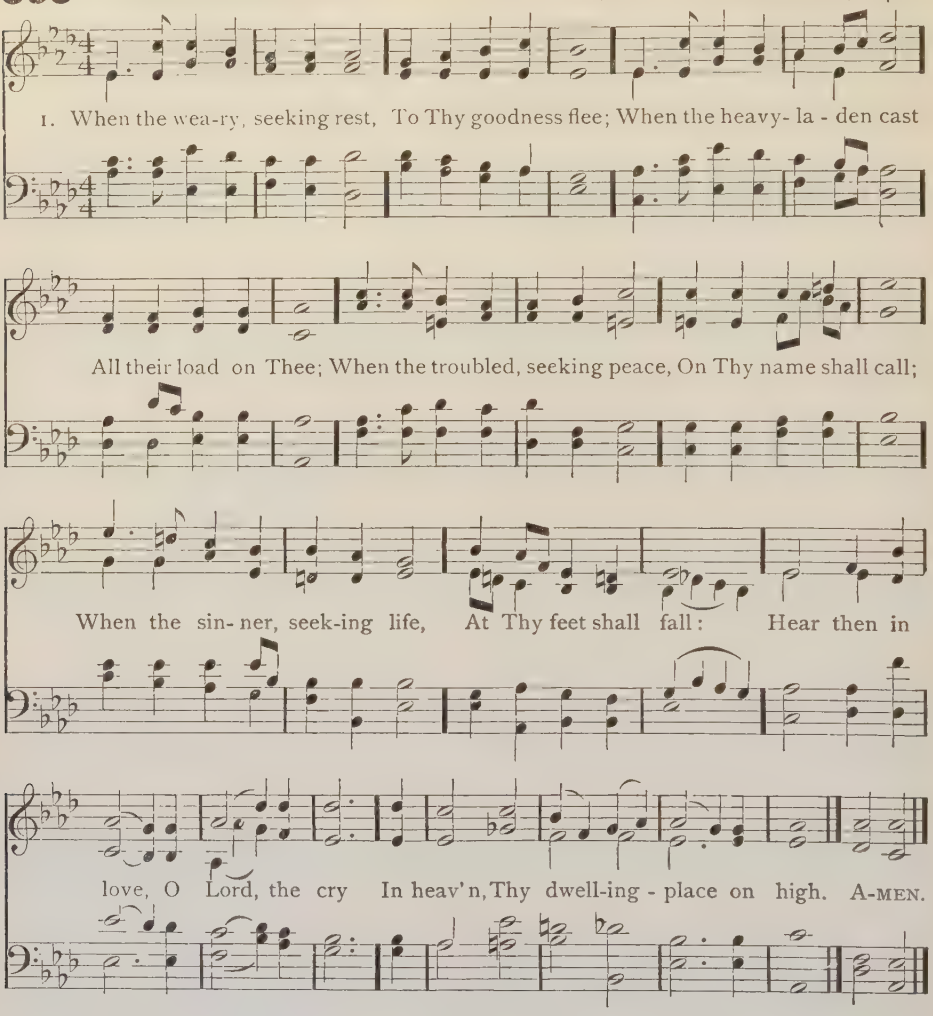
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven

383 INTERCESSION, NEW 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 8 8

William H. Callcott, 1867
Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846

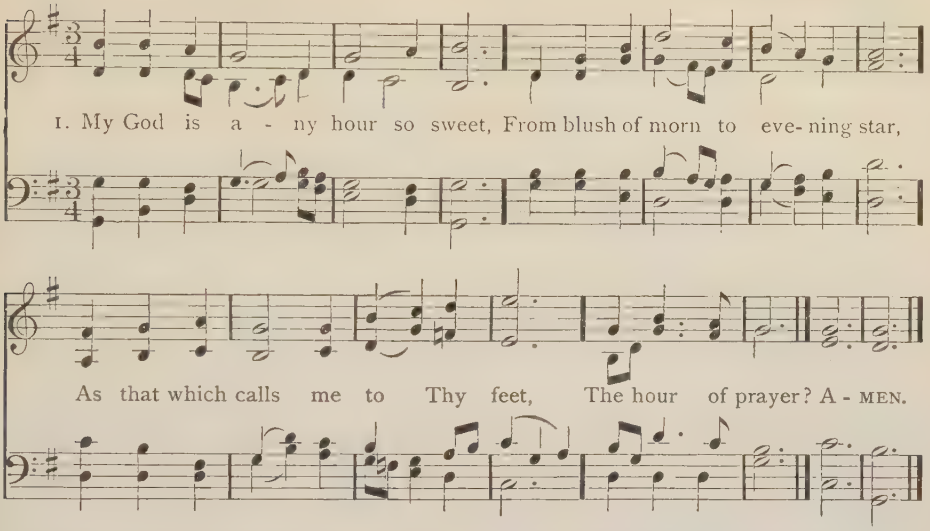

1. When the wea-ry, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy- la - den cast
All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy name shall call;
When the sin- ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall: Hear then in
love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell-ing - place on high. A-MEN.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, from his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

384 ALMSGIVING 8 8 8 4

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875



2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay,
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835

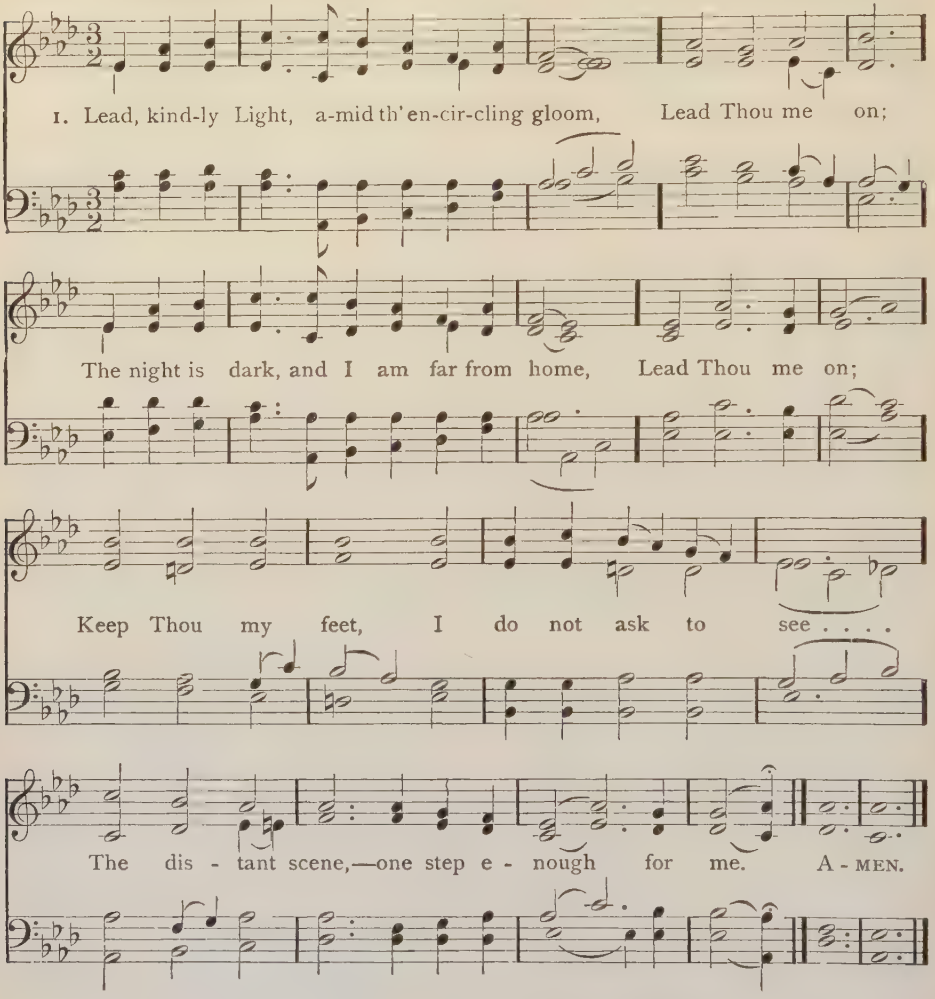
(INTERCESSION, NEW)

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd,
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd name:
Hear then in love, O Lord the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

Horatius Bonar, 1866

385 LUX BENIGNA 10 4 10 4 10 10

John Bacchus Dykes, 1867


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see . . . .
The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.

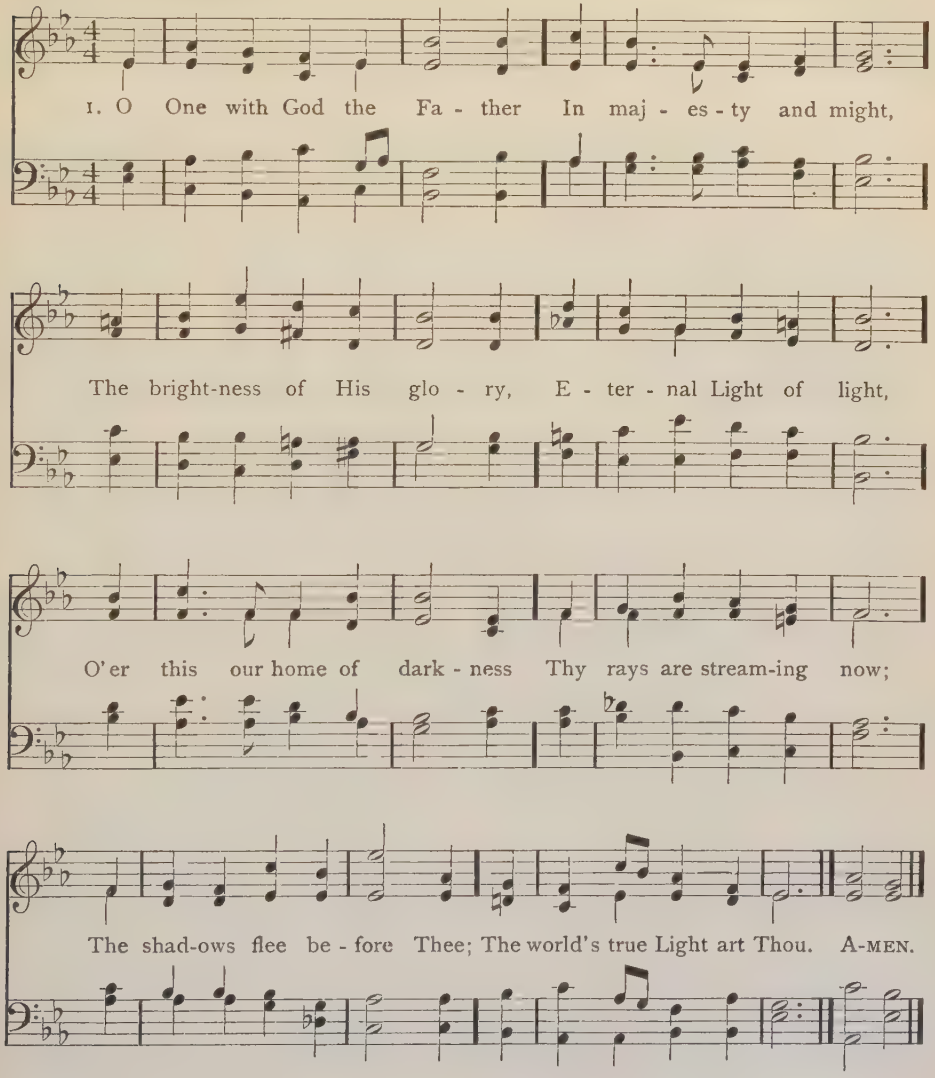
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou,
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

John Henry Newman, 1833

386 MAGDALENA 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

John Stainer, 1875


1. O One with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,
The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light,
O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;
The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee; The world's true Light art Thou. A-MEN.

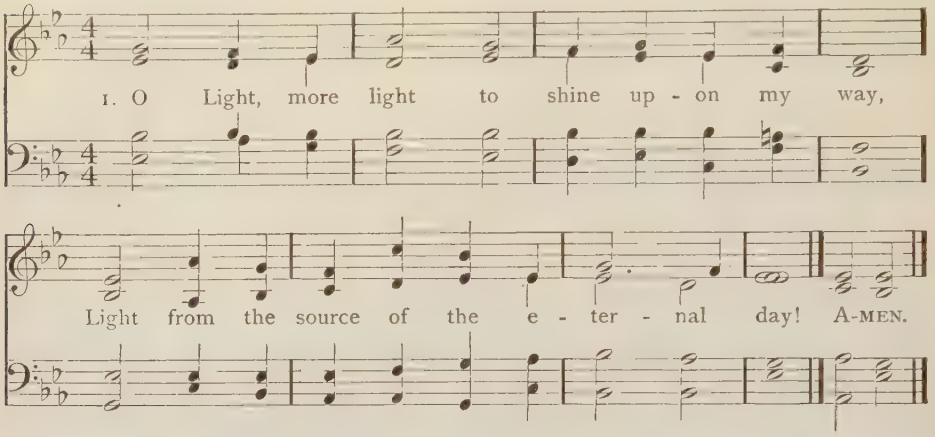
2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly;
O heavenly Light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide Thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That Thou Thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of Thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of Thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

William Walsham How, 1871

387 COENA DOMINI 10 10

Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 O Light, more light, but not the light that fills
The heart with pride, and faith and feeling kills!

3 O Light, more light, for clouds are gathering rife;
Light and more light, but still the Light of life!

4 Light and more light upon my cross, and His
Whose dying was the life of men, and is!

5 O Light, more light, to shine upon the grave,
That I may face its terrors, calm and brave!

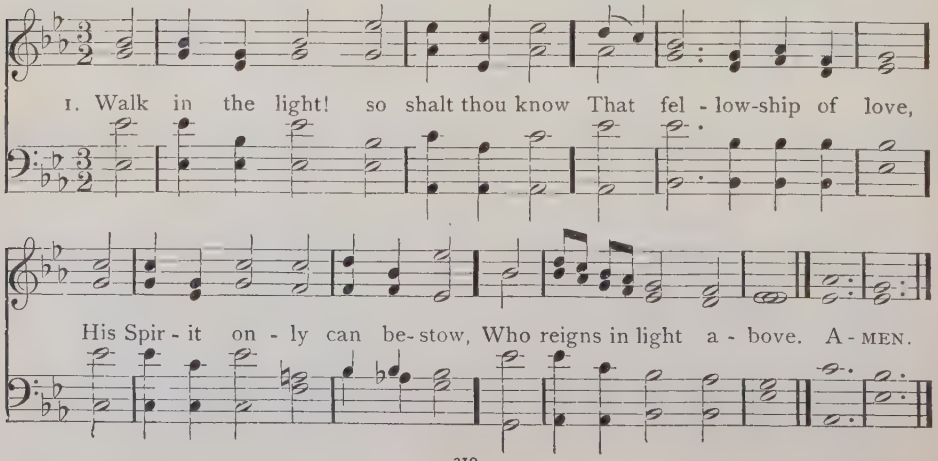
6 Lo, the light cometh that shall never cease;
Soon shall the veil be lifted; be at peace!

7 Light and more light shines on the eternal shore,
Light of the life that dieth nevermore!

Walter C. Smith

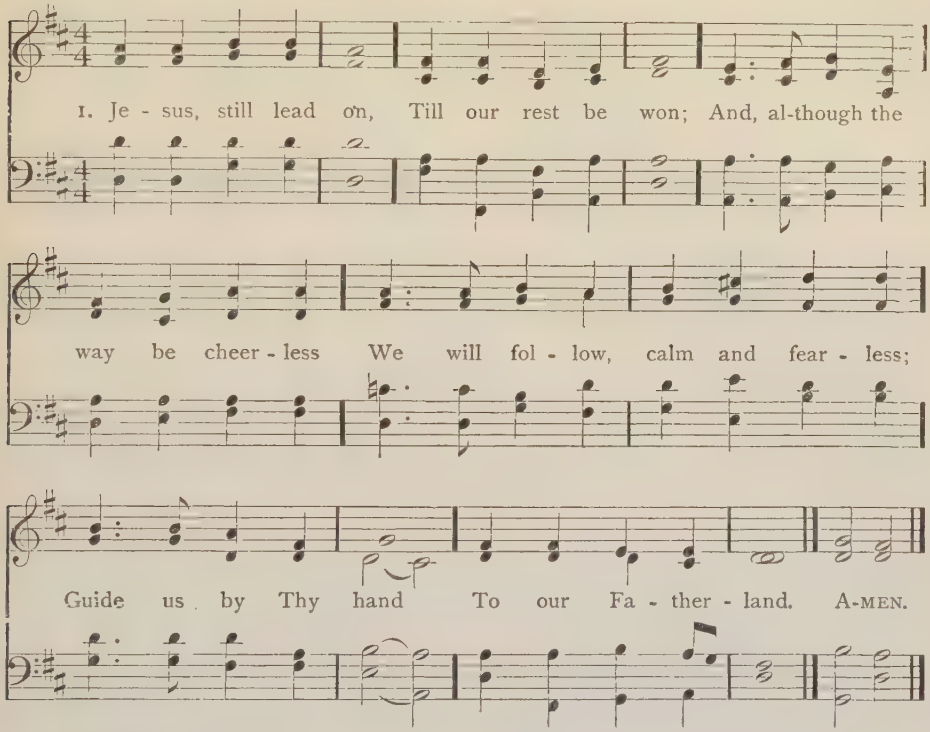
388 VALENTIA C. M.

Arr. by George Kingsley, 1853



389 ST. HUBERT 5 5 8 8 5 5

Leicester Darwall


1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, al-though the
way be cheer - less We will fol - low, calm and fear - less;
Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther - land. A-MEN.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
For a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721. Tr. Jane Borthwick, 1853

(VALENTIA)

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own,
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day

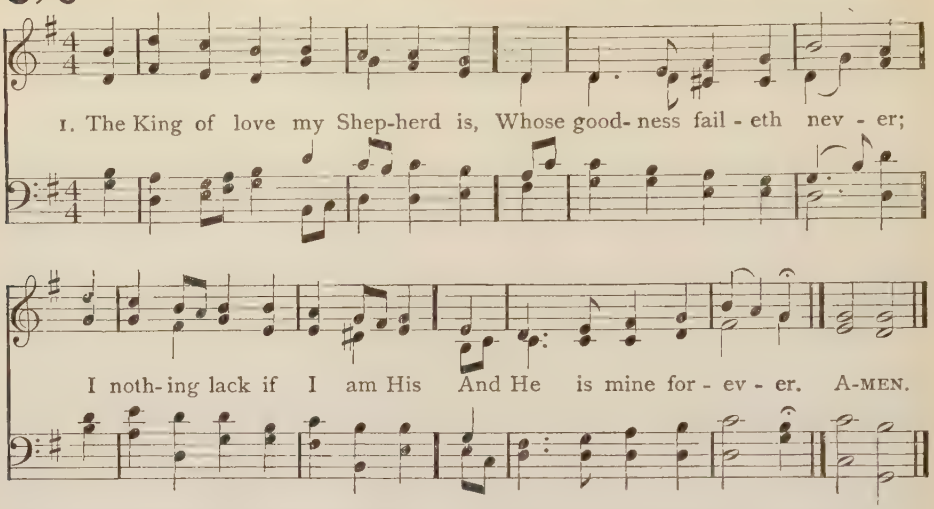
4 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God Himself is Light.

Bernard Barton

390 DOMINUS REGIT ME 8 7 8 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868



2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

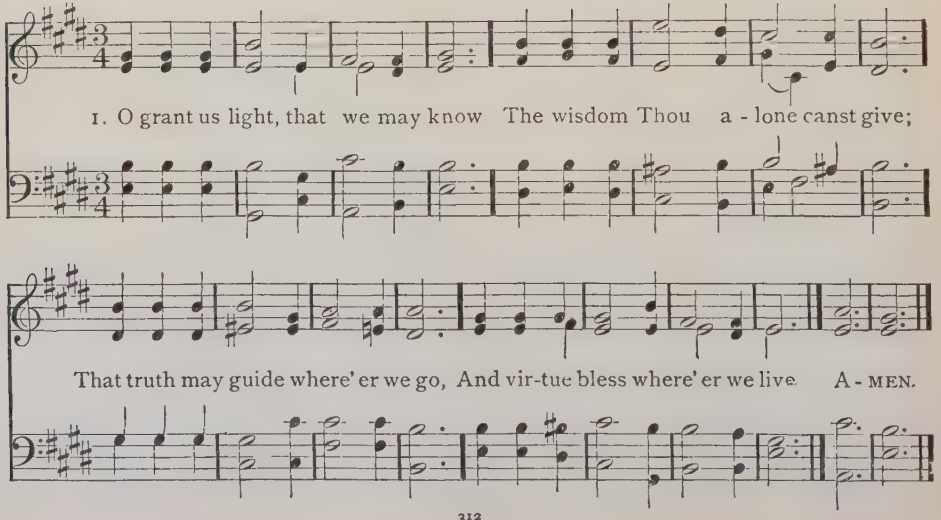
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever.

Henry W. Baker, 1868

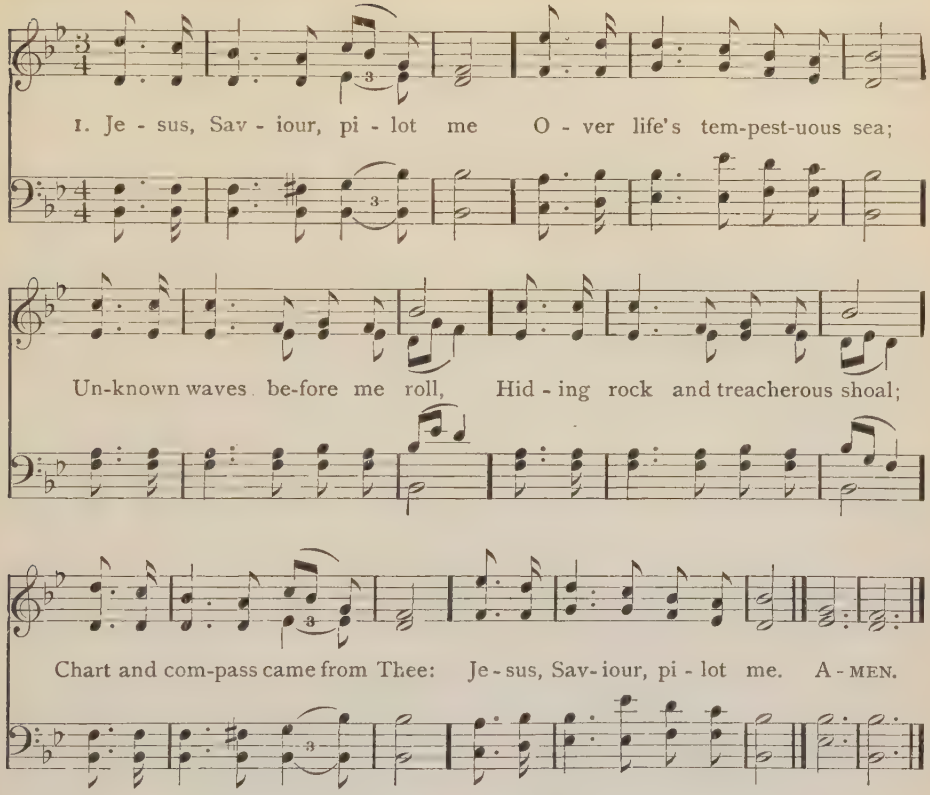
391 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

George J. Elvey


1. O grant us light, that we may know The wisdom Thou a - lone canst give;
That truth may guide where' er we go, And vir-tue bless where' er we live. A - MEN.

392 PILOT 7 7 7 7 7 7

John E. Gould, 1871


1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - MEN.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1871

(ST. CRISPIN)

2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,
And love Thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from Thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To Thee an undivided heart.

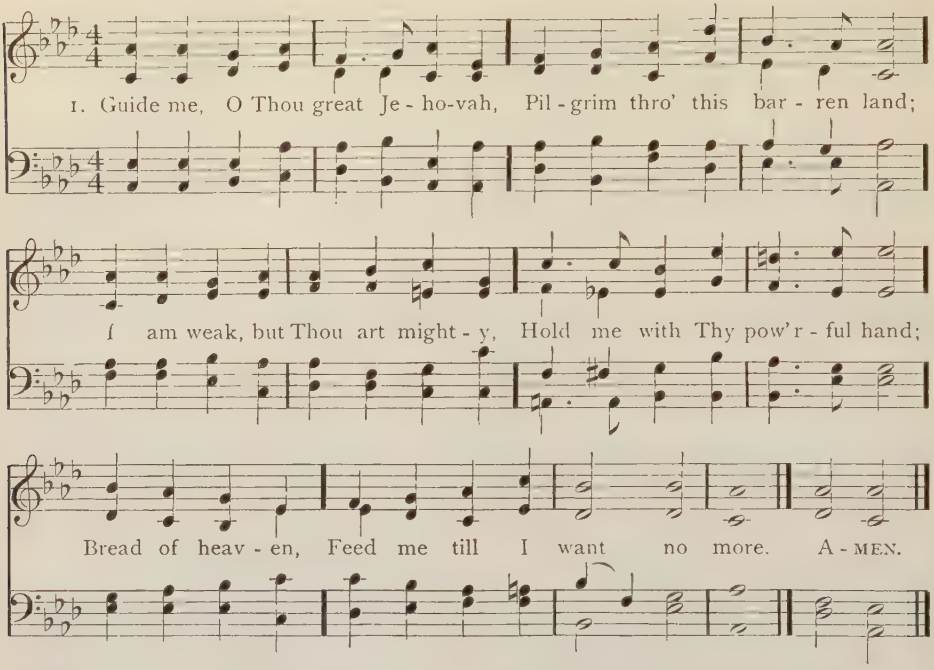
4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In Thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day

Lawrence Tuttiett

393 ST. RAPHAEL 8 7 8 7 4 7

Edward J. Hopkins


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho-vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more. A - MEN.

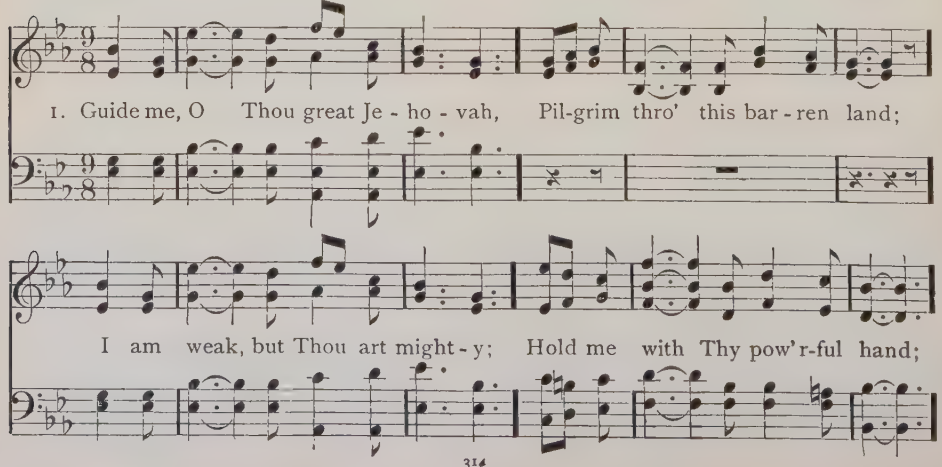
2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

William Williams, 1745

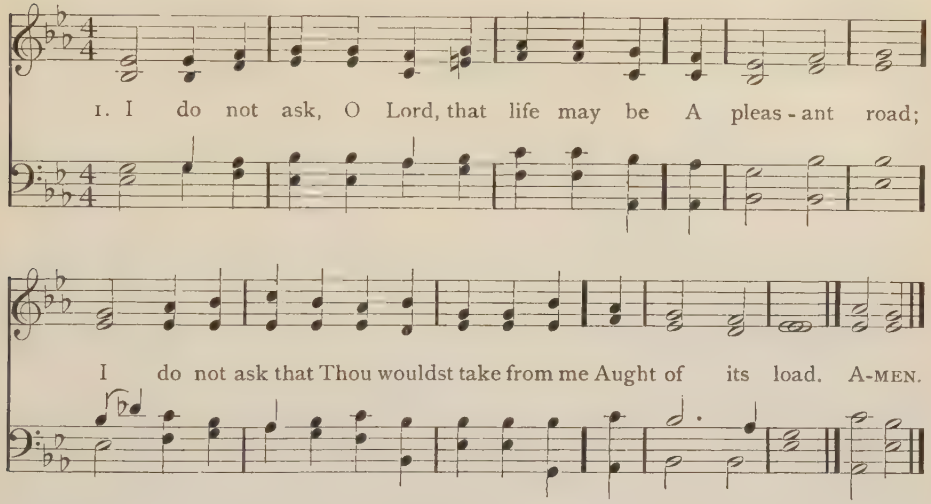
SEGUR 8 7 8 7 4 7 (*Second Tune*)

Joseph P. Holbrook, 1865



394 SUBMISSION, No. 2 10 4 10 4

Albert L. Peace, 1889



2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

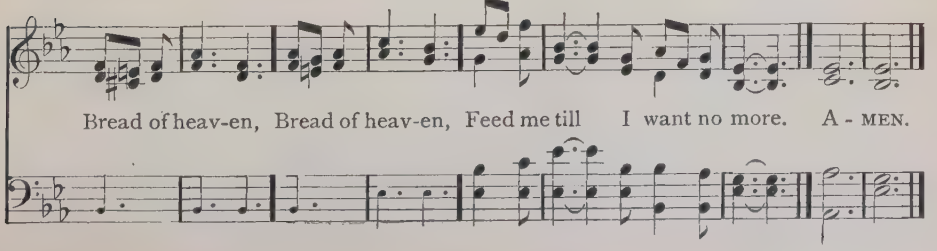
3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

4 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

5 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

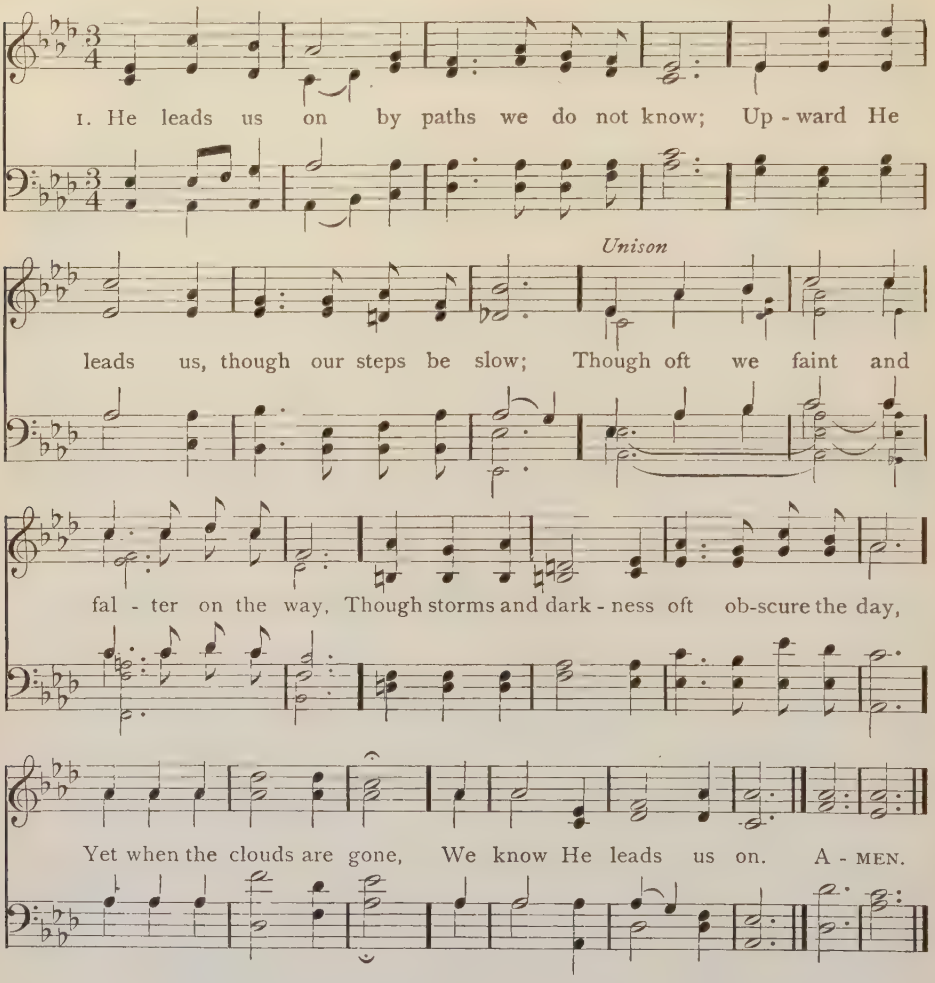
Adelaide Ann Procter, 1862

SEGUR (Continued)



395 ZENNOR 10 10 10 10 6 6

Frederick C. Maker


1. He leads us on by paths we do not know; Up - ward He
Unison
leads us, though our steps be slow; Though oft we faint and
fal - ter on the way, Though storms and dark - ness oft ob-scure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone, We know He leads us on. A - MEN.

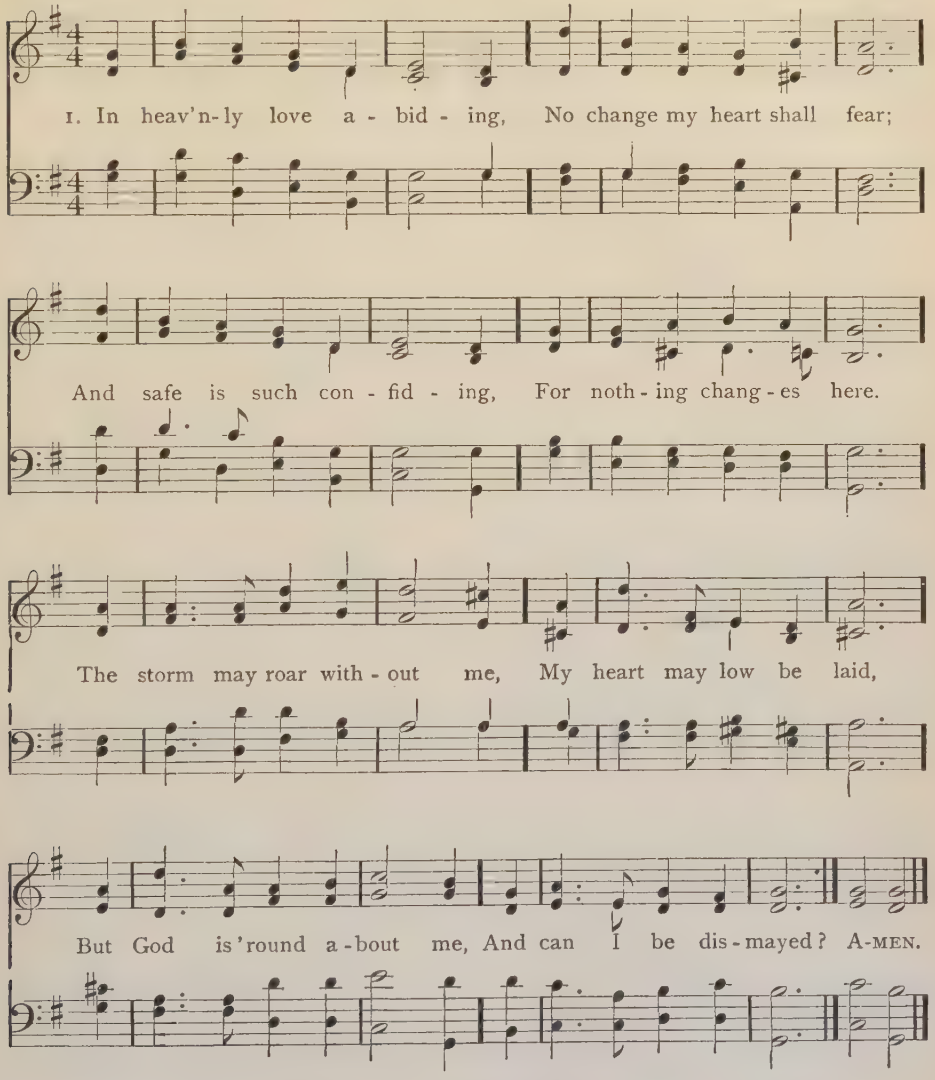
2 He leads us on through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes, and doubts, and fears
He guides our steps; through all the tangled maze
Of losses, sorrows, and o'erclouded days
We know His will is done,
And still He leads us on.

3 And He, at last, after the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life,
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain,
After our toils are past,
Will give us rest at last.

Hiram O. Wiley, 1865

396 HOLY CHURCH 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Arthur H. Brown


1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.
The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,
But God is 'round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed? A-MEN.

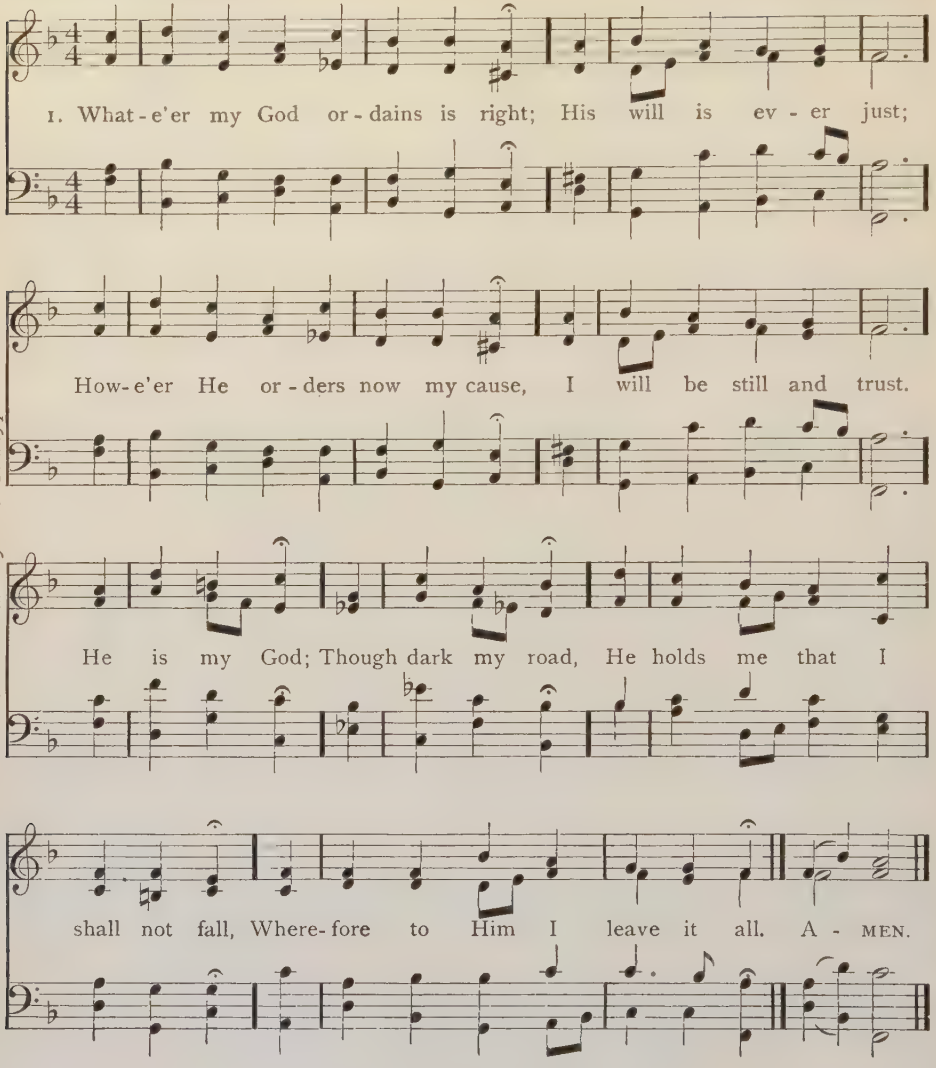
2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring, 1850

397 VOX CELESTIS 8 6 8 6 4 4 8 8

W. H. Walter

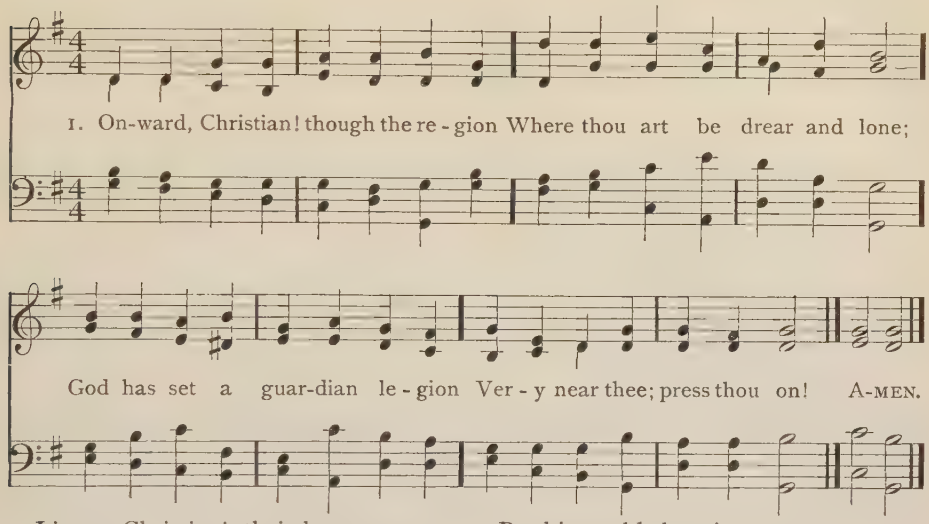

1. What-e'er my God or-dains is right; His will is ev-er just;
How-e'er He or-ders now my cause, I will be still and trust.
He is my God; Though dark my road, He holds me that I
shall not fall, Where-fore to Him I leave it all. A-MEN.

From The Tucker Hymnal. Used by permission

2 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
He never will deceive;
He leads me by the proper path,
And so to Him I cleave,
And take content
What He hath sent;
His hand can turn my griefs away,
And patiently I wait His day.

398 STUTTGART 8 7 8 7

"Psalmodia Sacra," Gotha, 1715


1. On-ward, Christian! though the re - gion Where thou art be drear and lone;
God has set a guar-dian le - gion Ver - y near thee; press thou on! A-MEN.

2 Listen, Christian! their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee: "God is Love:"
Write upon Thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever; heaven's above."

3 By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won;
Tread it without shrinking, brother,
Jesus trod it; press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace,
While it needs thee; O no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

5 Pray thou, Christian, daily rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
By the prayer of Jesus, "Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Samuel Johnson, 1846

(VOX CELESTIS)

3 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Though I the cup must drink
That bitter seems to my faint heart,
I will not fear nor shrink;
Tears pass away
With dawn of day;
Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
And pain and sorrow all depart.

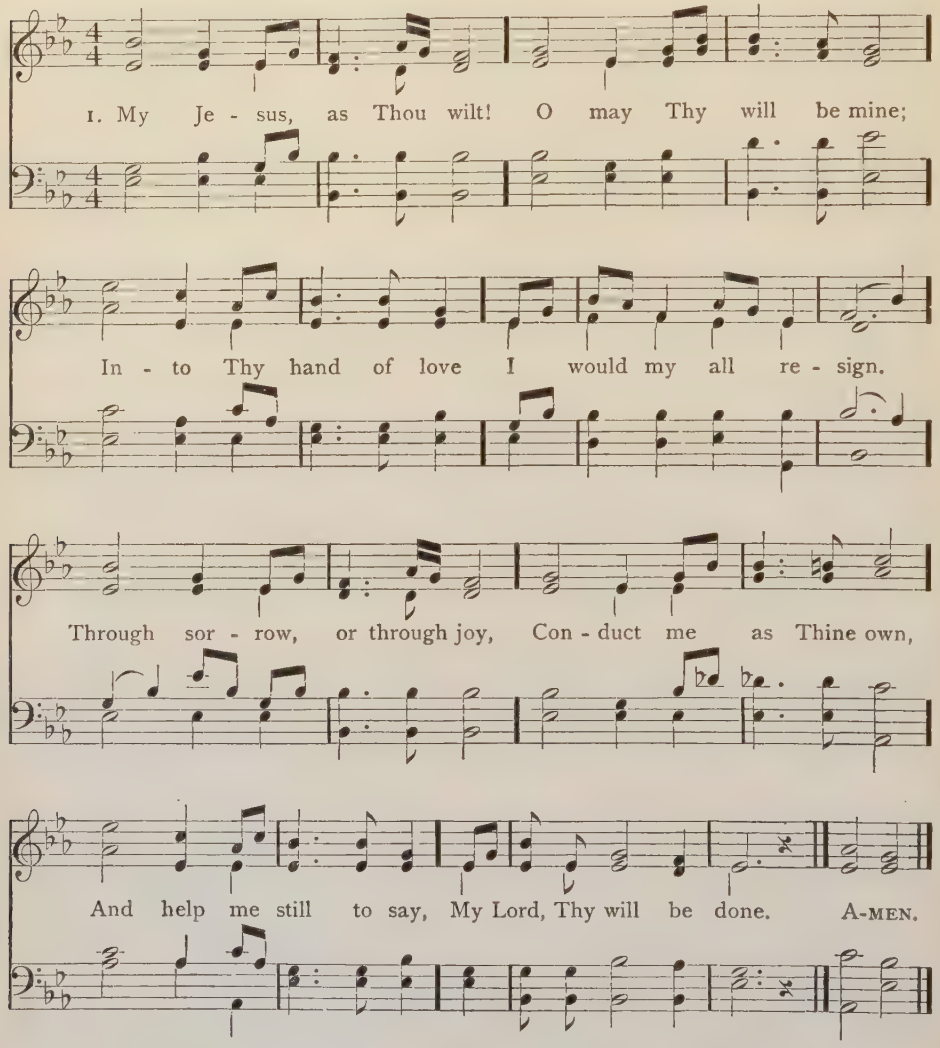
4 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
My light, my life is He,
Who cannot will me aught but good;
I trust Him utterly;
For well I know,
In joy or woe,
We soon shall see, as sunlight clear,
How faithful was our guardian here.

5 Whate'er my God ordains is right;
Here will I take my stand,
Though sorrow, need, or death make earth
For me a desert land.
My Father's care
Is round me there,
He holds me that I shall not fall;
And so to Him I leave it all.

Samuel Rodigast, 1675 Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858

399 JEWETT 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

From Carl M. von Weber, 1821


1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine;
In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re - sign.
Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done. A-MEN.

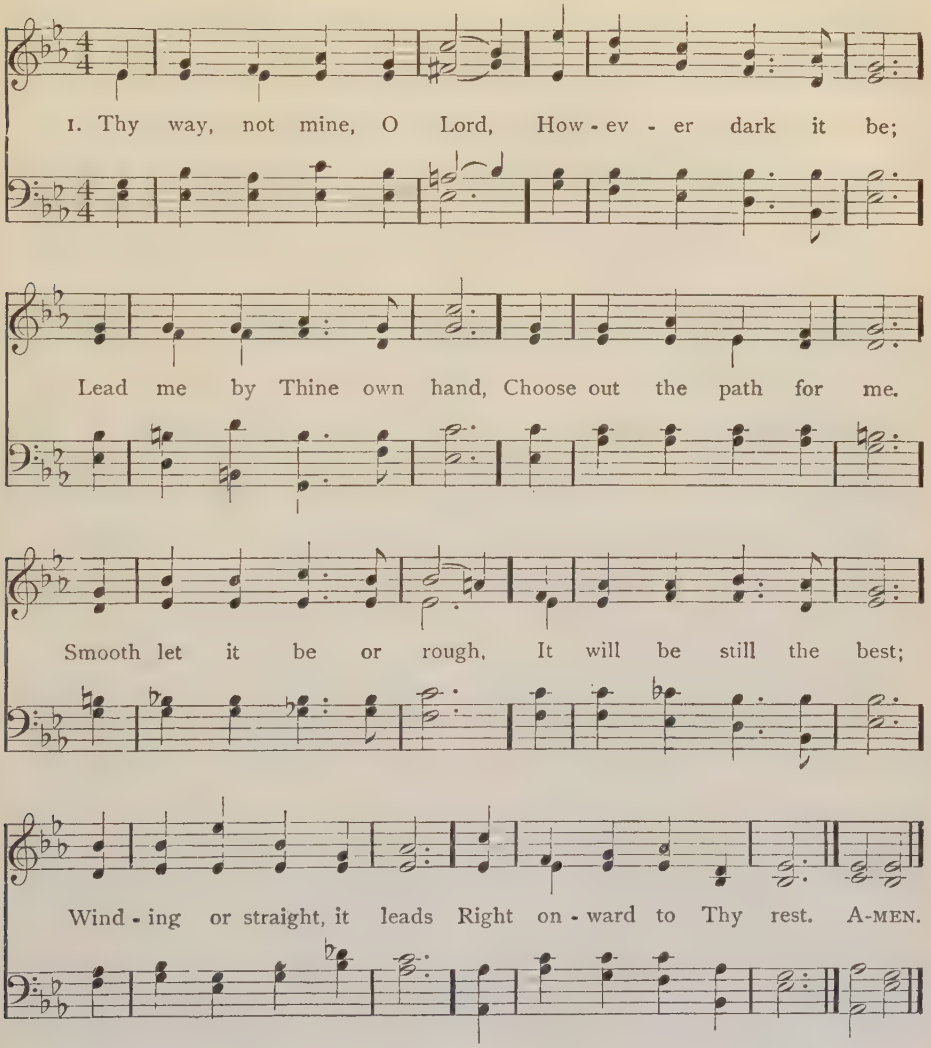
2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee;
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done.

Benjamin Schmolck, 1716 Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854

400 BAXTER 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Uzziah C. Burnap, 1872


1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be;
Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best;
Wind-ing or straight, it leads Right on-ward to Thy rest. A-MEN.

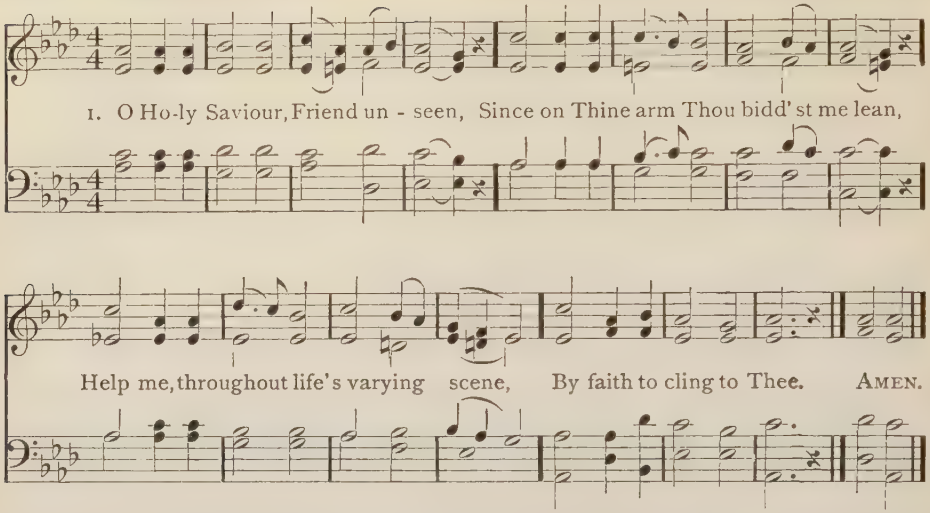
2 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God:
So shall I walk aright.
Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

401 FLEMMING 8 8 8 6

Arr. from Friedrich F. Flemming, 1810


1. O Ho-ly Saviour, Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's varying scene, By faith to cling to Thee. AMEN.

2 Blest with this fellowship divine,
Take what Thou wilt, I'll ne'er repine;
E'en as the branches to the vine,
My soul would cling to Thee.

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and joys remove,
With patient, uncomplaining love
Still would I cling to Thee.

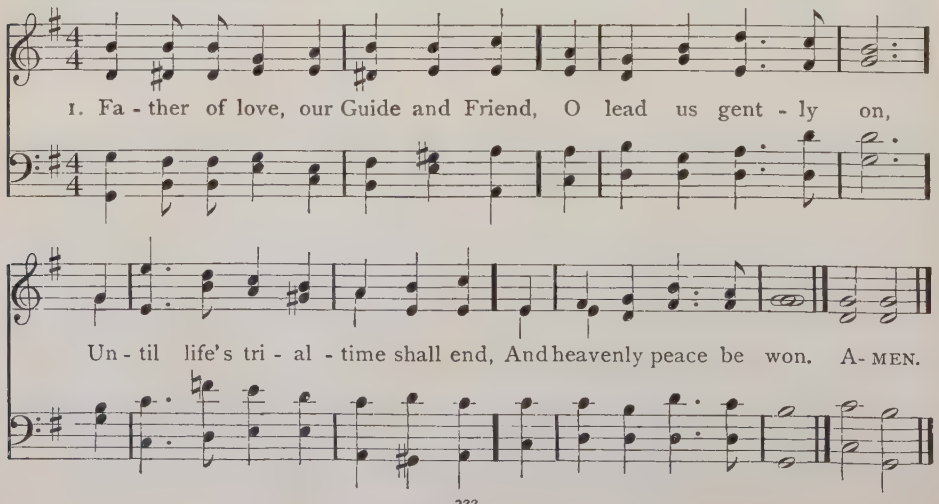
4 Though faith and hope may long be tried,
I ask not, need not aught beside;
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,
The souls that cling to Thee!

5 Blest is my lot, whate'er befall;
What can disturb me, who appal,
While as my Strength, my Rock, my All,
Saviour, I cling to Thee?

Charlotte Elliott, 1834

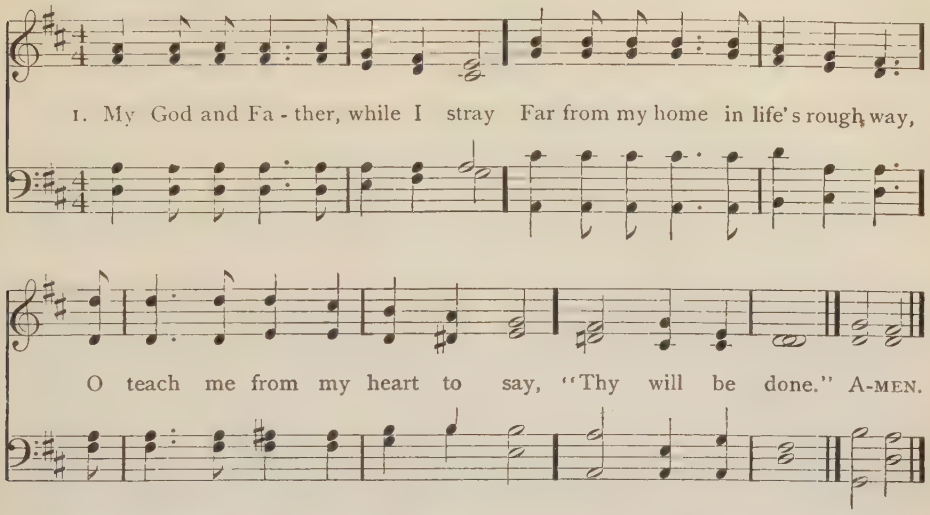
402 NOX PRAECESSIT C. M.

John B. Calkin, 1875



403 HANFORD 8 8 8 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1874



2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine:
"Thy will be done."

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

Charlotte Elliott, 1835

(NOX PRAECESSIT)

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

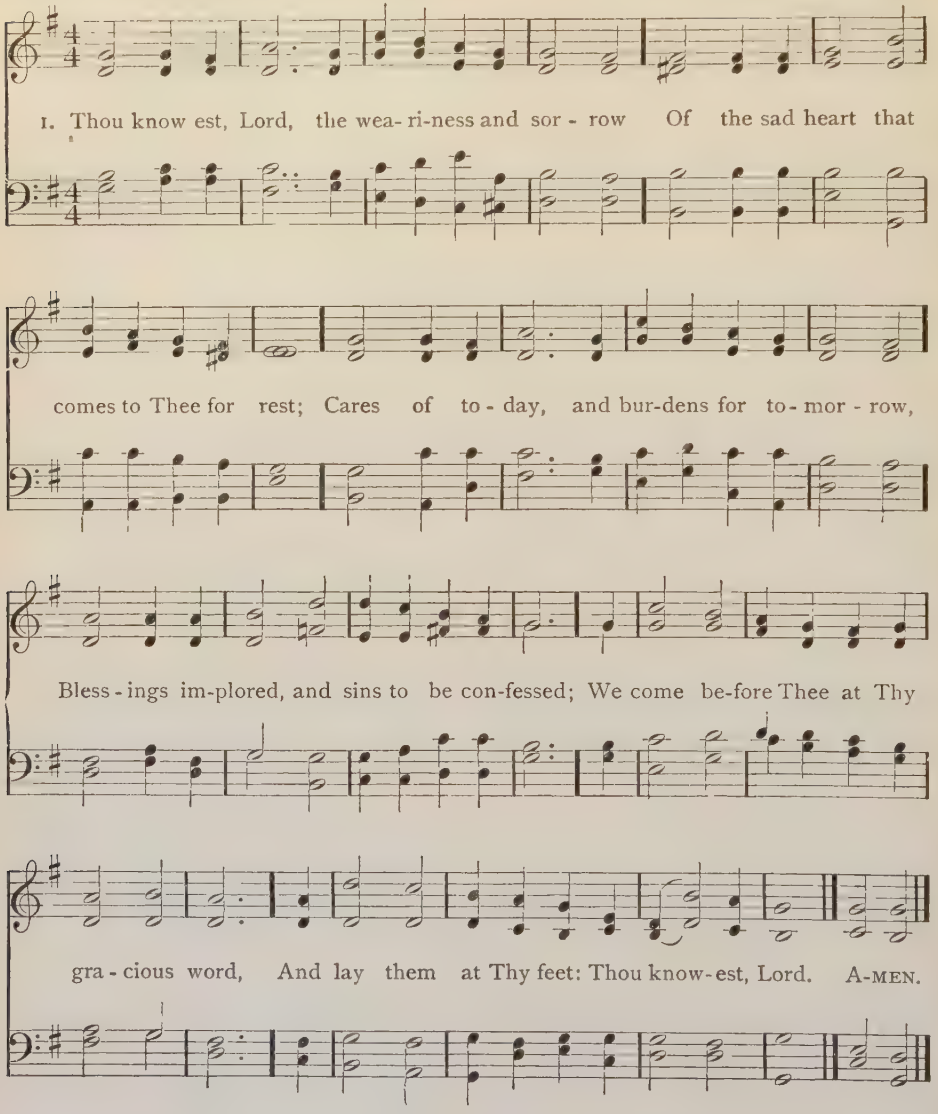
3 And if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

4 Christ by no flowery pathway came;
And we, His followers here,
Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,
In hope and love and fear.

William J. Irons, 1844

404 WARRENNE 11 10 11 10 10 10

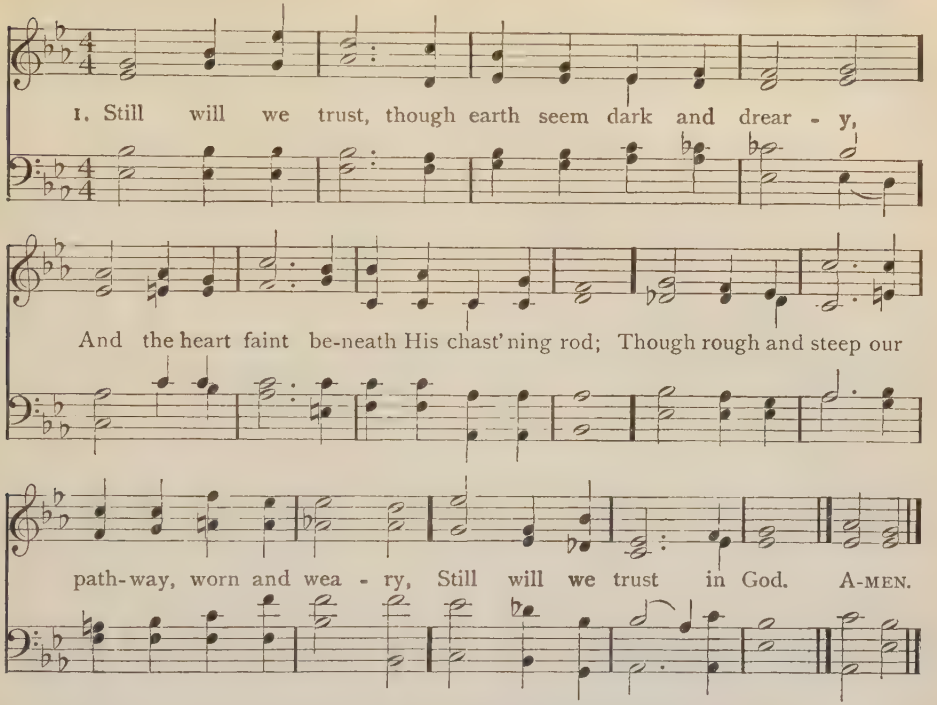
O. R. Barnicott


1. Thou know est, Lord, the wea- ri-ness and sor - row Of the sad heart that
comes to Thee for rest; Cares of to - day, and bur-dens for to - mor - row,
Bless - ings im-plored, and sins to be con-fessed; We come be-fore Thee at Thy
gra - cious word, And lay them at Thy feet: Thou know-est, Lord. A-MEN.

2 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to belovèd ones than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

405 BIRKDALE 11 10 11 6

Joseph Barnby, 1883


1. Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and drear - y,
And the heart faint be-neath His chast'ning rod; Though rough and steep our
path-way, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God. A-MEN.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through Him alone Who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

3 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

William H. Burleigh, 1868

(WARRENNE)

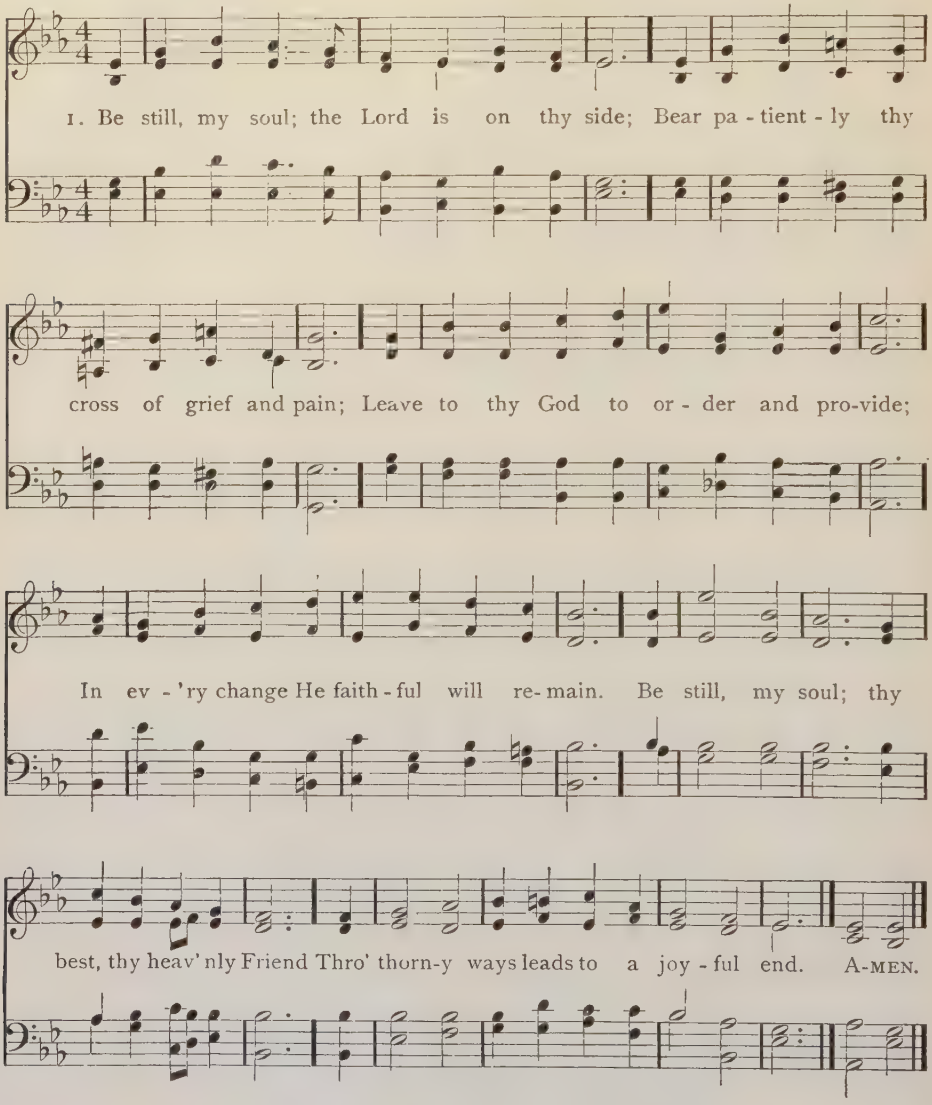
3 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship, and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
O what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path, but this? Thou knowest, Lord.

4 Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete;
Then rising and refreshed we leave Thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

406 TENTERDEN 10 10 10 10 10 10

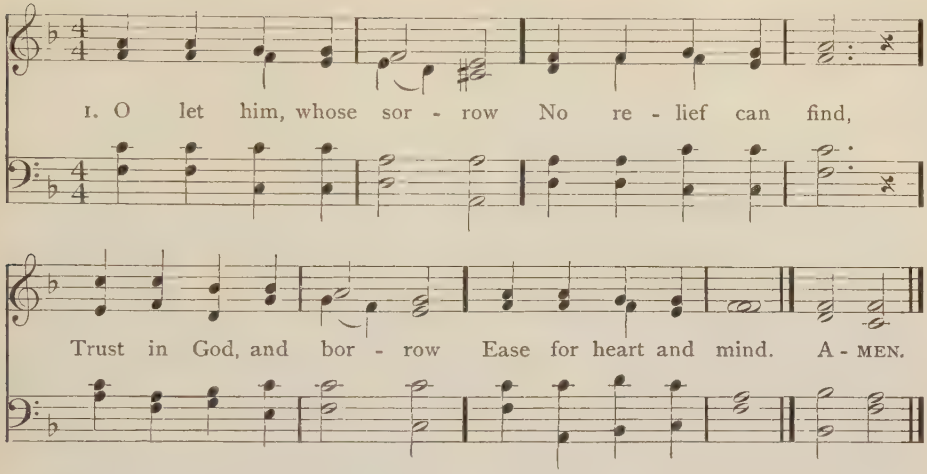
Ethelbert W. Bullinger


1. Be still, my soul; the Lord is on thy side; Bear pa - tient - ly thy
cross of grief and pain; Leave to thy God to or - der and pro-vide;
In ev - 'ry change He faith - ful will re- main. Be still, my soul; thy
best, thy heav' nly Friend Thro' thorn-y ways leads to a joy - ful end. A-MEN.

2 Be still, my soul; thy God doth undertake
To guide the future as He has the past.
Thy hope, thy confidence, let nothing shake;
All now mysterious shall be bright at last.
Be still, my soul; the waves and winds shall know
His voice who ruled them while He dwelt below.

407 CASWALL 6 5 6 5

Friedrich Filitz



2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God His watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants He knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

4 Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail!

5 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who His children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

6 All our woe and sadness,
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

7 Jesus, holy Saviour,
In the realms above
Crown us with Thy favor,
Fill us with Thy love.

Tr. Frances Elizabeth Cox

(TENTERDEN)

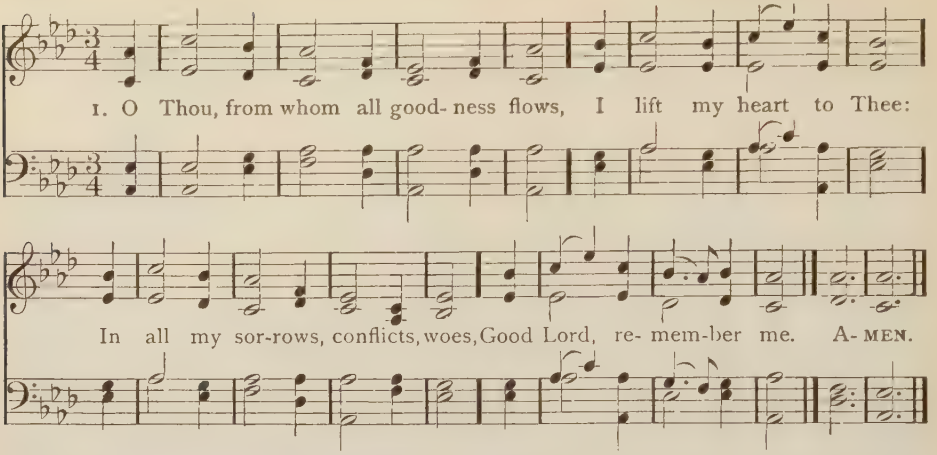
3 Be still, my soul; when dearest friends depart,
And all is darkened in the vale of tears,
Then thou shalt better know His love, His heart,
Who comes to soothe thy sorrow and thy fears.
Be still, my soul; thy Jesus can repay
From His own fulness all He takes away.

4 Be still, my soul; the hour is hastening on
When we shall be for ever with the Lord;
When disappointment, grief, and fear are gone,
Sorrow forgot, love's purest joys restored.
Be still, my soul; when change and tears are past,
All safe and blessèd we shall meet at last.

From Hymns from the Land of Luther

408 BALERMA C. M.

Robert Simpson, 1833



2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon speak, new peace impart,
Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

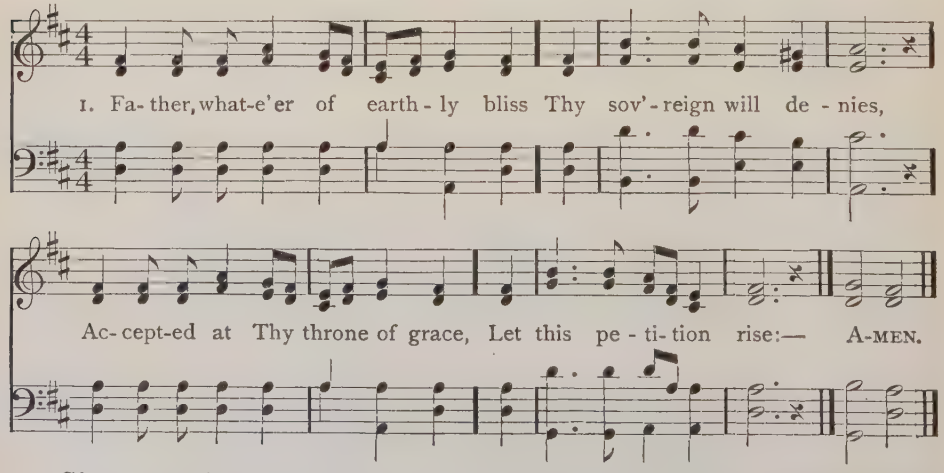
4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Good Lord, remember me.

5 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait Thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
Good Lord, remember me.

Thomas Haweis and Thomas Cotterill, 1792, ab.

409 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836



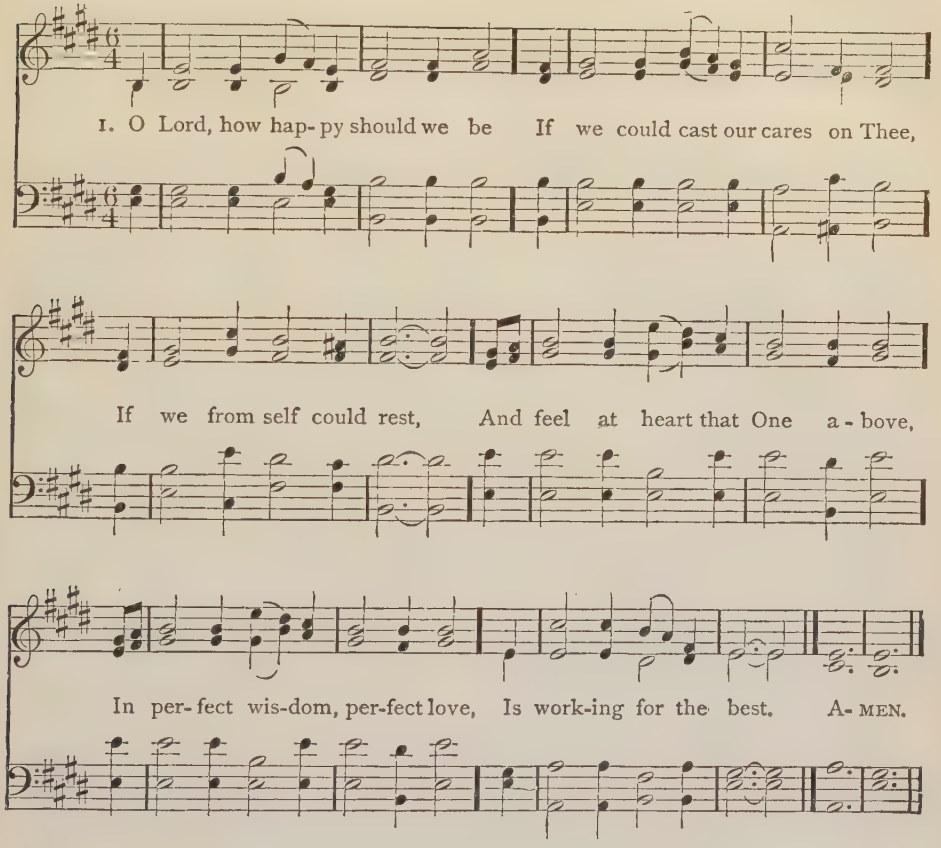
2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee."

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele, 1760

410 BREMEN 8 8 6 8 8 6

Thomas Hastings, 1836


1. O Lord, how hap-py should we be If we could cast our cares on Thee,
If we from self could rest, And feel at heart that One a-bove,
In per-fect wis-dom, per-fect love, Is work-ing for the best. A-MEN.

2 How far from this our daily life,
Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden wild alarms;
O could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On Thine Almighty arms!

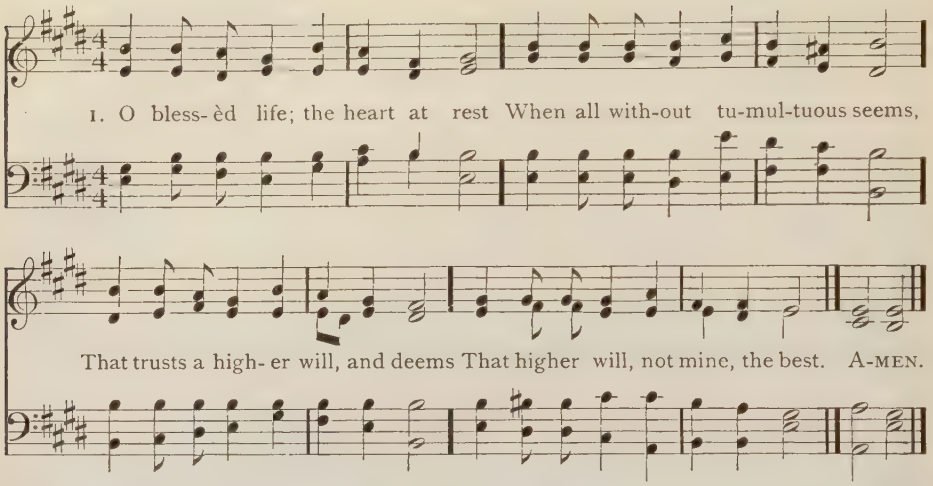
3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear.

4 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;
Make them from self to cease,
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And taste, before Him lying still,
E'en in affliction, peace.

Joseph Anstice, 1836

411 HAMPSTEAD L. M.

W. Smallwood


1. O bless-èd life; the heart at rest When all with-out tu-mul-tuous seems,
That trusts a high-er will, and deems That higher will, not mine, the best. A-MEN.

2 O blessèd life; the mind that sees
Whatever change the years may bring;
A mercy still in everything,
And shining though all mysteries.

3 O blessèd life; the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense—beyond to Him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

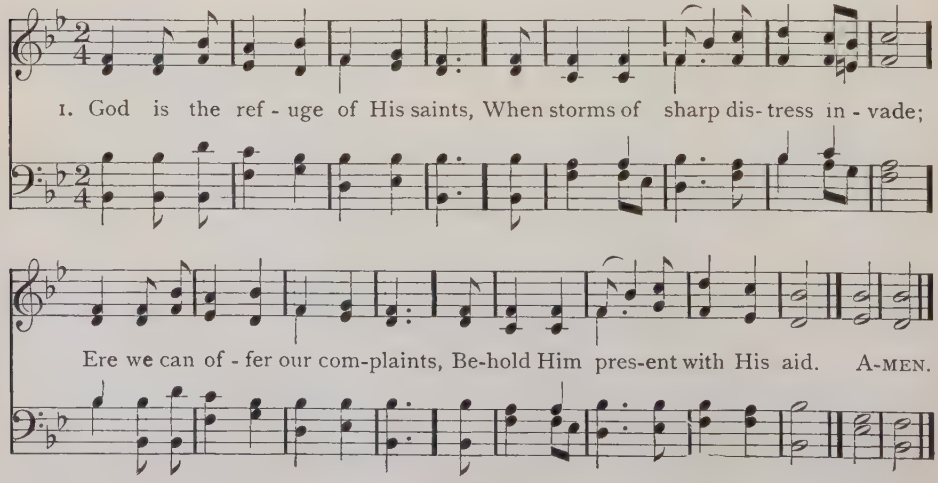
4 O blessèd life; heart, mind, and soul
From self-born aims and wishes free
In all—at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

5 O life, how blessèd, how divine!
High life, the earnest of a higher;
Saviour, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessèd life be mine.

William T. Matson

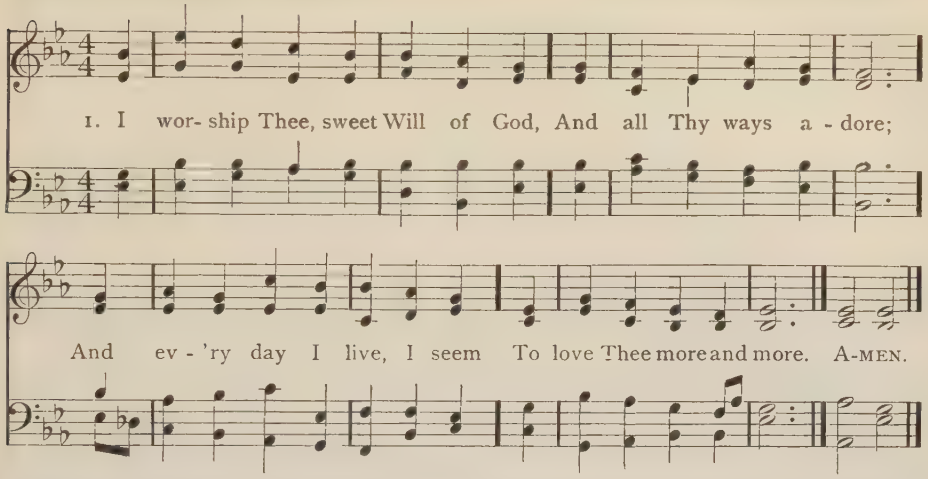
412 WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody : arr. by Lowell Mason, 1830


1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;
Ere we can of-fer our com-plaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid. A-MEN.

413 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826



2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessèd Will,
For all my cares are Thine;
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

4 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

(WARD)

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

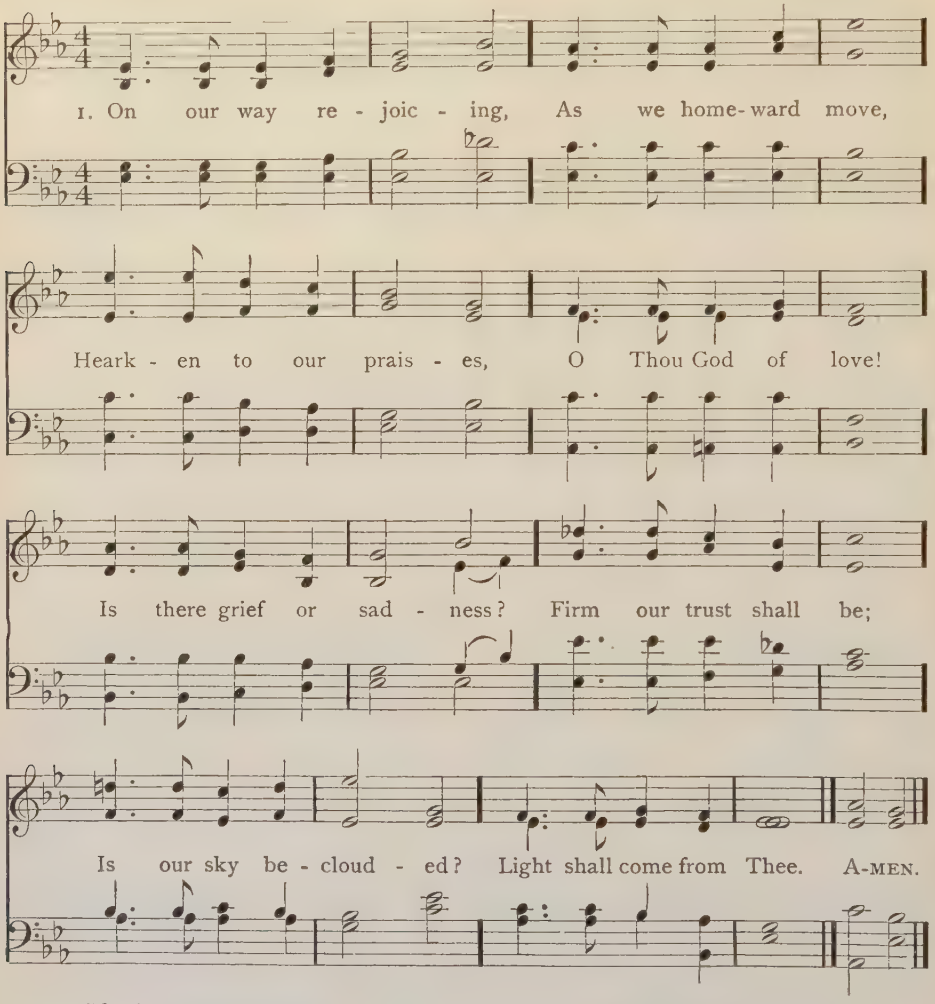
4 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on His truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts, 1719

414 RUTH 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5

Samuel Smith, 1870


1. On our way re - joic - ing, As we home-ward move,
Heark - en to our prais - es, O Thou God of love!
Is there grief or sad - ness? Firm our trust shall be;
Is our sky be - cloud - ed? Light shall come from Thee. A-MEN.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day Thou find us
Doing what we can;
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

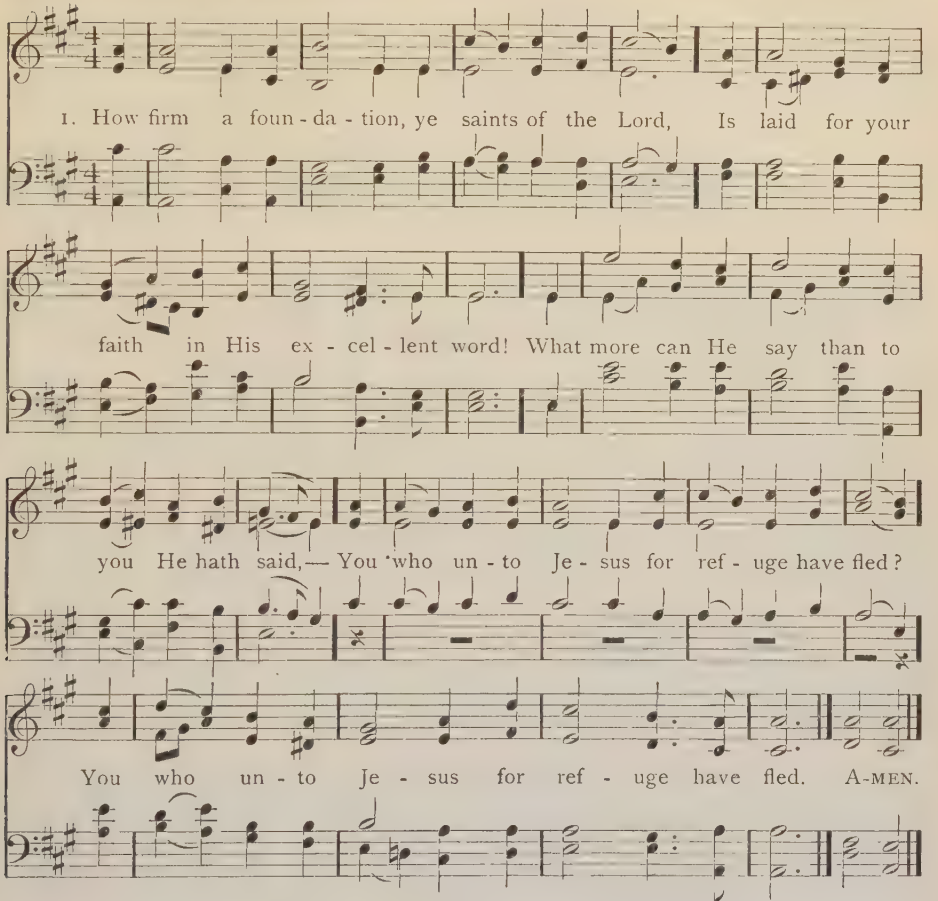
3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader,
Vanquished is our foe!
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore;
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

415 PORTUGUESE HYMN 11 11 11 11

Composer Unknown


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
you He hath said,— You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled?
You who un - to Je - sus for ref - uge have fled. A-MEN.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

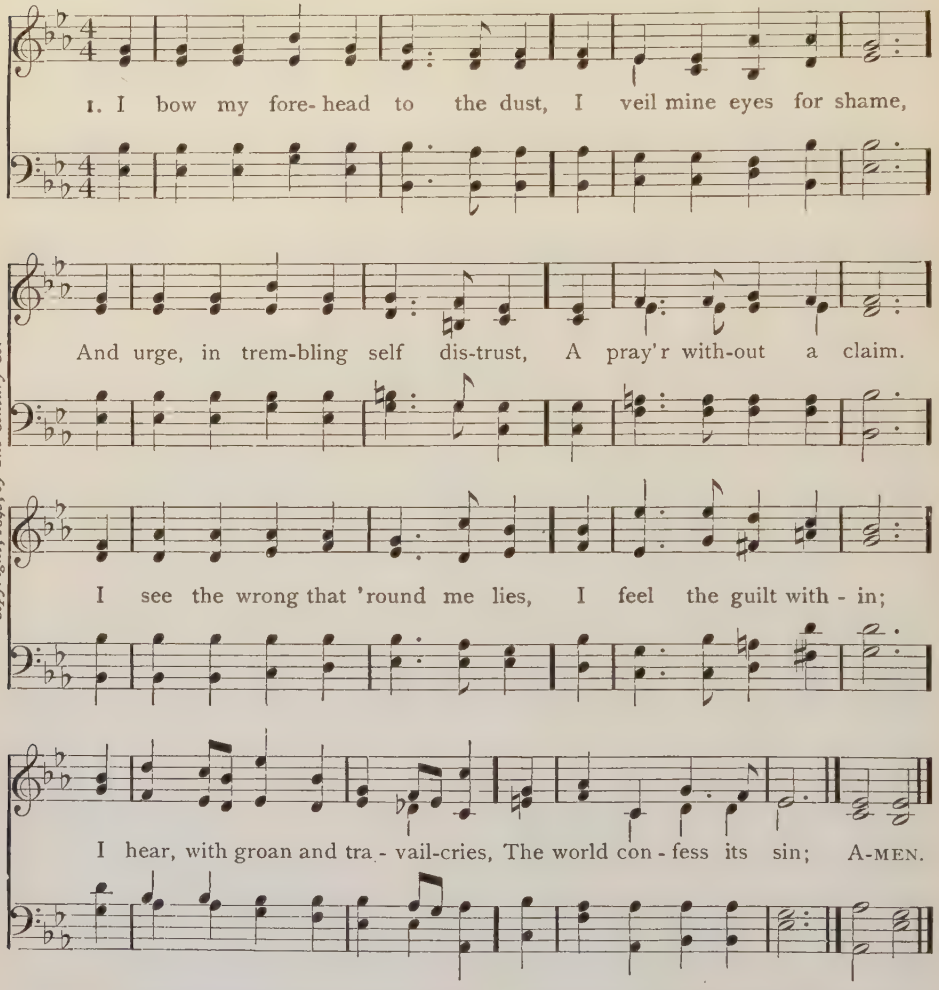
4 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

George Keith

416 DENVER 8 6 8 6 8 6 8 6

Henry Houseley, 1896


1. I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trem-bling self dis-trust, A pray'r with-out a claim.
I see the wrong that 'round me lies, I feel the guilt with - in;
I hear, with groan and tra - vail-cries, The world con - fess its sin; A-MEN.

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2 Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good.
I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

3 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

4 And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1865

417 BENTLEY 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

John Hullah, 1867

1. Some-times a light sur-pris-es The Chris-tian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who ris-es With heal-ing in His wings;
When com-forts are de-clin-ing, He grants the soul a-gain
A sea-son of clear shin-ing, To cheer it af-ter rain. A-MEN.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th'unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

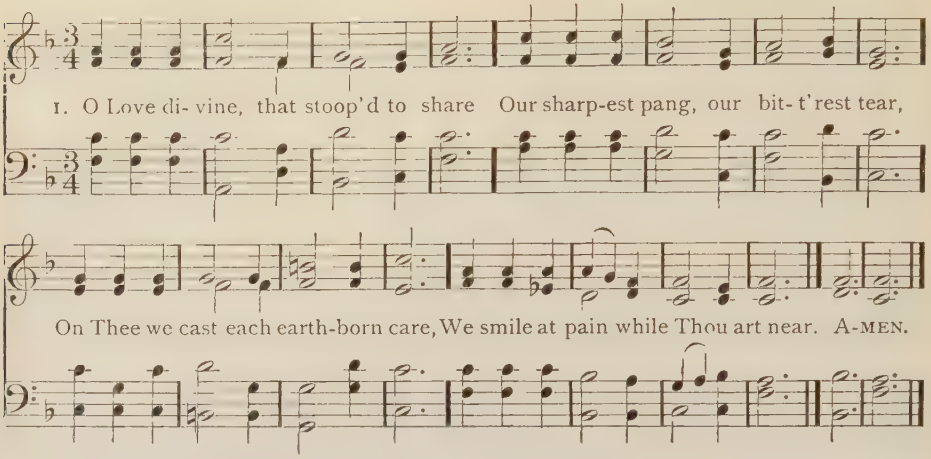
3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

William Cowper, 1779

418 HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866


1. O Love di- vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit- t'rest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-MEN.

2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

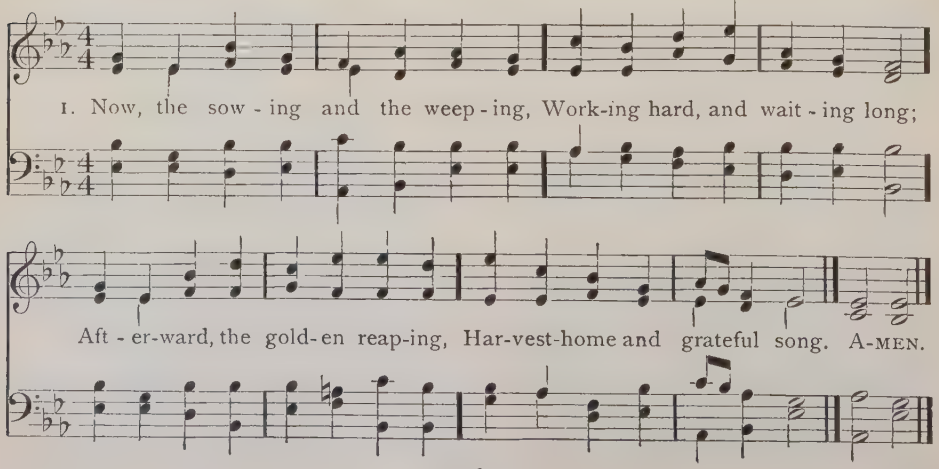
3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.

4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love divine, forever dear!
Content to suffer, while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1859

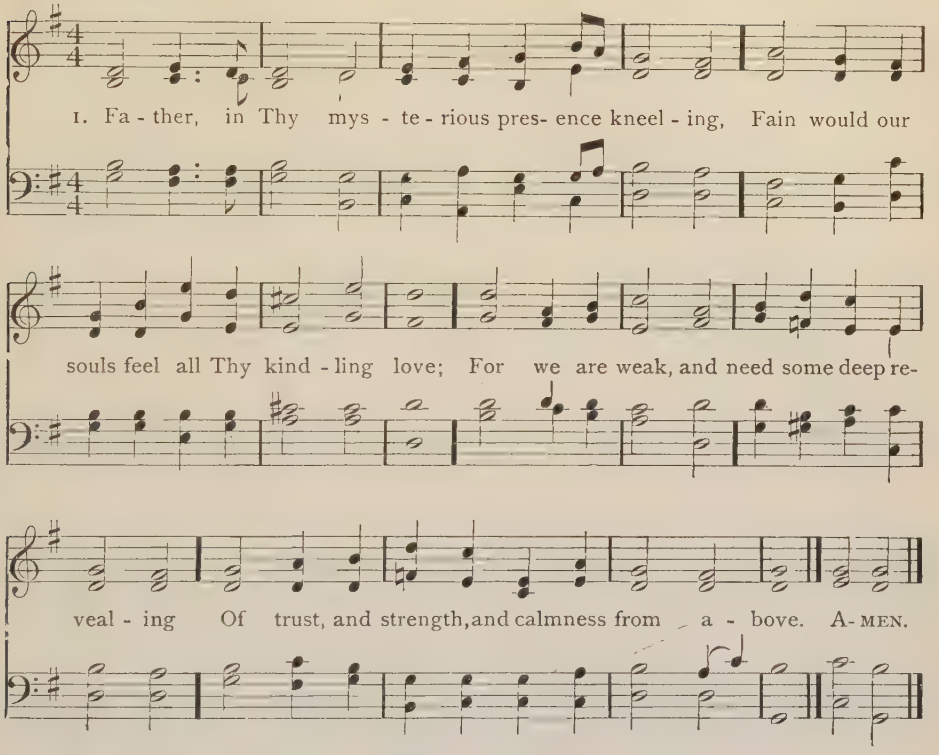
419 SHARON 8 7 8 7

William Boyce


1. Now, the sow - ing and the weep - ing, Work-ing hard, and wait - ing long;
Aft - er-ward, the gold-en reap-ing, Har-vest-home and grateful song. A-MEN.

420 VESALIUS 11 10 11 10

E. C. Perry


1. Fa - ther, in Thy mys - te - rious pres- ence kneel - ing, Fain would our
souls feel all Thy kind - ling love; For we are weak, and need some deep re-
veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove. A- MEN.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow;
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love,
Now make us strong; we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson, 1846

(SHARON)

2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot:
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou."

Frances R. Havergal

421 LAURIE 8 6 8 6 8 8

Ad. fr. J. Summers

1. I look to Thee in ev - 'ry need, And nev - er look in
vain; I feel Thy touch, E - ter - nal Love, And
all is well a - gain; The thought of Thee is
might - ier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are. A - MEN.

2 Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

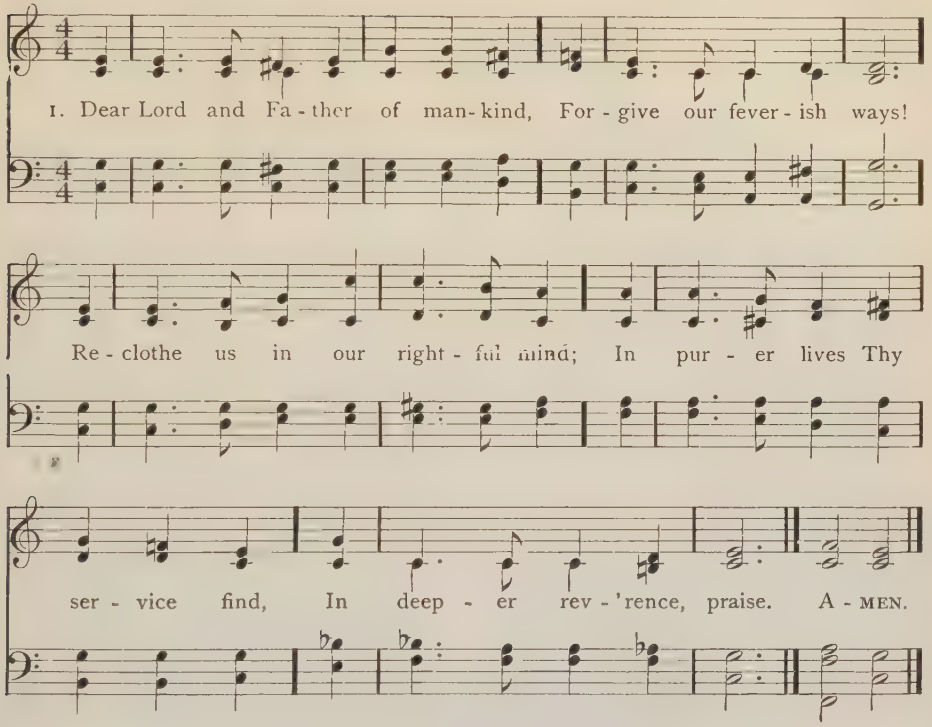
3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows Thy quickening life
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude,
Thy providence turns all to good.

4 Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand;
Thou leadest me in unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

422 ELTON 8 6 8 8 6

Frederick C. Maker, 1887


1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fever - ish ways!
Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy
ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise. A - MEN.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow Thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

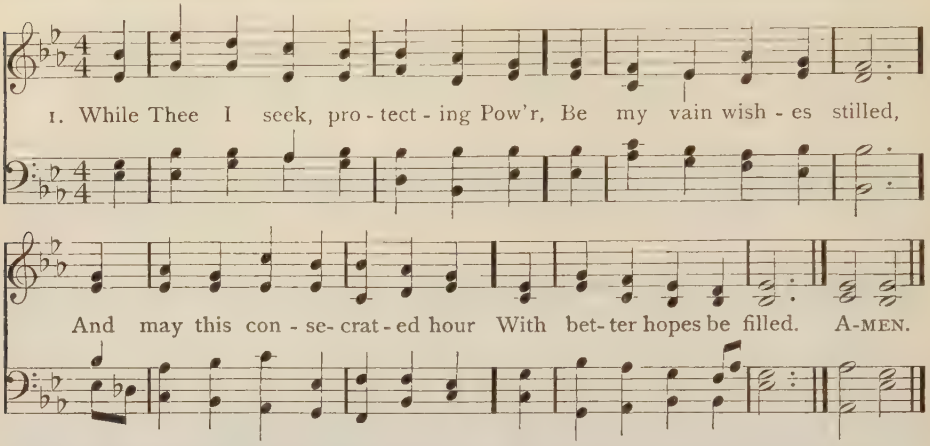
4 Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

5 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still small voice of calm.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1872

423 ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle, 1825


1. While Thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Pow'r, Be my vain wish - es stilled,
And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A-MEN.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear,
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

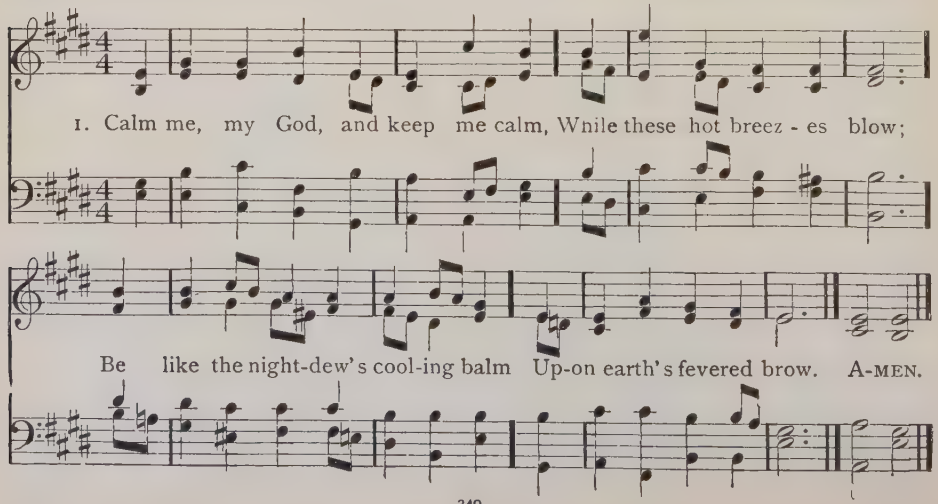
5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

Helen M. Williams, 1786

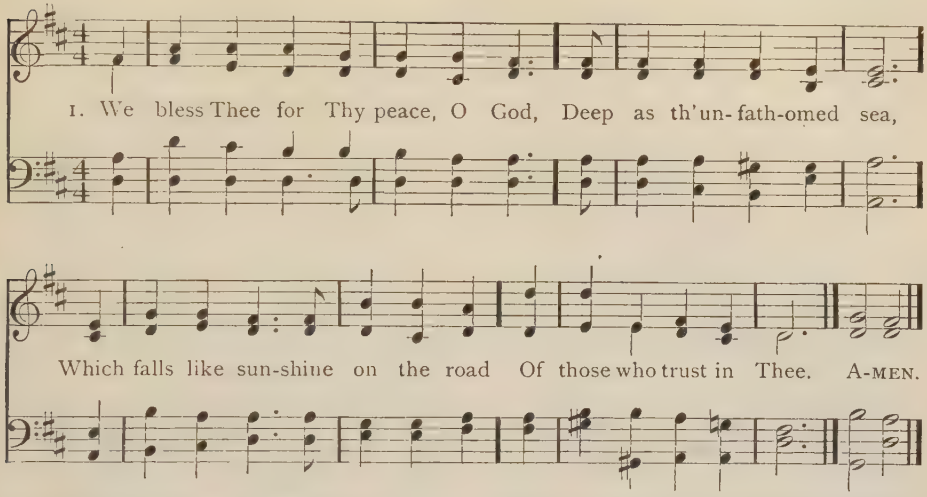
424 SOUTHWELL C. M.

Herbert S. Irons, 1861


1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breez - es blow;
Be like the night-dew's cool-ing balm Up-on earth's fevered brow. A-MEN.

425 ST. MARK C. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett


1. We bless Thee for Thy peace, O God, Deep as th'un-fath-omed sea,
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in Thee. A-MEN.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes,
Thy peace within our breast;

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee;

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,—
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to Thee.

Anon.

(SOUTHWELL)

2 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

3 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palms
Beside her desert-spring.

4 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain;

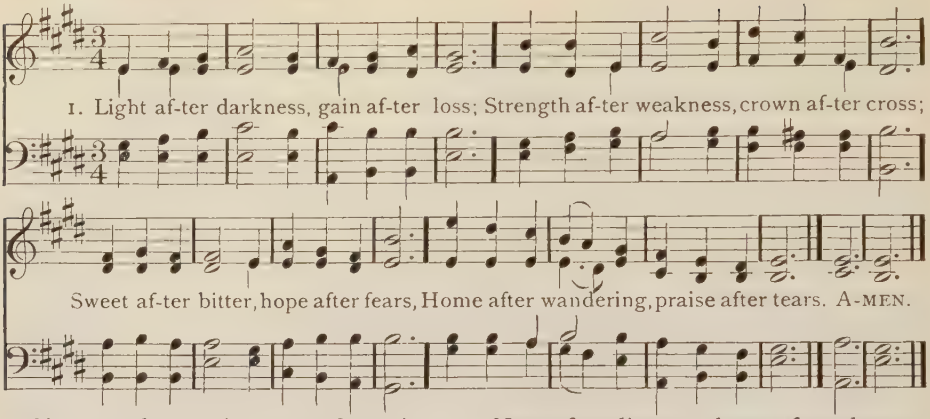
5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate Thy holy name.

6 Calm as the ray of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain;
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar, 1857

426 THEODORA (Legge) 9 9 9 9

A. Legge


1. Light af-ter darkness, gain af-ter loss; Strength af-ter weakness, crown af-ter cross;
Sweet af-ter bitter, hope after fears, Home after wandering, praise after tears. A-MEN.

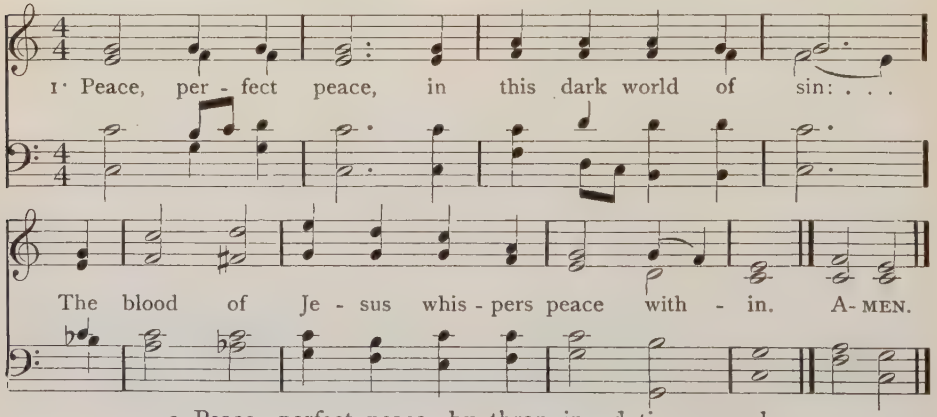
2 Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb;
After long agony, rapture of bliss:
Right was the pathway leading to this.

Frances R. Havergal

427 PAX TECUM 10 10

George T. Caldbeck, 1877



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging 'round:
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

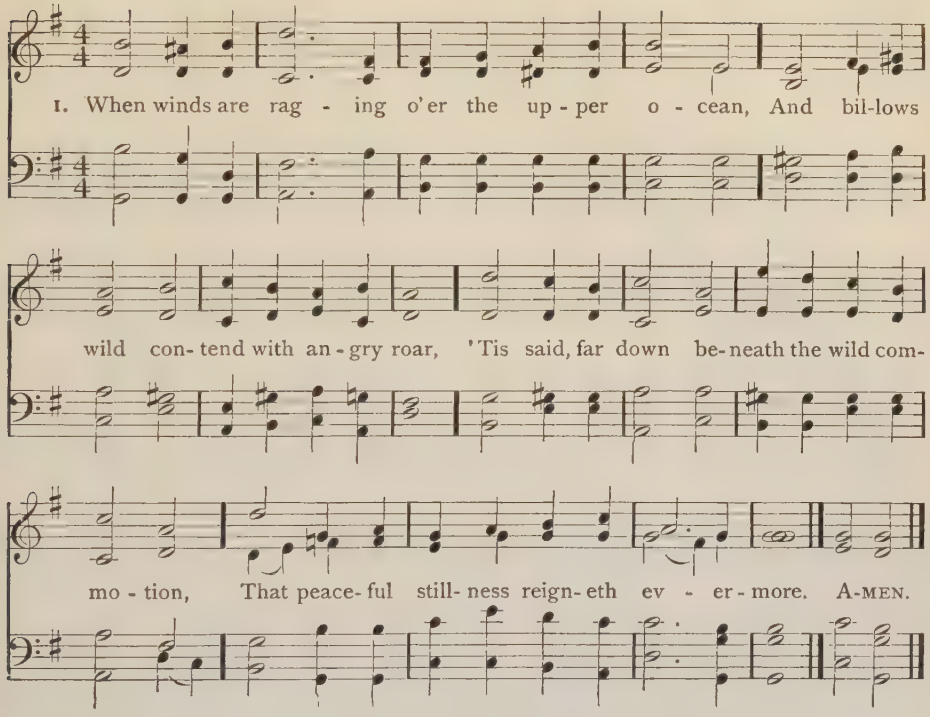
6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1875

428 WINDSOR 11 10 11 10

Joseph Barnby


1. When winds are rag - ing o'er the up - per o - cean, And bil-lows
wild con- tend with an - gry roar, 'Tis said, far down be-neath the wild com-
mo - tion, That peace- ful still- ness reign- eth ev - er - more. A-MEN.

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
And silver waves glide ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows Thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful door,

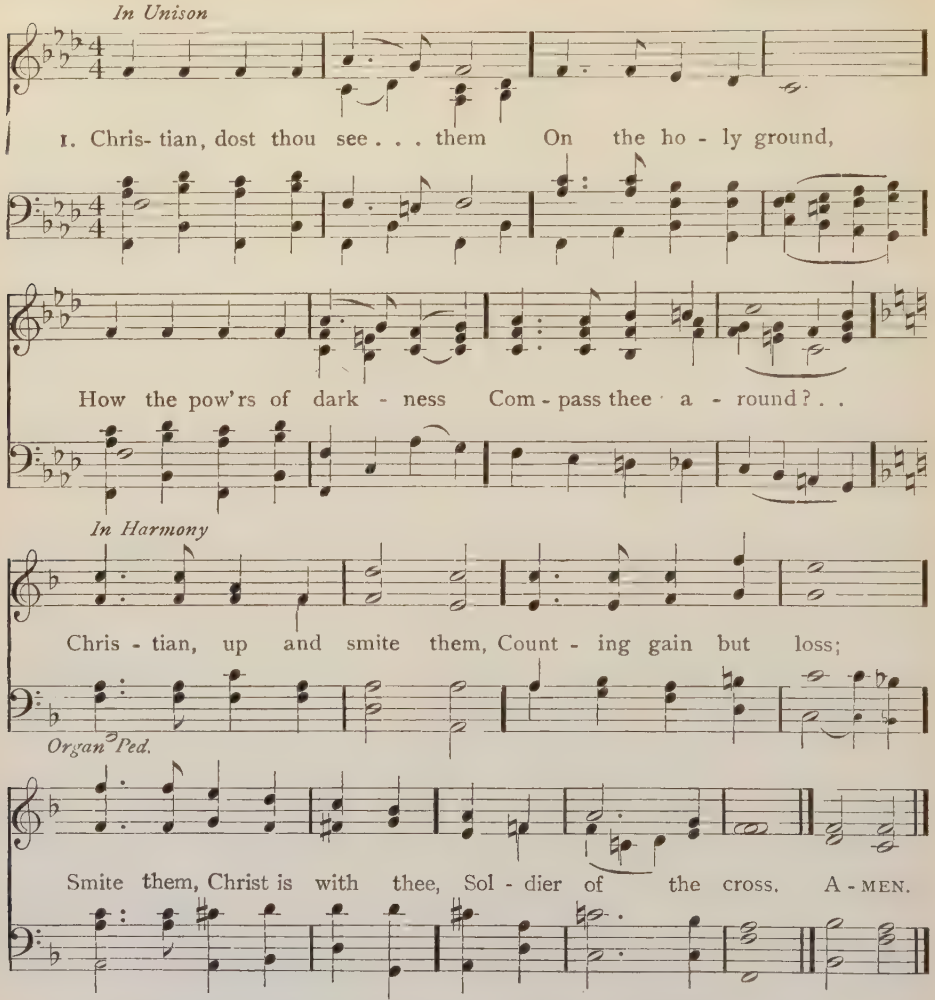
4 Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in Thee.

5 O Rest of rests! O Peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest not;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy, both now and evermore.

Harriet Beecher Stowe

429 HOLY WAR 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5

Josiah Booth


In Unison
1. Chris- tian, dost thou see . . . them On the ho - ly ground,
How the pow'rs of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round? . .
In Harmony
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Organ Ped.
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A - MEN.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Thou shalt win at last.

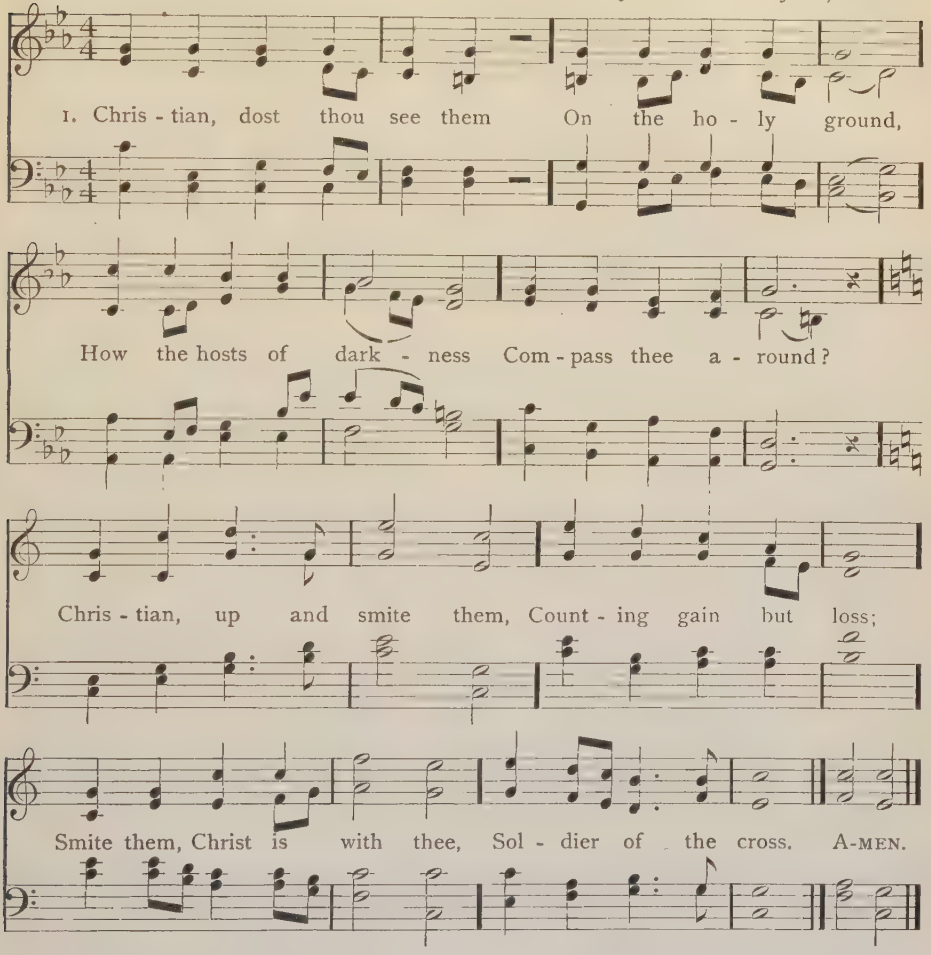
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly,
"While I breathe I pray,"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, 700 Tr. John M. Neale, 1862, alt.

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 (*Second Tune*)

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868


1. Chris - tian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,
How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;
Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A-MEN.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never be downcast;
Gird thee for the battle,
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
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"While I breathe I pray,"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near My throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, 700 Tr. John M. Neale, 1862, alt.

430 PENITENCE 8 5 8 5 8 5 8 5

Spencer Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus plead for me,
Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee;
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call, . . .
Nor, for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall. A - MEN.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Would this vain world charm;
Or its sordid treasures
Spread to work me harm;
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in darker semblance,
Cross crowned Calvary.

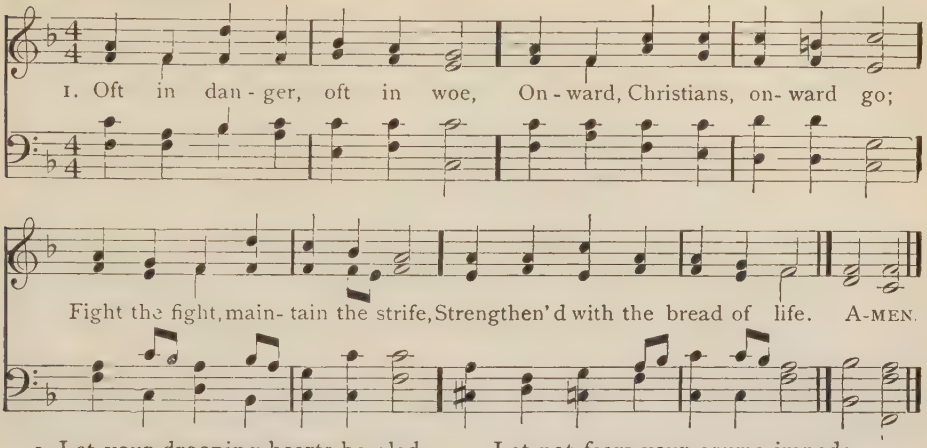
3 Should Thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe;
Or should pain attend me
On my path below;
Grant that I may never
Fail Thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain,
When my dust returneth
To the dust again;
On Thy truth relying,
Through that mortal strife,
Jesus, take me, dying,
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery, 1834 Alt. Mrs. Hutton and Godfrey Thring

431 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7 7 7 7

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848


1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on- ward go;
Fight the fight, main- tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-MEN.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory tune your song.

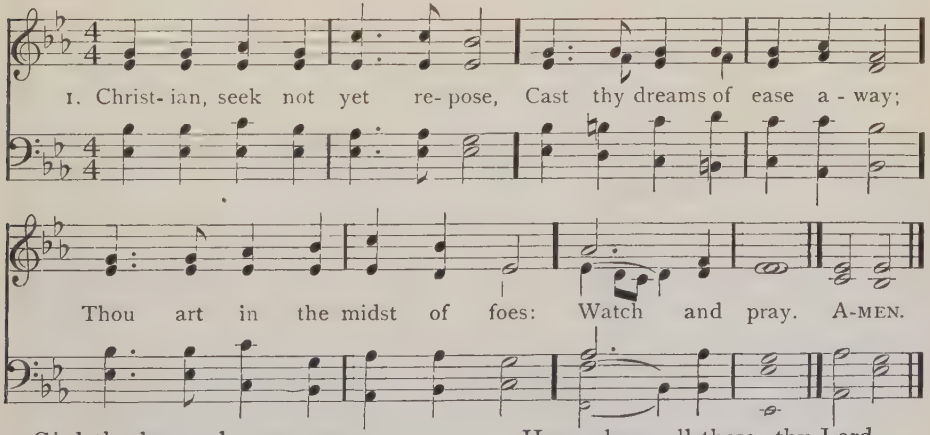
3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry K. White, 1808

432 VIGILATE 7 7 7 3

William Henry Monk, 1868



2 Gird thy heavenly armor on,
Wear it ever, night and day;
Near thee lurks the evil one;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they watch each warrior's way;
All with one deep voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

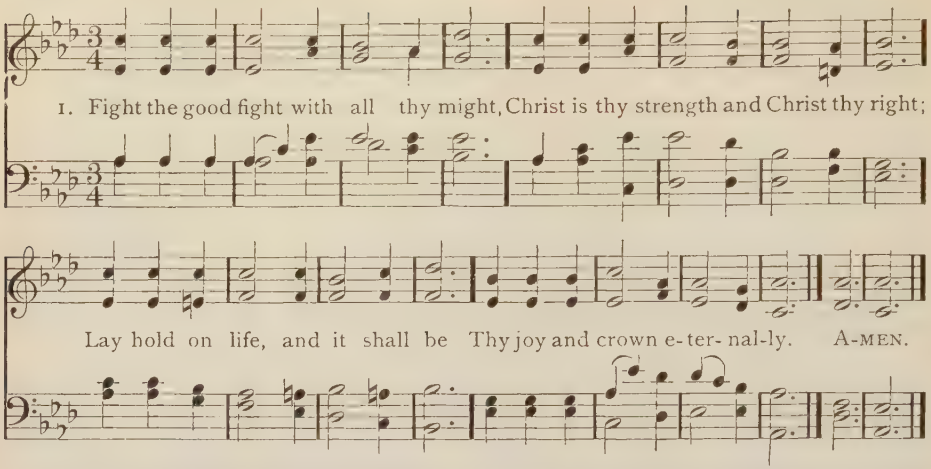
4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1836

433 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd


1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e-ter-nal-ly. A-MEN.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

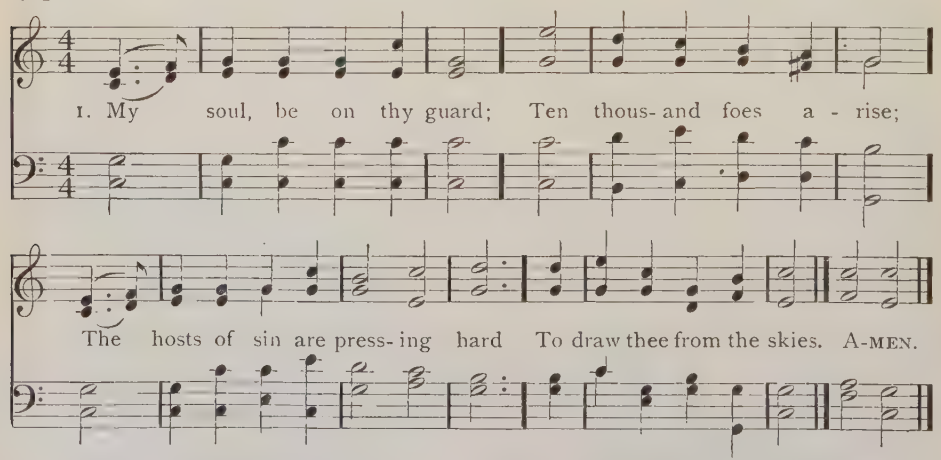
3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.

John S. B. Monsell, 1863

434 LABAN S. M.

Lowell Mason, 1830



2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

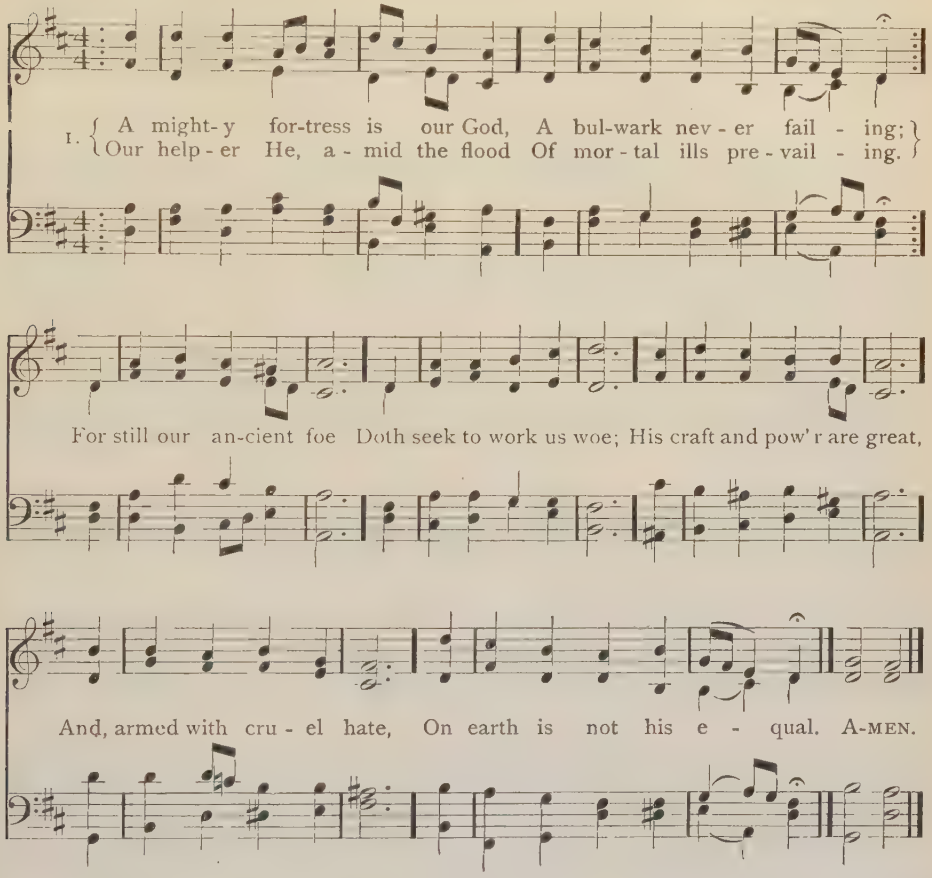
3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode.

George Heath, 1781

435 EIN' FESTE BURG 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 7

Martin Luther, 1529


1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;
Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,
And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A-MEN.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with demons filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us:
The Prince of darkness grim,
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo, his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther, 1527 Tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1852

436 WEBB 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

George J. Webb, 1837

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
From vic - tory un - to vic - tory His ar - my He shall lead,
Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A-MEN.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

George Duffield, 1858

437 TRIUMPH, No. 2 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

W. H. Vibbert, 1896

1. Go for- ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true!
The Lord Him-self, our Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
His love fore - tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need;
He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint - ing spir - it feed. A-MEN.

2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know;
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices,
That lure thy soul astray.

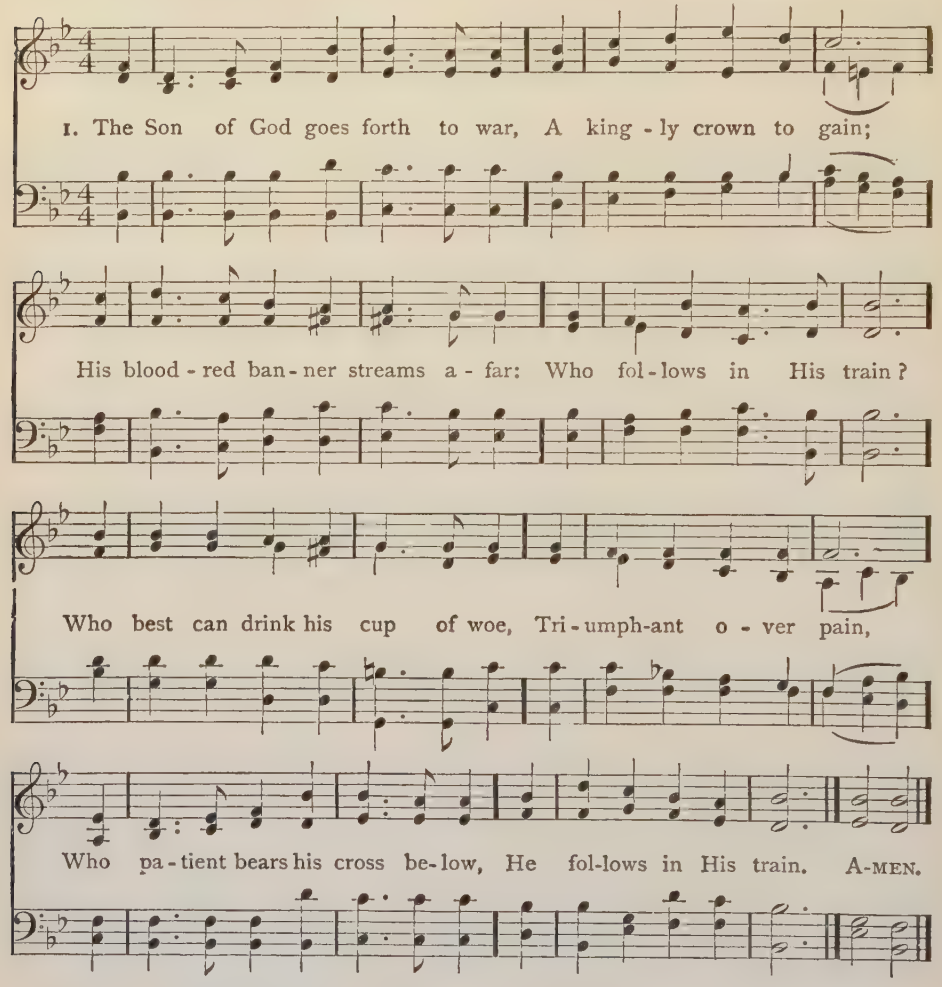
3 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ Himself shall call thee
To lay thine armor by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night;
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn His face revealeth,
The dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

Lawrence Tuttiett

438 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. D.

Henry Stephen Cutler


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain,
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-MEN.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

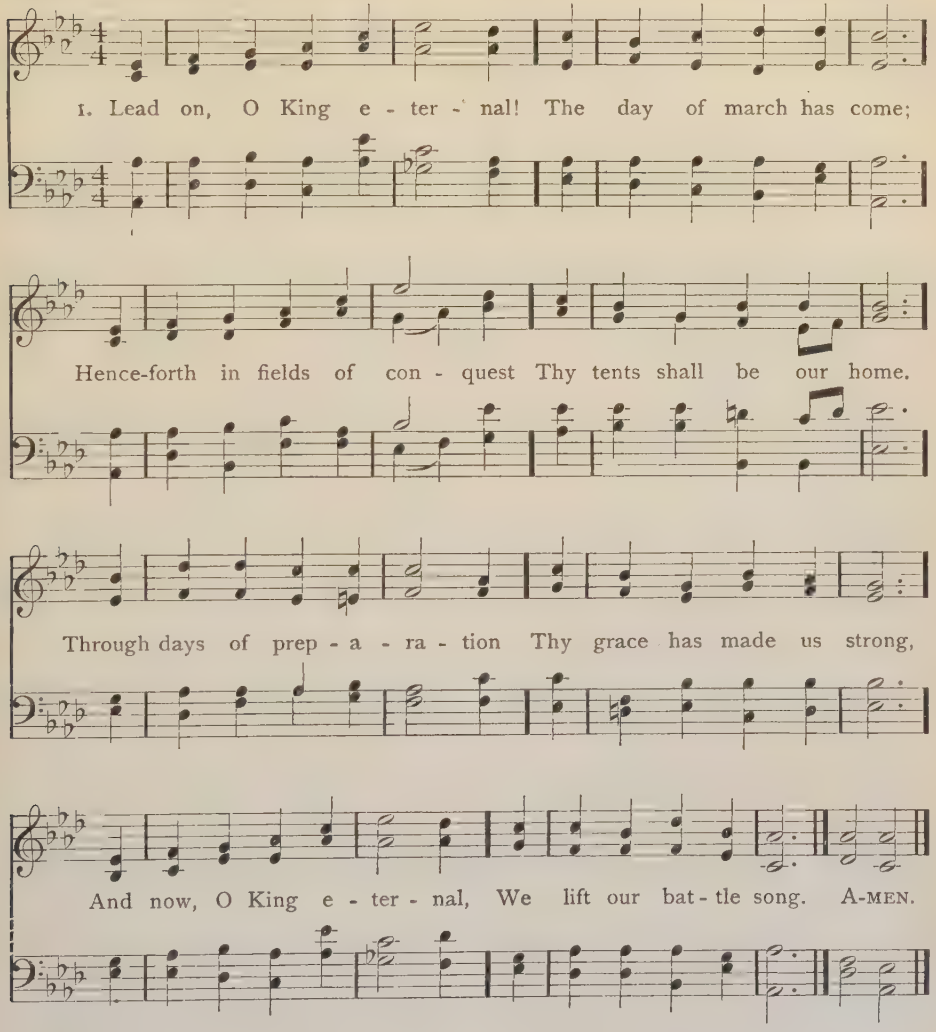
3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came, [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber

439 LEAD ON 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

John Frederick Bridge


1. Lead on, O King e - ter - nal! The day of march has come;
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
Through days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
And now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song. A-MEN.

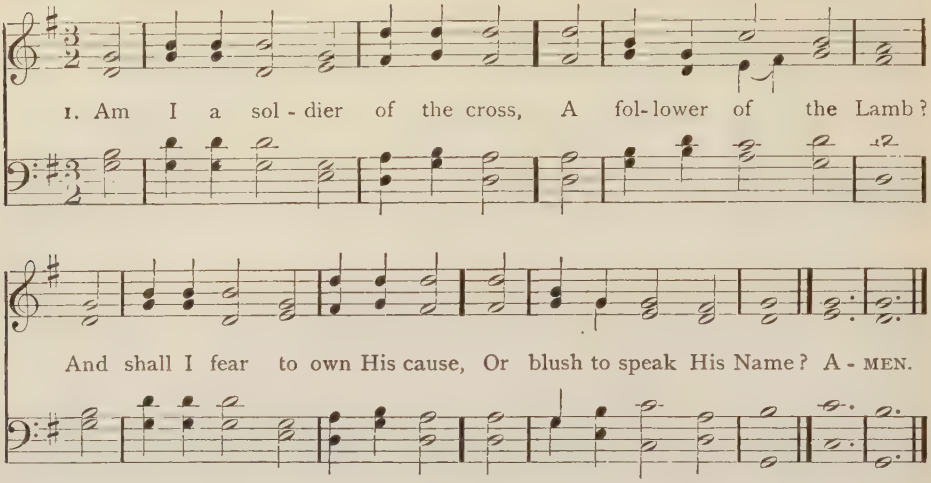
2 Lead on, O King eternal!
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords' loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King eternal!
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er Thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light;
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might!

Ernest W. Shurtleff, 1888

440 MARLOW C. M.

John Chetham, 1718



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

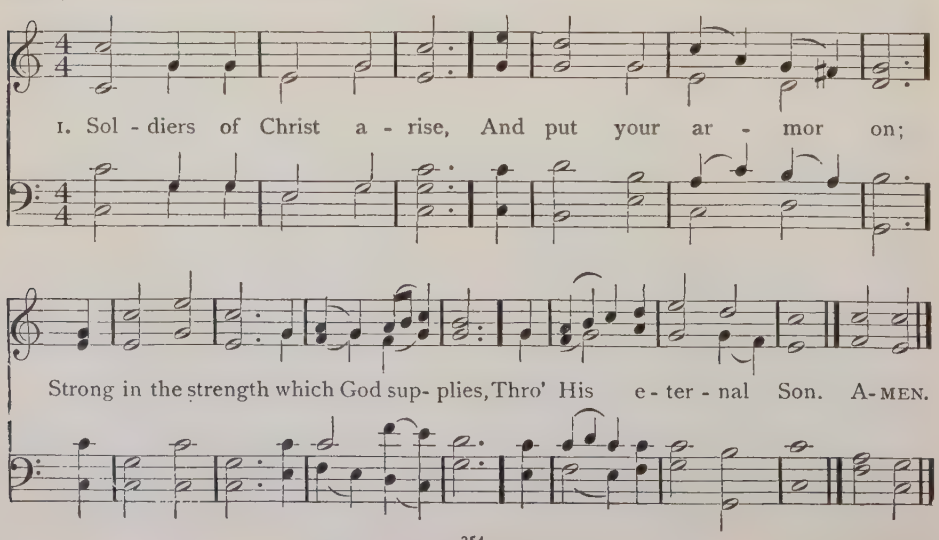
4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

Isaac Watts, 1724

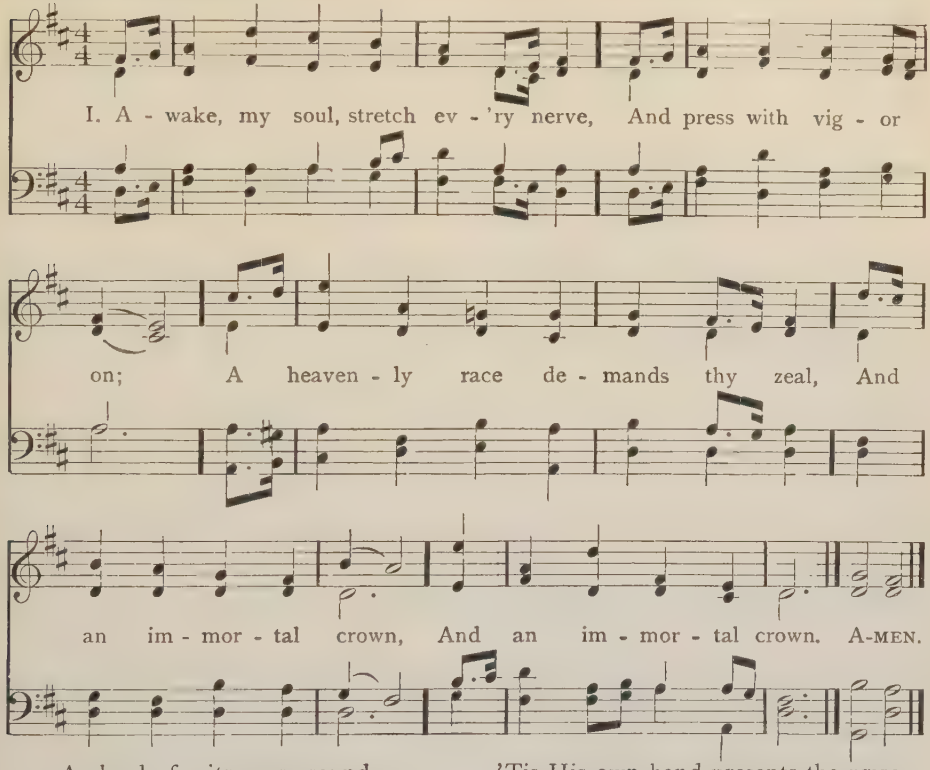
441 SILVER STREET S. M.

Isaac Smith, 1770



442 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. George Frederick Handel, 1728


I. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
on; A heaven - ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A-MEN.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1755

(SILVER STREET)

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

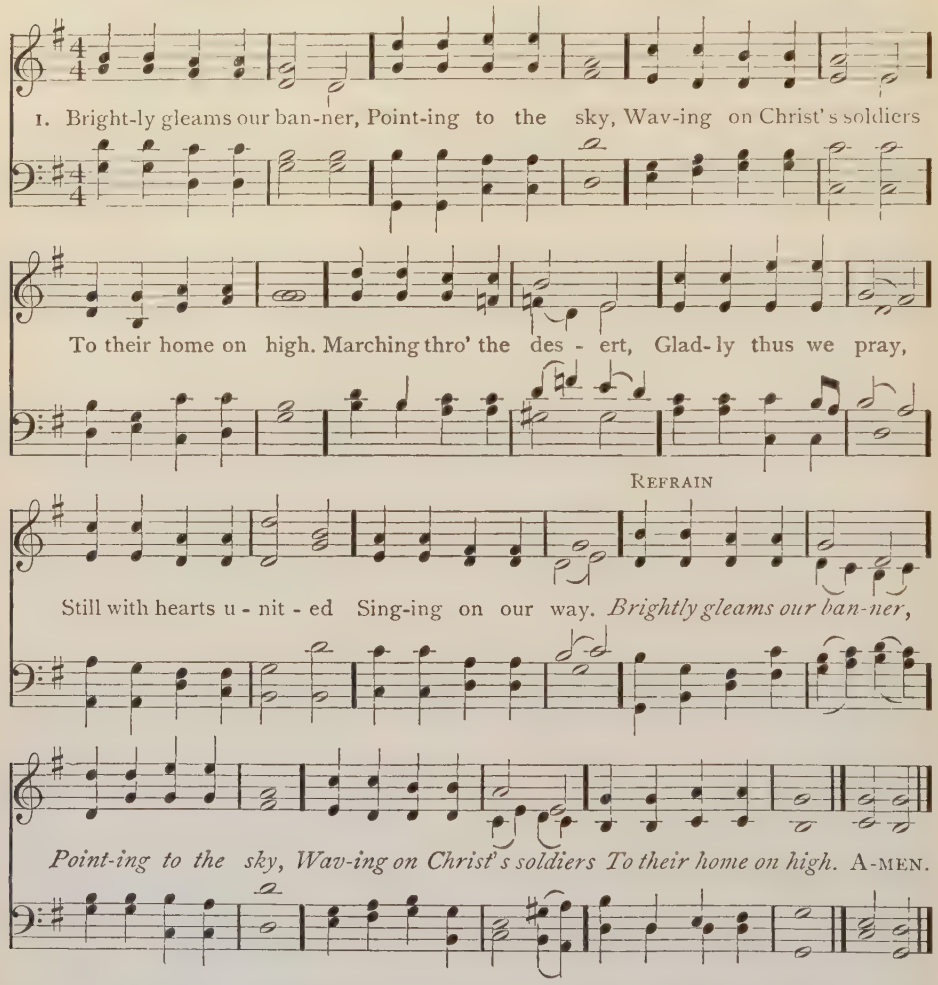
4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

Charles Wesley, 1749, ab.

443 ST. ALBAN 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 With Refrain

Arr. fr. Franz Joseph Haydn
by John Bacchus Dykes


1. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers
To their home on high. Marching thro' the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
REFRAIN
Still with hearts u - nit - ed Sing-ing on our way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,
Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-MEN.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At Thy sacred feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing
See Thy children meet:
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.

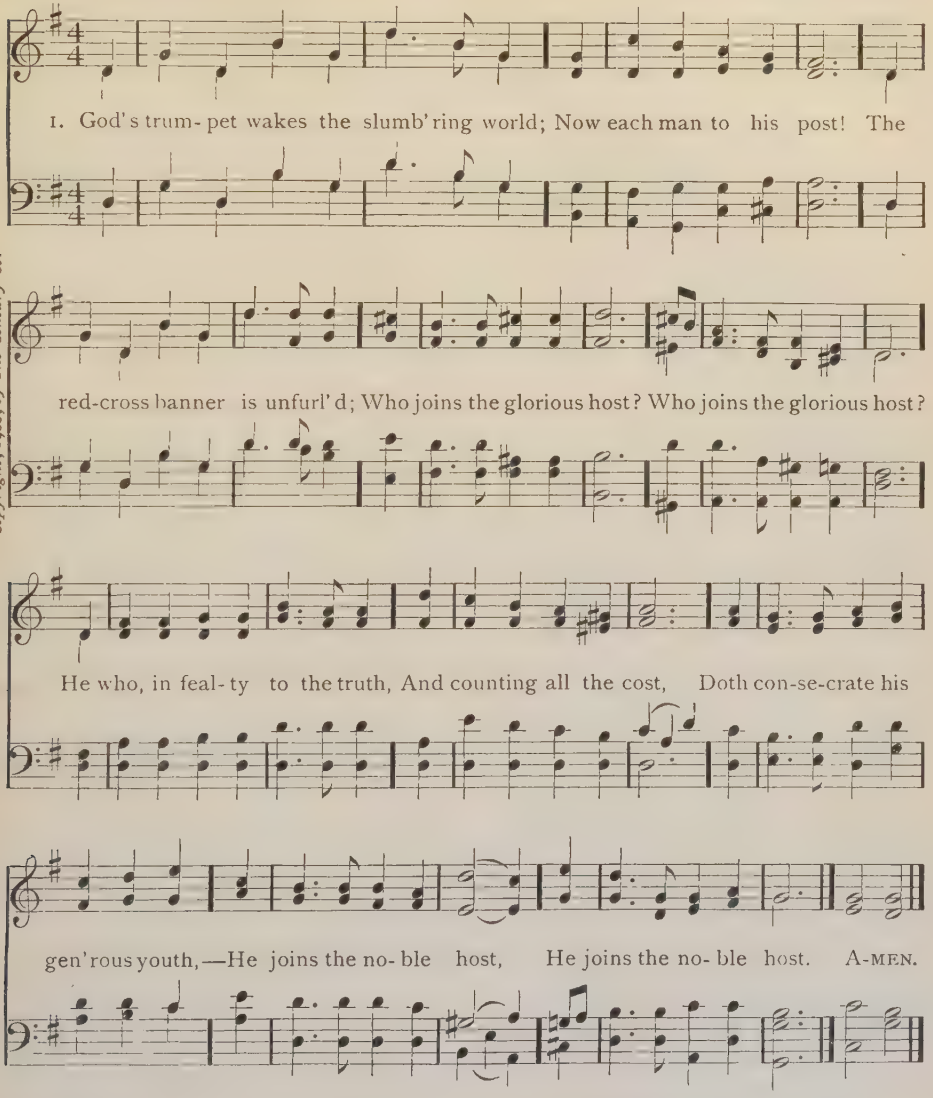
3 All our days direct us
In the way we go,
Lead us on victorious
Over every foe:
Bid Thine angels shield us
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon, Lord, and save us
In the last dread hour.

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At Thy throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.

Thomas J. Potter, 1862, alt.

444 CORWIN C. M. D.

J. W. Lerman, 1908


1. God's trum-pet wakes the slumb'ring world; Now each man to his post! The
red-cross banner is unfurl'd; Who joins the glorious host? Who joins the glorious host?
He who, in feal-ty to the truth, And counting all the cost, Doth con-se-crate his
gen'rous youth,—He joins the no-ble host, He joins the no-ble host. A-MEN.

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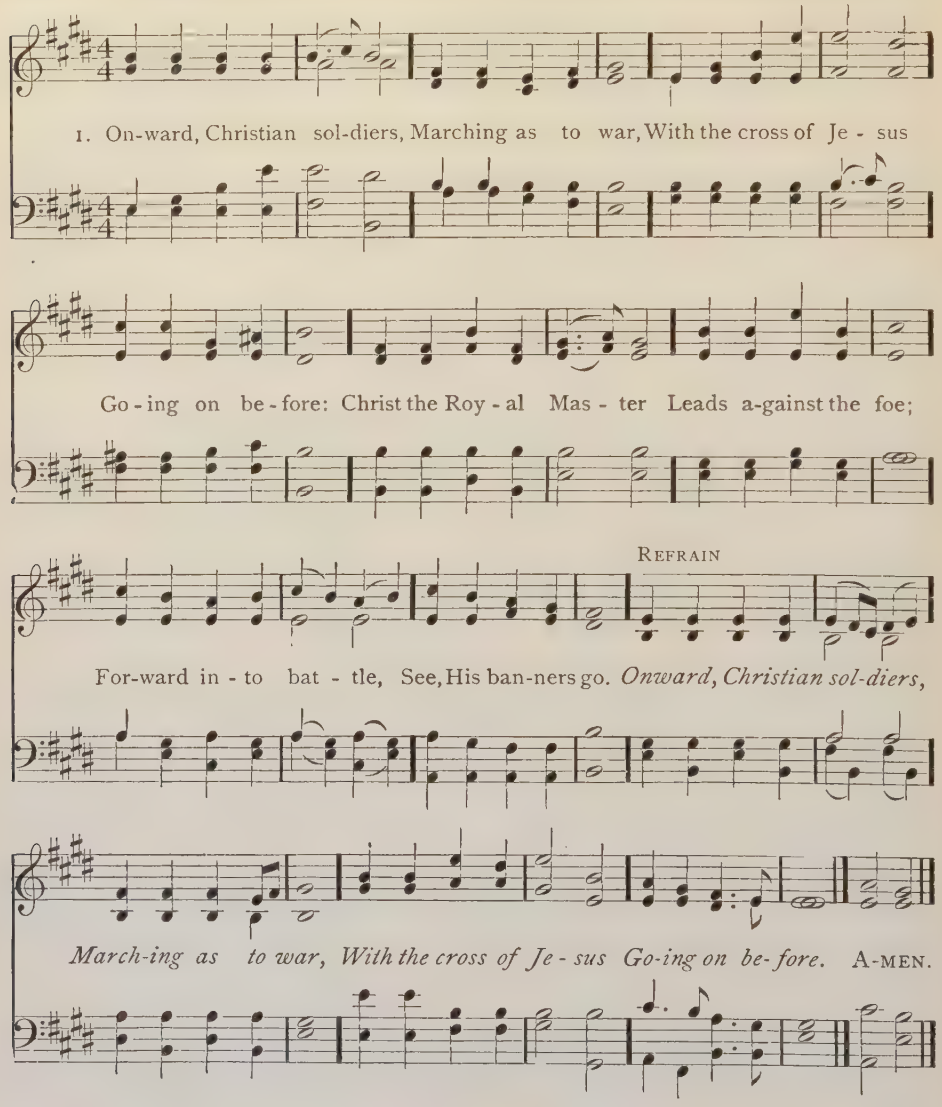
2 He who, no anger on his tongue,
Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness 'gainst the wrong,
||: He joins the sacred host. :||
He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But though defeated, battles still,—
||: He joins the faithful host. :||

3 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,
||: He joins the martyr host. :||
God's trumpet wakes the slumb'ring world;
Now each man to his post;
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
||: We join the glorious host. :||

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

445 ST. GERTRUDE 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 With Refrain Arthur Sullivan, 1871

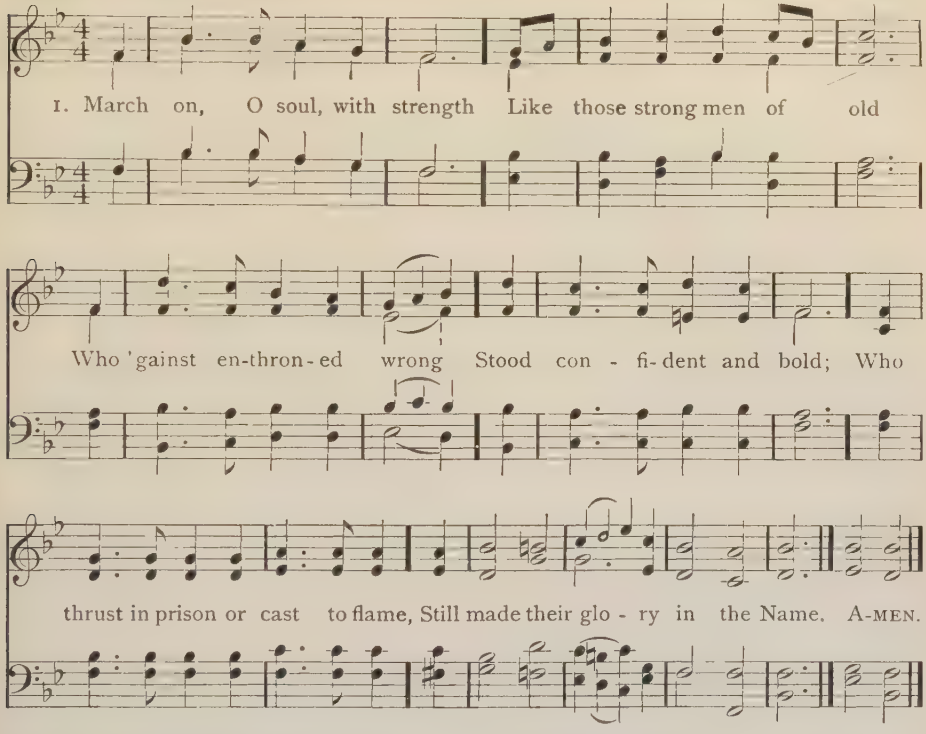

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
Go - ing on be - fore: Christ the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a-gainst the foe;
REFRAIN
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go. *Onward, Christian sol-diers,*
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore. A-MEN.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

446 ARTHUR'S SEAT 6 6 6 6 8 8

Arr. fr. John Goss, 1874


1. March on, O soul, with strength Like those strong men of old
Who 'gainst en-thron-ed wrong Stood con - fi-dent and bold; Who
thrust in prison or cast to flame, Still made their glo - ry in the Name. A-MEN.

2 The sons of fathers we
By whom our faith is taught
To fear no ill, to fight
The holy fight they fought:
Heroic warriors! ne'er from Christ
By any lure or guile enticed.

3 March on, O soul, with strength,
As strong the battle rolls!
'Gainst lies and lusts and wrongs,
Let courage rule our souls:
In keenest strife, Lord, may we stand,
Upheld and strengthened by Thy hand.

4 Not long the conflict: soon
The holy war shall cease,
Faith's warfare ended,—won
The home of endless peace!
Look up! the victor's crown at length:
March on, O soul, march on, with strength!

George T. Coster, 1900

(ST. GERTRUDE)

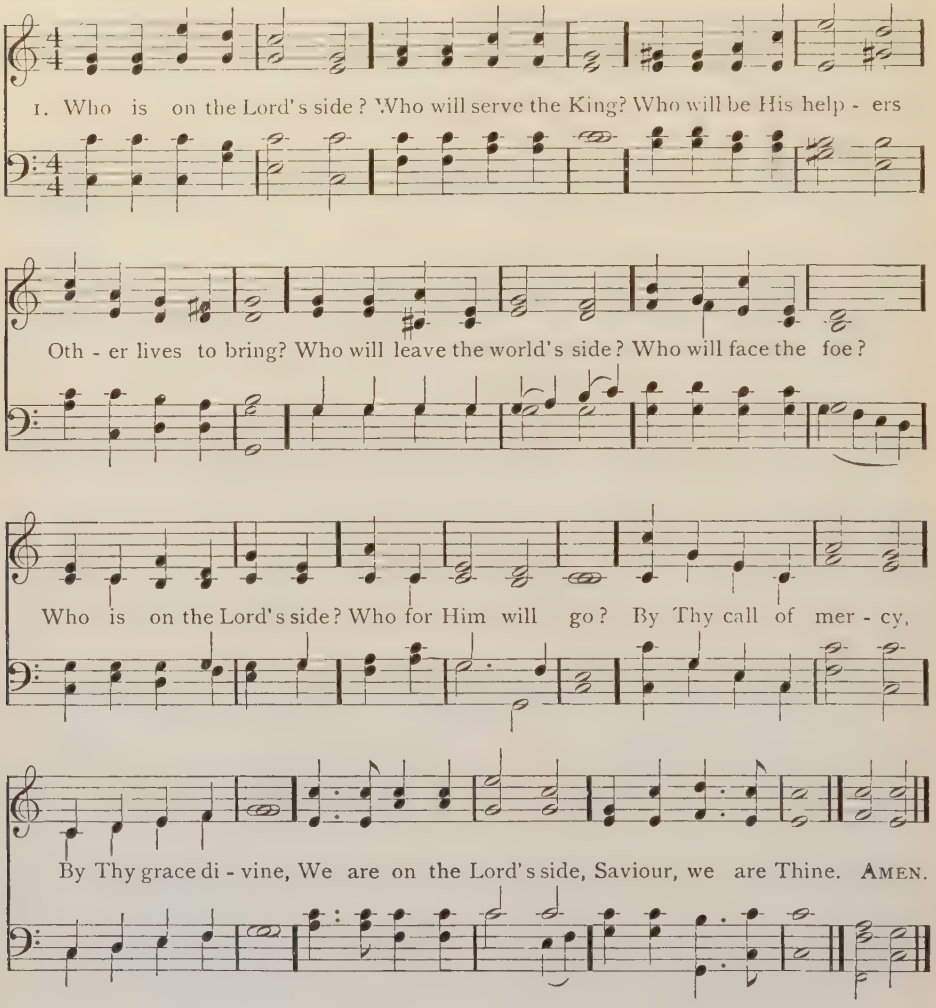
4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865

447 ARMAGEDDON 6 5 6 5 6 5 D.

Arr. by John Goss, 1871


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are Thine. AMEN.

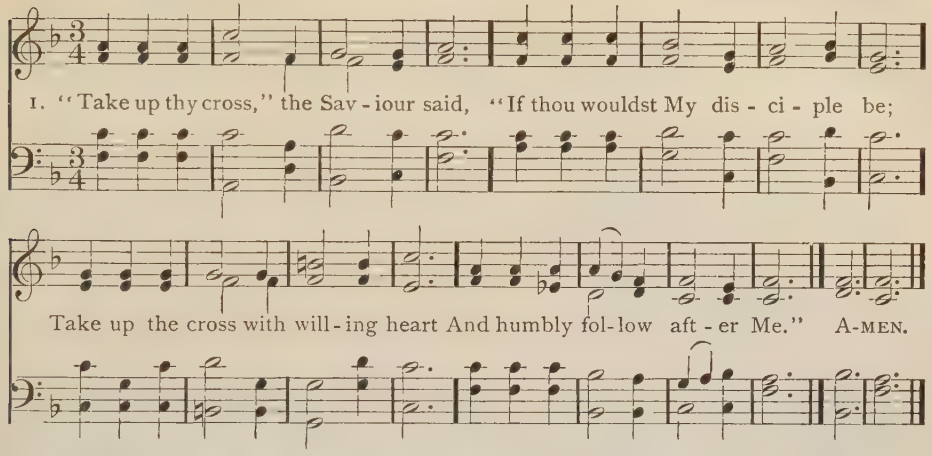
2 Not for weight of glory,
Nor for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow;
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine.

Frances R. Havergal

448 HESPERUS L. M.

Henry Baker, 1866


1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be;
Take up the cross with will - ing heart And humbly fol - low aft - er Me." A-MEN.

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

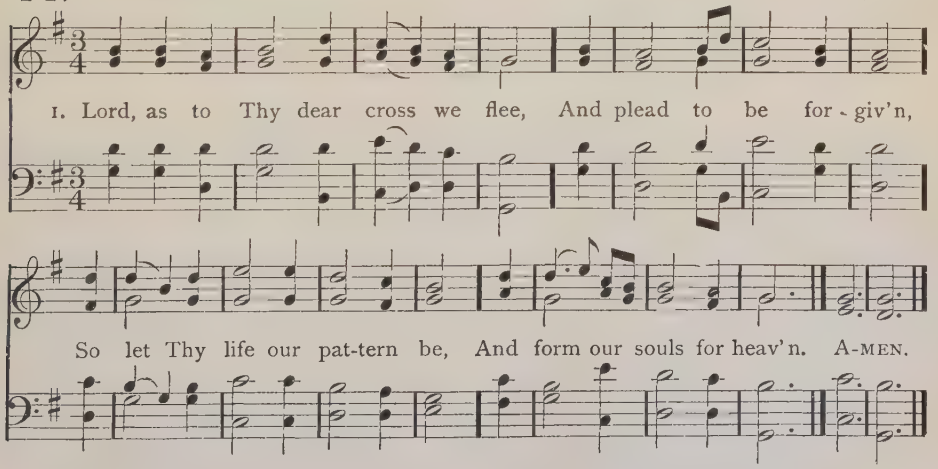
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

Charles W. Everest, 1833

449 ALEXANDRIA C. M.

W. Arnold, 1791



2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear,
Like Thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

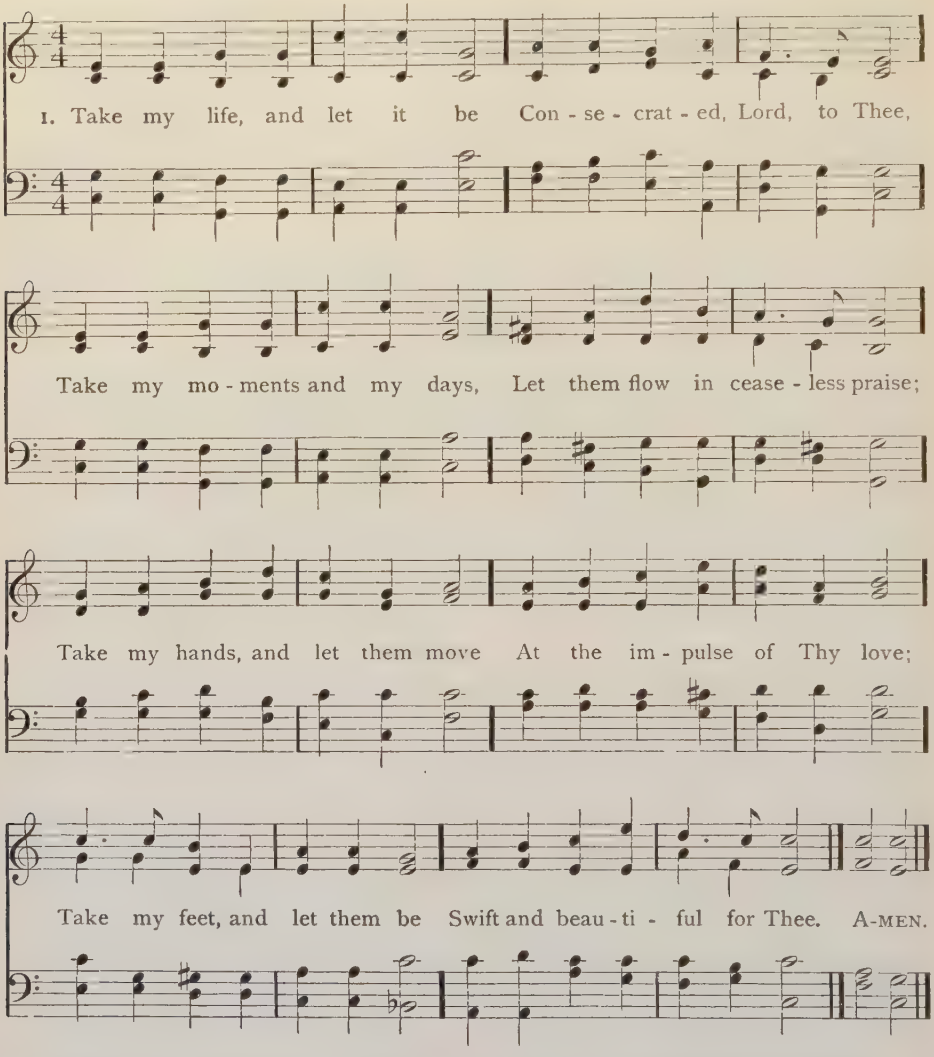
3 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
Father, Thy will be done!

4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

John H. Gurney, 1838, ab.

450 CULFORD 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Edward J. Hopkins


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee,
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise;
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee. A-MEN.

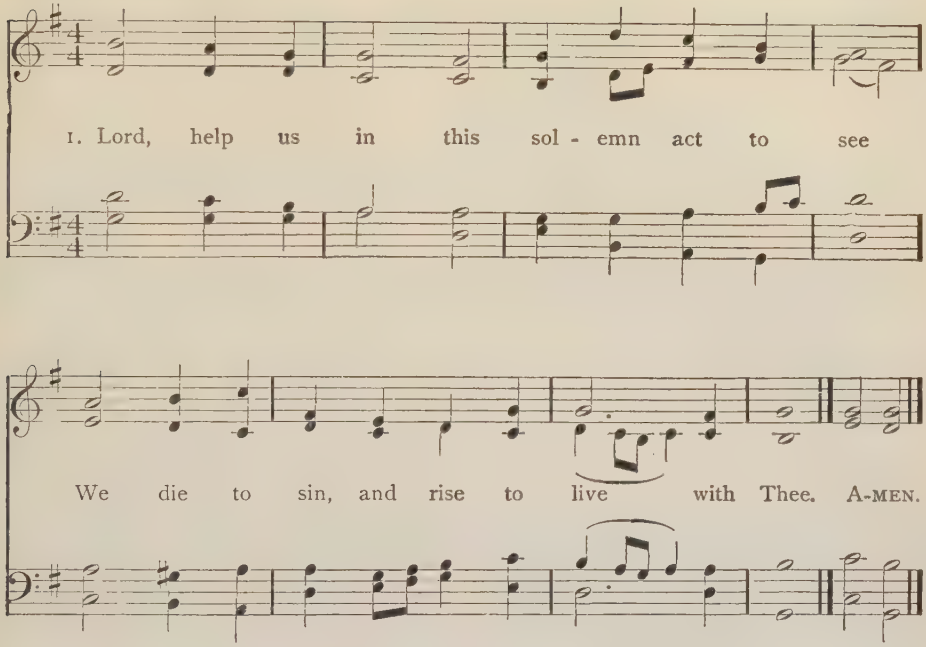
2 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou should choose.

3 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne;
Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal, 1874

451 BOWNE 10 10

C. H. Bowne



2 This welcome, loving Father, give to me,
"Thou art My child, I am well pleased with thee."

3 On every deed may I Thy blessing seek
To hear Thy voice in approbation speak.

4 Our Master, Jesus, here we follow Thee,
So through our lives do Thou our pattern be.

5 In all our paths Thy footsteps we would trace,
Led by Thy hand till we behold Thy face.

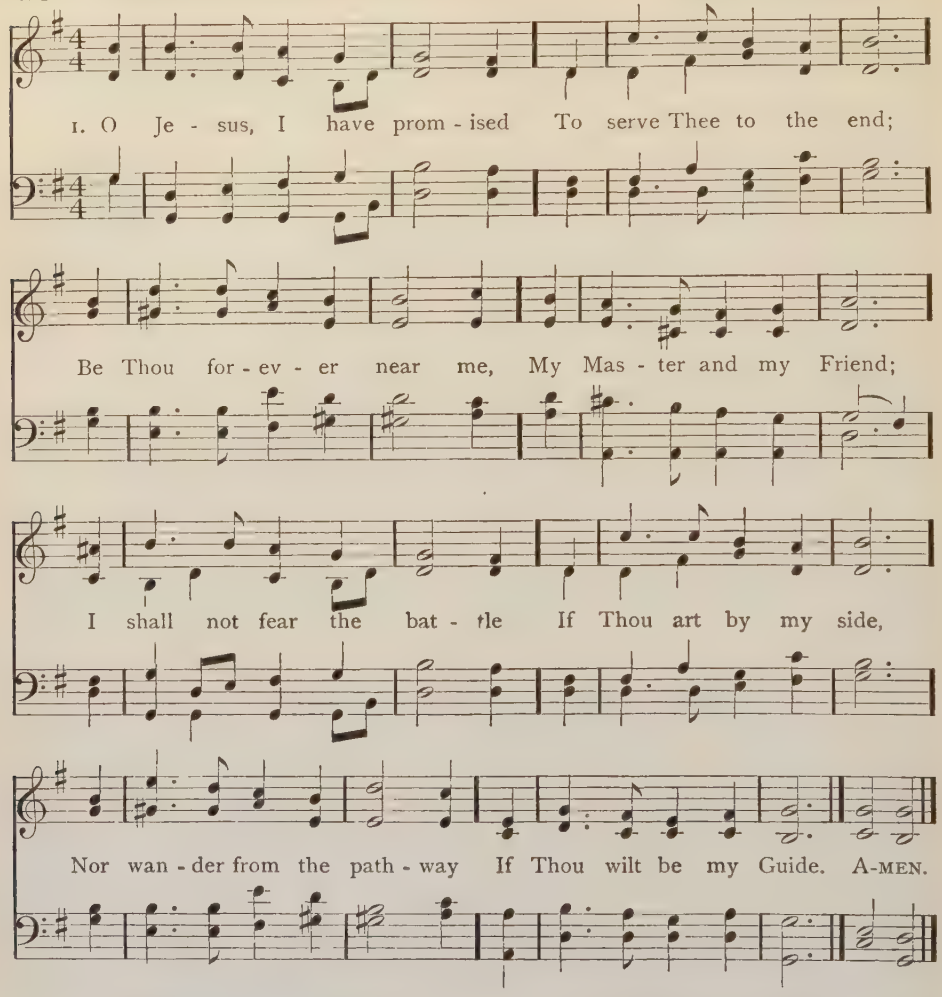
6 O Dove Divine! upon each head now rest,
And make Thy dwelling-place in every breast.

7 Bring from above sweet messages of peace,
And hope and joy inspire, and love increase.

William A. Cauldwell

452 ANGEL'S STORY 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Arthur H. Mann, 1883


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend;
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide. A-MEN.

2 O let me feel Thee near me,
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

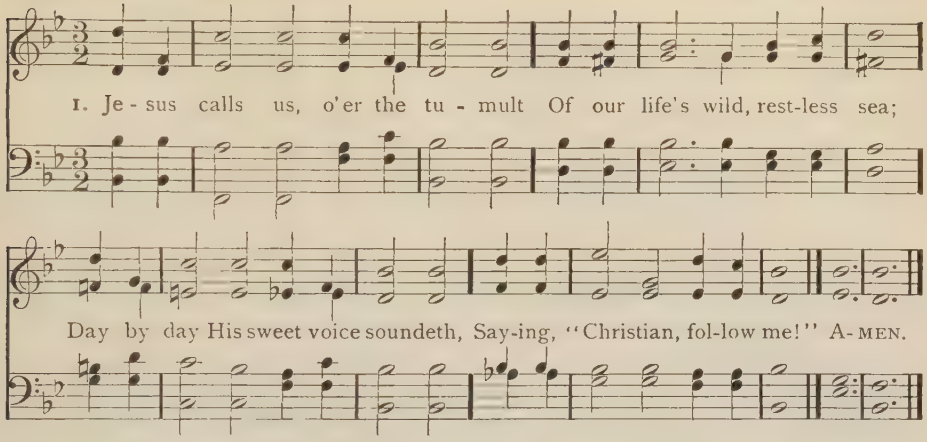
3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

John E. Bode, 1869

453 GALILEE 8 7 8 7

William H. Jude


1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low me!" A-MEN.

2 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

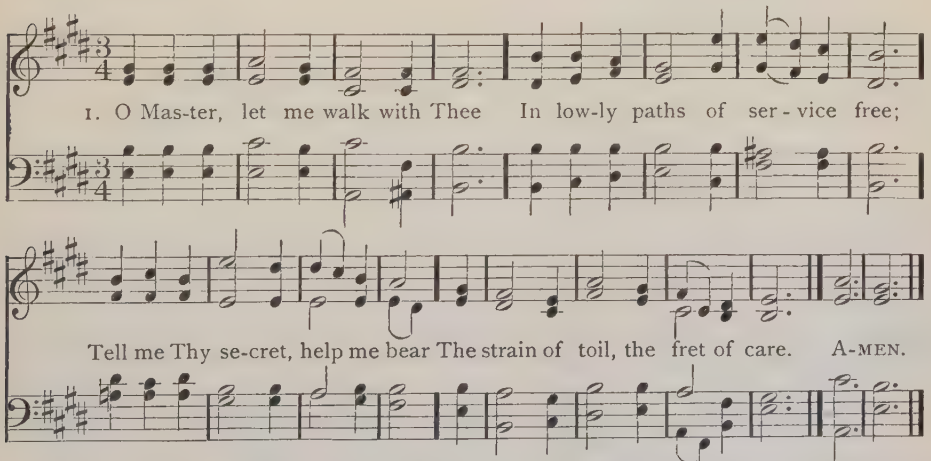
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander, 1852

454 MARYTON L. M.

H. Percy Smith, 1874


1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser - vice free;
Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-MEN.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

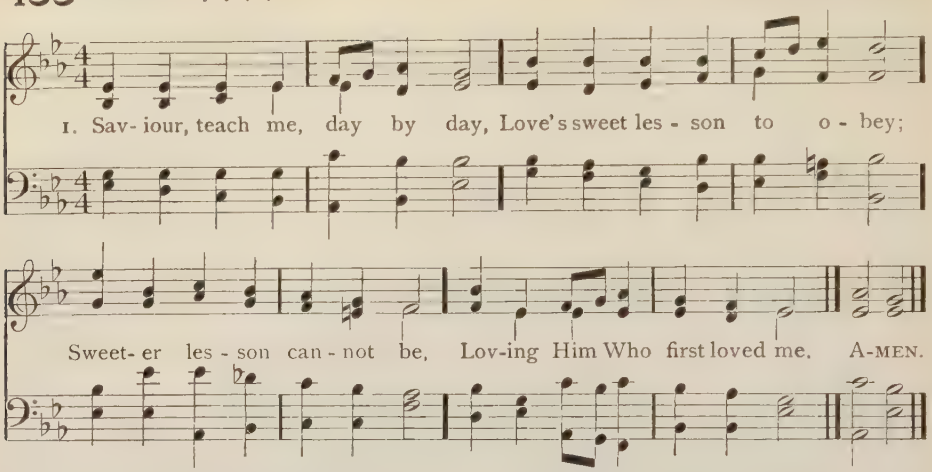
3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden, 1880

455 POSEN 7 7 7 7

Georg Christoph Strattner



2 With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

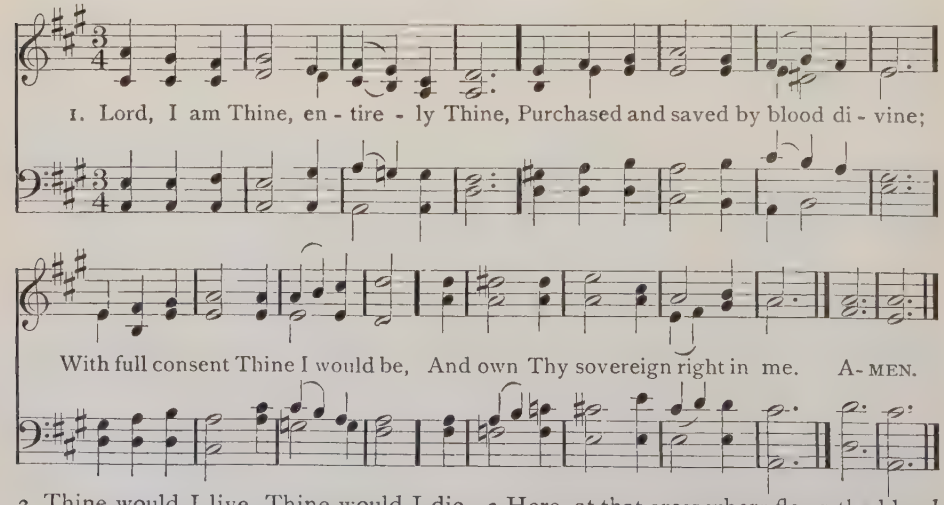
4 Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842

456 SHELTERING WING L. M.

Joseph Barnby, 1883


1. Lord, I am Thine, en - tire - ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di - vine;
With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me. A- MEN.

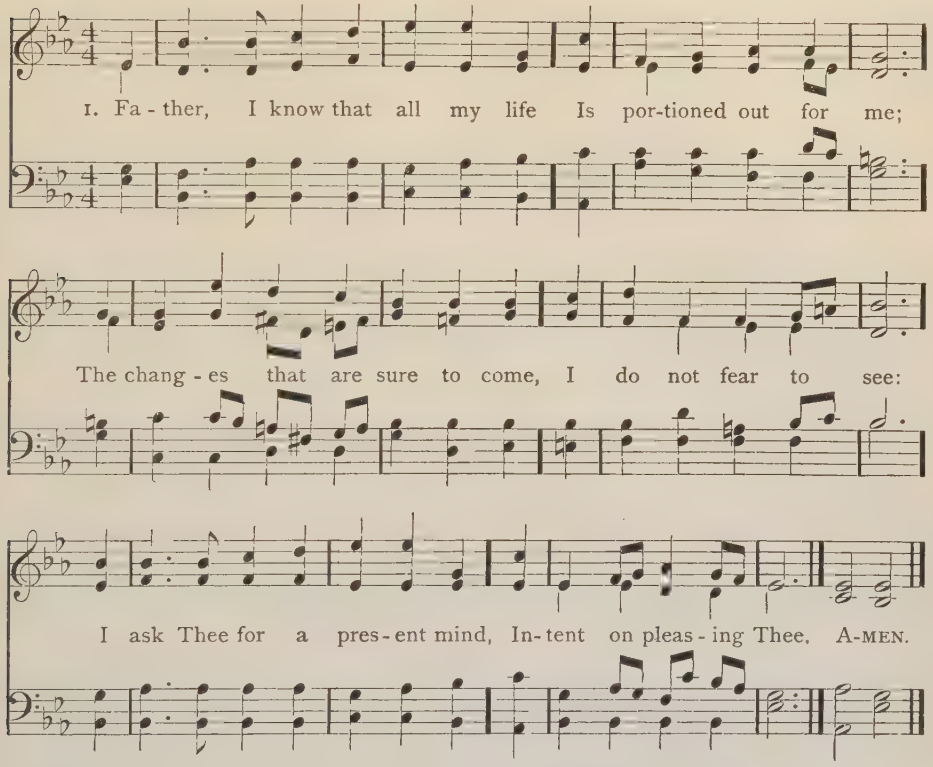
2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

Samuel Davies, Publ., 1769

457 ST. BEDE 8 6 8 6 8 6

John Bacchus Dykes


1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;
The chang - es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:
I ask Thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing Thee. A-MEN.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side,
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring, 1848, arr.

458 CIVITAS DEI Irregular

A. J. Caldicott

1. Not in dumb res - ig - na - tion, We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerve - less fa - tal - ist, Con - tent to do and die.
Our faith springs like the ea - gle's, Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries ex- ult- ing un - to Thee, "O Lord, Thy will be done," A-MEN.

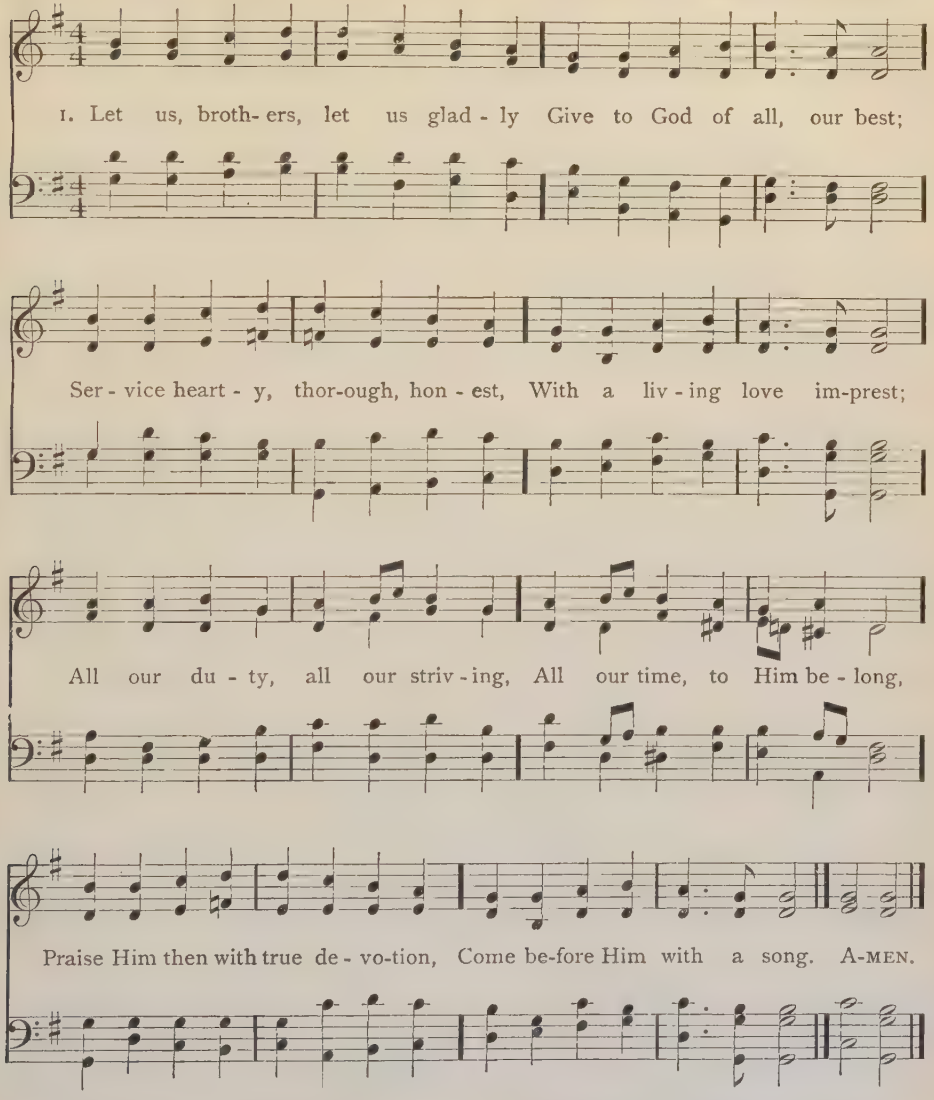
2 When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel;
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword, or tongue, or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

3 Thy will,—it bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just:
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath the liberal sun,
O Lord, be there, Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done.

John Hay, 1891

459 HYMN TO JOY 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Arr. from Ludwig von Beethoven


1. Let us, broth- ers, let us glad - ly Give to God of all, our best;
Ser - vice heart - y, thor-ough, hon - est, With a liv - ing love im-prest;
All our du - ty, all our striv - ing, All our time, to Him be - long,
Praise Him then with true de - vo-tion, Come be-fore Him with a song. A-MEN.

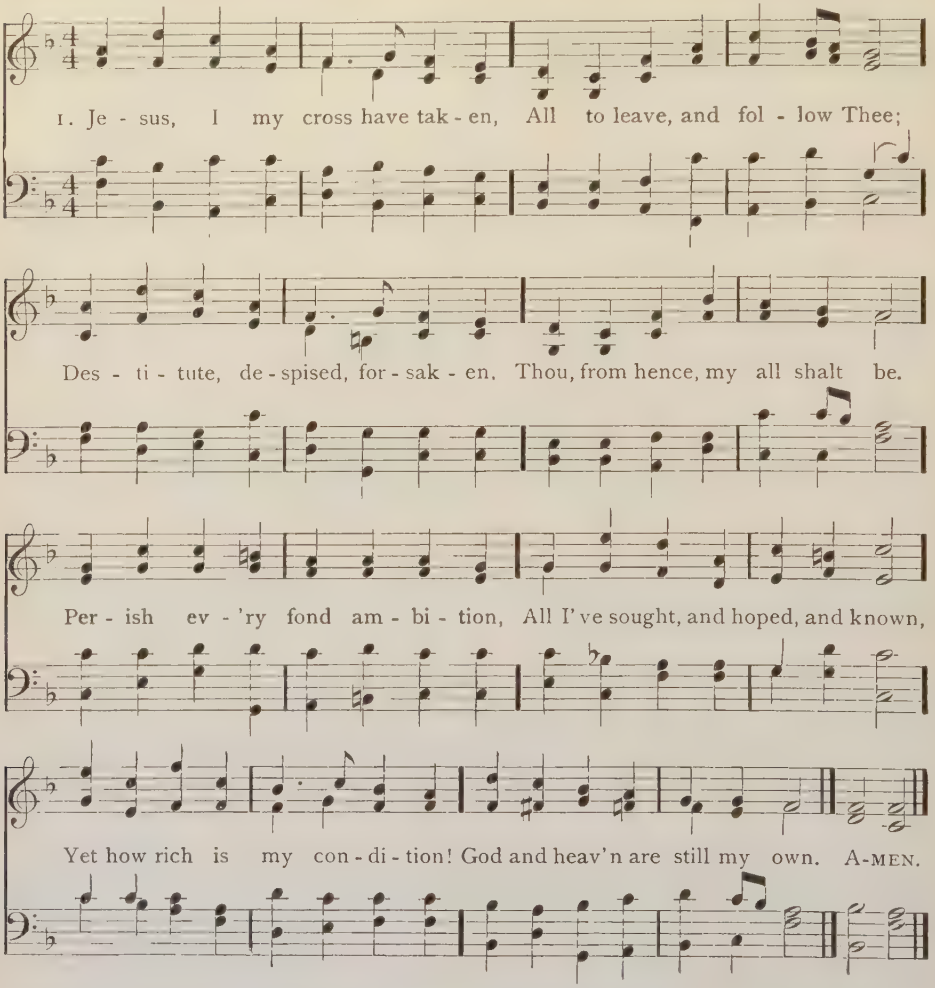
2 By His mercy, by His bounty,
By the gift of Christ, His Son,
What great goodness He hath shown us,
What high marvels He hath done;
Let us to Him, promptly, freely,
Yield our bodies and our souls,
Thankful that His love protects us,
That His wisdom all controls.

3 Gracious Lord, accept our service,
For the sake of Christ Thy Son;
Lo, our hope abideth only
On the travail He hath done;
Bless and save us, help and guide us
Watch to comfort and restore,
Till in heaven we rest rejoicing,
Praising Thee for evermore.

Henry Bateman, 1862

460 CRUCIFER 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart, 1867


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A-MEN.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest:
O 'tis not in grief to harm me
While Thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

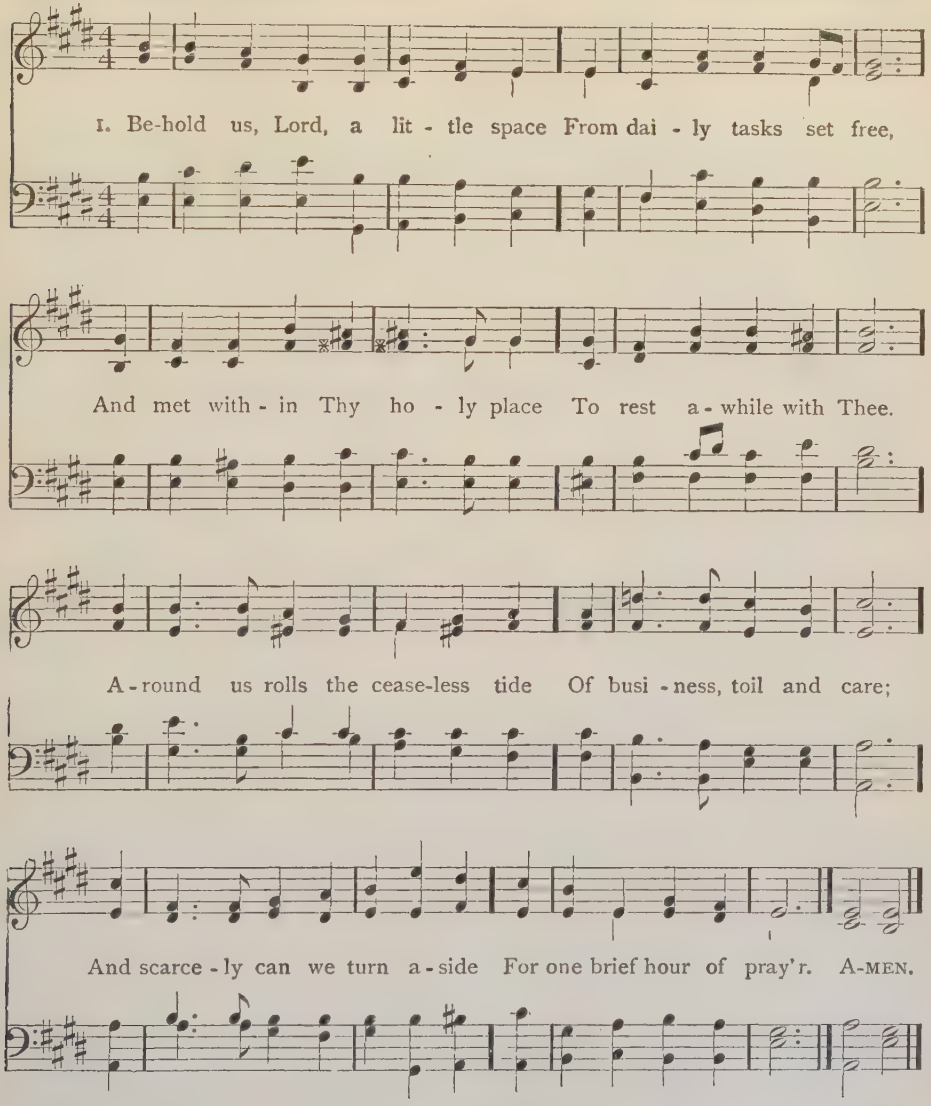
3 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee!
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

4 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry F. Lyte, 1824

461 ROSEATE HUES C. M. D.

Joseph Barnby, 1894


1. Be-hold us, Lord, a lit - tle space From dai - ly tasks set free,
And met with - in Thy ho - ly place To rest a - while with Thee.
A - round us rolls the cease-less tide Of busi - ness, toil and care;
And scarce - ly can we turn a - side For one brief hour of pray'r. A-MEN.

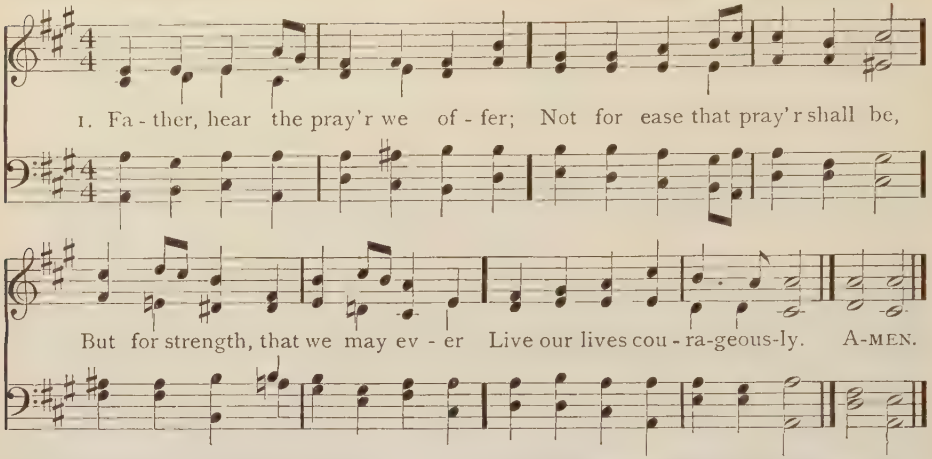
2 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein Thou mayest be sought;
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea,
The worlds of science and of art
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

3 Then let us prove our heavenly birth,
In all we do and know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For Thee and not Thy foe.
Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As Thou wouldst have it done,
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton, 1870

462 CARTER 8 7 8 7

Edmund S. Carter, 1874


1. Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer; Not for ease that pray'r shall be,
But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cou - ra-geous-ly. A-MEN.

2 Not for ever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathways
May we tread rejoicingly.

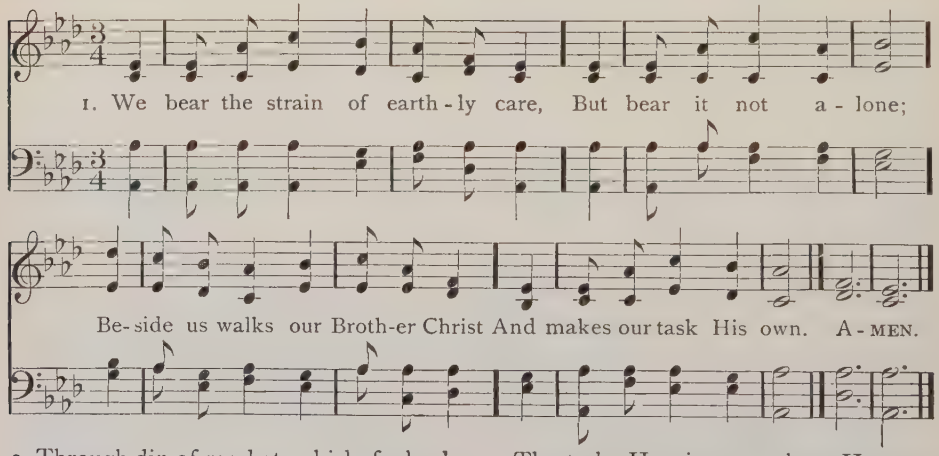
3 Be our strength in hours of weakness,
In our wanderings be our guide,
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be Thou at our side.

4 Let our path be bright or dreary,
Storm or sunshine be our share,
May our souls, in hope unweary,
Make Thy work our ceaseless prayer.

Love M. Willis. 1864

463 EVAN C. M.

William Henry Havergal, 1846


1. We bear the strain of earth - ly care, But bear it not a - lone;
Be-side us walks our Broth-er Christ And makes our task His own. A-MEN.

2 Through din of market, whirl of wheels,
And thrust of driving trade,
We follow where the Master leads,
Serene and unafraid.

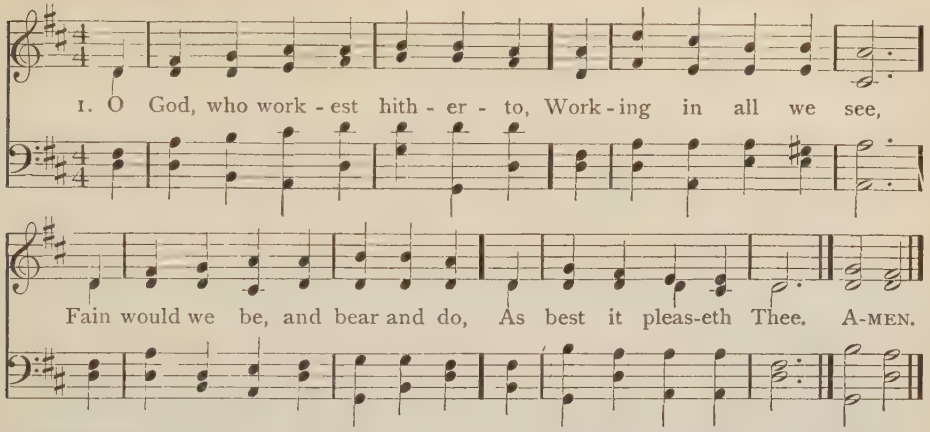
3 The common hopes that make us men
Were His in Galilee;
The tasks He gives are those He gave
Beside the restless sea.

4 Our brotherhood still rests in Him,
The Brother of us all,
And o'er the centuries still we hear
The Master's winsome call.

Ozora S. Davis

464 TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560



2 Where'er Thou sendest we will go,
Nor any question ask,
And what Thou biddest we will do,
Whatever be the task.

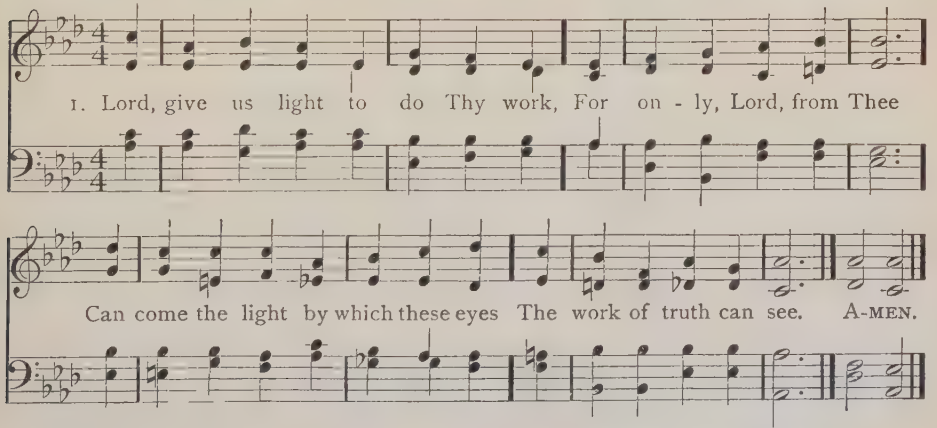
3 Our skill of hand, and strength of limb,
Are not our own, but Thine;
We link them to the work of Him
Who made all life divine!

4 Our Brother-Friend, Thy holy Son,
Shared all our lot and strife;
And nobly will our work be done,
If moulded by His life.

T. W. Freckleton

465 MARGUERITE C. M.

Edward C. Walker, 1876


1. Lord, give us light to do Thy work, For on - ly, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes The work of truth can see. A-MEN.

2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strown,
We wander oft, and think it Thine
When walking in our own.

3 Yet pleasant is the work for Thee
And pleasant is the way,
But, Lord, the world is dark, and we
Are prone to go astray.

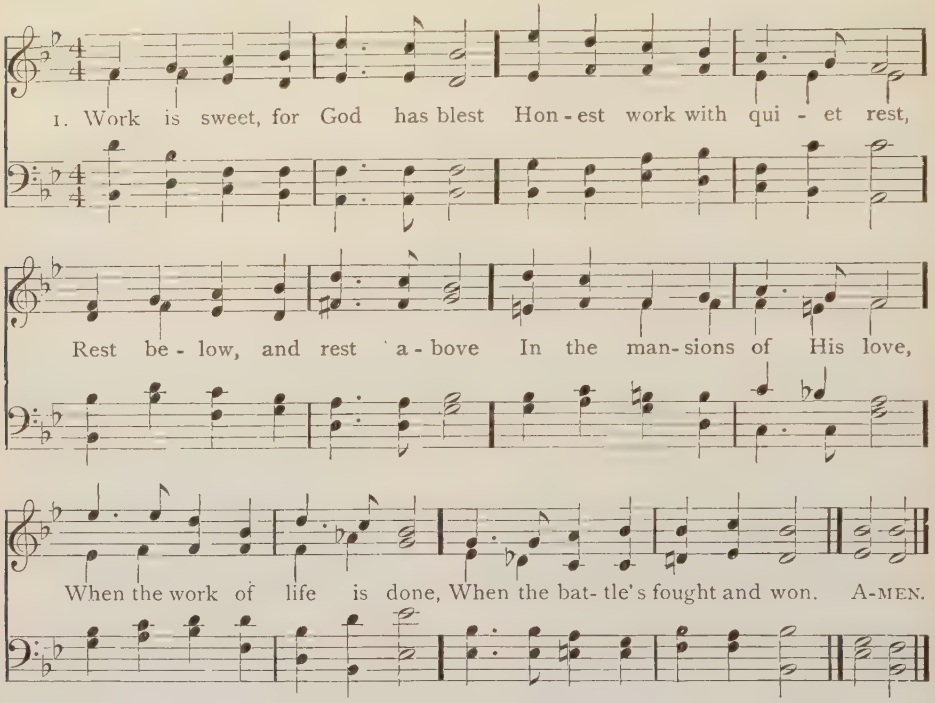
4 O send us light to do Thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall we work Thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth we live.

5 The work is Thine, not ours, O Lord;
It is Thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all we do
Be well and truly done.

Horatius Bonar

466 ST. ATHANASIUS 7 7 7 7 7 7

Edward J. Hopkins, 1872


1. Work is sweet, for God has blest Hon-est work with qui-et rest,
Rest be-low, and rest a-bove In the man-sions of His love,
When the work of life is done, When the bat-tle's fought and won. A-MEN.

2 Work ye, then, while yet 'tis day,
Work, ye Christians, while ye may,
Work for all that's great and good,
Working for your daily food,
Working whilst the golden hours,
Health, and strength, and youth are yours.

3 Working not alone for gold,
Not the work that's bought and sold,
Not the work that worketh strife,
But the working of a life
Careless both of good or ill,
If ye can but do His will.

4 Working ere the day is gone,
Working, till your work is done,
Not as traffickers at marts,
But as fitteth honest hearts,
Working till your spirits rest
With the spirits of the blest.

Godfrey Thring

467 GALILEAN 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Joseph Barnby, 1883

1. Sons of la - bor, dear to Je - sus, To your homes and work a - gain;
Go with brave hearts back to du - ty, Face the per - il, bear the pain;
Be your dwell-ings ne'er so low - ly, Yet re - mem- ber by your bed
That the Son of God most ho - ly Had not where to lay His head. A-MEN.

2 Sons of labor, be like Jesus,
Undefilèd, chaste, and pure,
And, though passions tempt you sorely,
By His grace you shall endure.
Husband, father, son, or brother,
Be ye gentle, just, and true;
Be ye kind to one another,
As the Lord is kind to you.

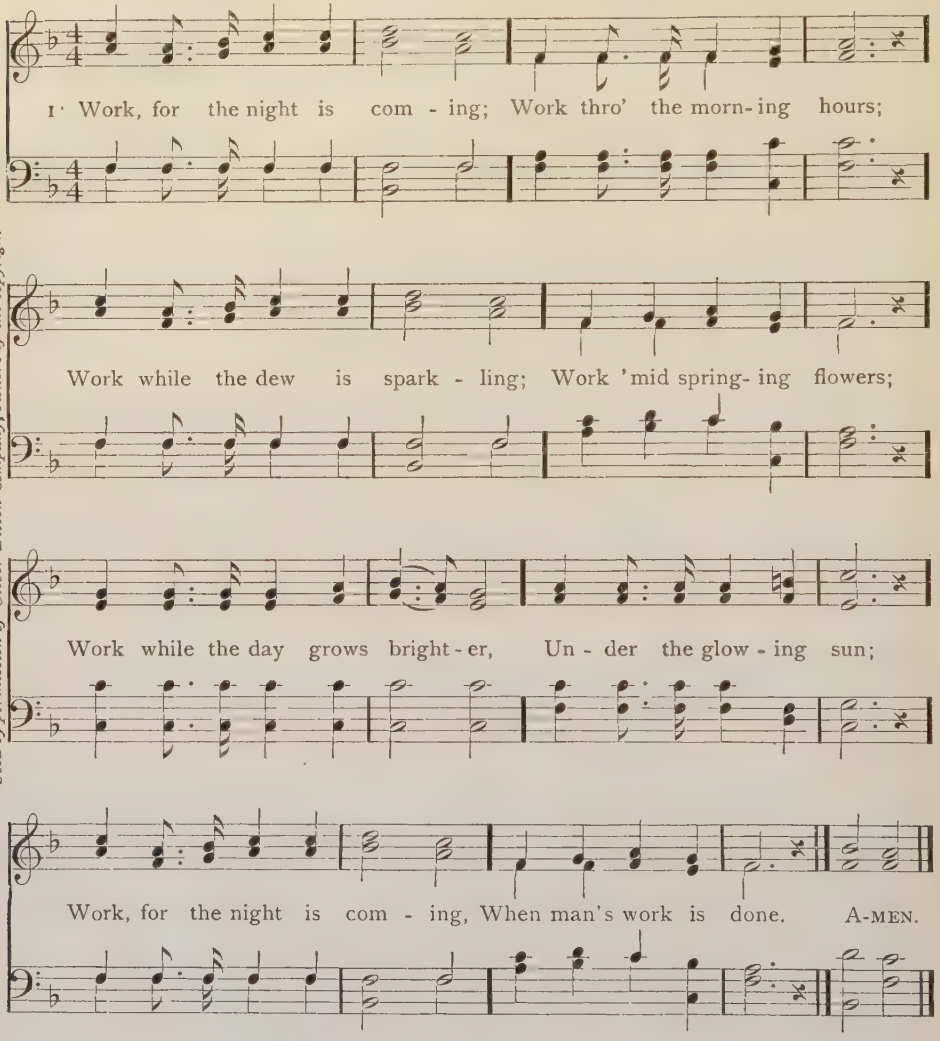
3 Sons of labor, go to Jesus
In your sorrow, shame, and loss;
He is nearest, you are dearest
When you bravely bear His Cross;
Go to Him, who died to save you,
And is still the sinner's Friend,
And the great love which forgave you
Will forgive you to the end.

4 Sons of labor, live for Jesus,
Be your work your worship too;
In His name, and to His glory,
Do whate'er you find to do,
Till this night of sin and sorrow
Be for ever overpast,
And we see the golden morrow,
Home with Jesus, home at last.

S. R. Hole

468 WORK SONG 7 6 7 5 7 6 7 5

Lowell Mason, 1864


1 · Work, for the night is com - ing; Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
Work while the dew is spark - ling; Work 'mid spring- ing flowers;
Work while the day grows bright - er, Un - der the glow - ing sun;
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done. A-MEN.

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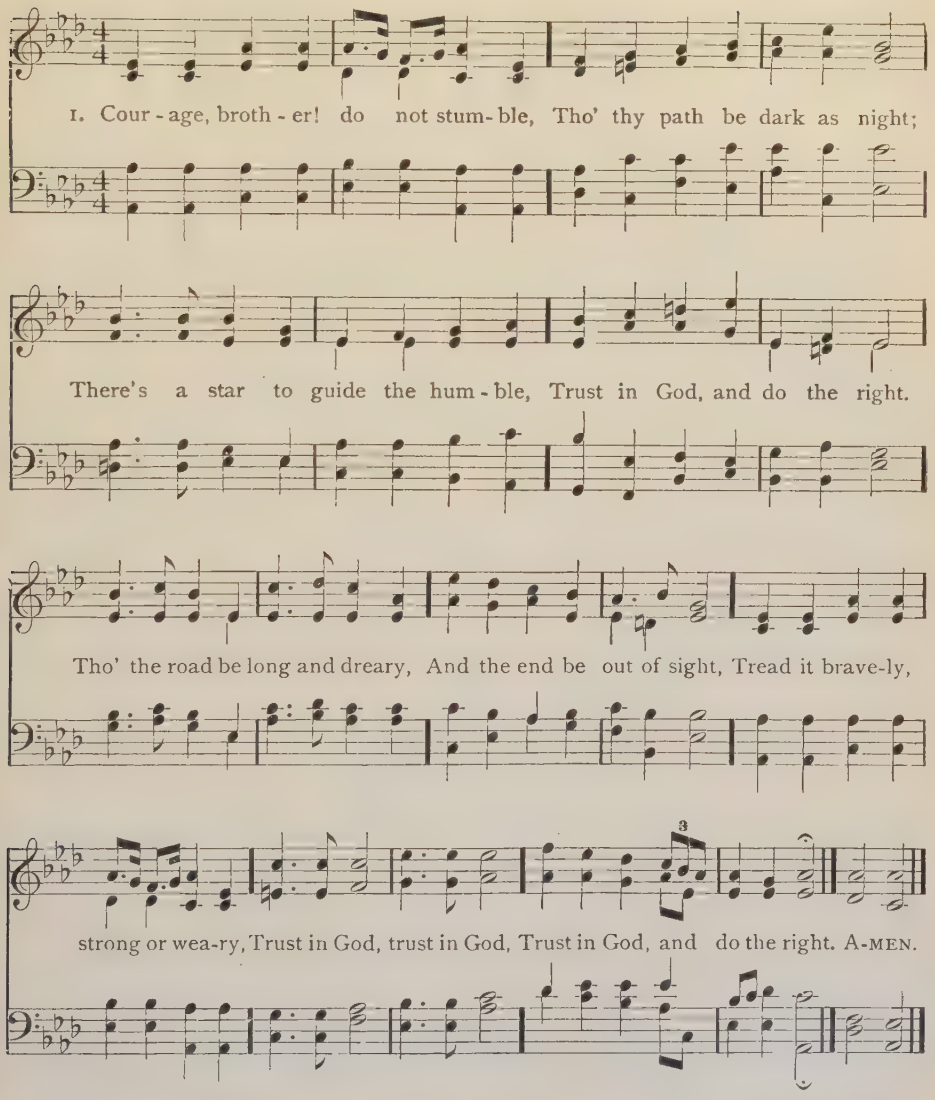
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon:
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Anna L. Coghill, 1854

469 COURAGE, BROTHER 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Arthur Sullivan


1. Cour - age, broth - er! do not stum - ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the hum - ble, Trust in God, and do the right.
Tho' the road be long and dreary, And the end be out of sight, Tread it brave-ly,
3
strong or wea-ry, Trust in God, trust in God, Trust in God, and do the right. A-MEN.

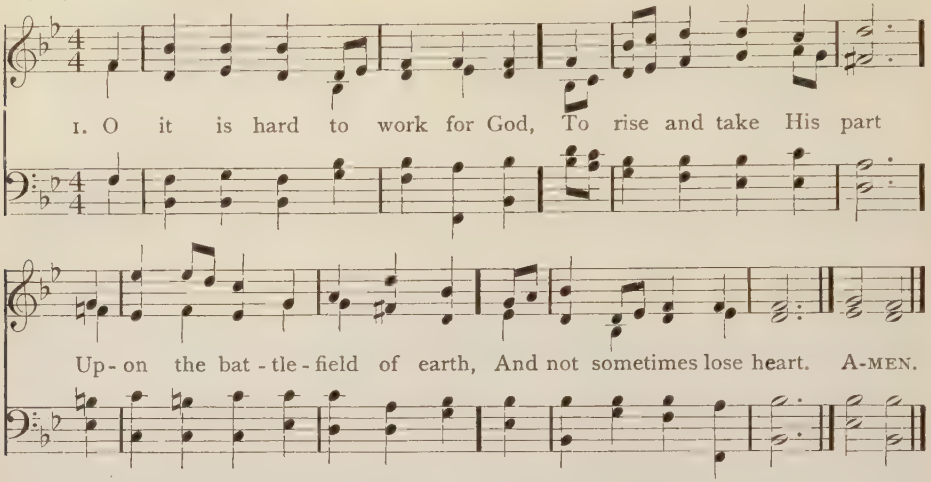
2 Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.
Shun all forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Heed no custom, school, or fashion,
Trust in God, and do the right.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God, and do the right.
Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and shining light,
Star upon our path abiding,
Trust in God, and do the right.

Norman Macleod

470 MIRFIELD C. M.

Arthur Cottman, 1872



2 Workman of God, O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battlefield
Thou shalt know where to strike.

3 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

4 Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

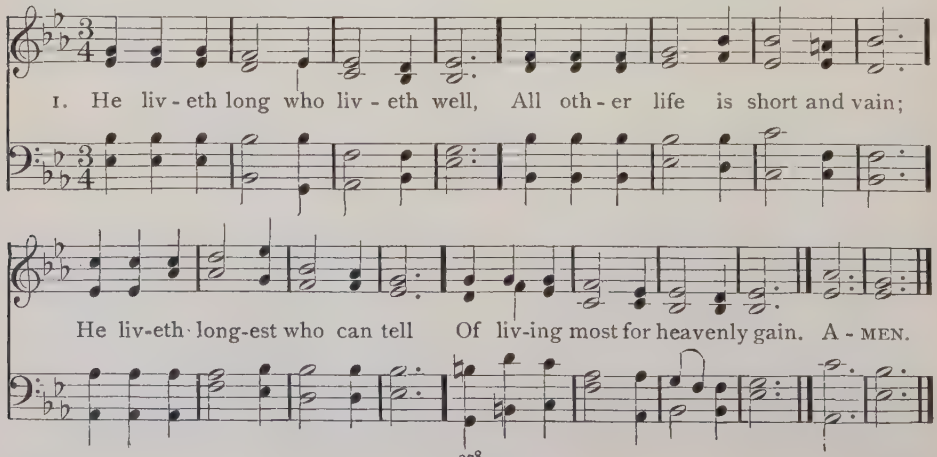
5 Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road.

6 For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

Frederick W. Faber, 1849

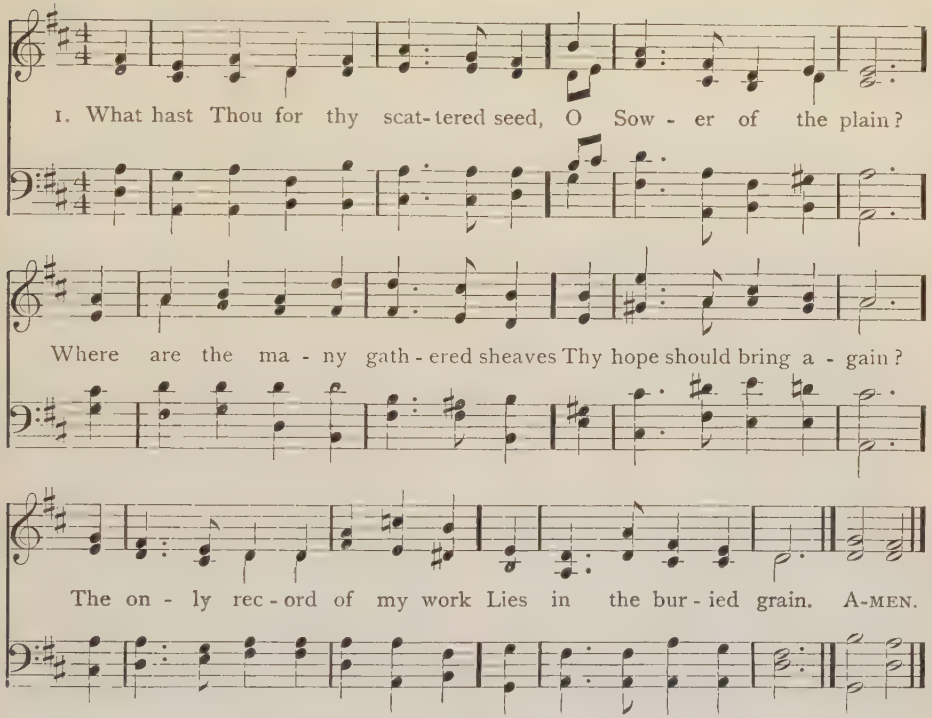
471 SAXBY L. M.

Timothy R. Matthews, 1855


1. He liv-eth long who liv-eth well, All oth-er life is short and vain;
He liv-eth long-est who can tell Of liv-ing most for heavenly gain. A-MEN.

472 ALLHALLOWS 8 6 8 6 8 6

Arthur Henry Brown


1. What hast Thou for thy scat-tered seed, O Sow - er of the plain?
Where are the ma - ny gath-ered sheaves Thy hope should bring a - gain?
The on - ly rec-ord of my work Lies in the bur-ied grain. A-MEN.

2 O Conqueror of a thousand fields!
In dinted armor bright,
What growths of purple amaranth
Shall crown Thy brow of might?
Only the blossom of my life
Flung widely in the fight.

3 What is the harvest of Thy saints,
O God! Who dost abide?
Where grow the garlands of Thy chiefs
In blood and sorrow dyed?
What have Thy servants for their pains?
This only,—to have tried.

Julia Ward Howe

(SAXBY)

2 He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

3 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed,
Hold up to earth the torch divine:
Be what thou prayest to be made,
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

4 Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

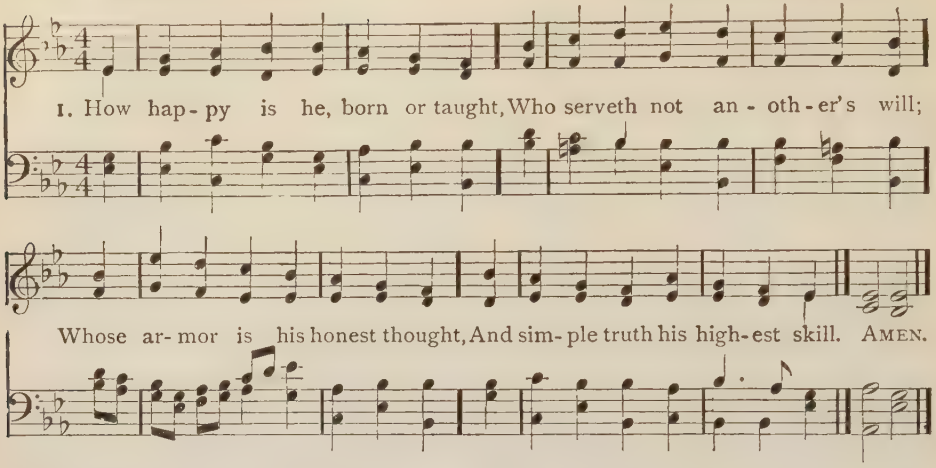
5 Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

6 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

Horatius Bonar

473 EISENACH L. M.

Johann Hermann Schein


1. How hap - py is he, born or taught, Who serveth not an - oth - er's will;
Whose ar - mor is his honest thought, And sim - ple truth his high - est skill. AMEN.

2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

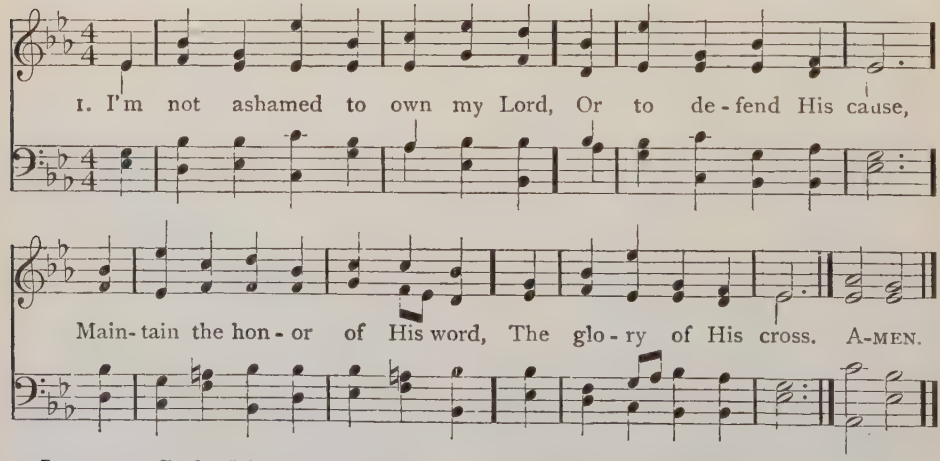
3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.

4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

H. Wotton

474 LONDON, (New) C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635



2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust:
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

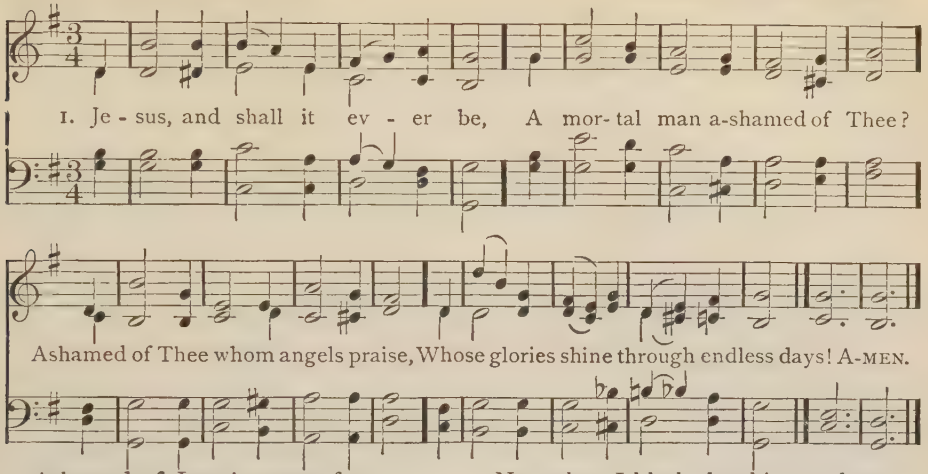
3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure,
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1709

475 BROOKFIELD L. M.

Thomas B. Southgate, 1855


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a-shamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise, Whose glories shine through endless days! A-MEN.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On Whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

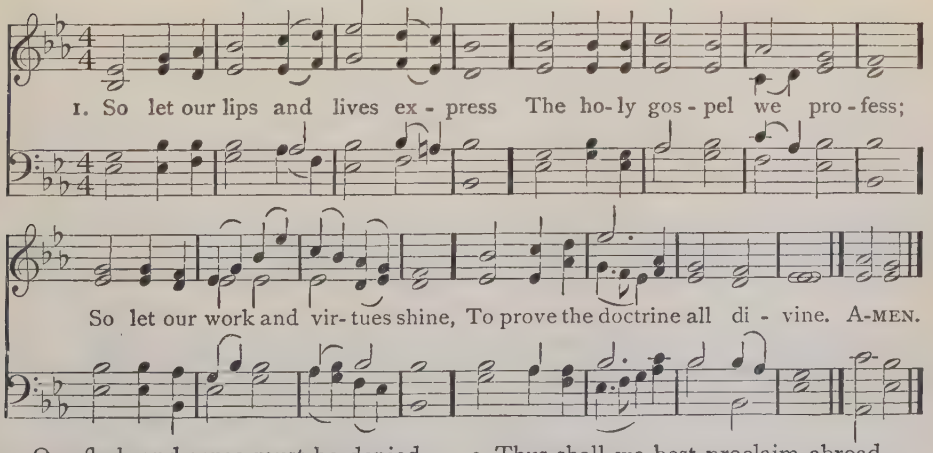
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Joseph Grigg, 1765: alt. by Benjamin Francis, 1787

476 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, 1790


1. So let our lips and lives ex - press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro - fess;
So let our work and vir - tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di - vine. A-MEN.

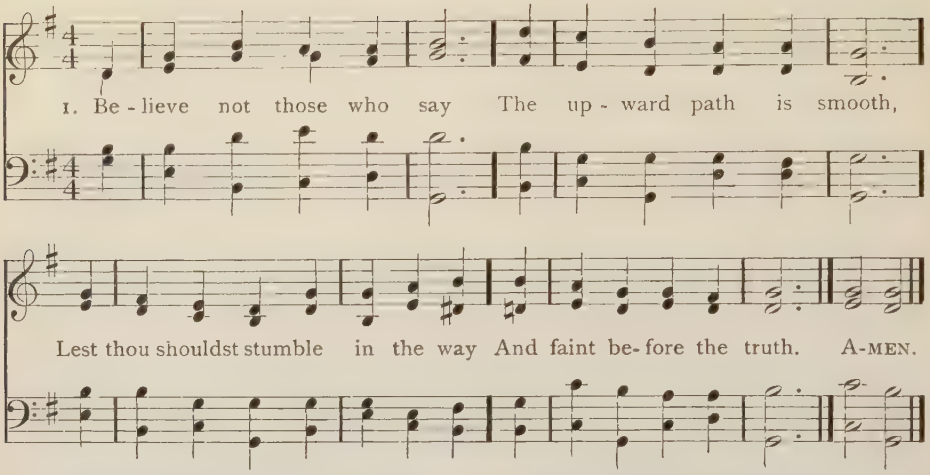
2 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and
Our inward piety approve. [love,

3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When His salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Isaac Watts, 1709

477 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Genevan Psalter, 1543


1. Be - lieve not those who say The up - ward path is smooth,
Lest thou shouldst stumble in the way And faint be - fore the truth. A-MEN.

2 It is the only road
Unto the realms of joy;
But he who seeks that blest abode
Must all his powers employ.

3 Arm, arm thee for the fight;
Cast useless loads away;
Watch through the darkest hours of night;
Toil through the hottest day.

4 To labor and to love,
To pardon and endure,
To lift thy heart to God above,
And keep thy conscience pure,—

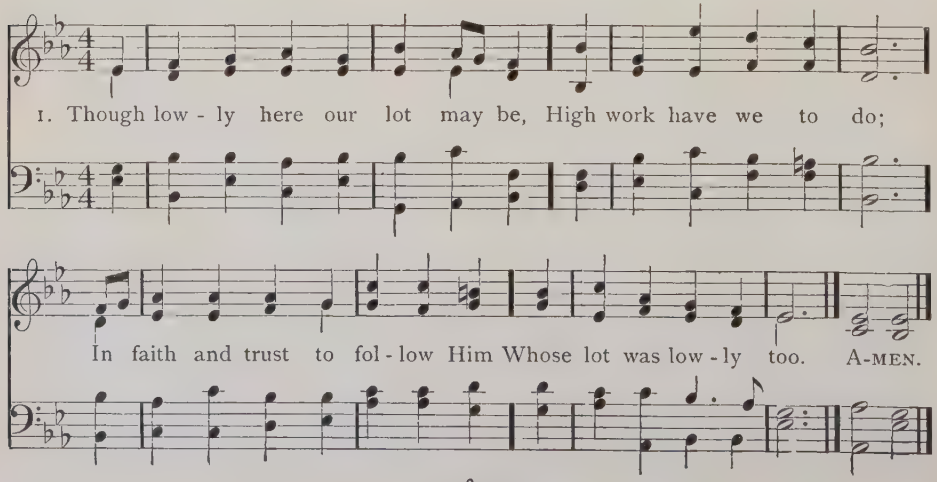
5 Be this thy constant aim,
Thy hope, thy chief delight;
What matter who should whisper blame
Or who should scorn or slight,

6 If but thy God approve,
And if, within thy breast,
Thou feel the comfort of His love,
The earnest of His rest?

Anne Brontë, 1850

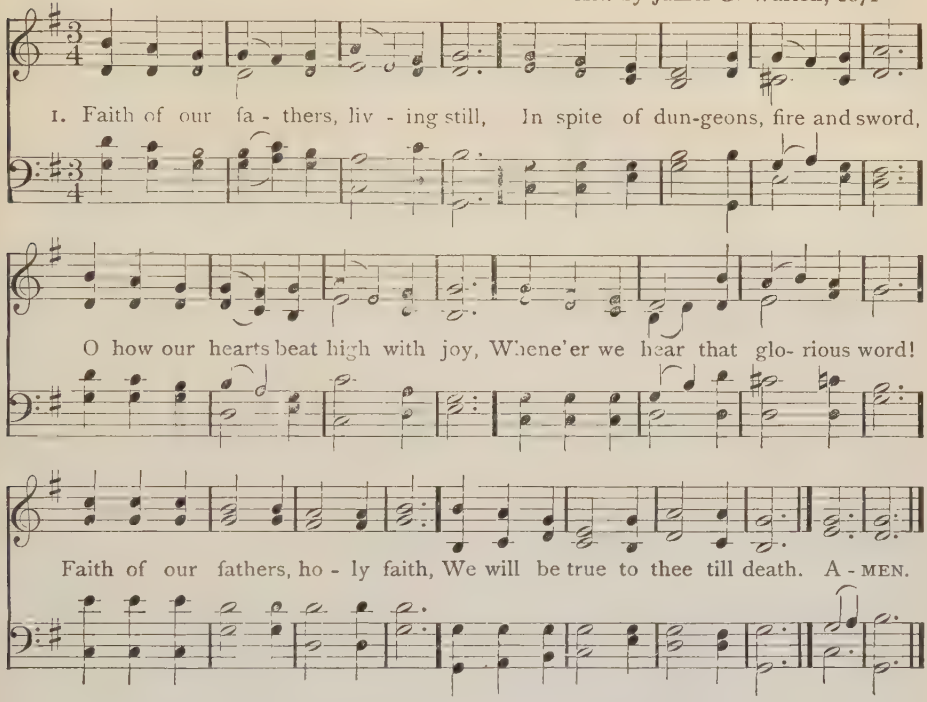
478 HORSLEY C. M.

William Horsley 1844



479 ST. CATHERINE L. M. 6 l.

Henry F. Hemy, 1865;
Alt. by James G. Walton, 1871


1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still, In spite of dun-geons, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glo- rious word!
Faith of our fathers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death. A - MEN.

2 Faith of our fathers, faith and prayer
Have kept our country brave and free,
And through the truth that comes from God,
Her children have true liberty!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life;
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Frederick W. Faber

(HORSLEY)

2 Our days of darkness we may bear,
Strong in a Father's love,
Leaning on His almighty arm,
And fixed our hopes above.

3 Our lives enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds may be,
A stream that still the nobler grows
The nearer to the sea.

4 To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work we do,
If we but do our best.

5 Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright:
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light.

Lord Houghton

480 KNIGHTSBRIDGE 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

J. Baden Powell, 1885

1. Once to ev - 'ry man and na - tion Comes the mo-ment to de - cide,
In the strife of truth and false-hood, For the good or e - vil side.
Some great cause, God's new Mes - si - ah, Off'-ring each the bloom or blight;
And the choice goes by for - ev - er, 'Twixt that darkness and that light. A-MEN.

2 Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

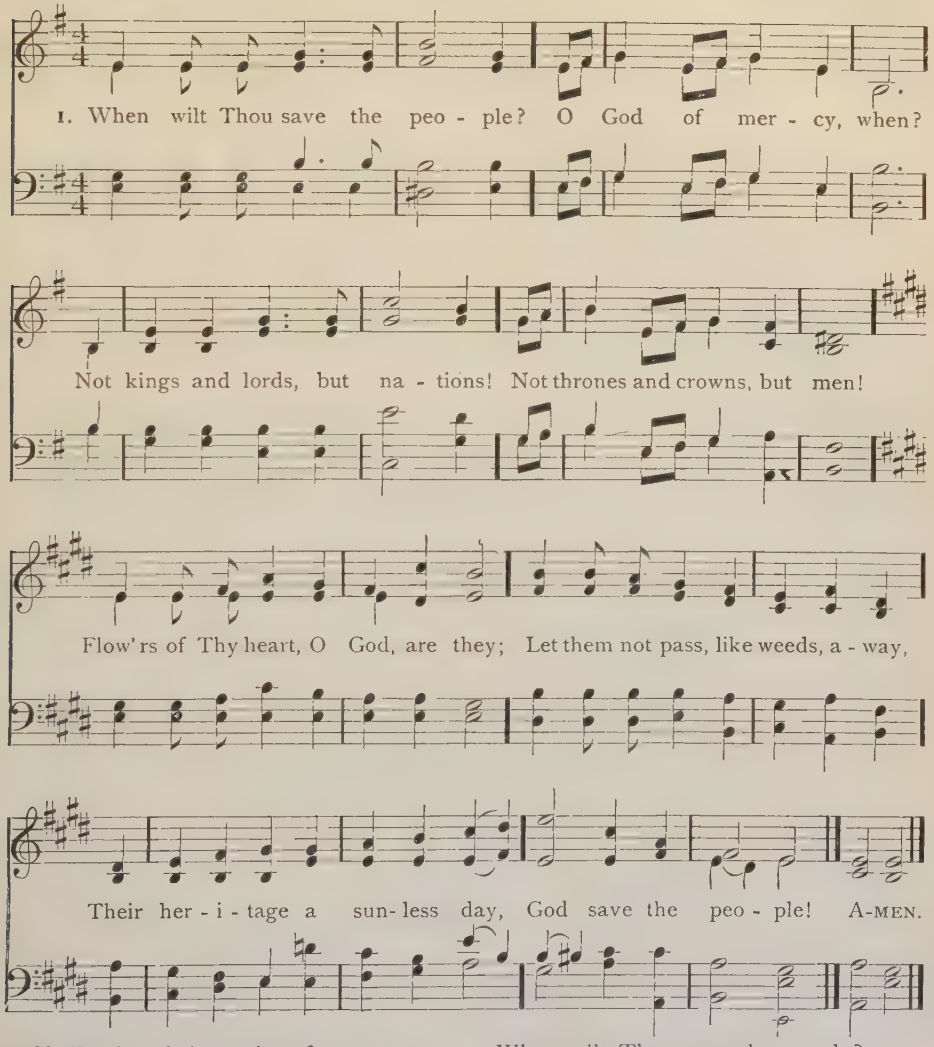
3 Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,
They were souls that stood alone,
Stood serene, and down the future
Saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice,
Mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood
And to God's supreme design.

4 Though the cause of evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong.
Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.

James Russell Lowell, arr

481 COMMONWEALTH 7 6 7 6 8 8 8 5

Josiah Booth


1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when?
Not kings and lords, but na - tions! Not thrones and crowns, but men!
Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a - way,
Their her - i - tage a sun - less day, God save the peo - ple! A-MEN.

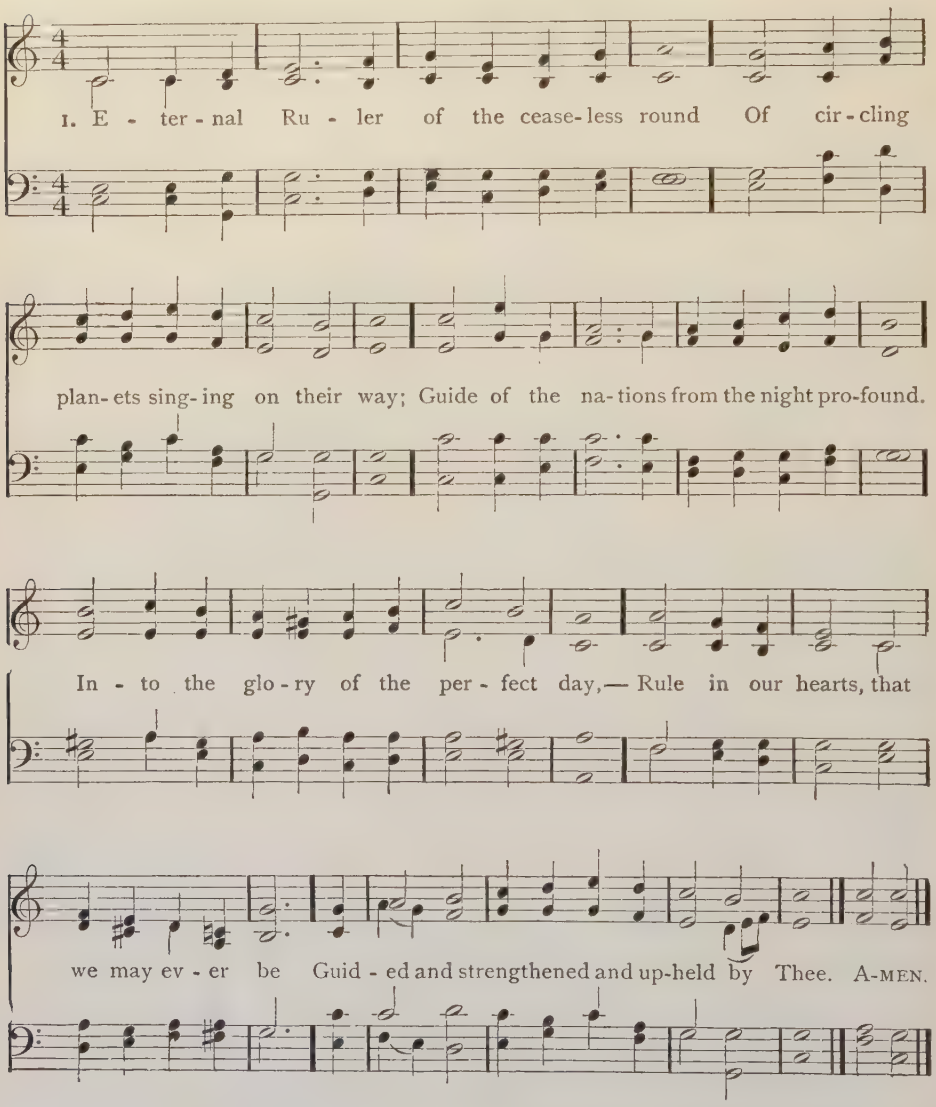
2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it Thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard instead of sighs;
God save the people!

3 When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott

482 YORKSHIRE 10 10 10 10 10 10

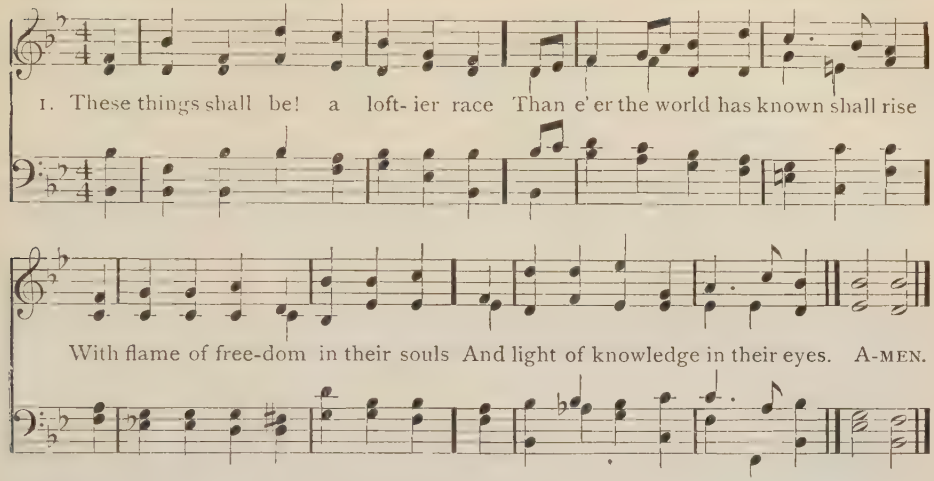
John Wainwright, 1760


1. E - ter - nal Ru - ler of the cease-less round Of cir - cling
plan-ets sing-ing on their way; Guide of the na-tions from the night pro-found.
In - to the glo - ry of the per - fect day,— Rule in our hearts, that
we may ev - er be Guid - ed and strengthened and up-held by Thee. A-MEN.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-belovèd Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove
Into our hearts that we may be as one,—
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

483 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

James W. Elliott, 1874


1. These things shall be! a loft- ier race Than e'er the world has known shall rise
With flame of free-dom in their souls And light of knowledge in their eyes. A-MEN.

3 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

4 Man shall love man with heart so pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

5 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

6 There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

John Addington Symonds

(YORKSHIRE)

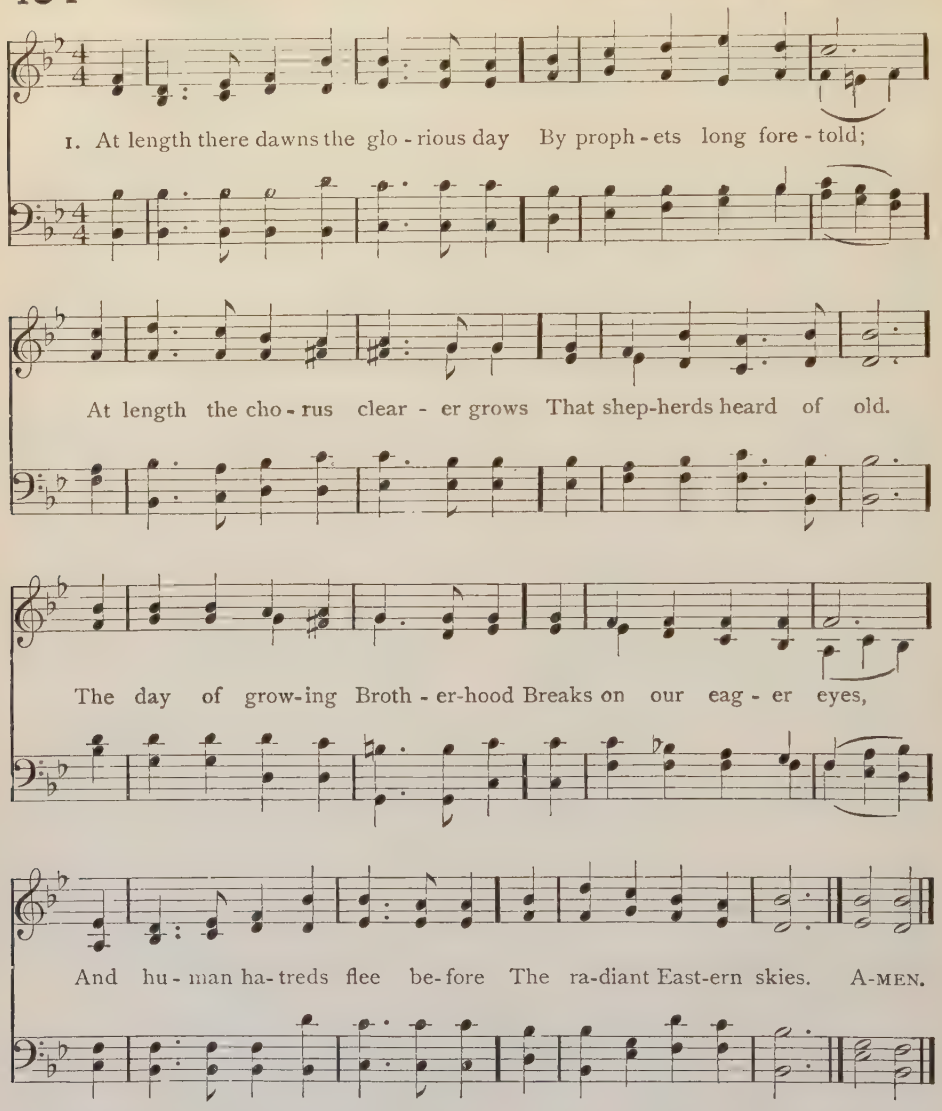
3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer;
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armor, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine.
Our inspiration be Thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not Thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be;
Enough to know that we are serving Thee.

Jown W. Chadwick, 1876

484 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. D.

Henry Stephen Cutler, 1872


1. At length there dawns the glo - rious day By proph - ets long fore - told;
At length the cho - rus clear - er grows That shep-herds heard of old.
The day of grow-ing Broth - er-hood Breaks on our eag - er eyes,
And hu - man ha - treds flee be-fore The ra-diant East-ern skies. A-MEN.

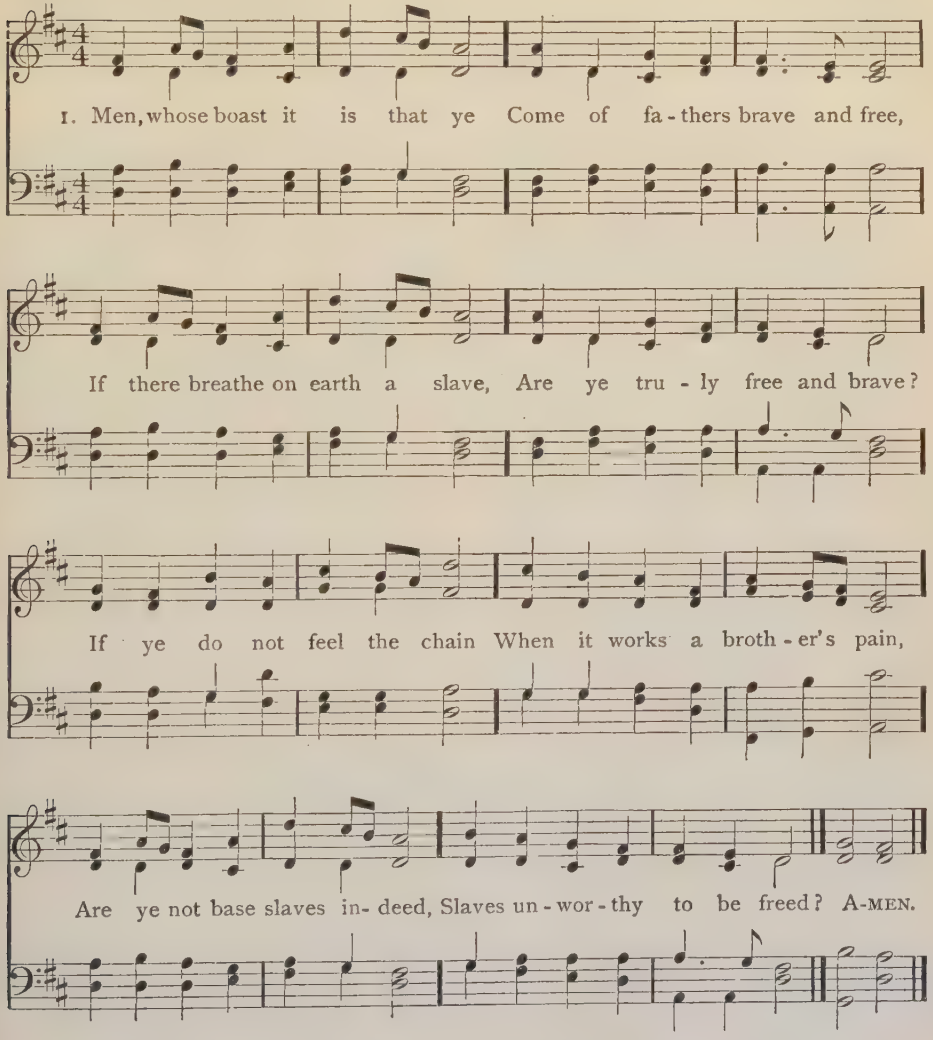
2 For what are sundering strains of blood,
Or ancient caste and creed?
One claim unites all men in Christ
To serve each human need.
Then here together, brother men,
We pledge the Christ anew
Our loyal love, our stalwart faith,
Our service strong and true.

3 One common faith unites us all,
We seek one common goal,
One tender comfort broods upon
The struggling human soul.
To this clear call of Brotherhood
Our hearts responsive ring;
We join the modern new crusade
Of our great Lord and King.

Ozora S. Davis

485 TICHFIELD 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

J. Richardson, 1853


1. Men, whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave, Are ye tru - ly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain When it works a broth - er's pain,
Are ye not base slaves in- deed, Slaves un - wor - thy to be freed? A-MEN.

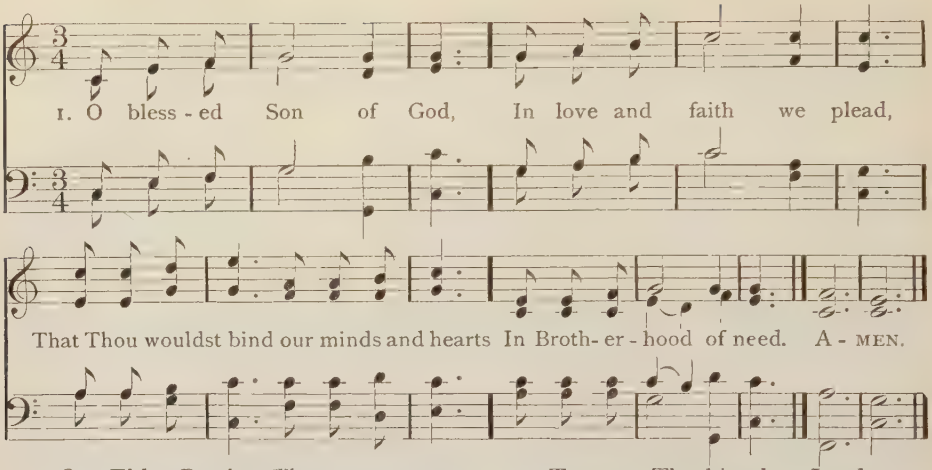
2 Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And with leathern hearts forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No; true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free.

3 They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

James Russell Lowell

486 RIALTO S. M.

George F. Root



2 Our Elder Brother Thou,
Whose heritage we share,
Our kindred lives we offer Thee
In brotherhood of prayer.

3 Thou didst the will of Him
Who sent Thee from above;
Thou sendest us, as He sent Thee,
In brotherhood of love.

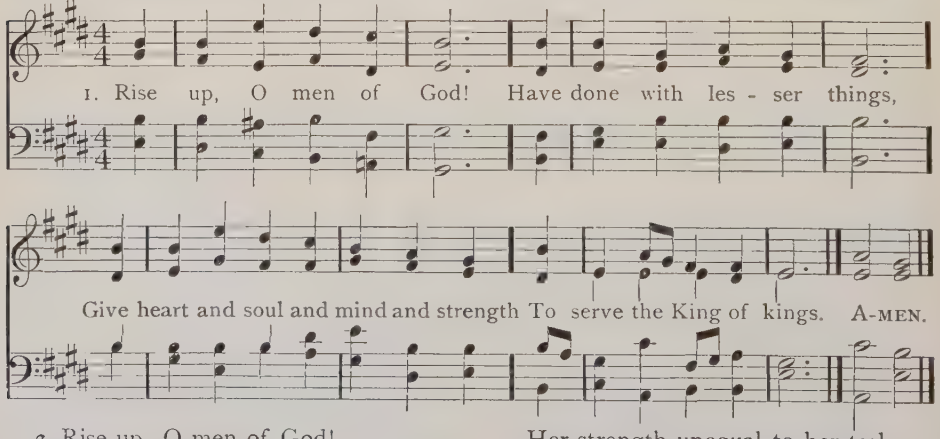
4 To serve Thy kingdom Lord,
To quiet sin's turmoil,
Do Thou ordain and consecrate
Our brotherhood of toil.

5 Thou man of Galilee,
O wilt Thou live again!
Abide within, control, inspire
Our brotherhood of men.

H. L. Crain, 1906

487 ALEXANDRIA S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett



2 Rise up, O men of God!
His kingdom tarries long.
Bring in the day of brotherhood
And end the night of wrong.

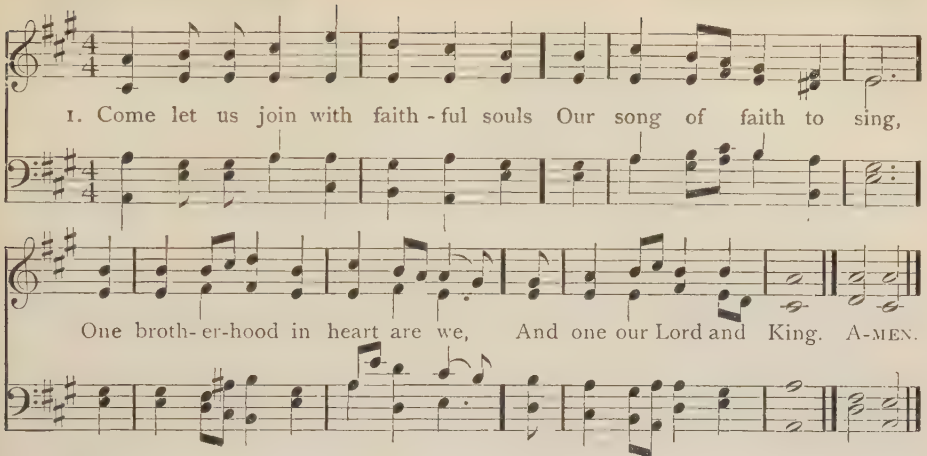
3 Rise up, O men of God!
The church for you doth wait,
Her strength unequal to her task
Rise up, and make her great!

4 Lift high the cross of Christ!
Tread where His feet have trod!
As brothers of the Son of Man
Rise up, O men of God!

William Pierson Merrill

488 DEDHAM C. M.

William Gardiner, 1830


1. Come let us join with faith-ful souls Our song of faith to sing,
One broth-er-hood in heart are we, And one our Lord and King. A-MEN.

2 Faithful are all who love the truth
And dare the truth to tell,
Who steadfast stand at God's right hand,
And strive to serve Him well.

3 And faithful are the gentle hearts,
To whom the power is given
Of every hearth to make a home,
Of every home a heaven.

4 O mighty host! no tongue can tell
The numbers of its throng;
No words can sound the music vast
Of its grand battle-song.

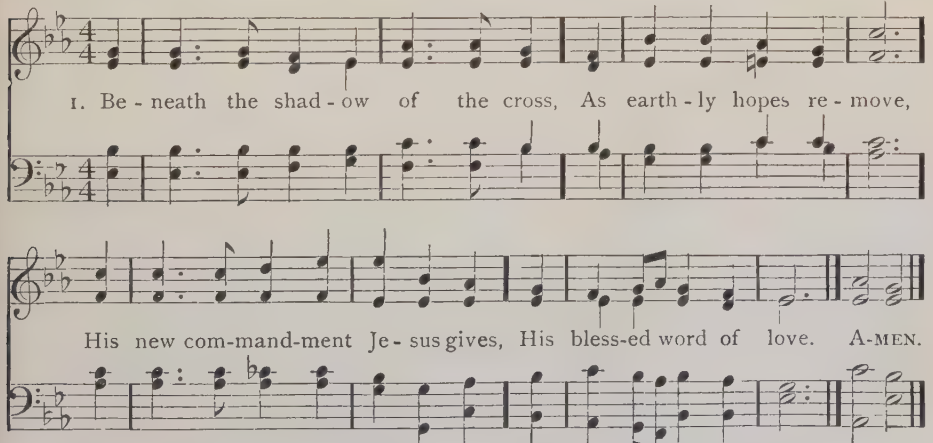
5 From step to step it wins its way
Against a world of sin;
Part of the battle-field is won,
And part is yet to win.

6 O Lord of hosts, our faith renew,
And grant us, in Thy love,
To sing the songs of victory
With faithful souls above.

William G. Tarrant, 1892

489 GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885



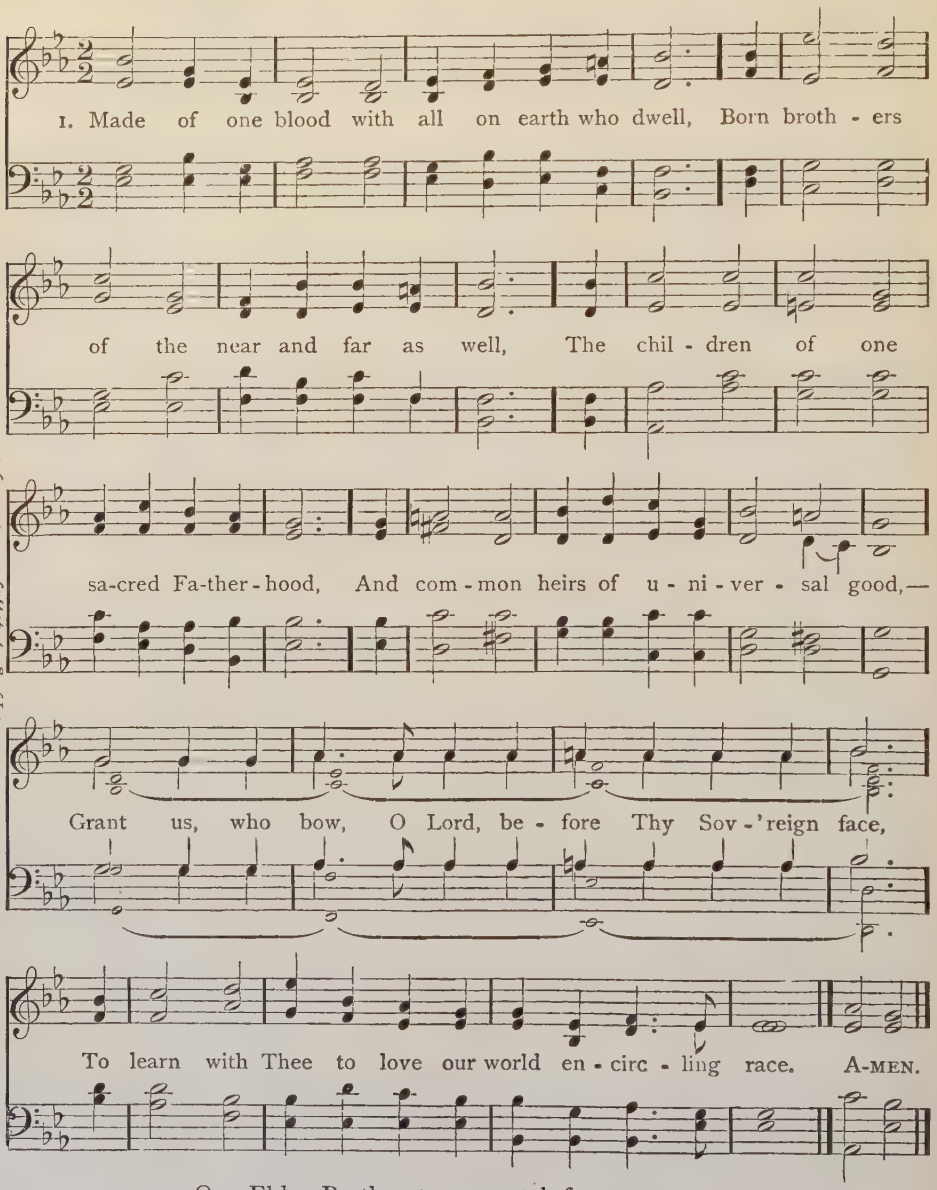
2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm.
If we but hold to this.

3 Then, Jesus, be Thy spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow

490 FRATERNITY 10 10 10 10 12 12

William P. Merrill, 1908


1. Made of one blood with all on earth who dwell, Born broth - ers
of the near and far as well, The chil - dren of one
sa-cred Fa-ther-hood, And com-mon heirs of u - ni - ver - sal good,—
Grant us, who bow, O Lord, be - fore Thy Sov - 'reign face,
To learn with Thee to love our world en - circ - ling race. A-MEN.

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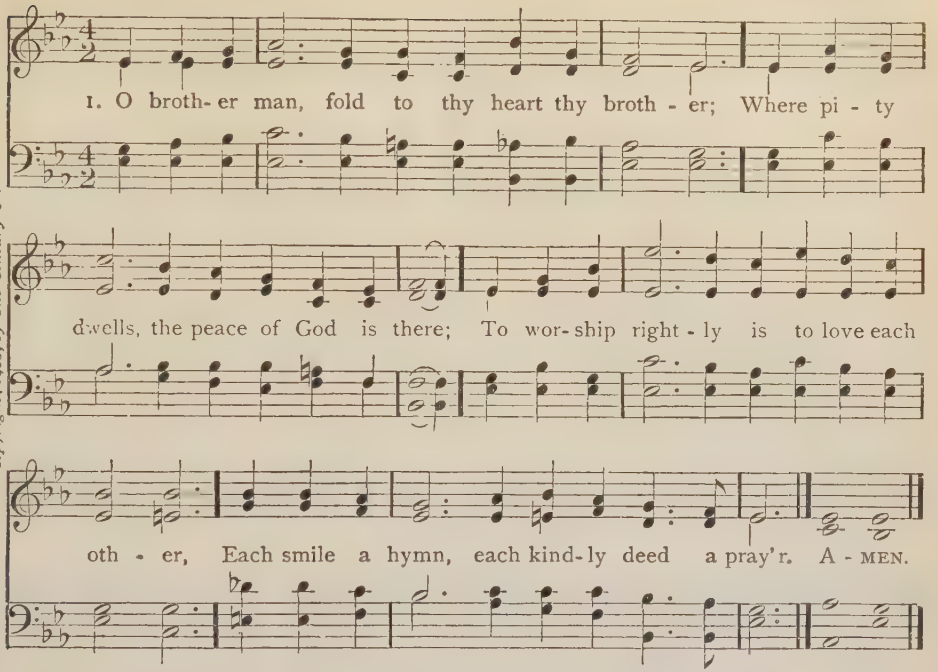
2 Our Elder Brother to a mortal frame
His God-like glory humbled and became
The fellow of the poor, the sick man's aid,
Defense of weaklings, finder of the strayed.
Grant us to be, O Lord, disciples of His death,
And breathe His love to men through every living breath

491 ILONA 11 10 11 10

J. W. Lerman, 1908


1. O broth- er man, fold to thy heart thy broth - er; Where pi - ty
dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor- ship right - ly is to love each
oth - er, Each smile a hymn, each kind-ly deed a pray'r. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1908, by The Century Co.

2 For He whom Jesus loved has truly spoken,—
The holier worship which He deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John Greenleaf Whittier

(FRATERNITY)

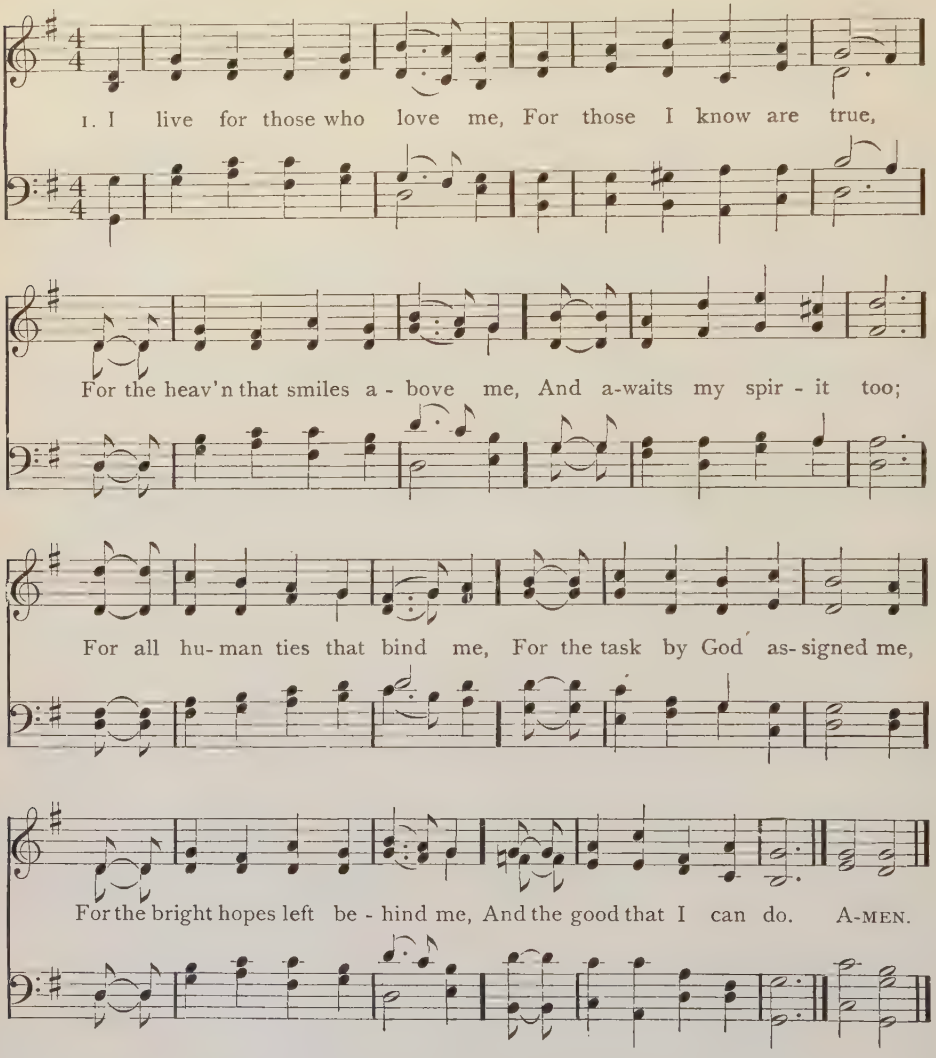
3 Amidst the troubled, grieving, overborne,
Among the helpless, hopeless and forlorn.
Engirt with ill and poverty and pain,
And bitter strife of greed for empty gain,—
Give us, O Lord, the sight with Christly eyes to see
The hidden, soul-deep need of men for us and Thee.

4 With mourners mourning, with the joyful glad;
Partaking of the hope the prophets had;
Confiding in salvation's wide increase;
Foreseeing God's good kingdom come in peace,—
Give us, O Lord, the heart, made free from selfish flaw,
To keep toward Thee the first, toward men the second law.

Nolan R. Best, 1908

492 BRADFORD 7 6 7 6 8 8 8 7

Arr. fr. Franz Joseph Haydn

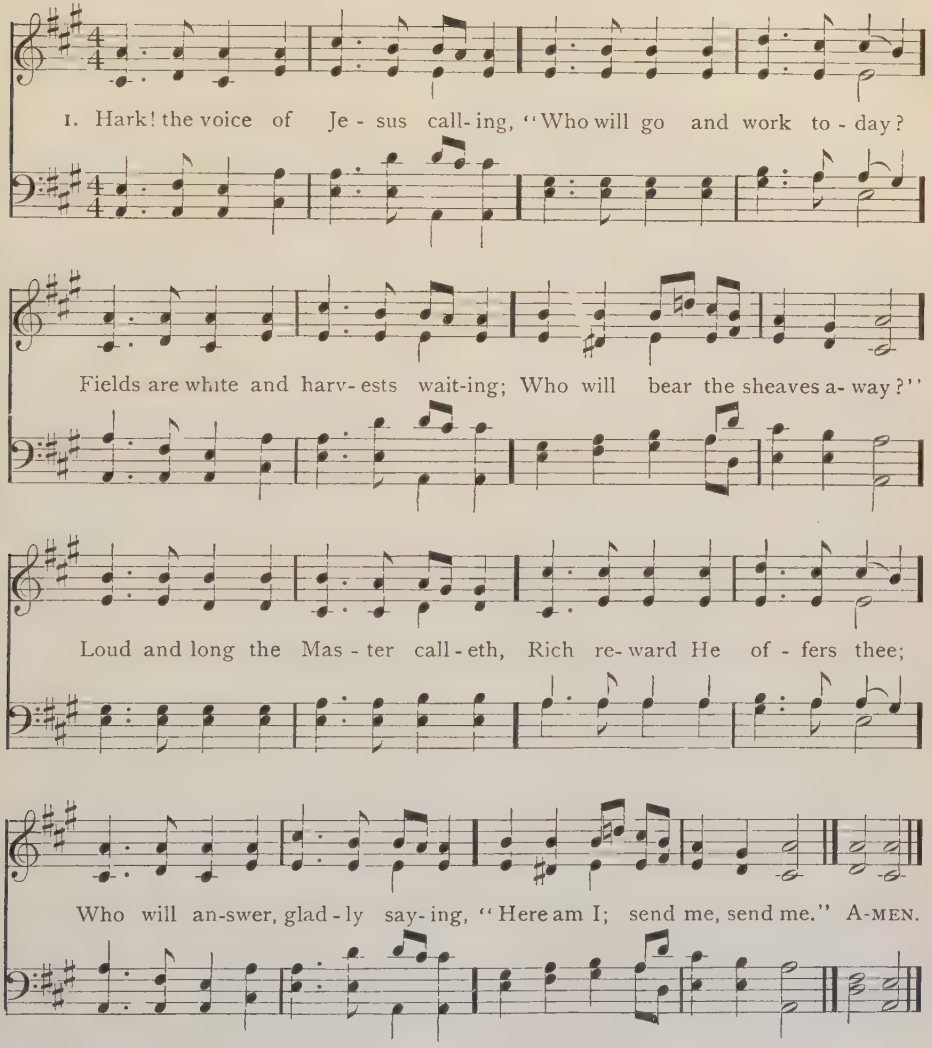

1. I live for those who love me, For those I know are true,
For the heav'n that smiles a - bove me, And a-waits my spir - it too;
For all hu-man ties that bind me, For the task by God as-signed me,
For the bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do. A-MEN.

2 I live to hail the season,
By bards and seers foretold;
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

3 I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

G. Linnæus Banks, 1860

493 ELLESDIE 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7 Arr. fr. W. A. Mozart, by Hubert P. Main, 1873


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
Fields are white and harv-ests wait-ing; Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
Loud and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward He of - fers thee;
Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I; send me, send me." A-MEN.

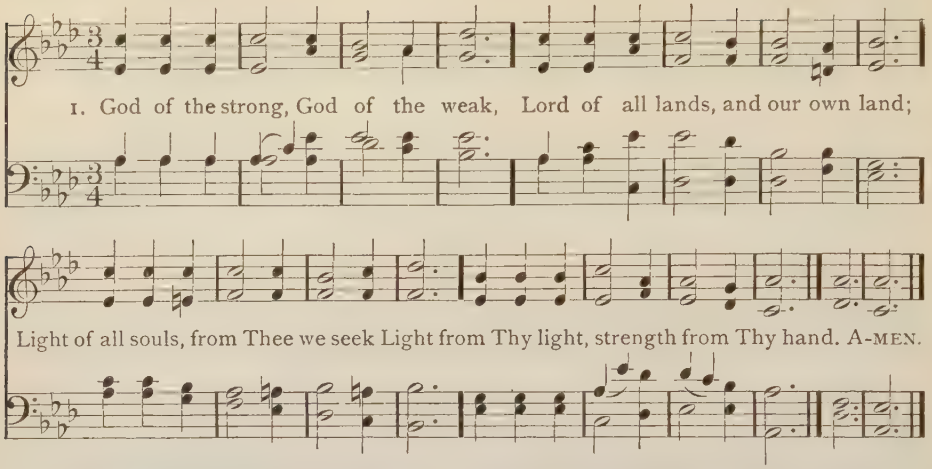
2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door.
If you cannot give your thousands,
You can give the widow's mite;
And the least you give for Jesus
Will be precious in His sight.

3 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task He gives you gladly,
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I; send me, send me."

Daniel March, 1868

494 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd


1. God of the strong, God of the weak, Lord of all lands, and our own land;
Light of all souls, from Thee we seek Light from Thy light, strength from Thy hand. A-MEN.

2 In suffering Thou hast made us one,
In mighty burdens one are we;
Teach us that lowliest duty done
Is highest service unto Thee.

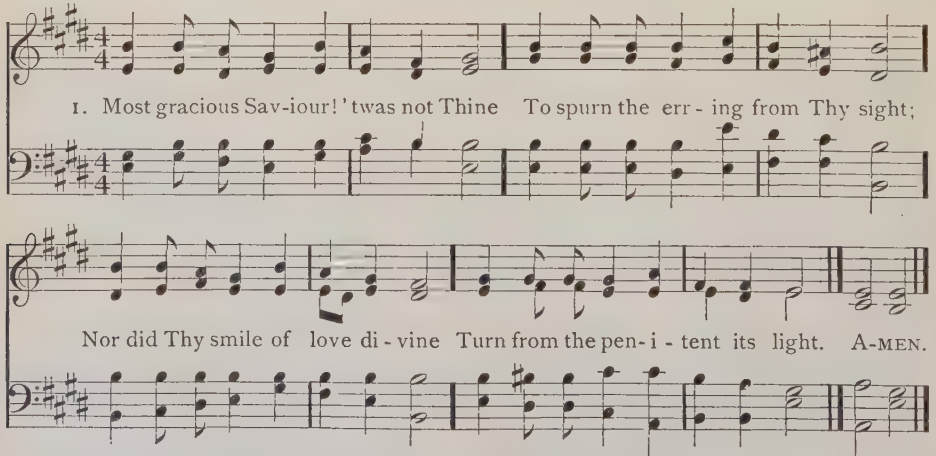
3 Teach us great Teacher of mankind,
The sacrifice that brings Thy balm;
The love, the work that bless and bind;
Teach us Thy majesty, Thy calm.

4 Teach Thou, and we shall know, indeed,
The truth divine that maketh free;
And knowing, we may sow the seed
That blossoms through eternity.

Richard Watson Gilder

495 HAMPSTEAD L. M.

W. Smallwood

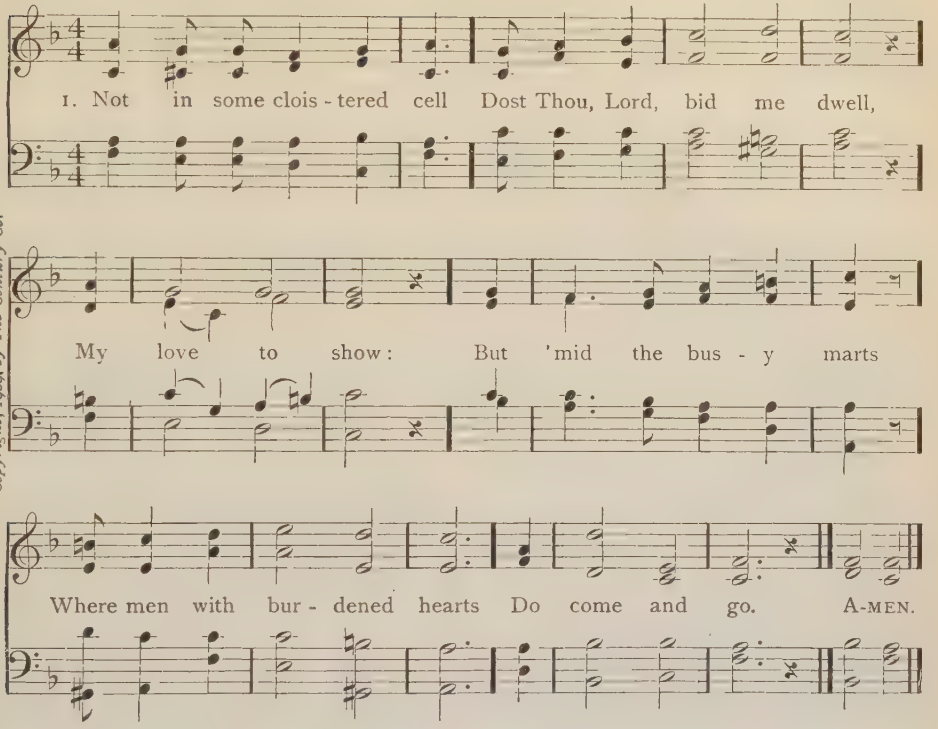

1. Most gracious Sav-iour! 'twas not Thine To spurn the err - ing from Thy sight;
Nor did Thy smile of love di - vine Turn from the pen- i - tent its light. A-MEN.

2 Shall we who own the Christian name,
A brother's fault too sternly view,
Or think Thy holy name can blame
The tear to human frailty due?

3 May we, while human guilt awakes
Upon our cheek the generous glow,
Spare the offender's heart that breaks
Beneath its load of shame and woe.

496 MAXON 6 6 4 6 6 4

Alexander S. Gibson, 1909


1. Not in some clois - tered cell Dost Thou, Lord, bid me dwell,
My love to show: But 'mid the bus - y marts
Where men with bur - dened hearts Do come and go. A-MEN.

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2 Some tempted soul to cheer,
When breath of ill is near
And foes annoy;
The sinning to restrain,
To ease the throb of pain,
Be such my joy.

3 Lord make me quick to see
Each task awaiting me,
And quick to do:
O grant me strength, I pray,
With lowly love each day,
And purpose true,

4 To go as Jesus went
Spending and being spent,
Myself forgot:
Supplying human needs
By loving words and deeds,
O happy lot.

R. M. Offord

(HAMPSTEAD)

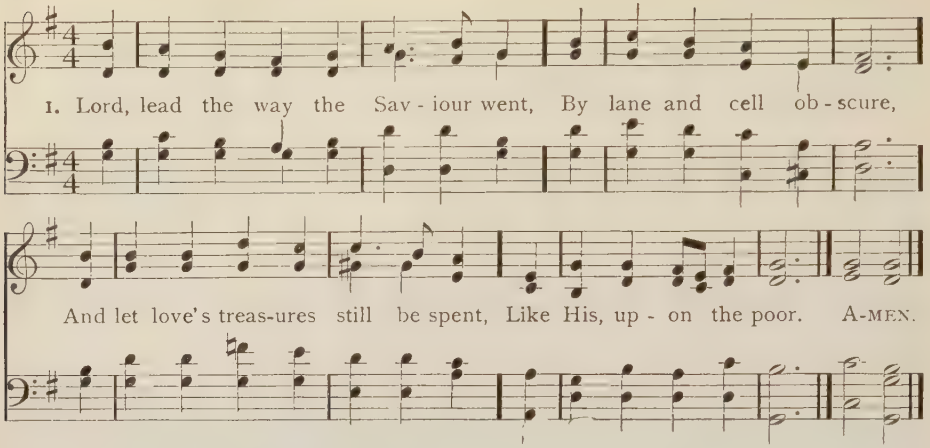
4 Conscious of frailty, may we yield
Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear;
And strive the penitent to shield
From further sin or dark despair.

5 And when our own offences weigh
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
May we remember Thou didst say,
"In peace depart, but sin no more."

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch

497 MOUNT CALVARY C. M.

Robert P. Stewart


1. Lord, lead the way the Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,
And let love's treas-ures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A-MEN.

2 Like Him thro' scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their crowded loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

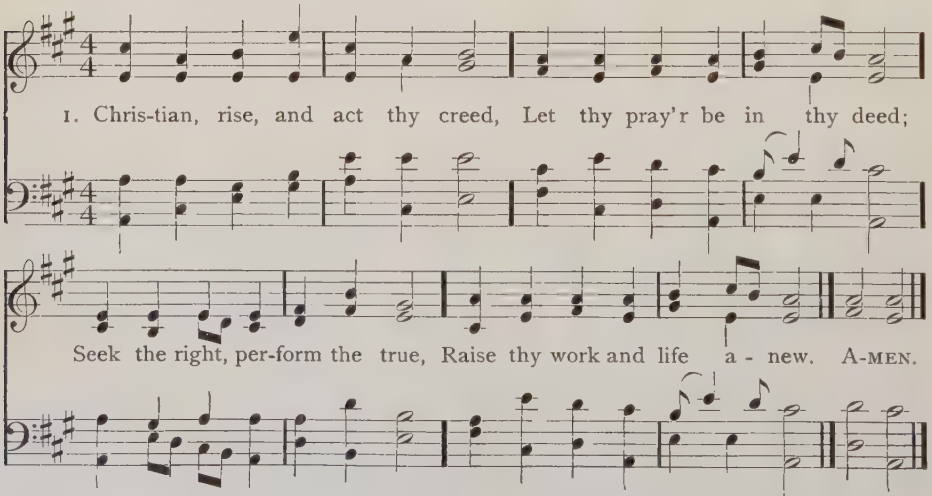
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,
In this wide world of ill,
And, that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Crosswell, 1831

498 NUREMBERG 7 7 7 7

John R. Ahle, 1664


1. Chris-tian, rise, and act thy creed, Let thy pray'r be in thy deed;
Seek the right, per-form the true, Raise thy work and life a - new. A-MEN.

2 Hearts around thee sink with care;
Thou canst help their load to bear,
Thou canst bring inspiring light,
Arm their faltering wills to fight.

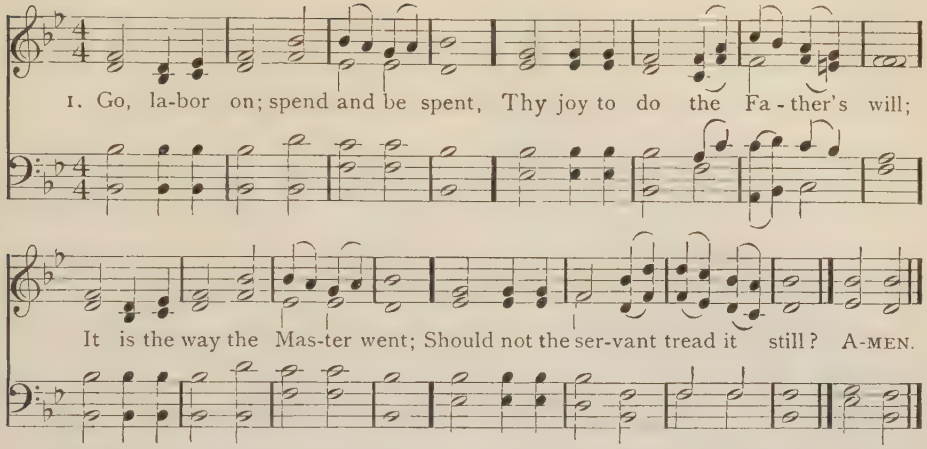
3 Let thine alms be hope and joy,
And thy worship God's employ;
Give Him thanks in humble zeal,
Learning all His will to feel.

4 Come then, Law divine, and reign,
Freest faith assailed in vain,
Perfect love bereft of fear,
Born in heaven and radiant here.

F. A. Rollo Russell

499 ERNAN L. M.

Lowell Mason, 1850


1. Go, la-bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the ser-vant tread it still? A-MEN.

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away,
It is not thus that souls are won.

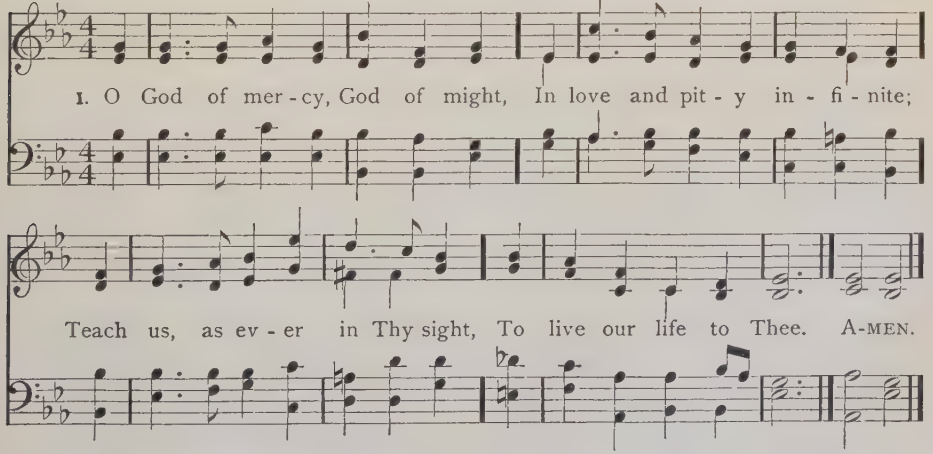
4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar, 1843

500 ELMHURST 8 8 8 6

Edwin Drewett, 1887



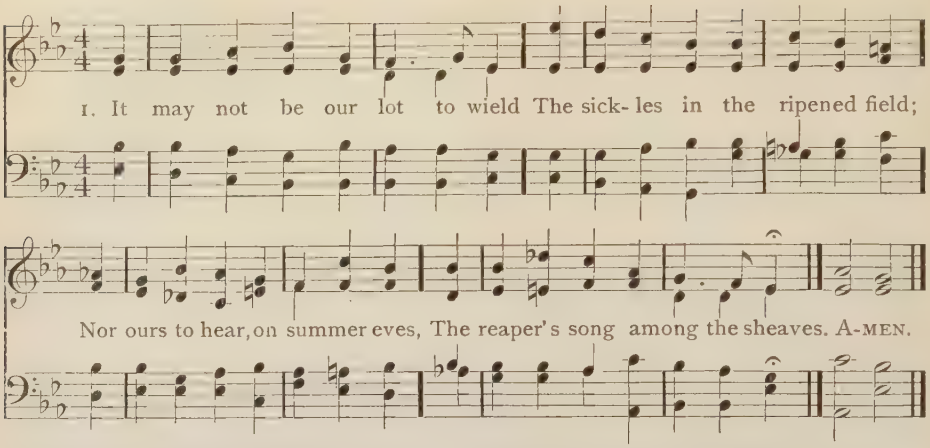
2 For all are brethren, far and wide
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in Thee.

3 In sickness, sorrow, want or care,
Whate'er it be 'tis ours to share;
May we, where help is needed, there
Give help as unto Thee.

Godfrey Thring, 1879, ab

501 ELLSWORTH L. M.

Joseph Barnby


1. It may not be our lot to wield The sick-les in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves, The reaper's song among the sheaves. A-MEN.

2 Yet ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

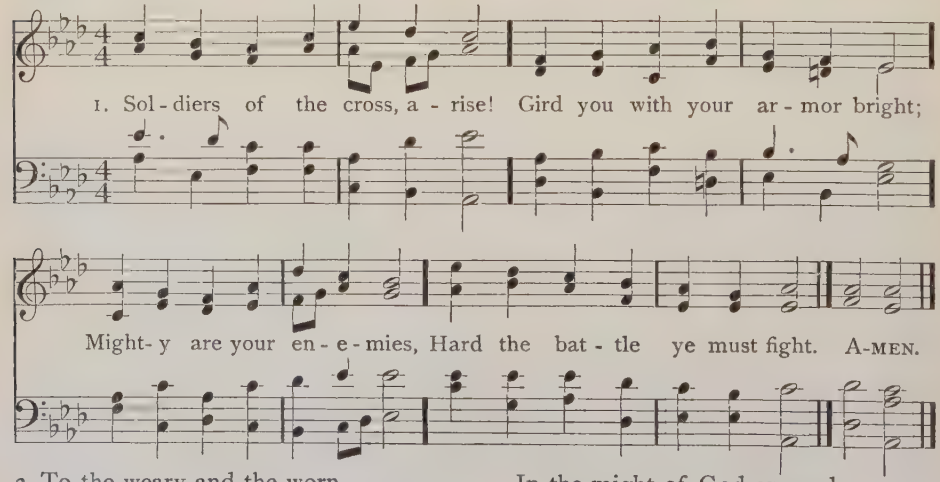
3 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man.
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

4 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again;
And, early called, how blest are they
Who wait, in heaven, their harvest day.

John Greenleaf Whittier

502 VIENNA 7 7 7 7

Justin H. Knecht, 1797



2 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

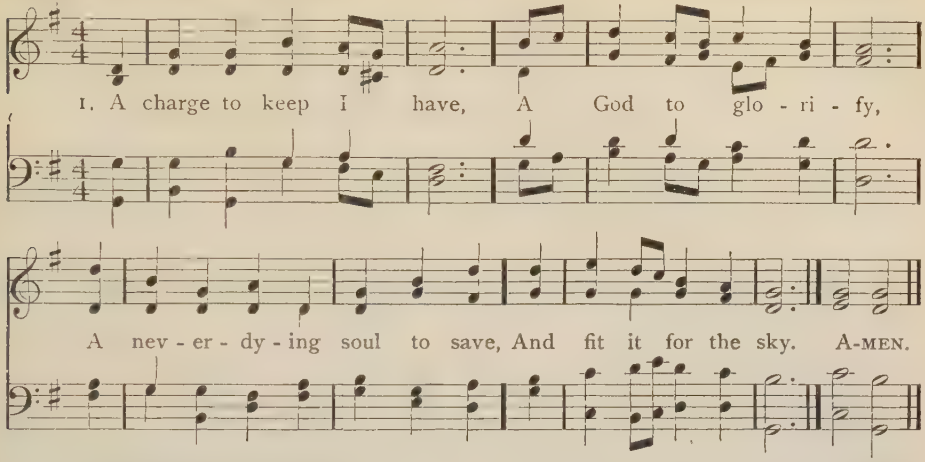
3 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

4 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

William Walsham How

503 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. William's Coll, 1762



3 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

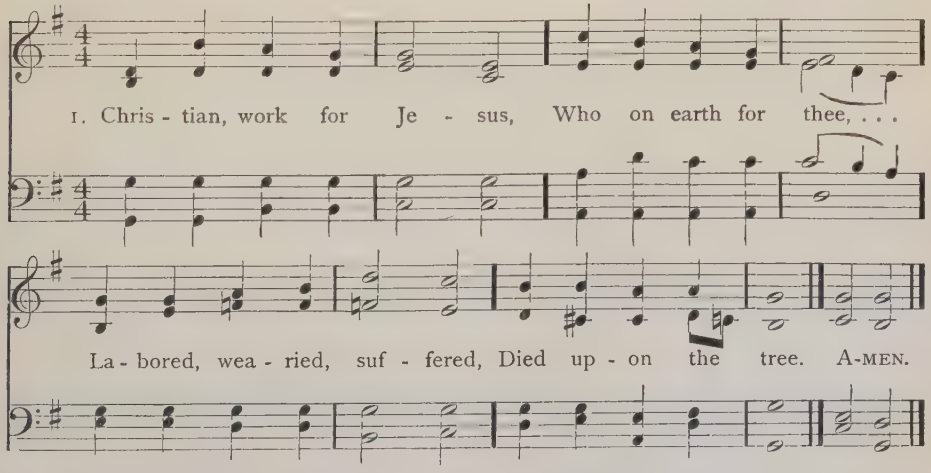
3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live,
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray;
Be with me in the strife;
Thine every word may I obey,
And find in Thee my life.

Charles Wesley, 1762

504 PENKIVELL 6 5 6 5

Henry G. Trembath



2 Work with lips so fervid
That thy words may prove
Thou hast brought a message
From the God of love.

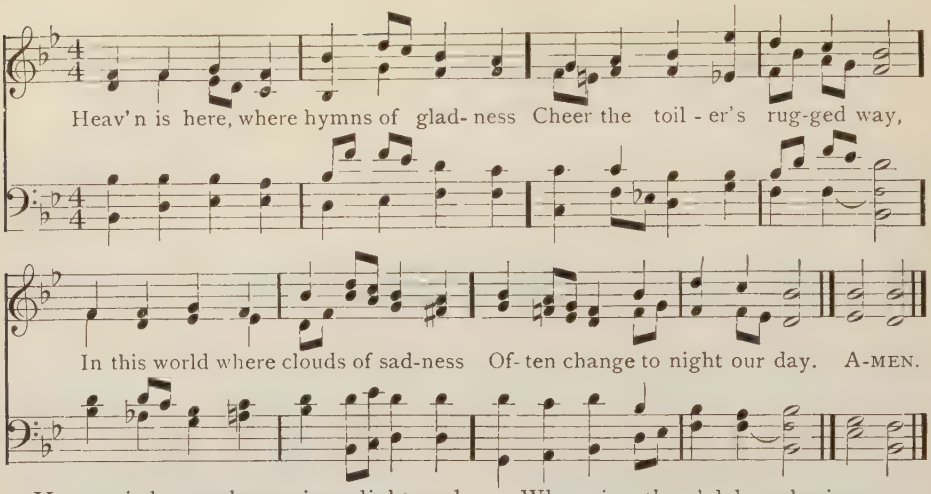
3 Work with prayer unceasing,
Borne on faith's strong wing,
Earnestly beseeching
Trophies for the King.

4 Work while strength endureth,
Until death draw near;
Then thy Lord's sweet welcome
Thou in heaven shalt hear.

Mary Haslock

505 TRUST 8 7 8 7

Arr. fr. Felix Bartholdy Mendelssohn, 1840


Heav'n is here, where hymns of glad-ness Cheer the toil-er's rug-ged way,
In this world where clouds of sad-ness Of-ten change to night our day. A-MEN.

2 Heaven is here, where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen,
Where the face of sorrow brightened,
By the deed of love hath been.

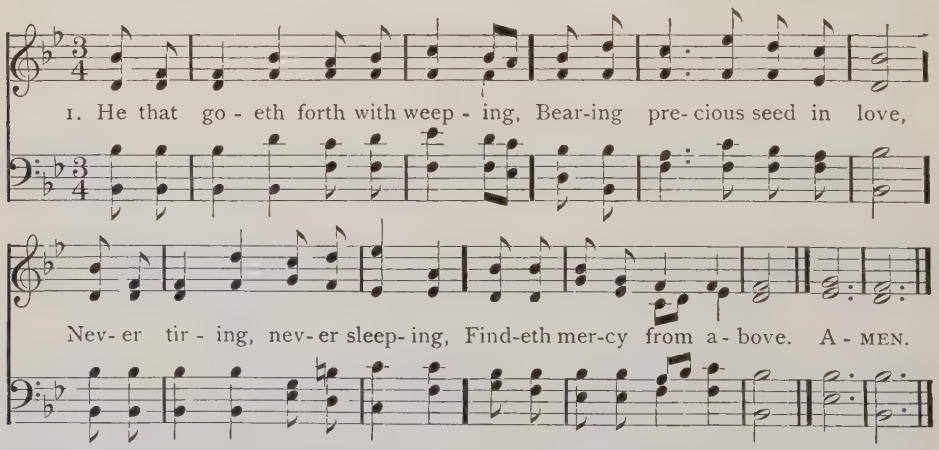
3 Where the sad, the poor, despairing,
Are uplifted, cheered and blest,
Where in others' labor sharing,
We can find our surest rest,

4 Where we heed the voice of duty,
Tread the path that Jesus trod;
This is heaven, its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the love of God.

John Quincy Adams, 1846

506 STOCKWELL 8 7 8 7

Darius E. Jones, 1847


1. He that go-eth forth with weep-ing, Bear-ing pre-cious seed in love,
Nev-er tir-ing, nev-er sleep-ing, Find-eth mer-cy from a-bove. A-MEN.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given,
Through an influence all divine.

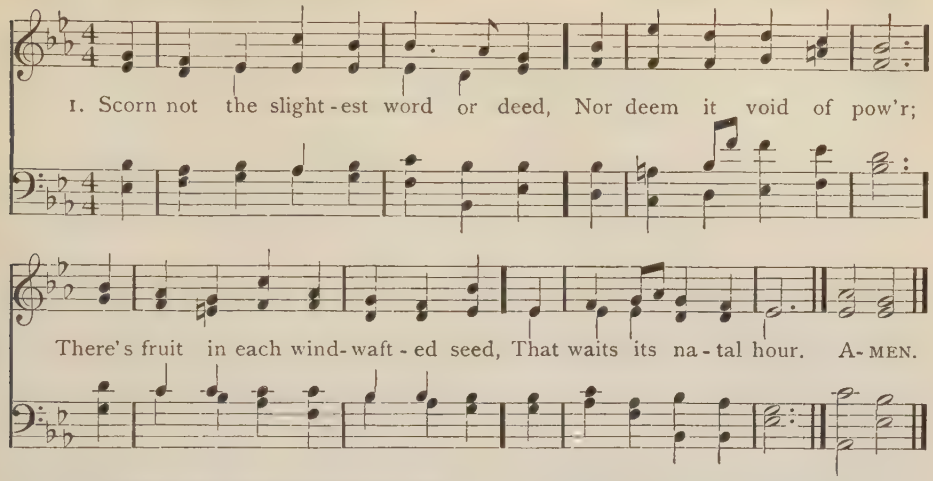
3 Sow thy seed, be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening!
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings

507 ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

Edward W. Naylor, 1894


1. Scorn not the slight-est word or deed, Nor deem it void of pow'r;
There's fruit in each wind-waft-ed seed, That waits its na-tal hour. A-MEN.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.

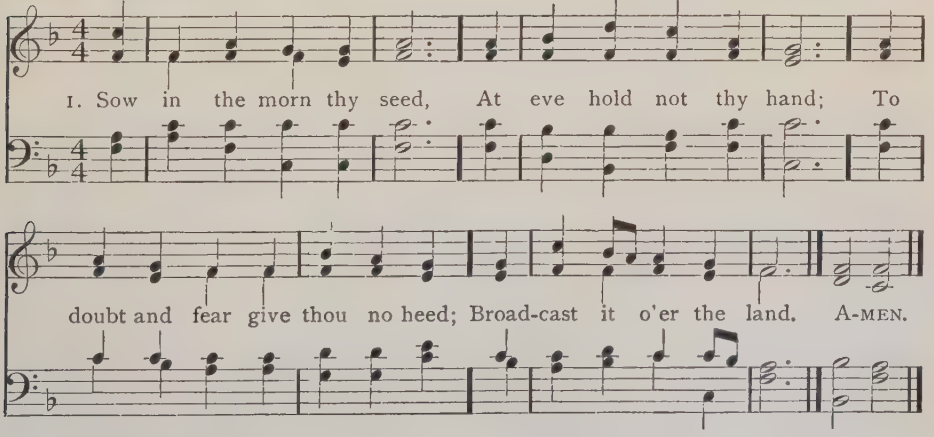
3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results infolded dwell
Within it silently.

4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be;
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

Anon., 1845

508 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858



2 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

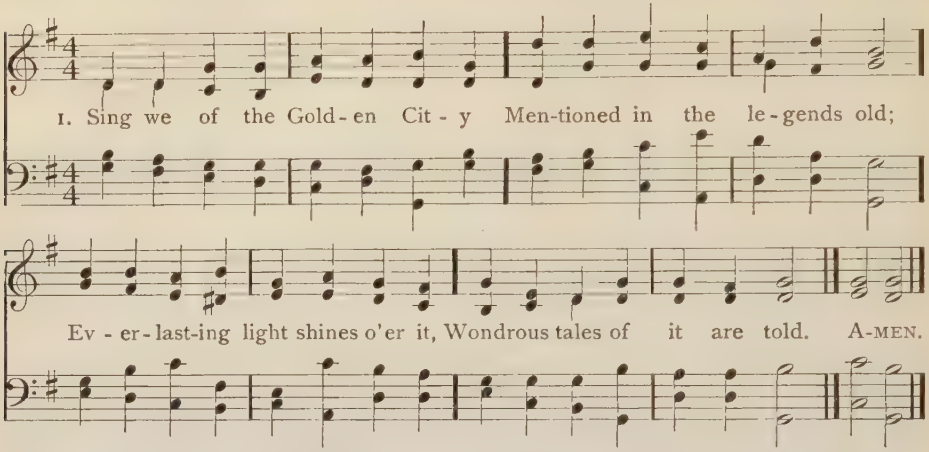
3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

James Montgomery, 1819

509 STUTTGART 8 7 8 7

"Psalmodia Sacra," Gotha, 1715


1. Sing we of the Gold-en Cit-y Men-tioned in the le-gends old;
Ev-er-last-ing light shines o'er it, Wondrous tales of it are told. A-MEN.

2 Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

3 We are builders of that city,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones.

4 But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with the years.

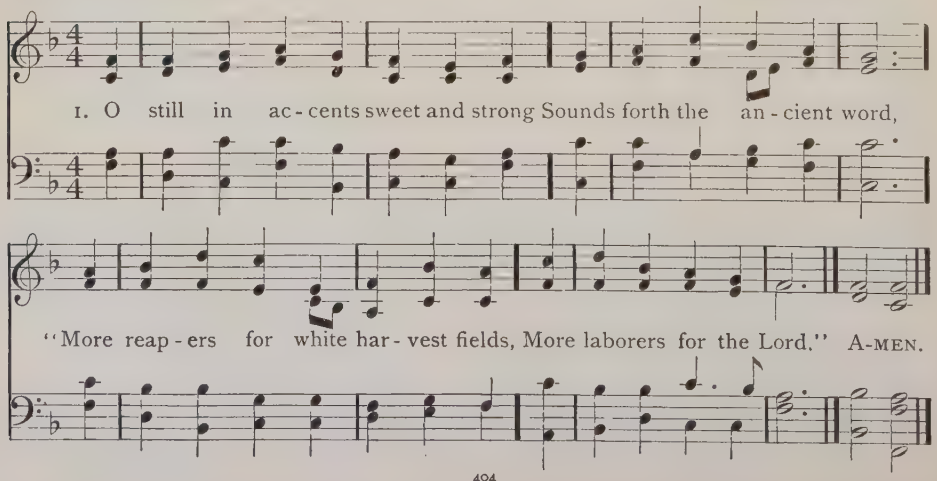
5 It will be, at last, made perfect
In the universal plan,
It will help to crown the labors
Of the toiling hosts of man.

6 It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of right,
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler

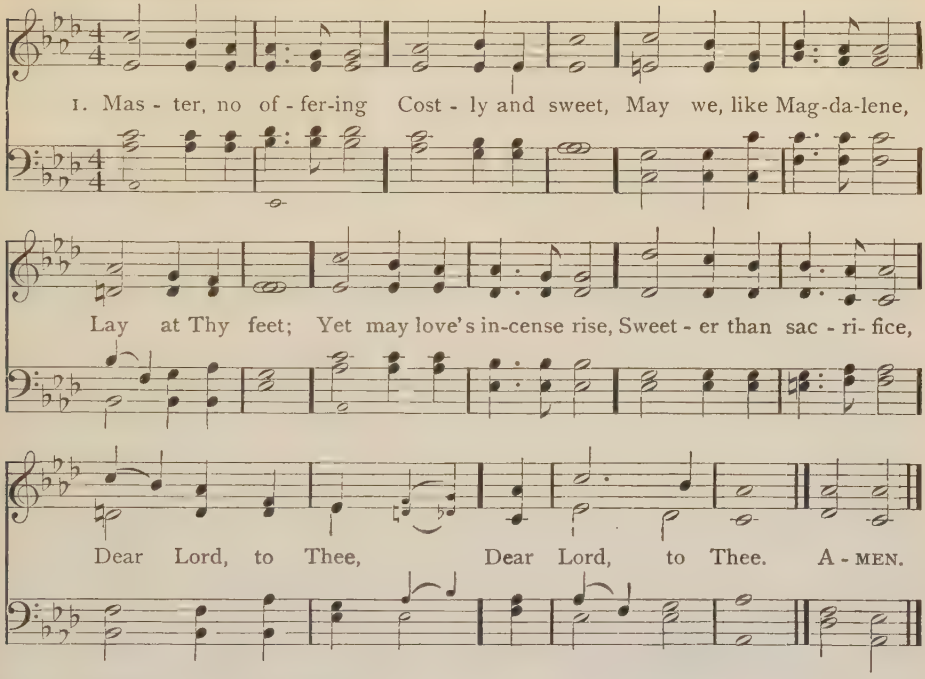
510 ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

Thomas Turton


1. O still in ac-cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an-cient word,
"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More laborers for the Lord." A-MEN.

511 LOVE'S OFFERING 6 4 6 4 6 6 4

Edwin P. Parker, 1888


1. Mas - ter, no of - fer-ing Cost - ly and sweet, May we, like Mag-da-lene,
Lay at Thy feet; Yet may love's in-cense rise, Sweet - er than sac - ri- fice,
Dear Lord, to Thee, Dear Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.

2 Daily our lives would show
Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord to Thee.

3 Some word of hope, for hearts
Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace, for eyes
Blinded with tears:
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footstep led,
Dear Lord to Thee.

4 Thus, in Thy service, Lord,
Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
May we abide.
And when earth's labors cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord to Thee.

Edwin P. Parker, 1888

(ST. ETHELDREDA)

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath His sky.

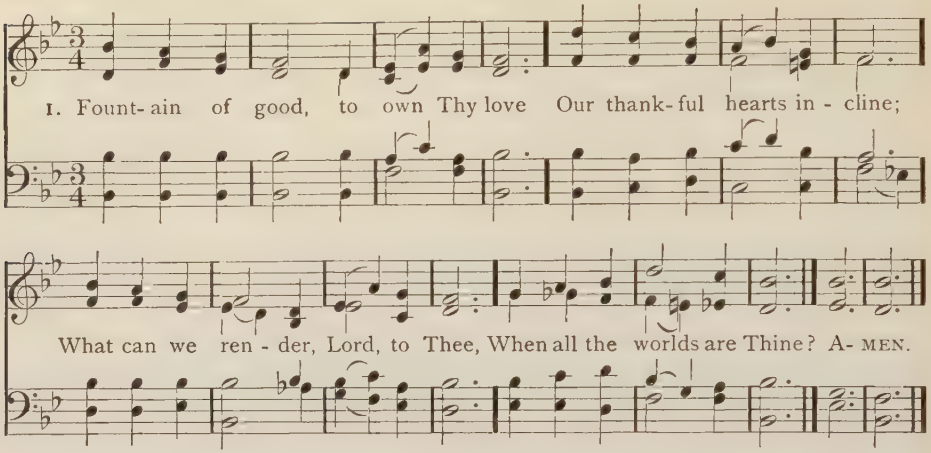
3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do Thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

512 SAWLEY C. M.

James Walch, 1860


1. Fount-ain of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline;
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-MEN.

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

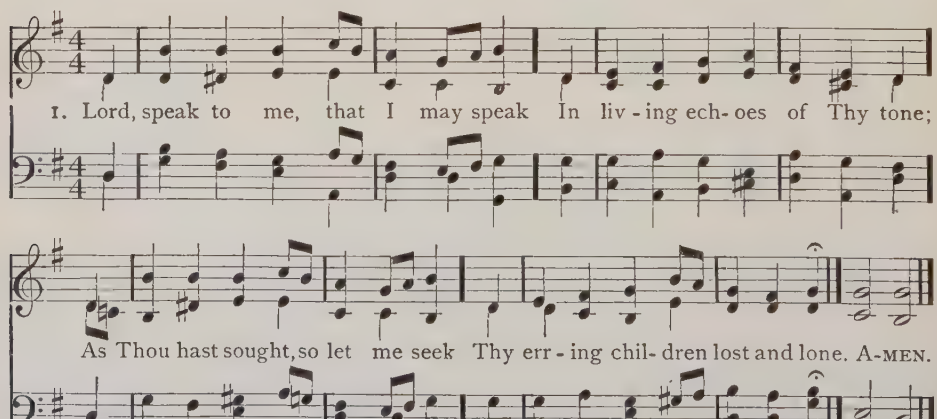
4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do Thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to Thee.

Philip Doddridge, 1755: Edward Osler, 1836

513 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. Robert Schumann, 1839

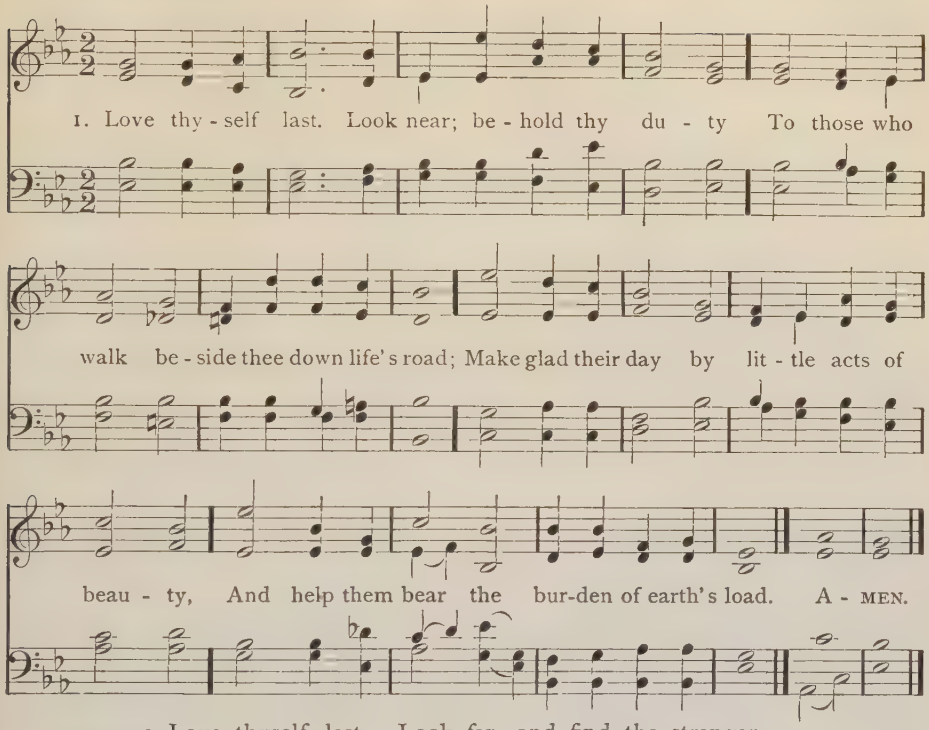

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err-ing chil-dren lost and lone. A-MEN.

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

514 LANHERNE 11 10 11 10

Henry Hayman


1. Love thy - self last. Look near; be - hold thy du - ty To those who
walk be - side thee down life's road; Make glad their day by lit - tle acts of
beau - ty, And help them bear the bur-den of earth's load. A - MEN.

2 Love thyself last. Look far, and find the stranger
Who staggers 'neath his sin and his despair;
Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger,
To heights where he may see the world is fair.

3 Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee
Are filled with spirit forces, strong and pure.
And fervently these faithful friends shall love thee,
Keep thy watch over others, and endure.

Anon.

(CANONBURY)

4 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

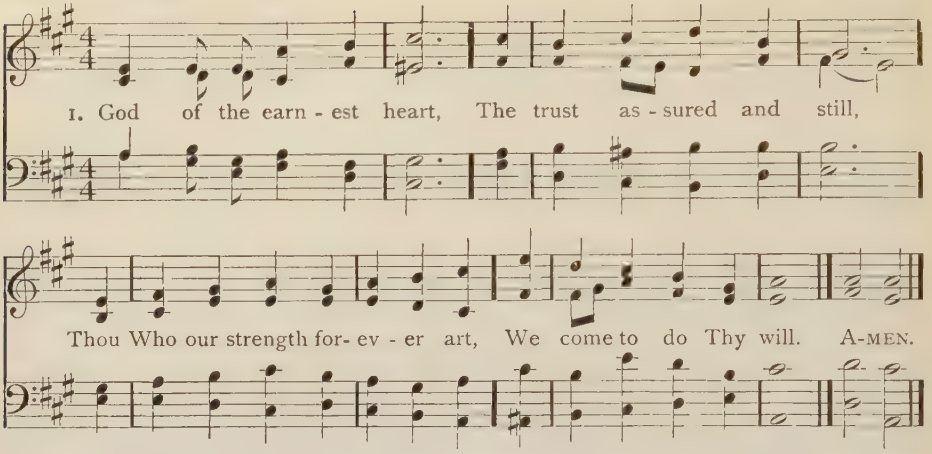
6 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessèd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Frances R. Havergal, 1872

515 DOMINICA S. M.

Herbert S. Oakeley



2 Upon that painful road
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God.

3 To draw Thy blessing down,
And bring the wronged redress,
And give this glorious world its crown
Of truth and righteousness.

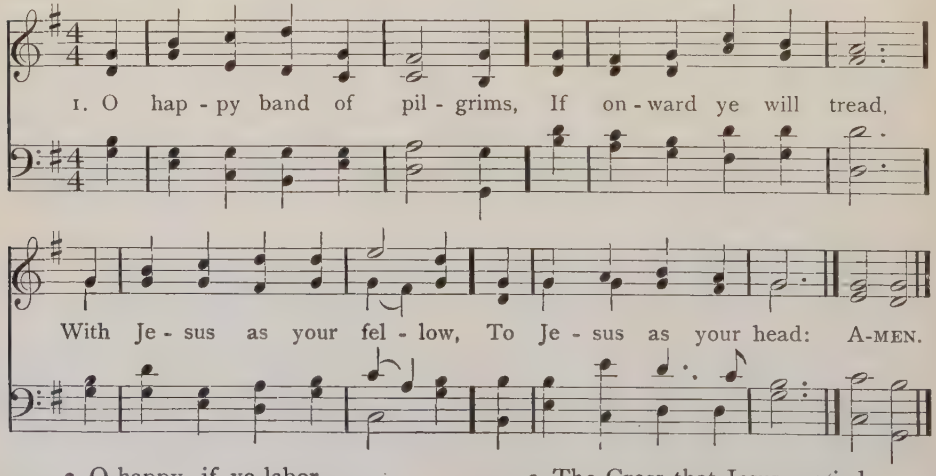
4 No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue,
Lord, in Thy rest may we be calm,
Through Thy completeness strong.

5 Thou hearest while we pray;
O deep within us write,
With kindling power, O God, today,
Thy word, "On earth be light!"

Samuel Johnson, 1846

516 ST. ALPHEGE 7 6 7 6

Henry J. Gauntlett

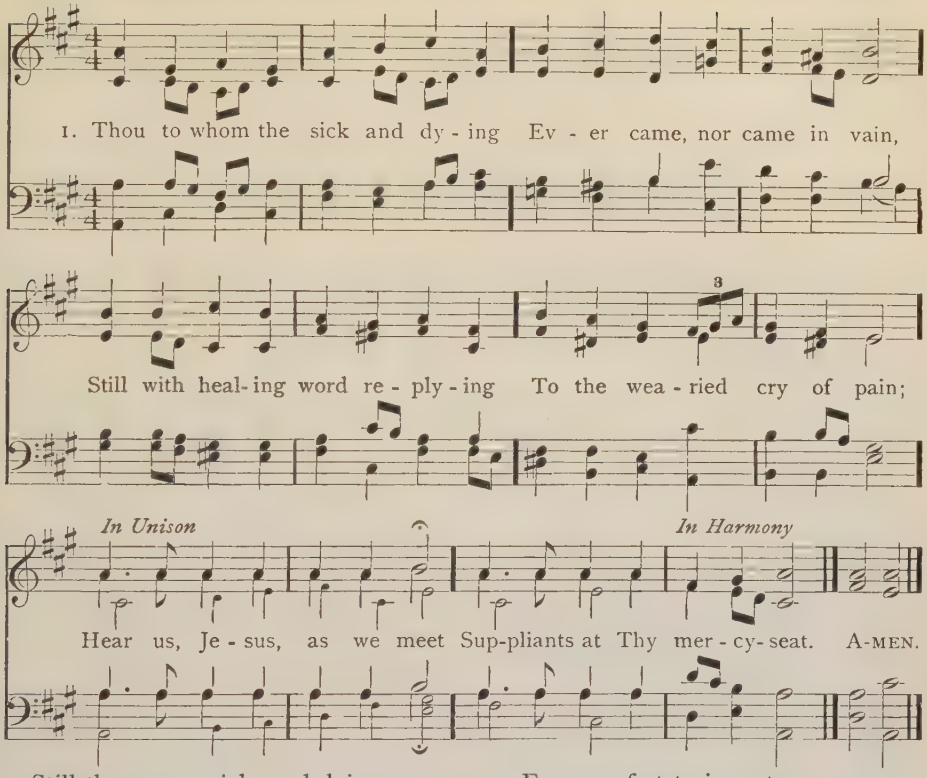


2 O happy, if ye labor
As Jesus did for men;
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

3 The Cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due;
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.

517 SUPPLIANT 8 7 8 7 7

John Stainer


1. Thou to whom the sick and dy - ing Ev - er came, nor came in vain,
Still with heal-ing word re - ply - ing To the wea - ried cry of pain;
In Unison
In Harmony
Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet Sup-pliants at Thy mer - cy-seat. A-MEN.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying
Need a brother's, sister's care,
On Thy higher help relying
May we now their burden share,
Bringing all our offerings meet
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,
Willing both in hand and heart,
All the law of love fulfilling,
Ever comfort to impart;
Ever bringing offerings meet
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 So may sickness, sin, and sadness
To Thy healing virtue yield,
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,
Rescued, ransomed, cleansèd, healed,
One in Thee together meet,
Pardoned at Thy judgment seat.

Godfrey Thring, 1870

(ST. ALPHEGE)

4 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,—

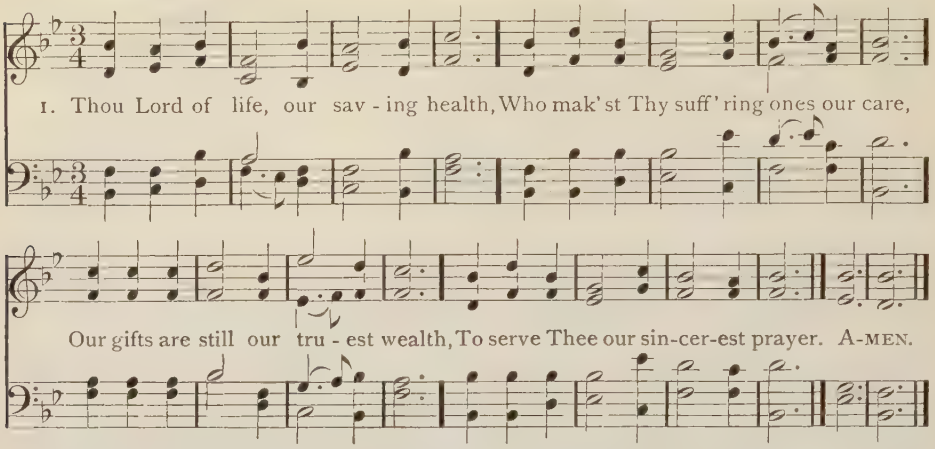
5 What are they but His jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to heaven, on earth?

6 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize.

Joseph of the Studium, Tr. John M. Neale

518 MENDON L. M.

German Melody: Arr. by Samuel Dyer, 1814


1. Thou Lord of life, our sav - ing health, Who mak'st Thy suff'ring ones our care,
Our gifts are still our tru - est wealth, To serve Thee our sin-cer-est prayer. A-MEN.

2 As on the river's rising tide
Flow strength and coolness from the sea,
So, through the ways our hands provide,
May quickening life flow in from Thee,

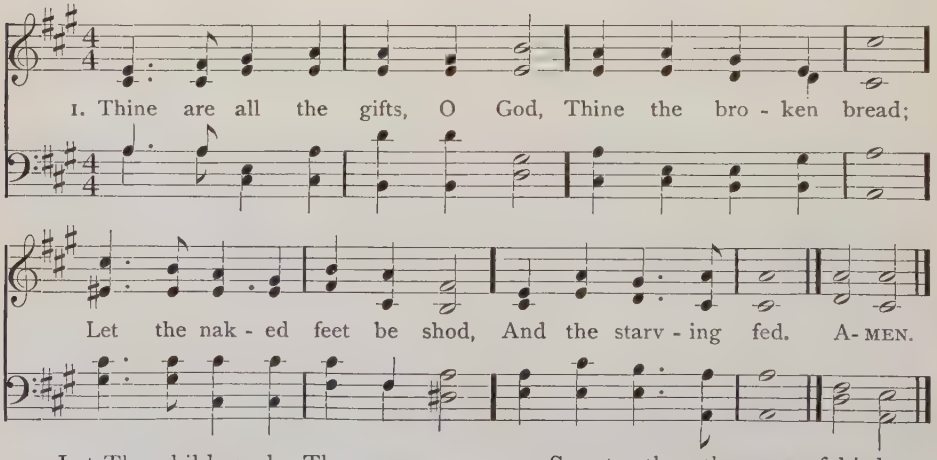
3 To heal the wound, to still the pain,
And strength to failing pulses bring,
Until the lame shall leap again,
And the parched lips with gladness sing.

4 Bless Thou the gifts our hands have brought;
Bless thou the work our hearts have planned:
Ours is the faith, the will, the thought;
The rest, O God, is in Thy hand.

Samuel Longfellow, 1886

519 ST. PIRAN 7 5 7 5

Edward J. Hopkins



2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

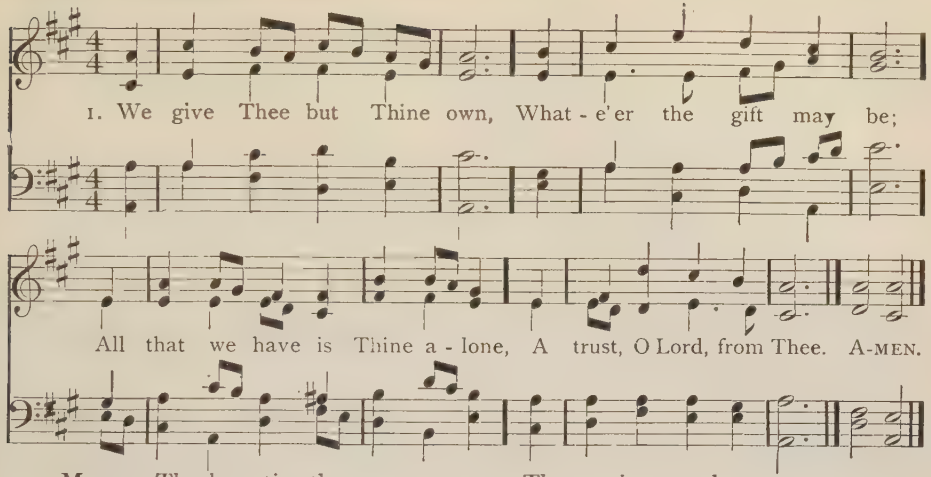
3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice;
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad,
As the flowers of spring;
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1878

520 CAMBRIDGE S. M.

Ralph Harrison, 1784



2 May we Thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

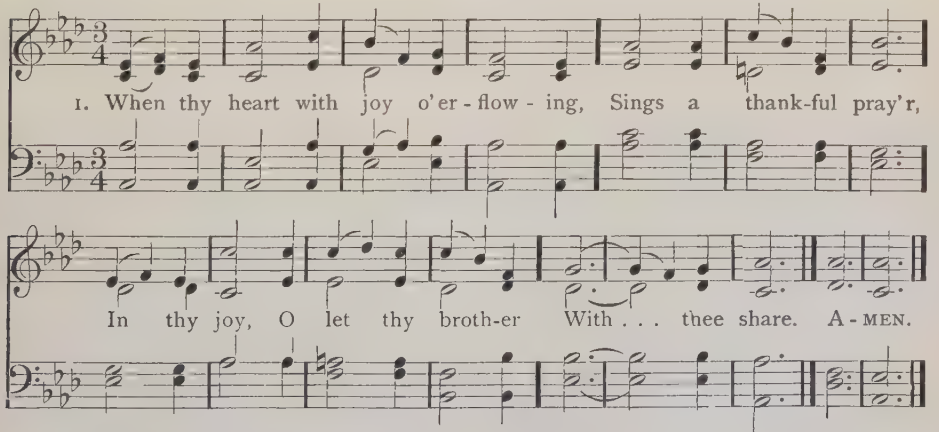
4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

William Walsham How, 1858

521 BULLINGER 8 5 8 3

Ethelbert W. Bullinger, 1877



2 When the harvest sheaves ingathered,
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

3 If thy soul, with pow'r uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

4 Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

Theodore C. Williams, 1891

522 COVENANT 6 6 8 6 6 6 8 6

John Stainer, 1889

1. Christ must be serv'd in - deed Wher - ev - er man may be; . . .
His voice thro' hu - man pain and need Asks ev - er, "Lov'st thou Me?"
Who feeds the hun - gry poor, Who fills sad lives with glee,
Who makes lame feet more firm and sure, Is he who lov - eth Thee. A-MEN.

Hymn Copyrighted, 1912, by The Century Co.

2 Better than hands made clean
Where cloistral waters sleep,
The wounded hands that bleed unseen
In finding Thy lost sheep.
He who shall seek and find
The soul in misery,
Who knows no grace but to be kind,
Is he who loveth Thee.

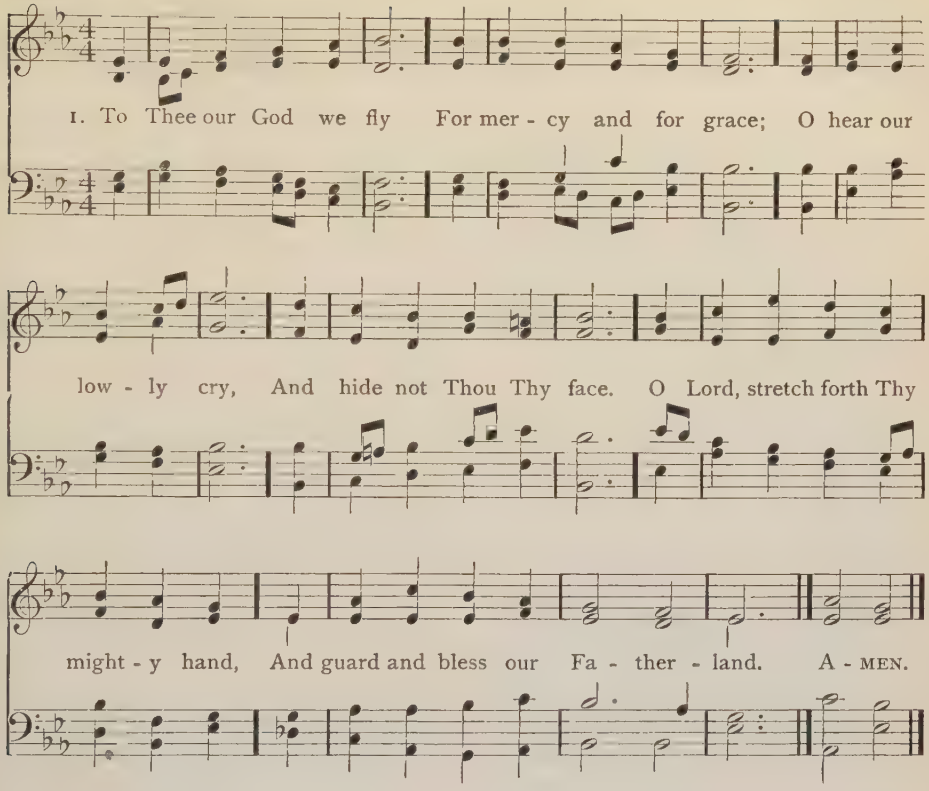
3 Richer than robes of kings
Thy woven garment plain,
Which frail hands worn with sufferings
Touched and were whole again:
Not he who sings Thy praise
Most dear to Thee shall be,
But he who follows in Thy ways
Is he who loveth Thee.

4 Teach me Thy blessedness,
Thy best beatitude,
The art of daily kindnesses,
The joy of doing good.
And lest my purpose fail,
May this my impulse be
When human strength will not avail,
Thus, Lord, Thou lovest me.

W. J. Dawson, 1912

523 BEVAN 6 6 6 6 8 8

John Goss


1. To Thee our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; O hear our
low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy
might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land. A - MEN.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,
Be jealous for Thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise Thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they Thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son
Inflame with love's pure fire;
Bind her once more in one,
And life and truth inspire:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

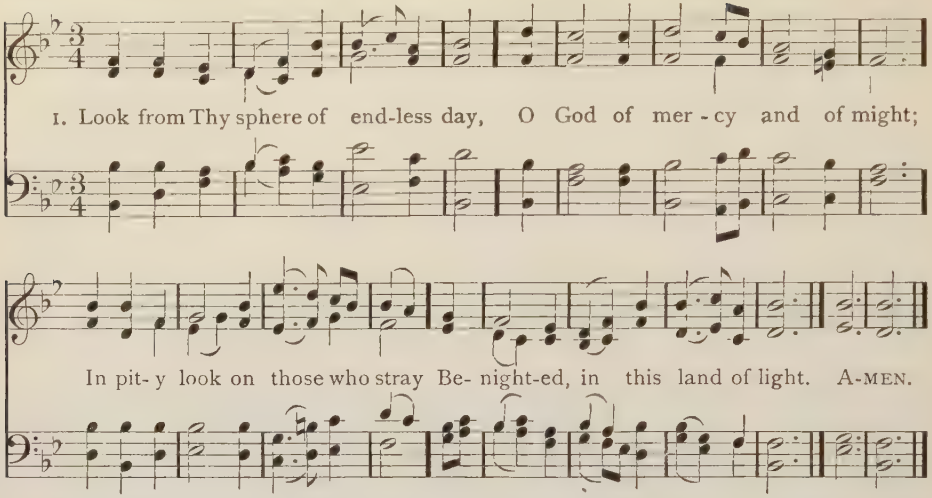
6 The pastors of Thy fold
With grace and power endue,
That faithful, pure, and bold,
They may be pastors true:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult Thy majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

William Walsham How, 1871

524 WARRINGTON L. M.

Ralph Harrison


1. Look from Thy sphere of end-less day, O God of mer - cy and of might;
In pit- y look on those who stray Be- night-ed, in this land of light. A-MEN.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from Thee.

3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

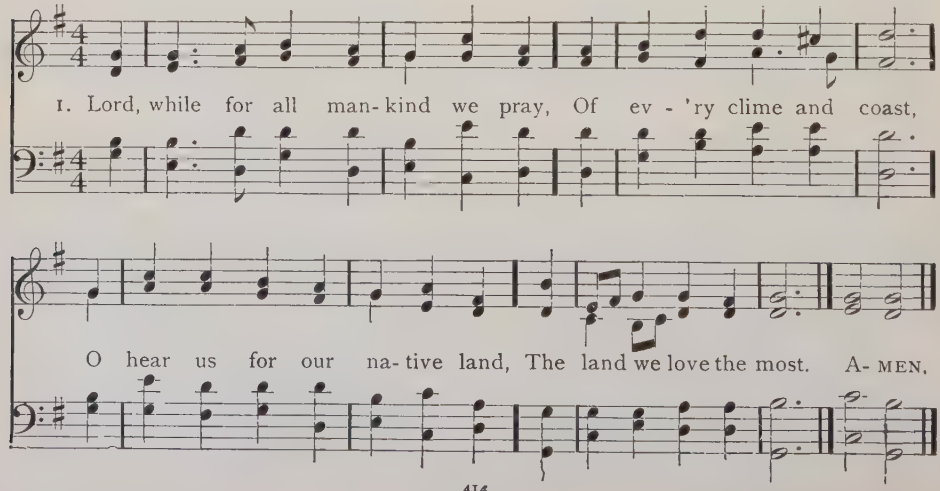
4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow, with living waters, green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant, 1859

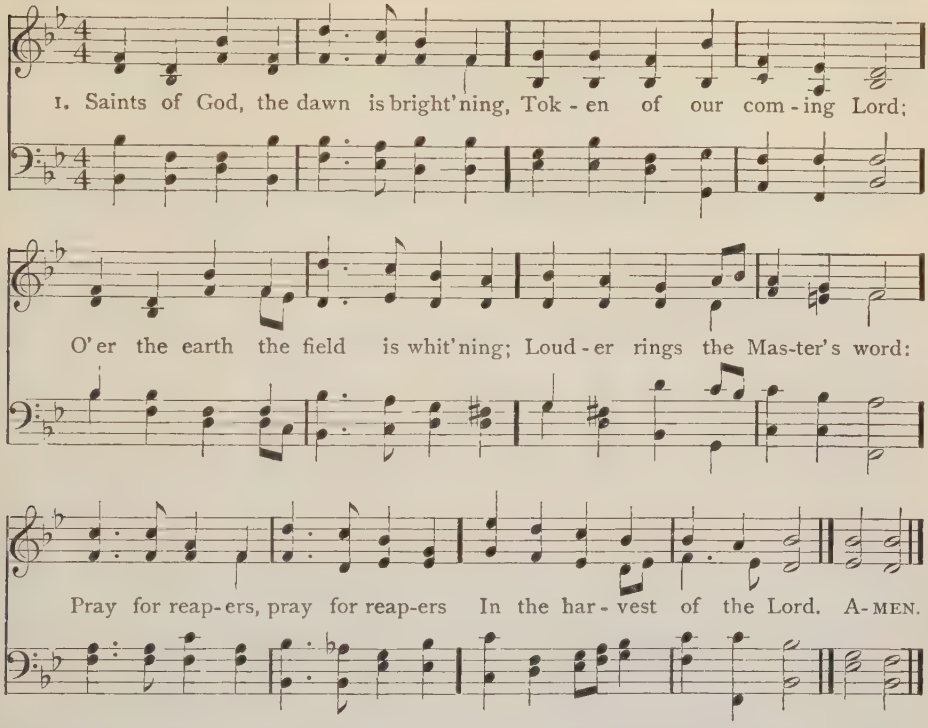
525 FARRANT C. M.

Richard Farrant



526 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart, 1866


1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, Tok - en of our com - ing Lord;
O'er the earth the field is whit'ning; Loud - er rings the Mas-ter's word:
Pray for reap-ers, pray for reap-ers In the har - vest of the Lord. A-MEN.

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And, with Pentecostal measure,
Send forth reapers o'er our land;
Faithful reapers
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,
Eager millions hither roam;
Lo, they wait for Thy salvation;
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;
By Thy Spirit
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,
Soon the reaping time will come;
Heaven and earth together keeping
God's eternal harvest-home.
Saints and angels
Shout the world's great harvest-home.

Mary Hamlin Maxwell, 1849

(FARRANT)

2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless,
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee:
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

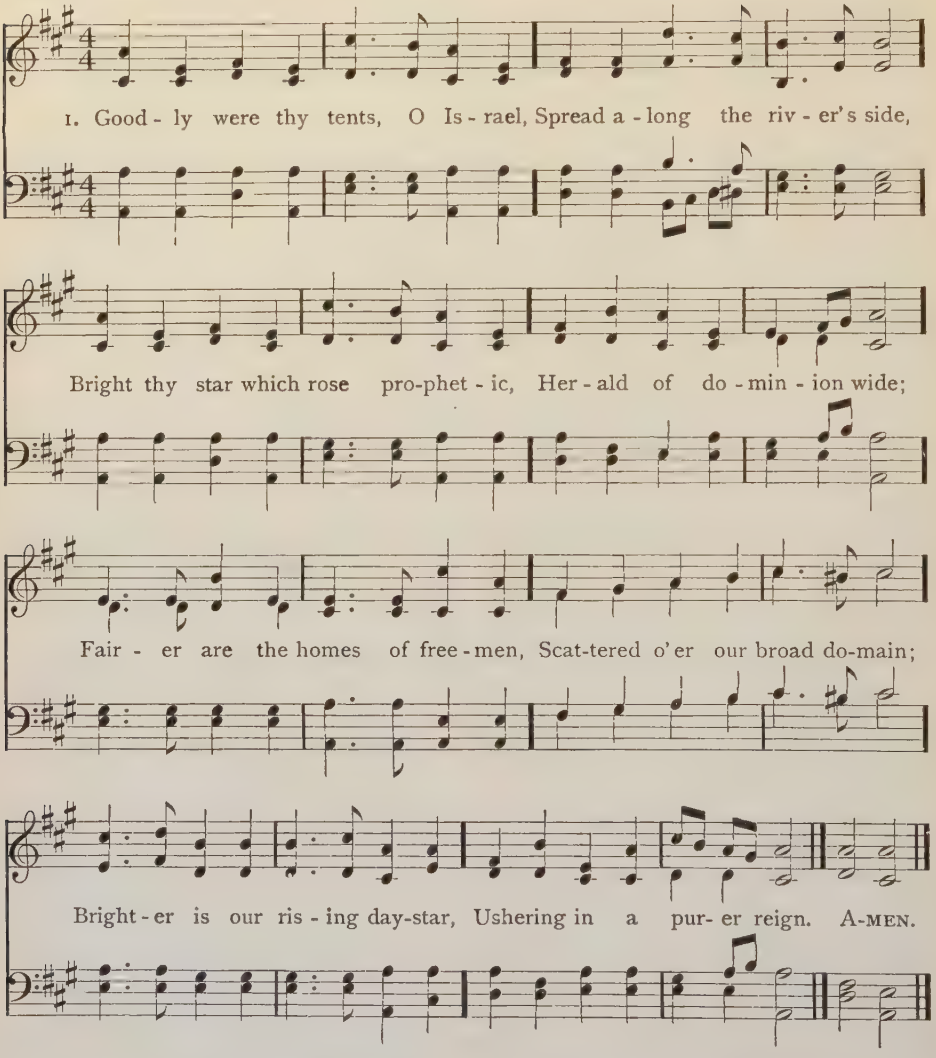
4 Here may religion, pure and mild,
Smile on our Sabbath hours;
And piety and virtue bless
The home of us and ours.

5 Lord of the nations, thus to Thee
Our country we commend;
By Thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

John R. Wreford

527 CONQUEROR 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry F. Hemy


1. Good - ly were thy tents, O Is - rael, Spread a - long the riv - er's side,
Bright thy star which rose pro-phet - ic, Her - ald of do - min - ion wide;
Fair - er are the homes of free - men, Scat-tered o'er our broad do-main;
Bright - er is our ris - ing day-star, Ushering in a pur- er reign. A-MEN.

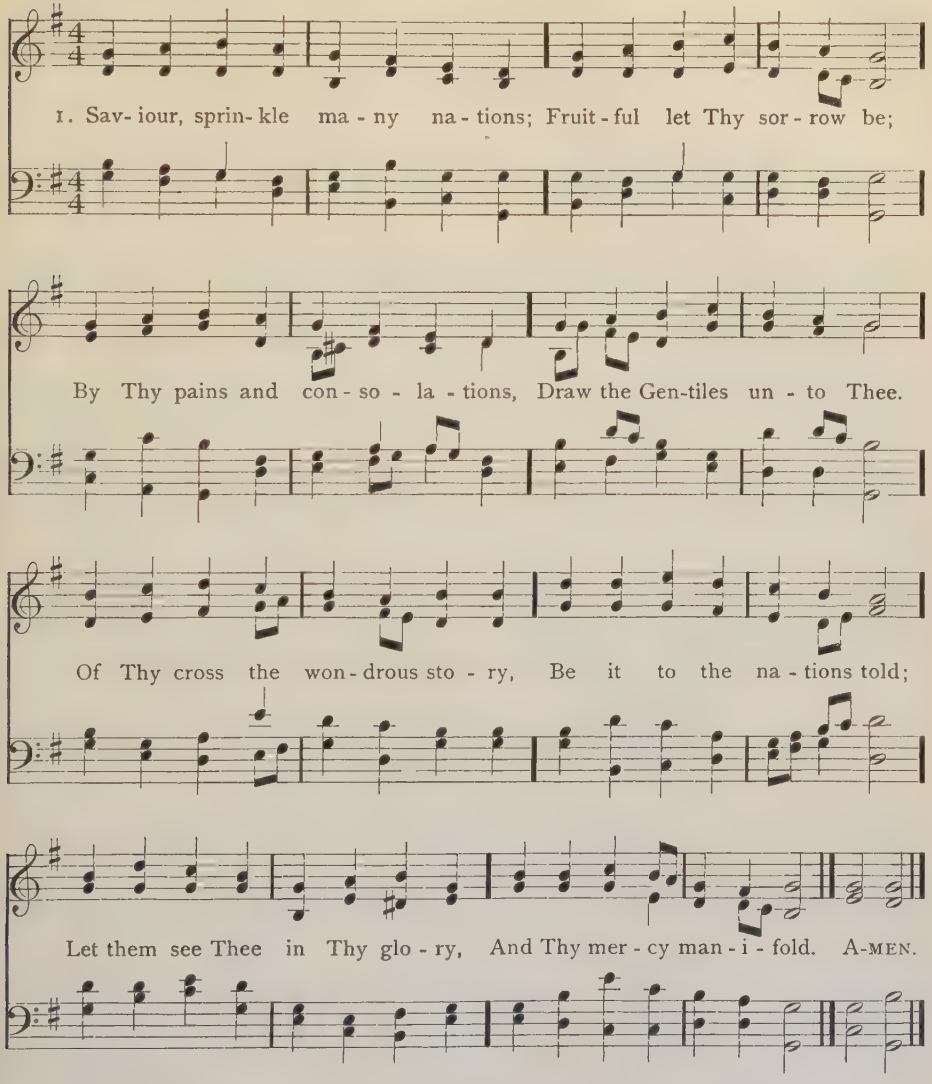
2 Welcome to the glorious freedom,
Which our fathers hither brought;
Welcome to the priceless treasure,
Which with constant faith they sought;
See, from every nation gathering,
Swarming myriads throng our coasts,
Hear, with steady steps advancing,
Ceaseless tread of countless hosts.

3 God of nations! our Preserver,
Hear our prayers, our counsels bless;
Lift o'er all Thy radiant banner,
On these souls Thy love impress;
From Thy throne of boundless blessing,
O'er our land Thy Spirit pour;
In the grandeur of Thine empire,
Reign supreme from shore to shore,

Samuel Wolcott

528 LUDWIGSBURG 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Louis Bourgeois, 1556


1. Sav- iour, sprin- kle ma - ny na - tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sor - row be;
By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions, Draw the Gen-tiles un - to Thee.
Of Thy cross the won - drous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;
Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold. A-MEN.

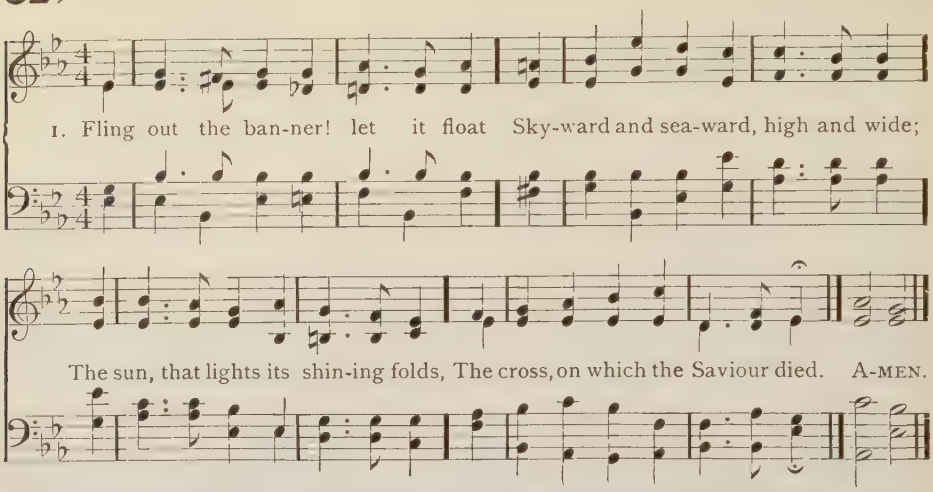
2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast,
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy Spirit, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the Lamb be sung.

A. Cleveland Coxe, 1851

529 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872


1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died. A-MEN.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign:
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

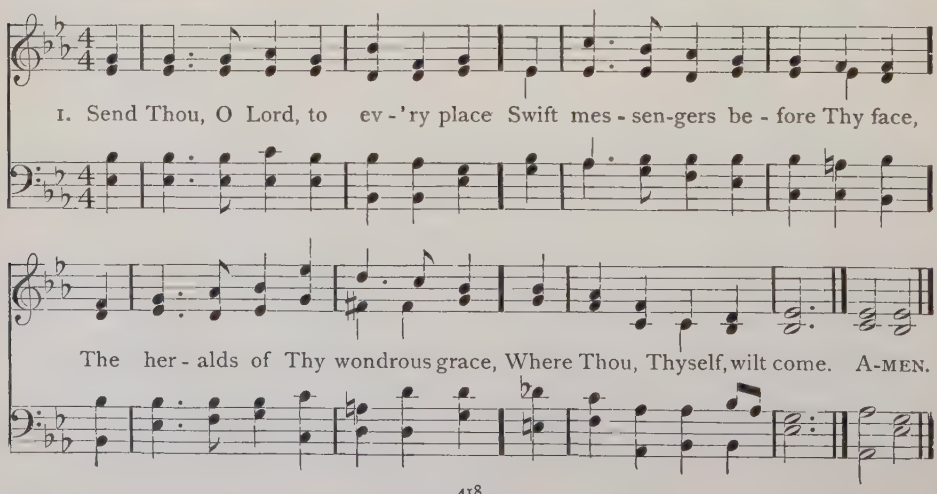
5 Fling out the banner; let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide
Our glory, only in the cross;
Our only hope, the Crucified!

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:
Nor skill. nor might, nor merit ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

George Washington Doane, 1848

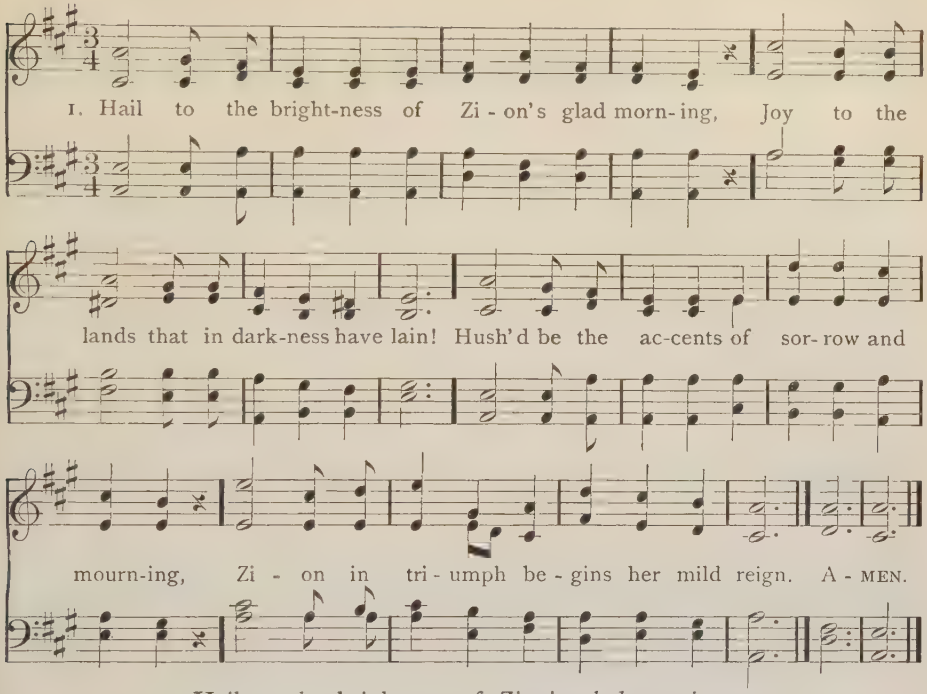
530 ELMHURST 8 8 8 6

Edwin D. Drewett, 1887


1. Send Thou, O Lord, to ev-'ry place Swift mes-sen-gers be-fore Thy face,
The her-alds of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. A-MEN.

531 WESLEY 11 10 11 10

Lowell Mason, 1830


1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor-row and
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign. A - MEN.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1832

(ELMHURST)

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King,
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where Thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in;
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

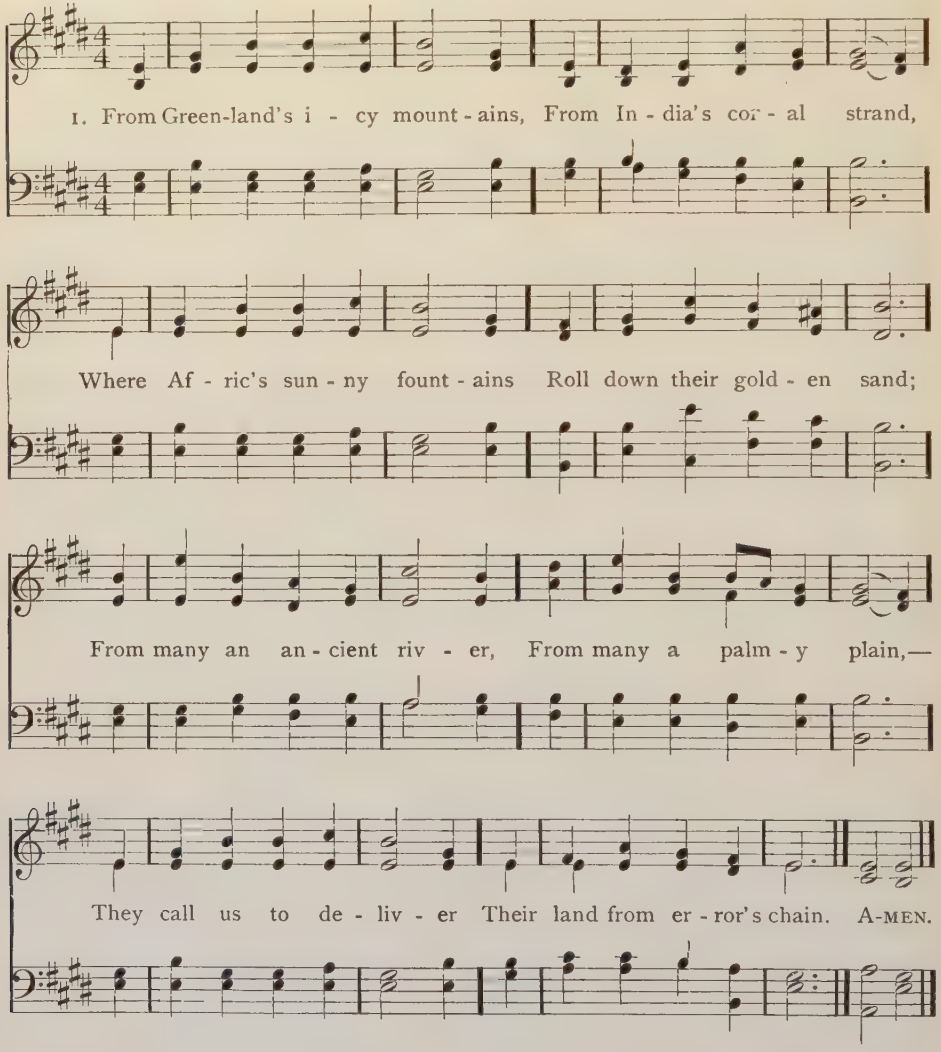
4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name,
And far to lands of pagan shame,
Send men where Thou wilt come.

5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of Thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering
Where Thou, Thyself wilt come. [Lord,

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, 1889

532 MISSIONARY HYMN 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Lowell Mason, 1823


1. From Green-land's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,—
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-MEN.

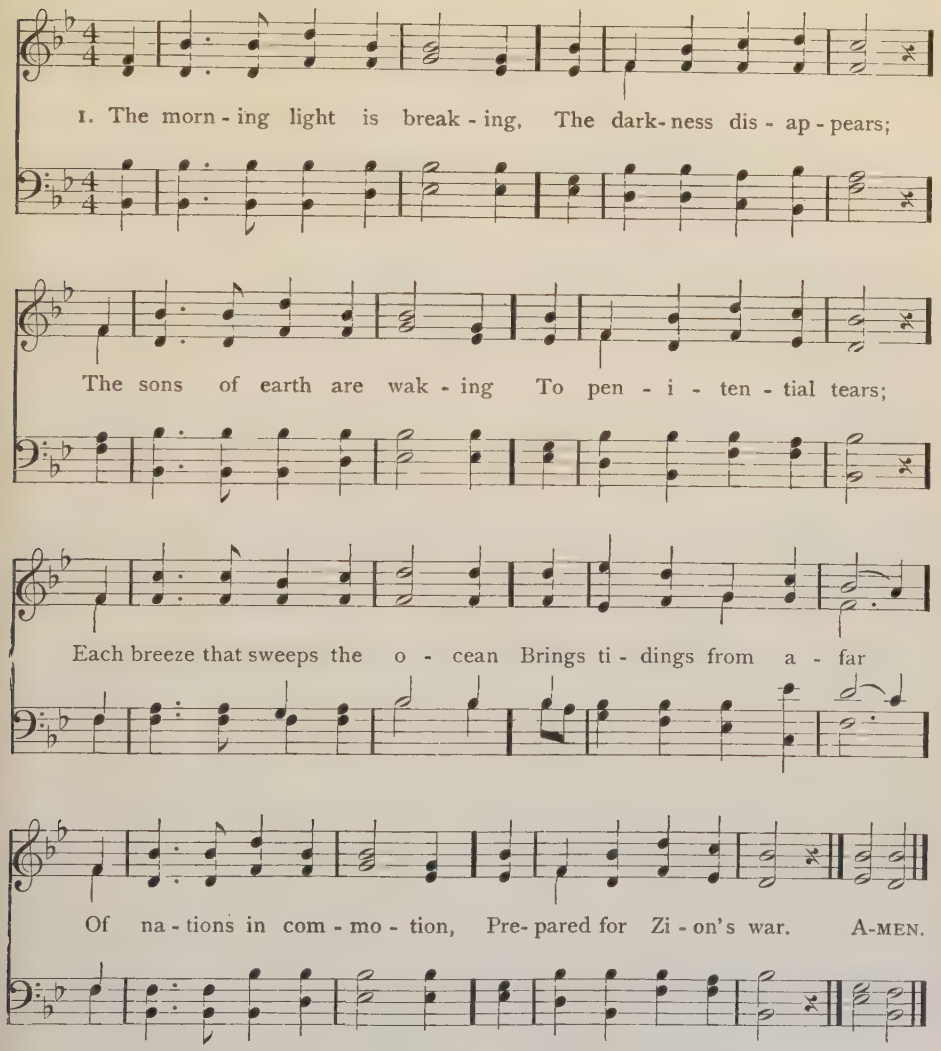
2 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819

533 WEBB 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

George J. Webb, 1837


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A-MEN.

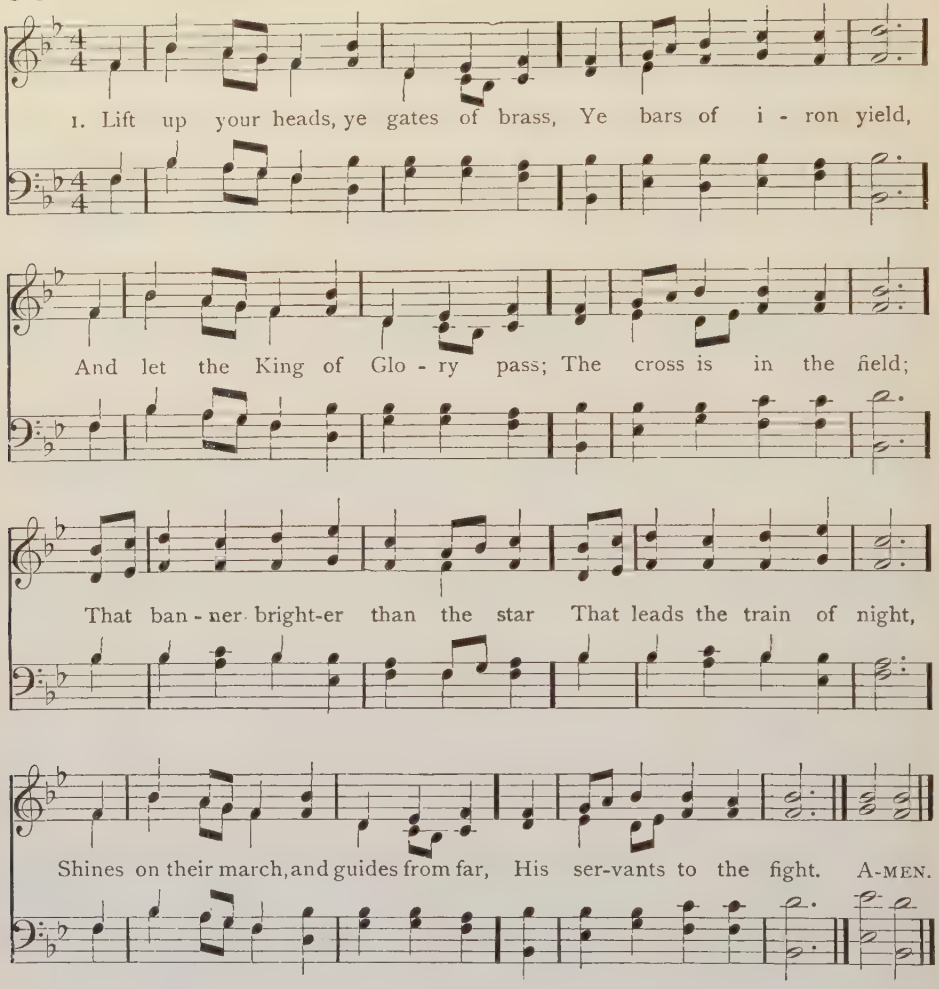
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

Samuel F. Smith, 183-

534 ELLACOMBE C. M. D.

German


1. Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass, Ye bars of i - ron yield,
And let the King of Glo - ry pass; The cross is in the field;
That ban - ner bright-er than the star That leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from far, His ser-vants to the fight. A-MEN.

2 A holy war those servants wage;
Mysteriously at strife,
The powers of heaven and hell engage
For more than death or life.
Ye armies of the living God,
His sacramental host,
Where hallowed footsteps never trod
Take your appointed post:

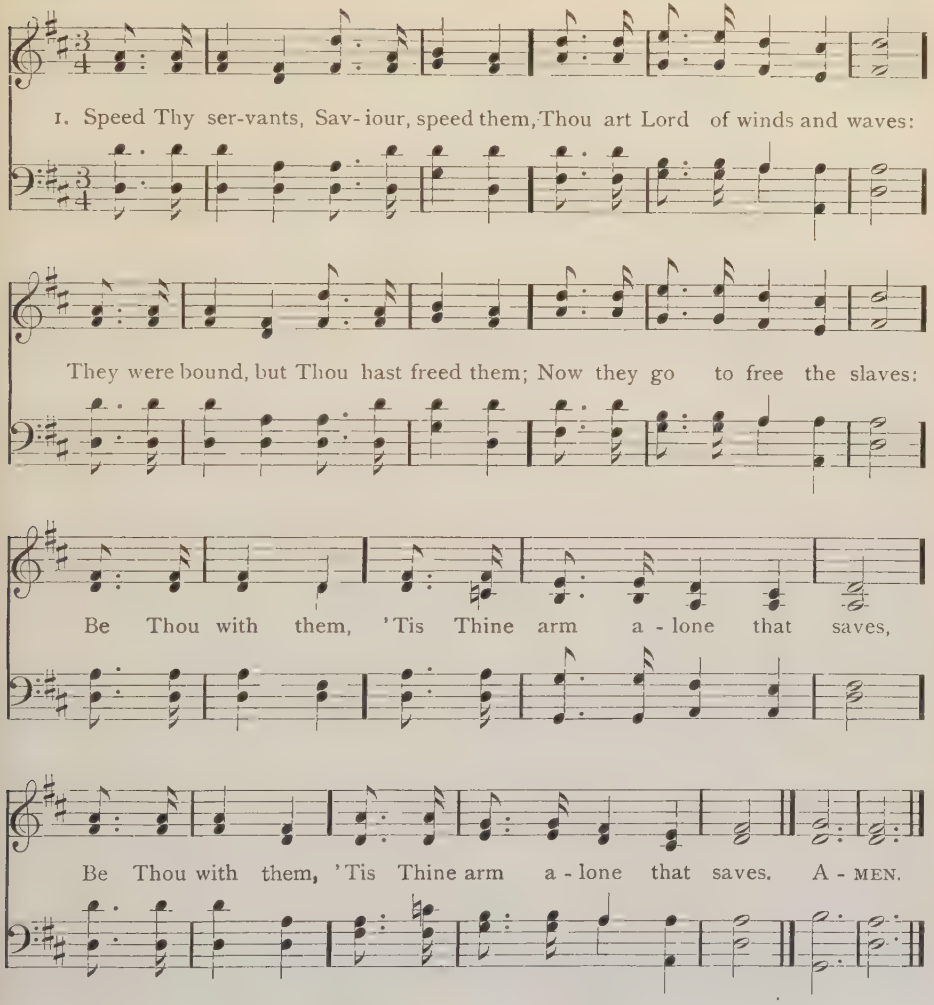
3 Tho' few and small and weak your bands,
Strong in your Captain's strength
Go to the conquest of all lands;
All must be His at length.
Those spoils at His victorious feet
You shall rejoice to lay,
And lay yourselves, as trophies meet,
In His great judgment-day.

4 Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;
In Jesus' Name be strong;
To Him shall all the nations bow,
And sing with you this song:
"Uplifted are the gates of brass,
The bars of iron yield;
Behold the King of Glory pass;
The cross hath won the field."

James Montgomery, 1843

535 ZION 8 7 8 7 4 7

Thomas Hastings, 1830


1. Speed Thy ser-vants, Sav-iour, speed them, Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves:
Be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a-lone that saves,
Be Thou with them, 'Tis Thine arm a-lone that saves. A-MEN.

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord, they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land:
O be with them,
Lead them safely by the hand.

3 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
Then their sinking hopes sustain:
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again.

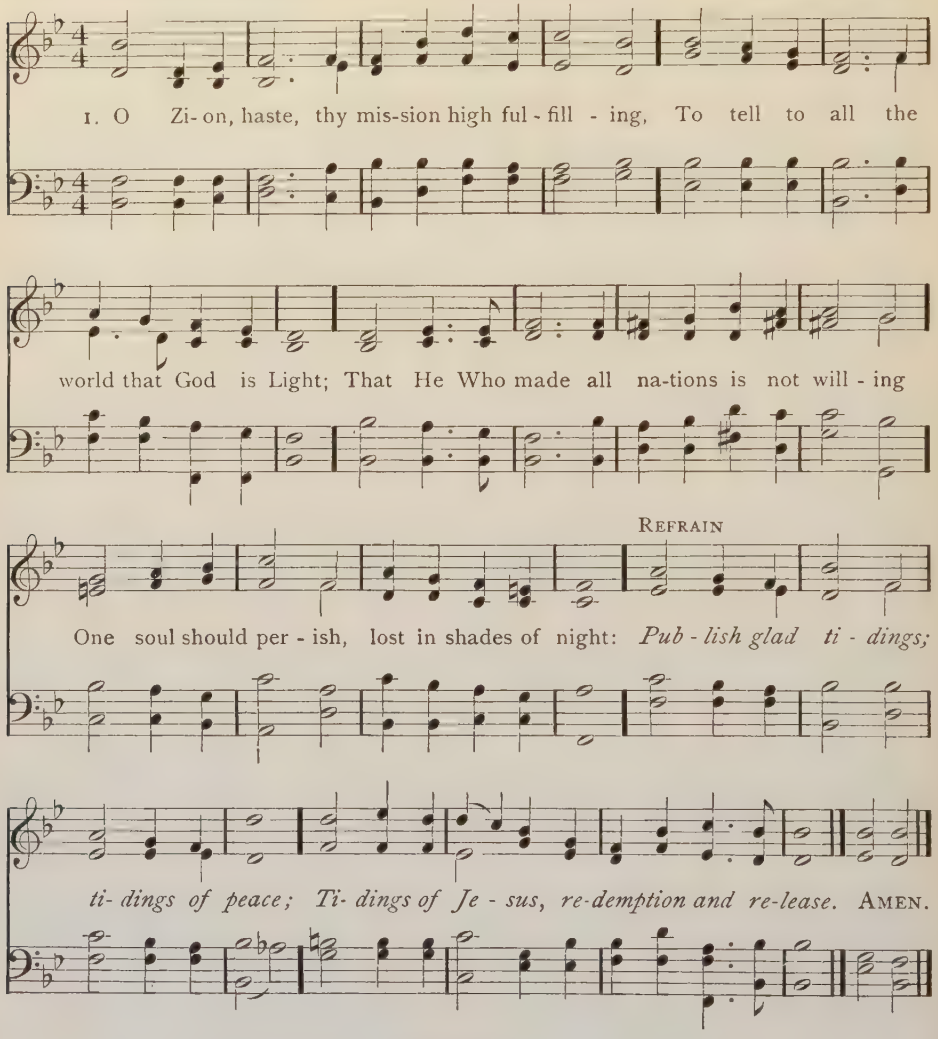
4 In the midst of opposition,
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee;
When success attains their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be:
Never leave them,
Till Thy face in heaven they see;

5 There to reap, in joy for ever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown;
There to be with Him, who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with gladness
Give the praise to Him alone,

Thomas Kelly

536 PROCLAMATION 11 10 11 10 With Refrain

James Walch, 1876

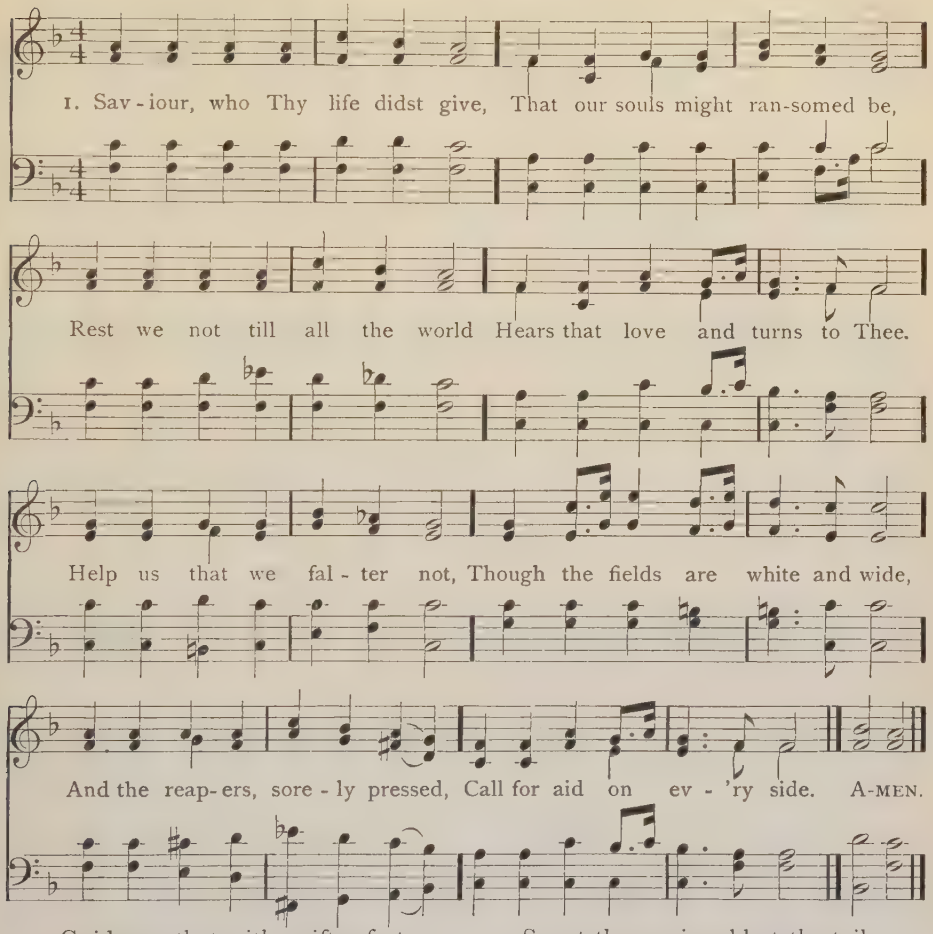

1. O Zi- on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
world that God is Light; That He Who made all na-tions is not will - ing
REFRAIN
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night: *Pub - lish glad ti - dings;*
ti- dings of peace; Ti- dings of Je - sus, re-demption and re-lease. AMEN.

2 Behold how many thousands still are lying
Bound in the darksome prison-house of sin,
With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Or of the life He died for them to win.

3 Proclaim to every people, tongue, and nation
That God, in whom they live and move, is Love:
Tell how He stooped to save His lost creation,
And died on earth that man might live above

537 BLUMENTHAL 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Jacob Blumenthal, 1847


1. Sav - iour, who Thy life didst give, That our souls might ran-somed be,
Rest we not till all the world Hears that love and turns to Thee.
Help us that we fal - ter not, Though the fields are white and wide,
And the reap-ers, sore - ly pressed, Call for aid on ev - 'ry side. A-MEN.

2 Guide us, that with swifter feet
We may speed us on our way,
Leading darkened nations forth
Into Thine eternal day.

Sweet the service, blest the toil;
Thine alone the glory be;
O baptize our souls anew;
Consecrate us all to Thee.

Amelia D. Lockwood

(PROCLAMATION)

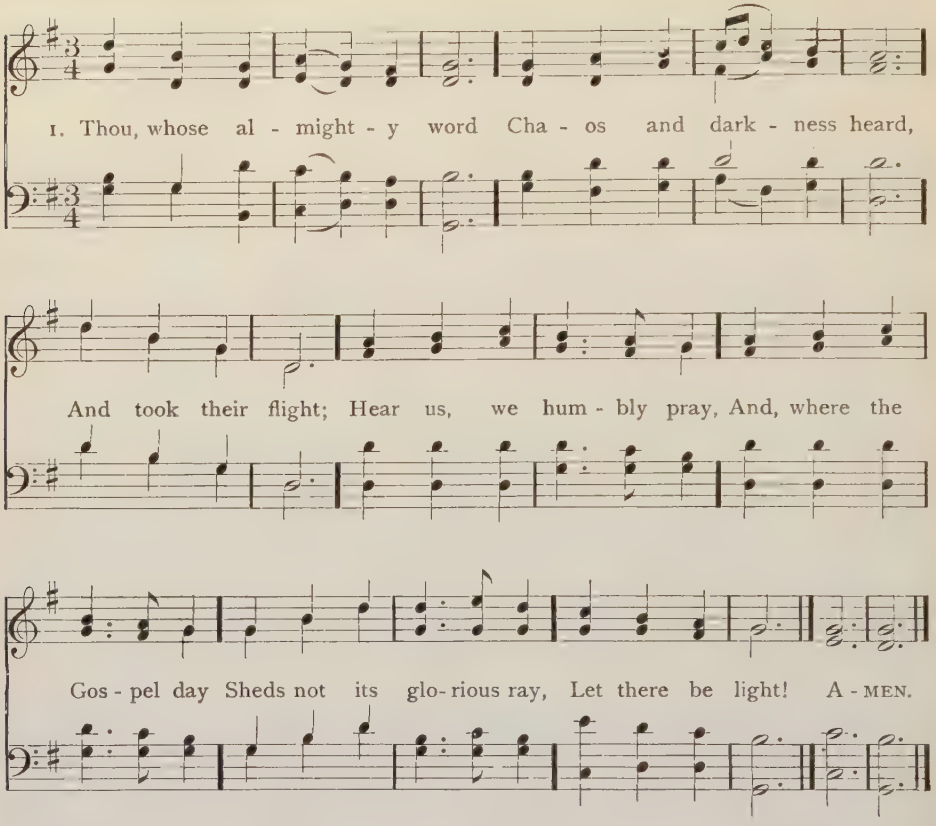
4 Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious;
Give of thy wealth to speed them on their way;
Pour out thy soul for them in prayer victorious;
And all thou spendest Jesus will repay.

5 He comes again: O Zion, ere thou meet Him,
Make known to every heart His saving grace;
Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him,
Through thy neglect, unfit to see His face.

Mary A. Thompson, 1870

538 ITALIAN HYMN 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Felice de Giardini


1. Thou, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - MEN.

2 Thou, Who didst come to bring,
On Thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;
O now to all mankind
Let there be light!

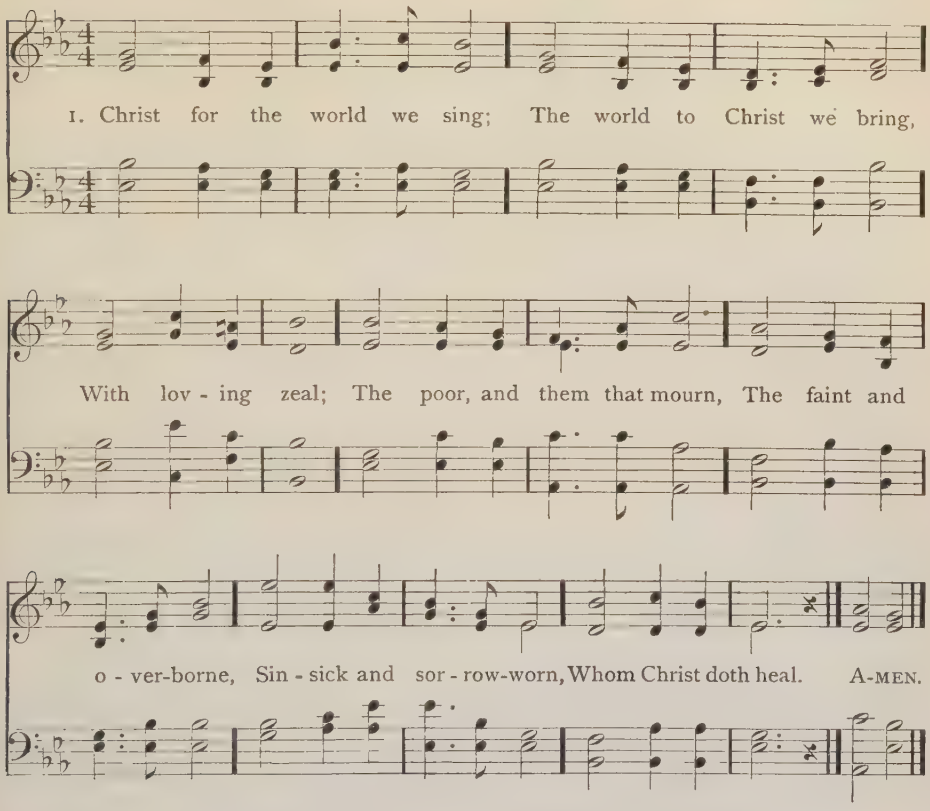
3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

4 Blessèd and holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might;
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the earth, far and wide,
Let there be light!

John Marriott, 1813

539 CUTTING 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

William F. Sherwin


1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring,
With lov - ing zeal; The poor, and them that mourn, The faint and
o - ver-borne, Sin - sick and sor - row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A-MEN.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

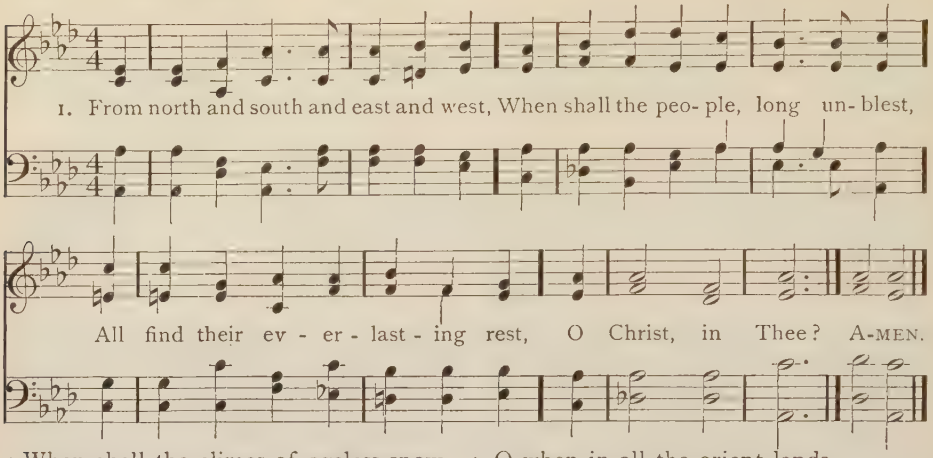
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Samuel Wolcott

540 RISEHOLME 8 8 8 4

Henry J. Gauntlett


1. From north and south and east and west, When shall the peo- ple, long un- blest,
All find their ev - er - last - ing rest, O Christ, in Thee? A-MEN.

2 When shall the climes of ageless snow
Be with the gospel light aglow,
And all men their Redeemer know,
O Christ, in Thee?

3 When on each southern balmy coast
Shall ransomed men, in countless host,
Rise, heart and voice, to make sweet boast,
O Christ, in Thee?

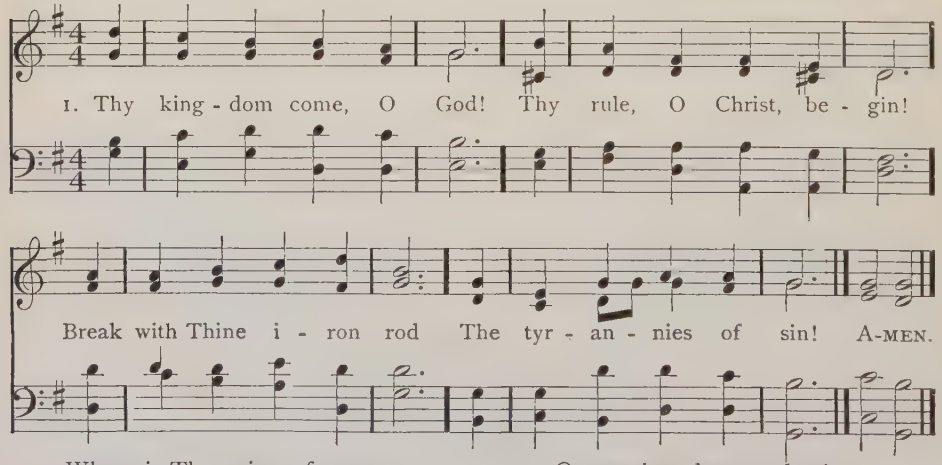
4 O when in all the orient lands,
From cities white and flaming sands
Shall men lift dedicated hands,
O Christ, to Thee?

5 Bring, Lord, the long predicted hour,
The ages' diadem and flower,
When all shall find their refuge, tower,
And home in Thee.

George T. Coster

541 ST. CECILIA 6 6 6 6

Leighton George Hayne



2 Where is Thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

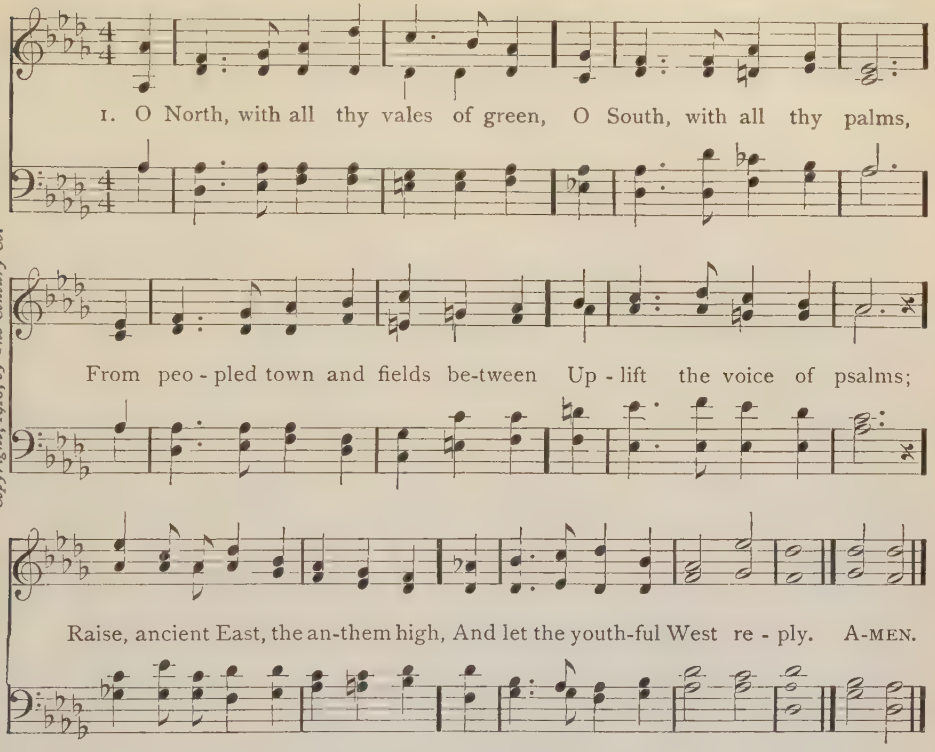
3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
Oppression, lust, and crime
Shall flee Thy face before?

4 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley

542 MONTCLAIR 8 6 8 6 8 8

Raymond Huntington Woodman


1. O North, with all thy vales of green, O South, with all thy palms,
From peo - pled town and fields be-tween Up - lift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the an-them high, And let the youth-ful West re - ply. A-MEN.

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2 Lo, in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovèd Son;
He brings a train of brighter years;
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at His feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky,
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

3 When all shall heed the words He said
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall seek to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered death shall win
The nobler conquest over sin.

William Cullen Bryant

543 CHENIES 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Timothy R. Matthews, 1855

1. And is the time ap - proach - ing, By proph - ets long fore - told,
When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?
Shall ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown?
And ev - 'ry pray'r be of - fered To God in Christ a - lone? A-MEN.

2 Shall Jew and Gentile meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove, and pass away
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

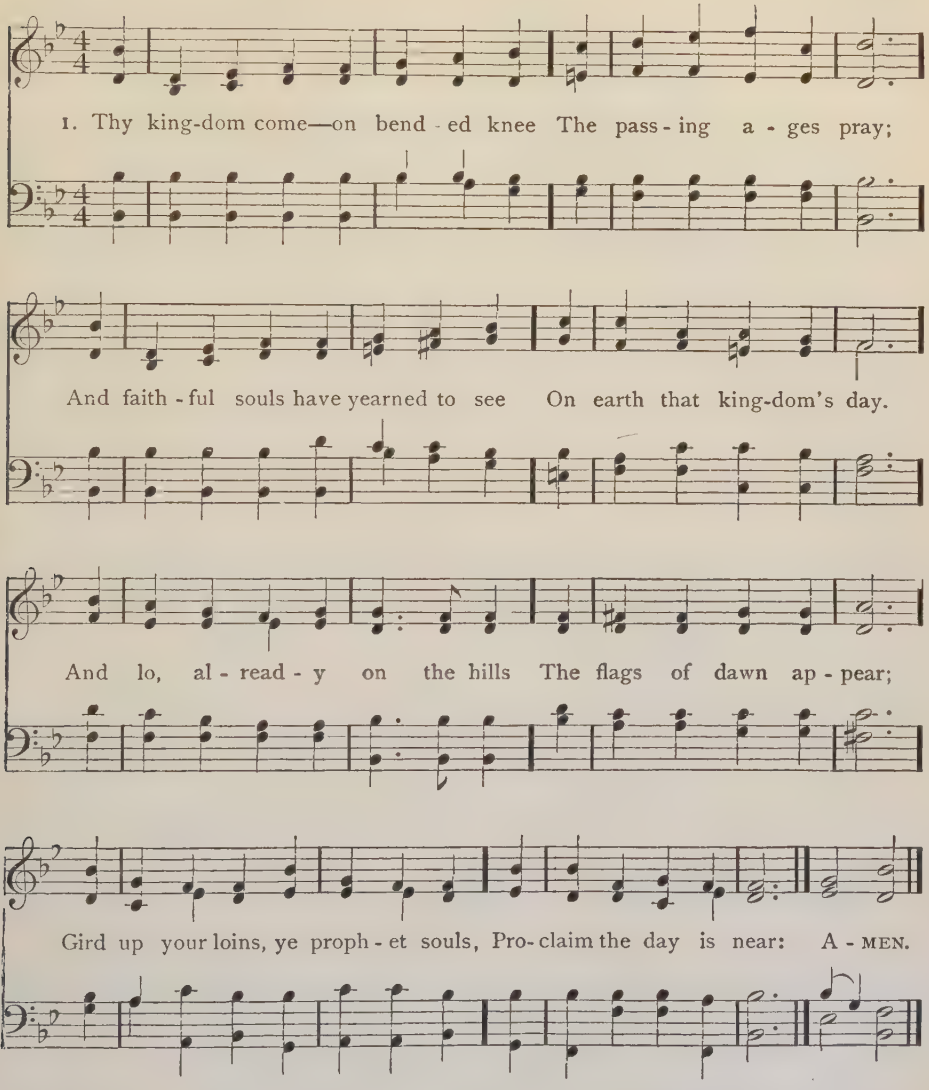
3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer?
Shall strife and tumult cease?
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace!

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray;
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on
To pray, and hope, and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick, 1859

544 FILIUS DEI C. M. D.

Alfred R. Gaul

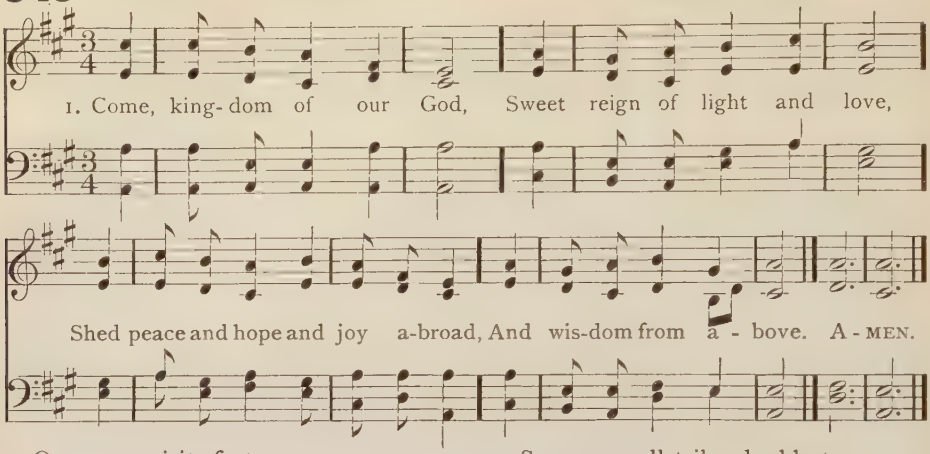

1. Thy king-dom come—on bend - ed knee The pass - ing a - ges pray;
And faith - ful souls have yearned to see On earth that king-dom's day.
And lo, al - read - y on the hills The flags of dawn ap - pear;
Gird up your loins, ye proph - et souls, Pro-claim the day is near: A - MEN.

2 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be clothed with might,
And every hurt be healed:
When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

Frederick L. Hosmer

545 STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman



2 Over our spirits first
Extend Thy healing reign;
Then raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth Thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

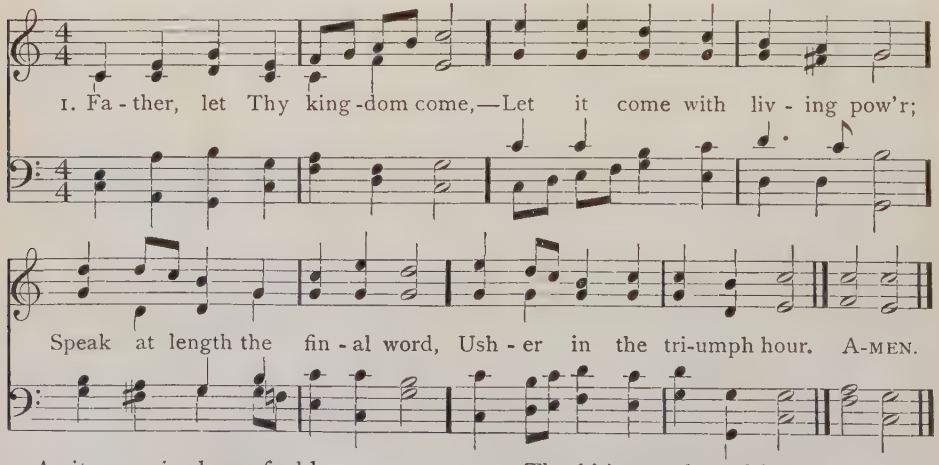
4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from Life's glad tree
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

5 Come, kingdom of our God,
And raise Thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless His own.

John Johns

546 MONKLAND 7 7 7 7

John B. Wilkes, 1861



2 As it came in days of old,
In the deepest hearts of men,
When Thy martyrs died for Thee,
Let it come, O God, again.

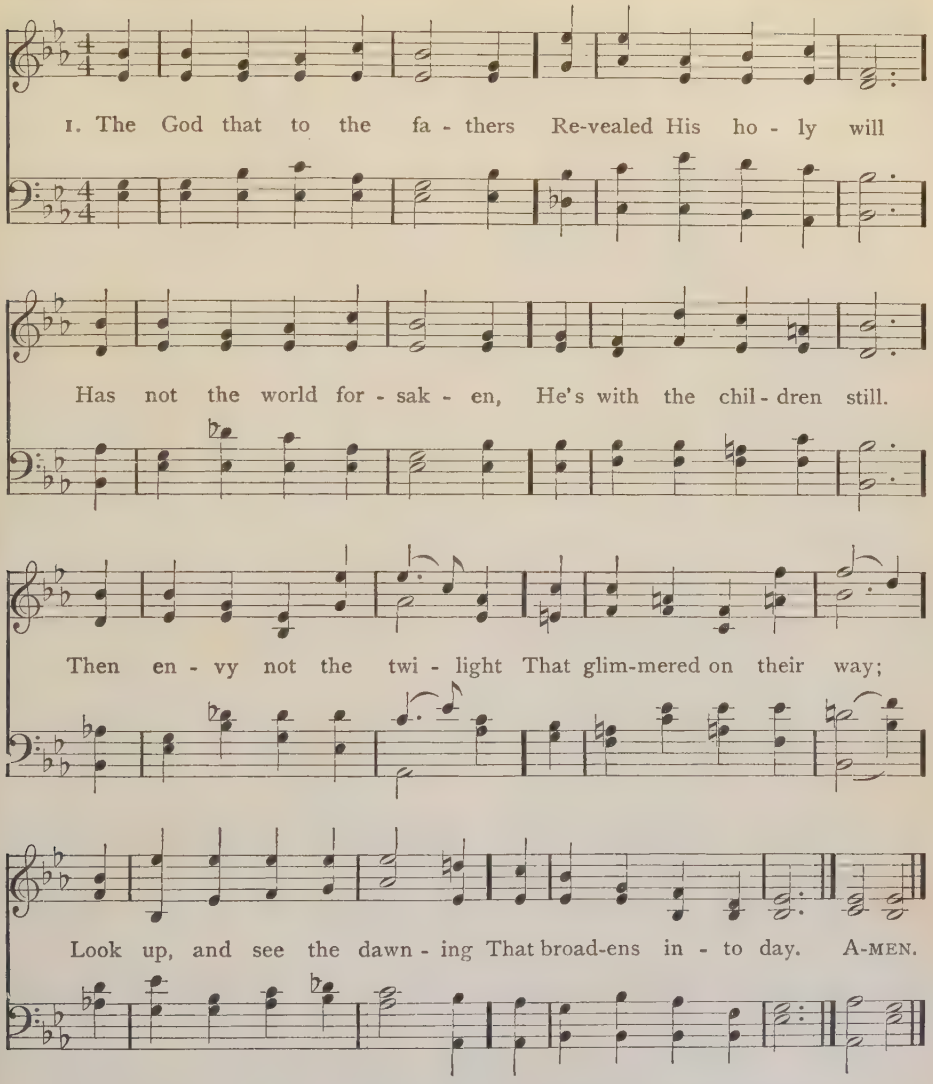
3 Break, triumphant day of God!
Break at last, our hearts to cheer;
Throbbing souls and holy songs
Wait to hail Thy dawning here.

4 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones;
May they all for God be won;
And, in every human heart,
Father, let Thy kingdom come.

John Page Hopps

547 LANCASHIRE 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Henry Smart


1. The God that to the fa - thers Re-vealed His ho - ly will
Has not the world for - sak - en, He's with the chil - dren still.
Then en - vy not the twi - light That glim-mered on their way;
Look up, and see the dawn - ing That broad-ens in - to day. A-MEN.

2 'Twas but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the kingdom,
The better time to be.
To-day we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold.

3 With trust in God's free spirit,
The ever-broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,
Let us to-day be faithful
As were the brave of old,
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

Minot Judson Savage

548 WHITNEY 10 10 10 10 4 4

Mark Andrews, 1910

With dignity
1. Gath - er us in, Thou Love that fill - est all, . . . Gath - er our
riv - al faiths with- in Thy fold, Rend each man's tem- ple's veil, and
bid it fall, That we may know that Thou hast been of
In Unison
In Harmony
old; . . . Gath - er us in, Gath - er us in. A - MEN.

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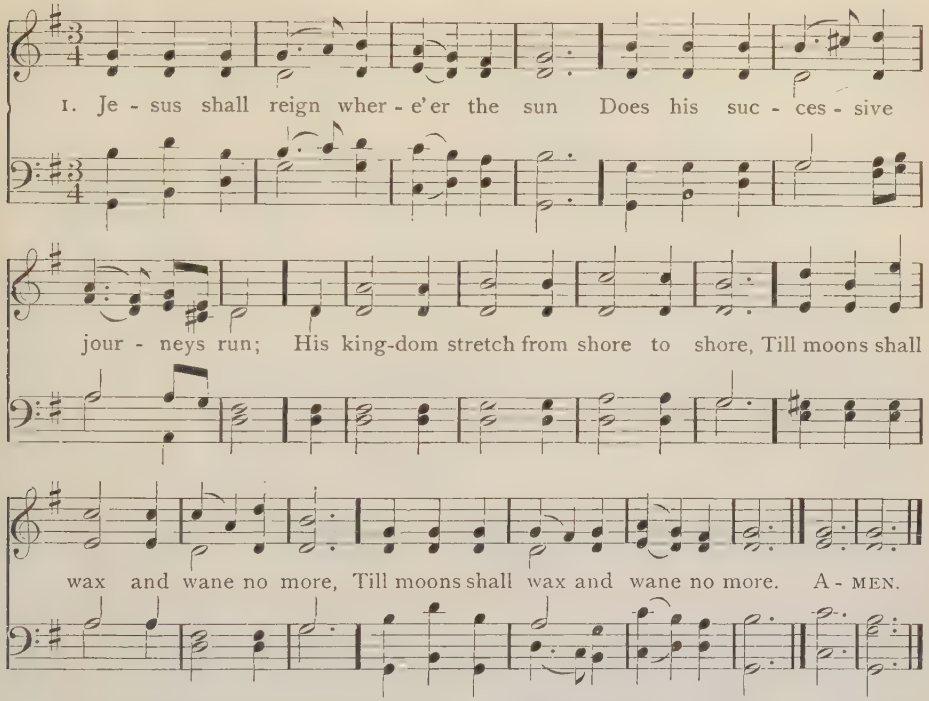
2 Gather us in: we worship only Thee;
In varied names we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
In many ships we seek one spirit-land;
Gather us in.

3 Each sees one color of Thy rainbow-light,
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;
Thou art the fulness of our partial sight;
We are not perfect till we find the seven;
Gather us in.

549 PARK STREET L. M.

Frederick M. A. Venua, 1810


1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive
jour - neys run; His king-dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall
wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A - MEN.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King,
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts, 1719

(WHITNEY)

4 Thine is the mystic life great India craves
Thine is the Parsee's sin destroying beam,
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves,
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream;
Gather us in.

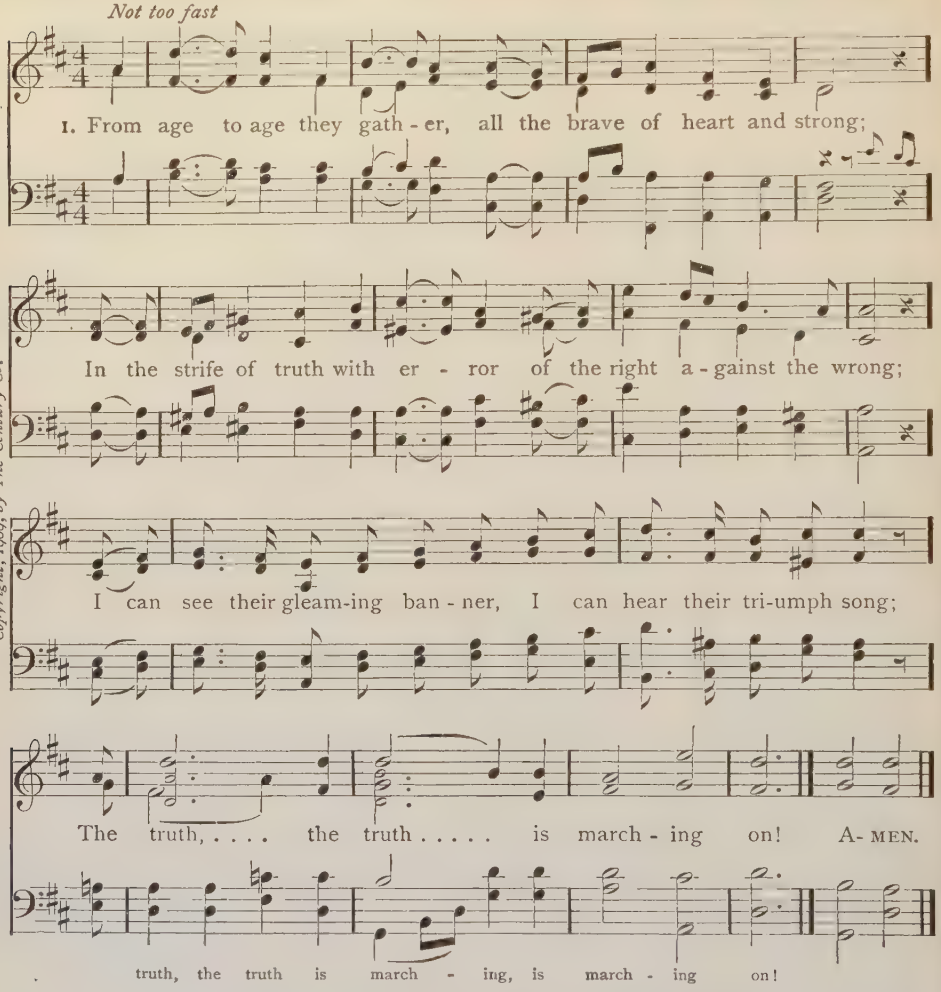
5 Some seek a Father in the heavens above,
Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a spirit vast as life and love:
Within Thy mansions we have all and more;
Gather us in.

George Matheson

550 HAWKINS 14 14 14 6

Alexander S. Gibson, 1909

Not too fast


1. From age to age they gath - er, all the brave of heart and strong;
In the strife of truth with er - ror of the right a - gainst the wrong;
I can see their gleam-ing ban - ner, I can hear their tri-umph song;
The truth, ... the truth . . . . . is march - ing on! A- MEN.
truth, the truth is march - ing, is march - ing on!

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2 "In this sign we conquer;" 'tis the symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death;
"He finds his life who loseth it," for evermore it saith:
The right is marching on!

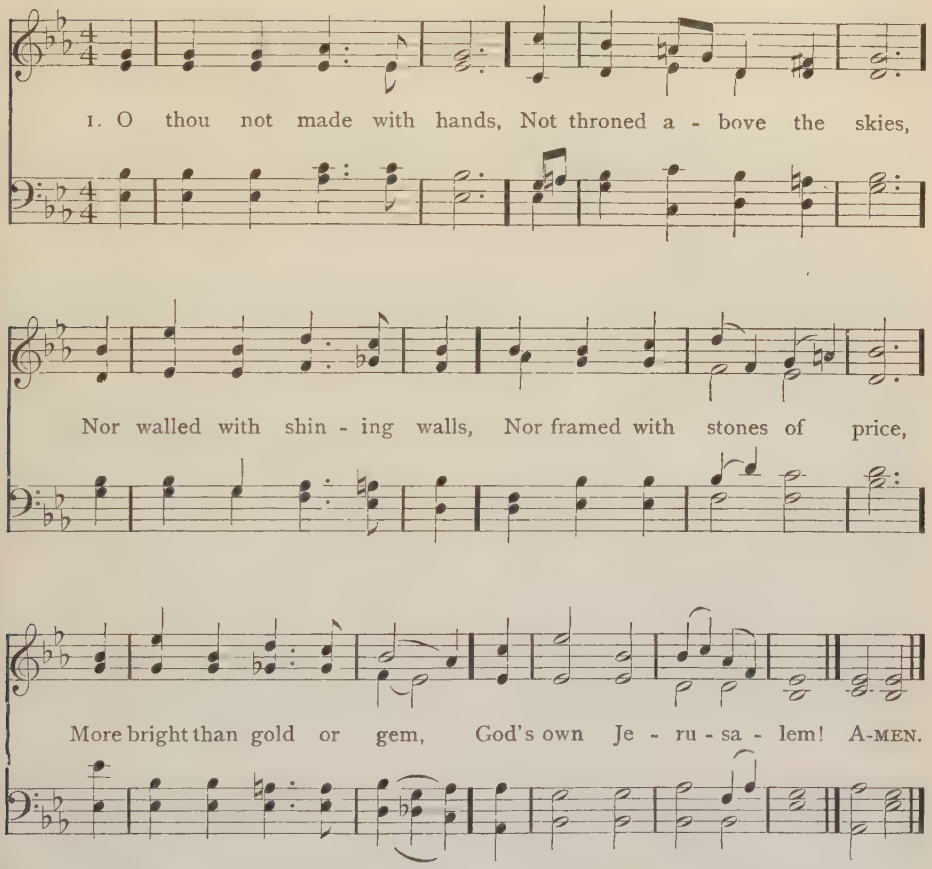
3 The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night;
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright,
And love is marching on!

5 Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory;
Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be;
On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see;
Our God is marching on.

436 Frederick L. Hosmer, 1891

551 QUID RETRIBUAM 6 6 6 6 6 6

John Bacchus Dykes


1. O thou not made with hands, Not throned a - bove the skies,
Nor walled with shin - ing walls, Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem, God's own Je - ru - sa - lem! A-MEN.

2 Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

3 Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

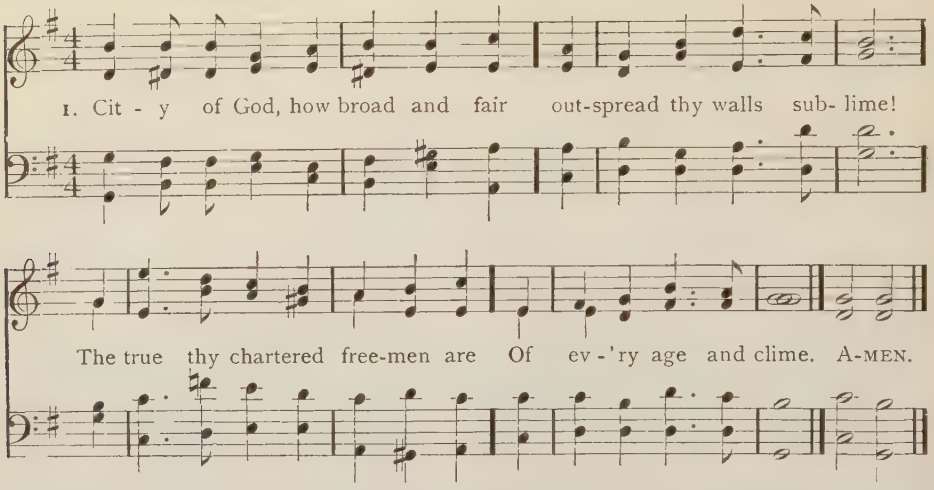
4 Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

5 Not throned above the skies
Nor golden-walled afar,
Bnt where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are;
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

Francis Turner Palgrave

552 NOX PRAECESSIT C. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin



2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent.

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

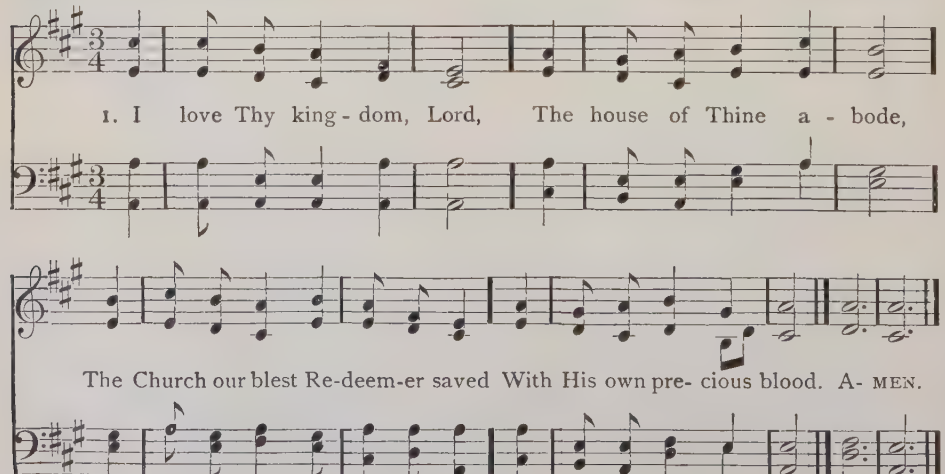
4 How gleam thy watchfires through the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal city stands.

Samuel Johnson, 1860

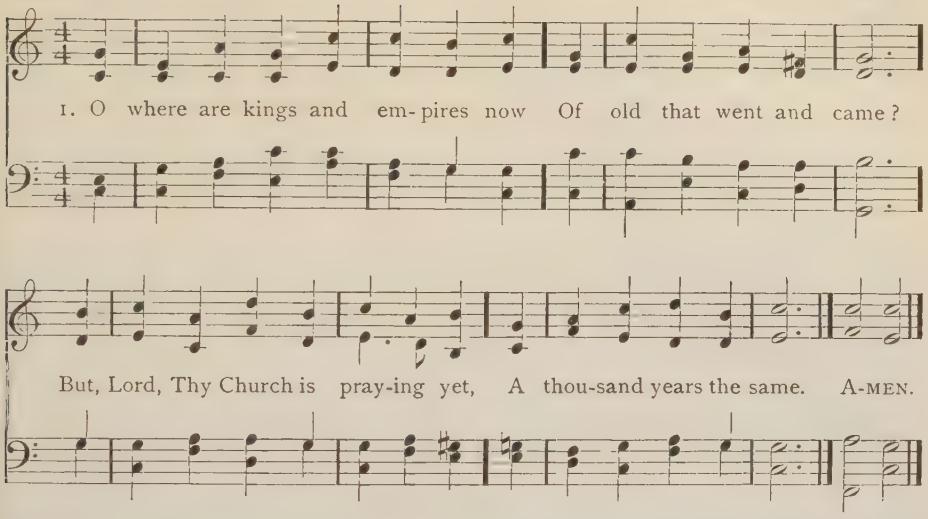
553 STATE STREET S. M.

Jonathan C. Woodman



554 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft, 1708


1. O where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-MEN.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. Cleveland Coxe, 1839

(STATE STREET)

2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend,
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

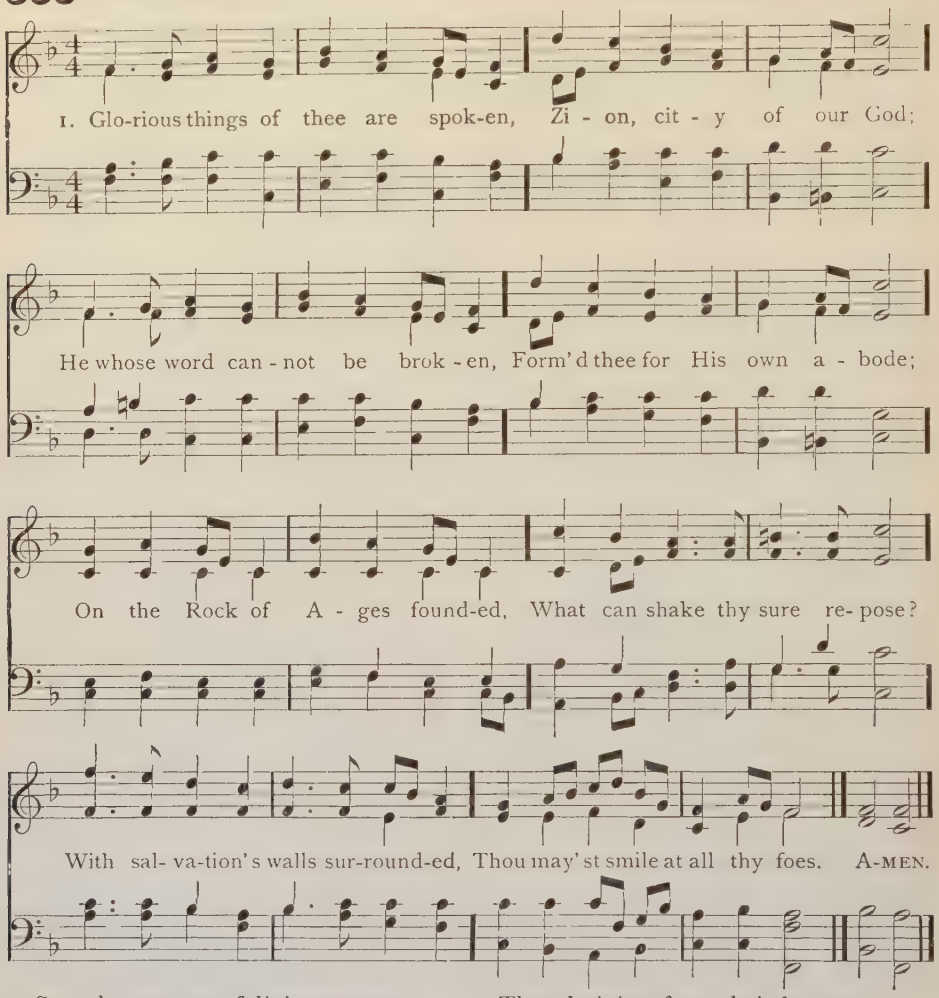
5 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800

555 AUSTRIA 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Franz Joseph Haydn, 1797


1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
He whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode;
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re- pose?
With sal- va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-MEN.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

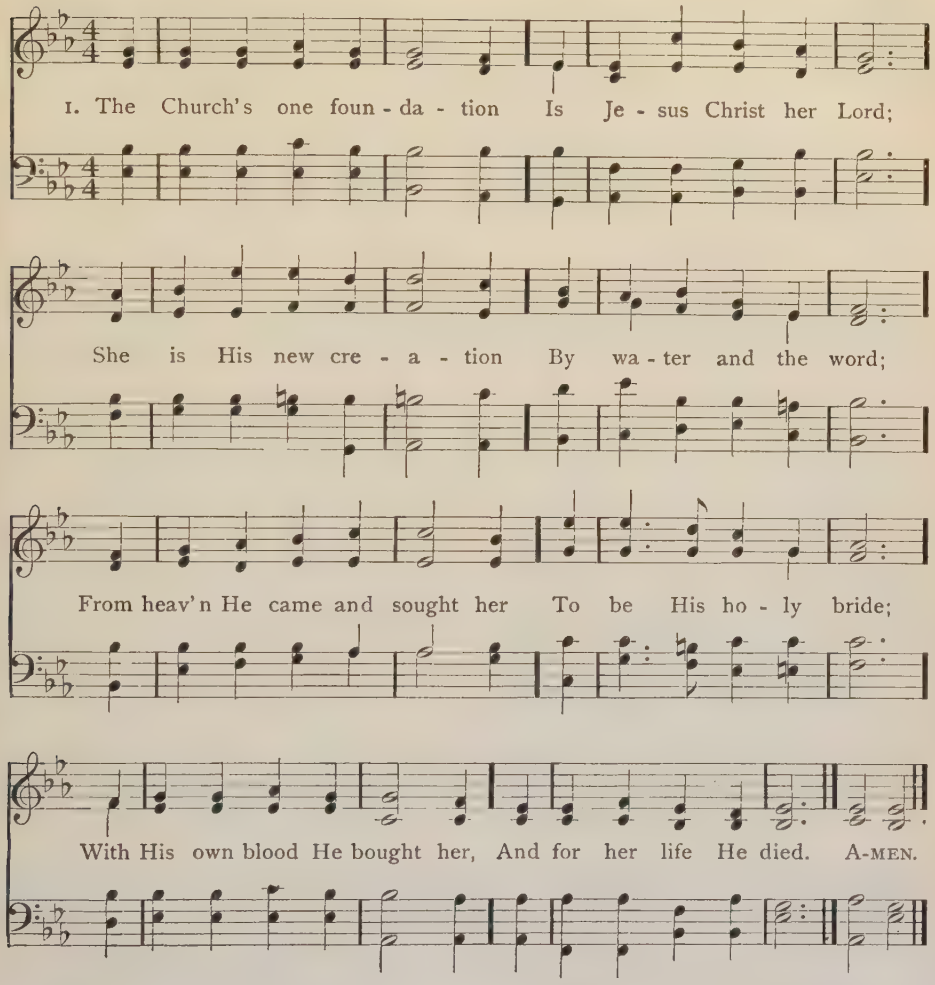
3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Washed in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God.
'Tis His love His people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, His solemn praises
Each for a thank-offering brings.

John Newton, 1779

556 AURELIA 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Samuel S. Wesley, 1864


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-MEN.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

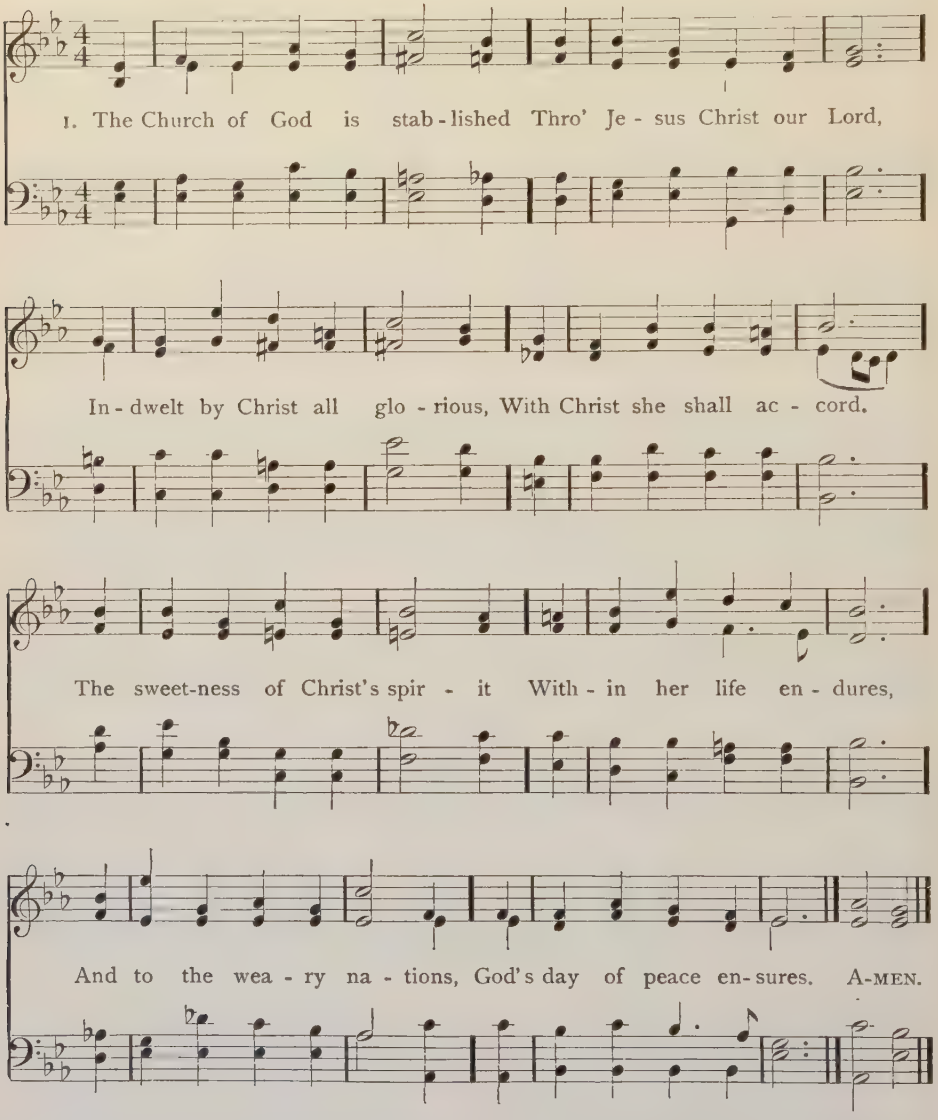
3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace, that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

Samuel J. Stone, 1866

557 GARFIRTH 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Robert P. Stewart, 1868

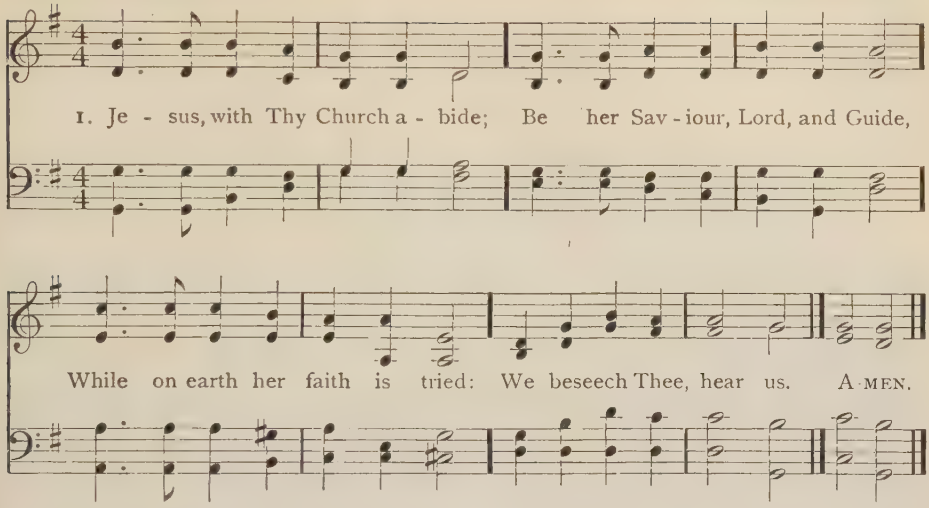

1. The Church of God is stab-lished Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord,
In-dwelt by Christ all glo-rious, With Christ she shall ac-cord.
The sweet-ness of Christ's spir-it With-in her life en-dures,
And to the wea-ry na-tions, God's day of peace en-sures. A-MEN.

2 The Church of God enshrineth
Whate'er true men hold dear,
And with her strength doth cherish
The visions of the seer.
The patience of Christ's spirit
Within her heart abides;
To hope she still doth witness,
Whatever ill betides.

3 The Church of God belongeth
To men of every time:
Christ is the elder brother
Of men of every clime.
The justice of Christ's spirit
Shall in the Church remain,
Until in some glad future
Men brotherhood attain.

558 LITANY 7 7 7 6

Arthur Sullivan



2 May she one in doctrine be,
One in truth and charity,
Winning all to faith in Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

3 May she guide the poor and blind,
Seek the lost until she find,
And the broken-hearted bind:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

4 Judge her not for work undone;
Judge her not for fields unwon;
Bless her works in Thee begun:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

5 May her lamp of truth be bright;
Bid her bear aloft its light
Through the realms of heathen night:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

6 May her scattered children be
From reproach of evil free,
Blameless witnesses for Thee:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

7 May she holy triumphs win,
Overthrow the hosts of sin,
Gather all the nations in:
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Thomas Benson Pollock

(GARFIRTH)

4 The Church of God increaseth
Through sacrifice and pain,
Through travail and through sorrow
She makes her constant gain.
The passion of Christ's spirit
Ne'er from the Church shall die:
Love shall the sin-vexed peoples
Redeem and sanctify.

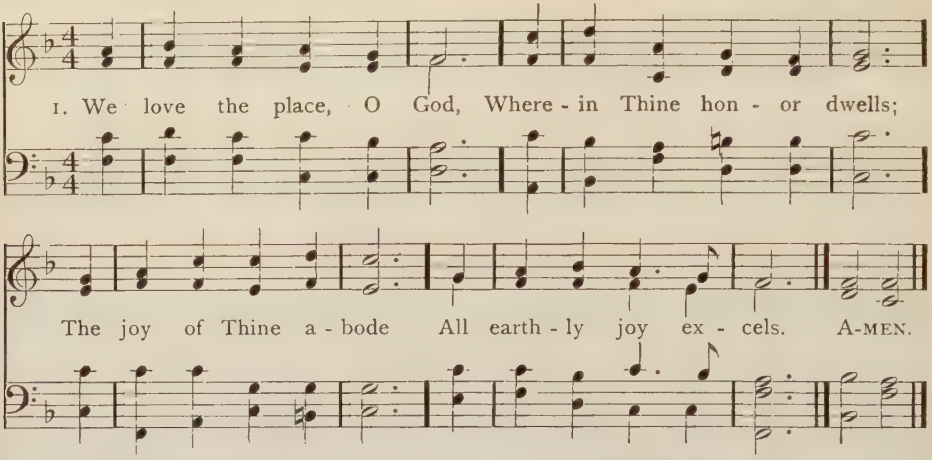
5 The Church of God enfoldeth
Earth's tried and purified,
And gathers all the needy
For whom the Master died.
The splendor of Christ's spirit
The Church shall glorify,
And fit earth's humble people
To be the Church on high.

6 The Church of God endureth,
Though vexed with inward strife;
To God's sure end she moveth,
For Christ is her true life.
The power of Christ's strong spirit
The Church shall unify,
When, all names lost in One Name,
The kingdom draweth nigh.

Lucius H. Thayer

559 QUAM DILECTA 6 6 6 6

Henry Lascelles Jenner



2 It is the house of prayer,
Wherein Thy servants meet;
And Thou, O Lord, art there
Thy chosen flock to greet.

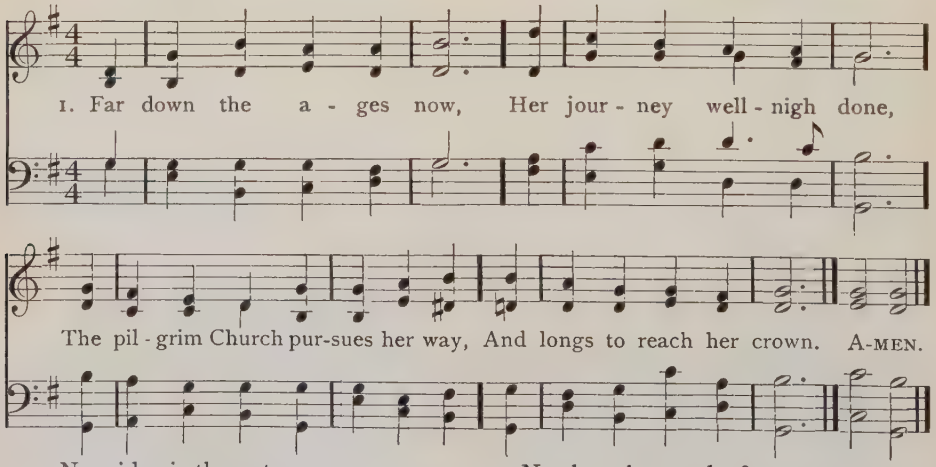
3 We love the Word of Life,
The Word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
And joys that never cease.

4 We love to sing below
For mercies freely given;
But oh, we long to know
The triumph-song of heaven.

William Bullock; alt. by Henry Williams Baker

560 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

From Daye's Psalter



2 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.

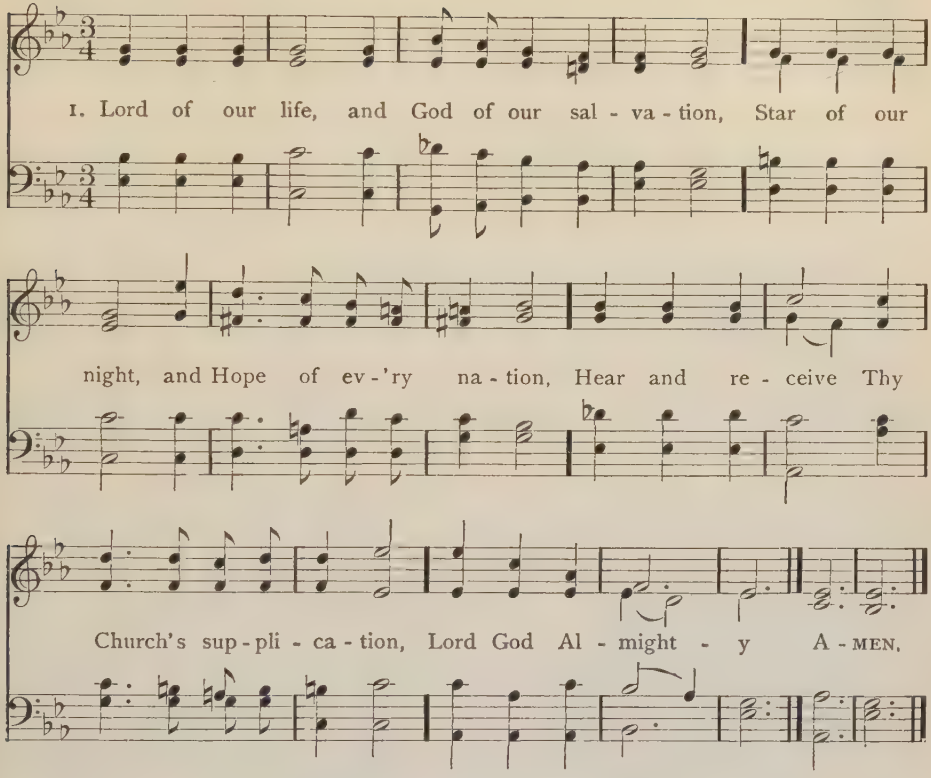
3 No feebler is the foe,
No slacker grows the fight,
Nor less the need of armor tried,
Of shield and helmet bright.

4 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where He leads the way,
The kingdom still in view.

Horatius Bonar

561 CLOISTERS 11 11 11 5

Joseph Barnby, 1868


1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our
night, and Hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy
Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y A - MEN.

2 See 'round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth;
Lord, Thou canst save when sin itself assaileth;
Christ, o'er Thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth:
Grant us Thy peace, Lord:

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging:
Calm Thy foes' raging.

5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;
Grant peace on earth, or, after we have striven,
Peace in Thy heaven.

Matthäus A. von Löwenstern, 1644: Tr. by Philip Pusey

562 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

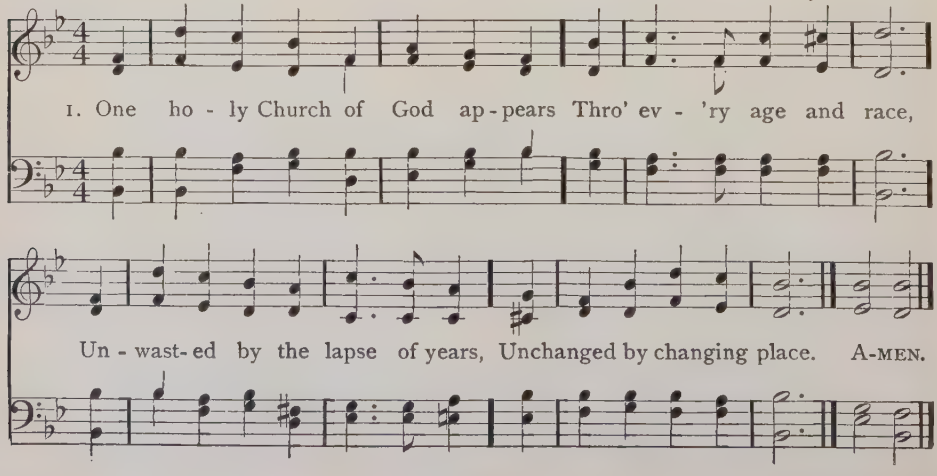
5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

John Fawcett

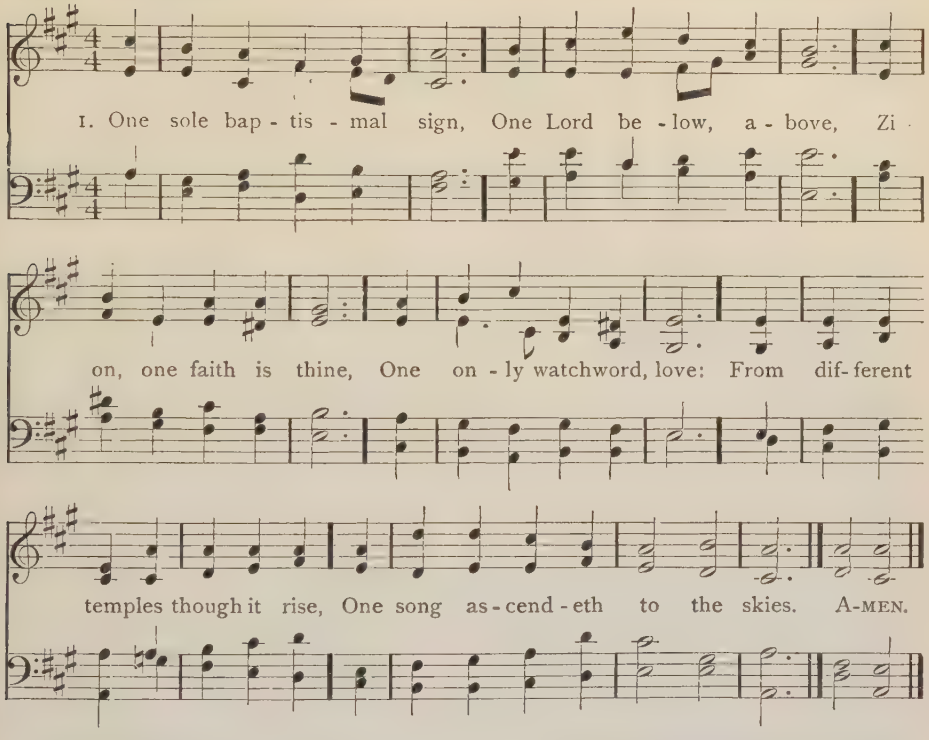
563 HOLY CROSS C. M.

Anon.



564 ST. GODRIC 6 6 6 6 8 8

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862


1. One sole bap - tis - mal sign, One Lord be - low, a - bove, Zi -
on, one faith is thine, One on - ly watchword, love: From dif - ferent
temples though it rise, One song as - cend - eth to the skies. A-MEN.

2 Our Sacrifice is one;
One Priest before the throne,
The slain, the risen Son,
Redeemer, Lord alone:
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 O may that holy prayer,
His tenderest and His last,
His constant, latest care
Ere to His throne He passed,
No longer unfulfilled remain,
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy church beneath,
The catholic, the true,
On all her members breathe,
Her broken frame renew:
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,
When Christians love and live as one.

George W. Robinson, 1742

(HOLY CROSS)

2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence, or with psalm.

3 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love her communion-cup.

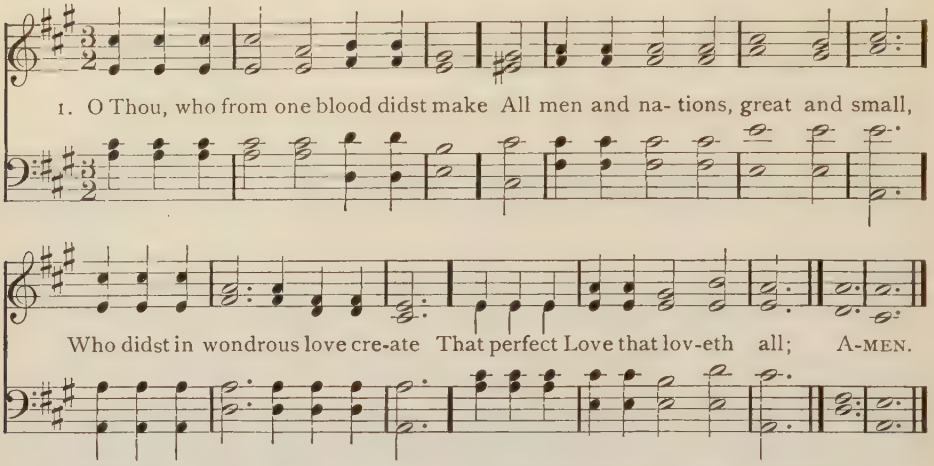
4 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errand swift,
Do make her pilgrimage.

5 O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

Samuel Longfellow

565 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832


1. O Thou, who from one blood didst make All men and na- tions, great and small,
Who didst in wondrous love cre-ate That perfect Love that lov-eth all; A-MEN.

2 O give us grace to lay to heart
The dangers by division wrought,
To live a life of love in Christ,
And learn the lesson He hath taught.

3 One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one
Almighty King, on Whom we call,
One way on earth, one hope of heaven,
One God and Father of us all;—

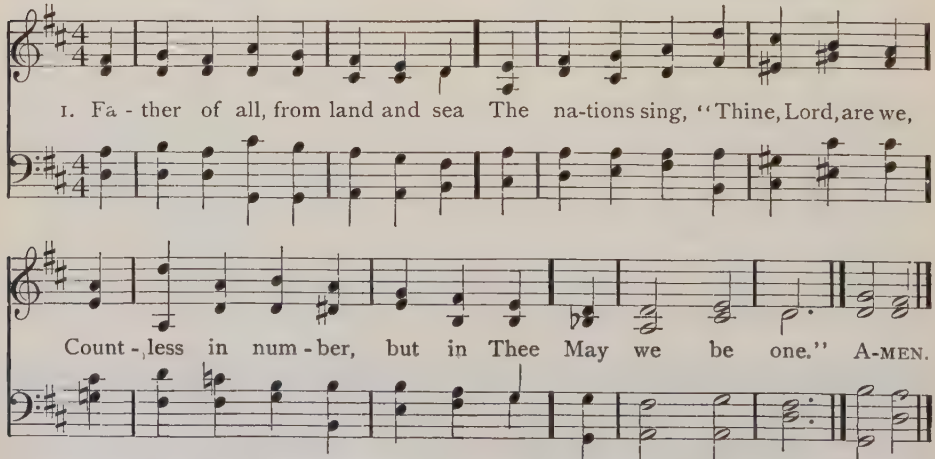
4 So may we all in heart and mind
Be one in Thee, and live to share
The wants of others, and combine
Our common wants in common prayer;

5 Until we all be one, as Thou
Art One with Thine eternal Son,
One with Thy saints on earth below,
And still to endless ages, One.

Godfrey Thring

566 ST. JOSEPH 8 8 8 4

J. Baptiste Calkin

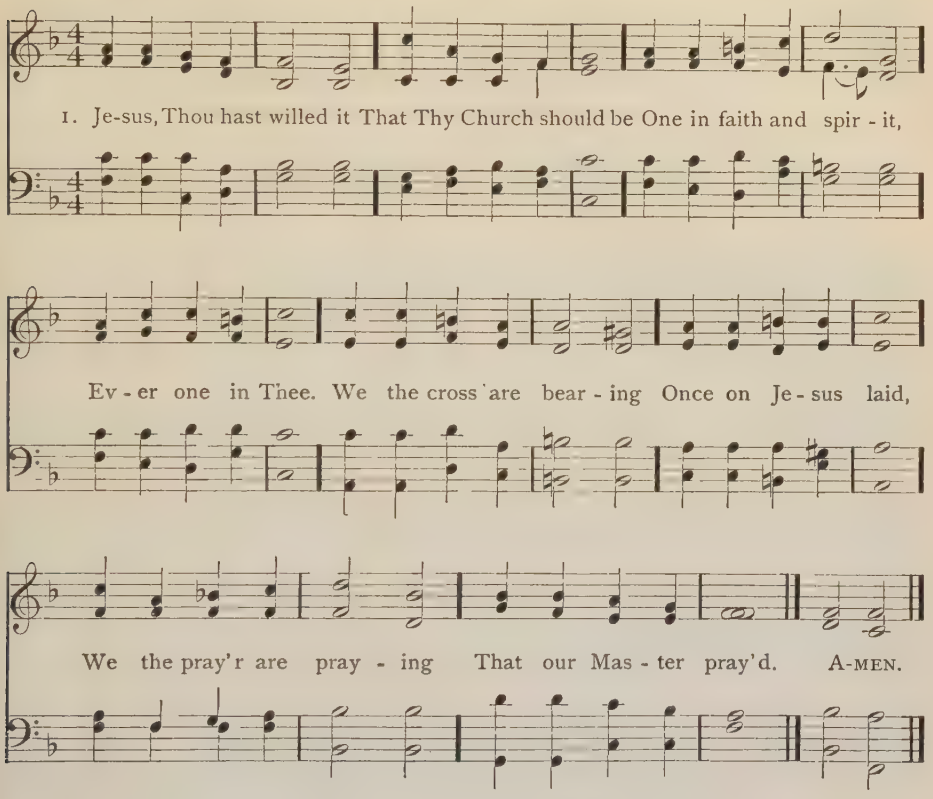


2 O Son of God, Whose love so free
For men did make Thee man to be,
United to our God in Thee
May we be one.

3 Join high and low, join young and old
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one fold,
Make us all one.

567 ENTREATY 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5

Edwin George Monk


1. Je-sus, Thou hast willed it That Thy Church should be One in faith and spir - it,
Ev - er one in Thee. We the cross are bear - ing Once on Je - sus laid,
We the pray'r are pray - ing That our Mas - ter pray'd. A-MEN.

2 Though the time be distant,
Still we watch and pray,
E'en though faint and weary,
Waiting for the day
When the Church, uniting,
In one host shall fight
'Gainst the powers of darkness
In the Lord's own might.

3 When the fight is over,
When the strife is done,
When our cause has conquered,
When the Church is one,
East and west together
Joining hand in hand,
Lead Thy people onward
To the pleasant land.

Henry Jenner

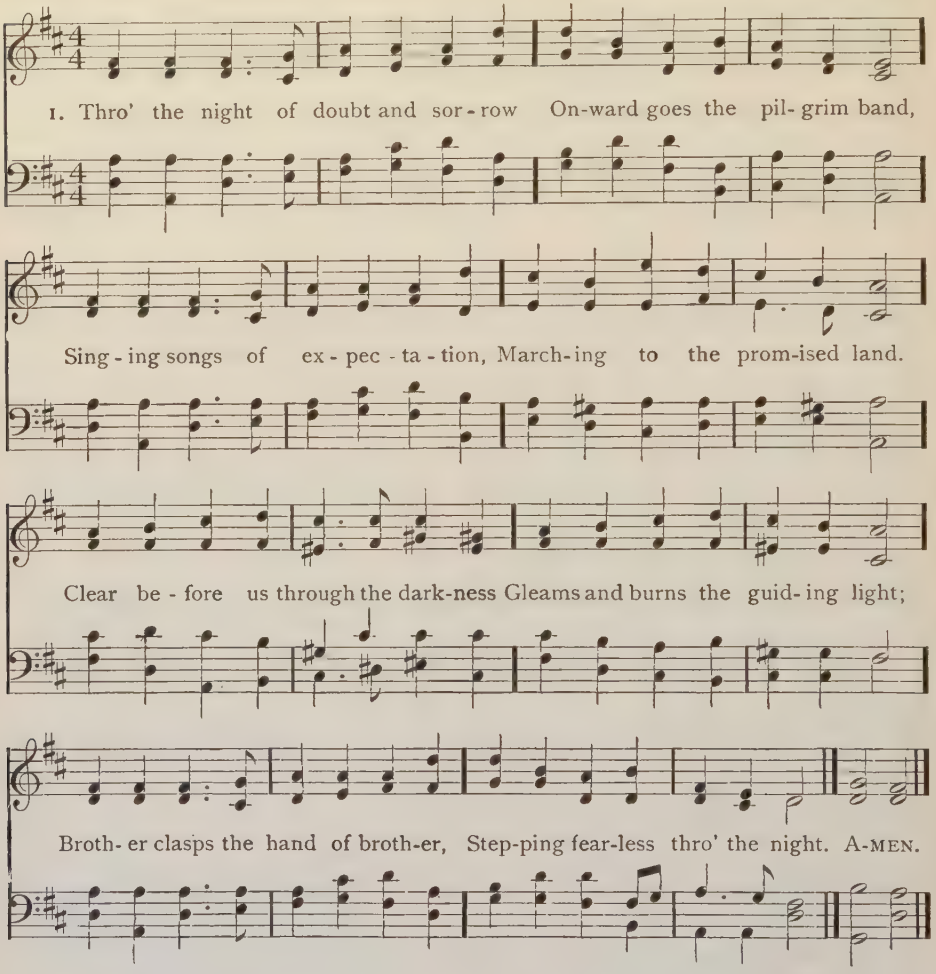
(ST. JOSEPH)

4 O Spirit blest, Who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

Christopher Wordsworth

568 ST. ASAPH 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

William S. Bambridge, 1872


1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor-row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
Sing-ing songs of ex-pec-ta-tion, March-ing to the prom-ised land.
Clear be-fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing light;
Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night. A-MEN.

2 One, the light of God's own presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One, the object of our journey,
One, the faith which never tires,
One, the earnest looking forward,
One, the hope our God inspires.

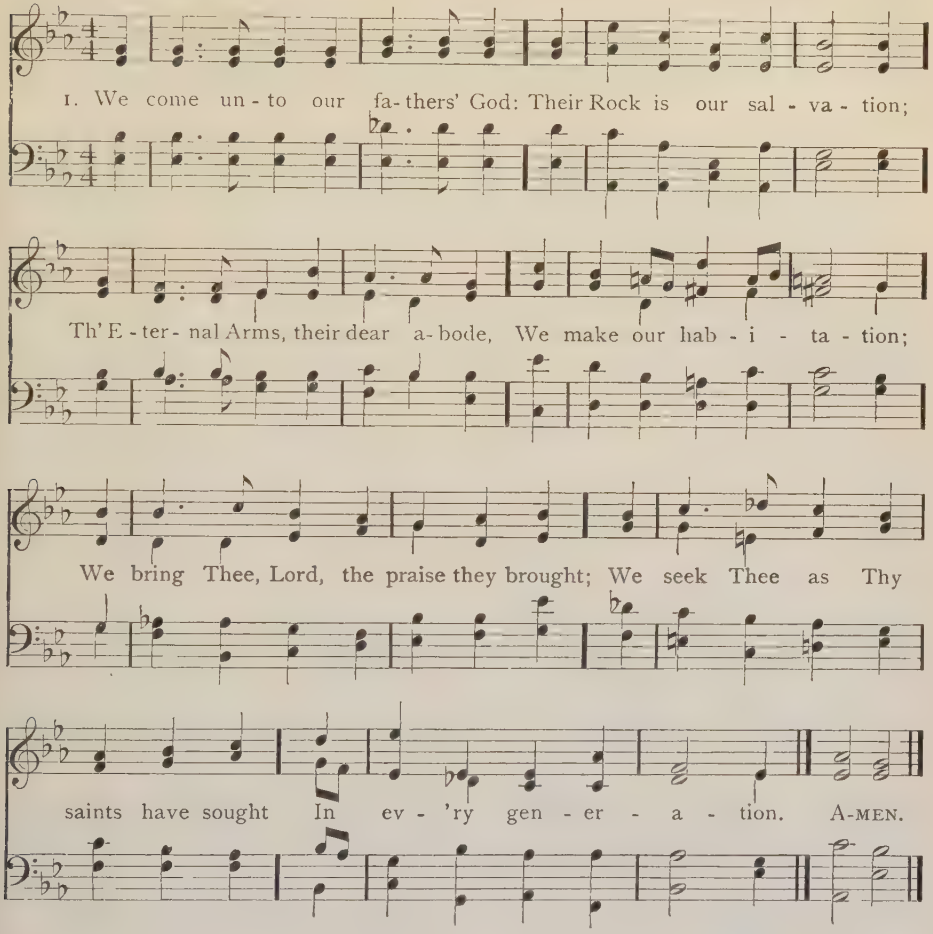
3 One, the strain which lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One, the march in God begun:
One, the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the cross our aid;
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom.

Bernhardt S. Ingemann, 1825 Tr. S. Baring-Gould, 1867, 1875

569 THE GOLDEN CHAIN 8 7 8 7 8 8 7

Joseph Barnby, 1887


1. We come un - to our fa-thers' God: Their Rock is our sal - va - tion;
Th' E - ter - nal Arms, their dear a-bode, We make our hab - i - ta - tion;
We bring Thee, Lord, the praise they brought; We seek Thee as Thy
saints have sought In ev - 'ry gen - er - a - tion. A-MEN.

2 The fire divine, their steps have led,
Still goeth bright before us;
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

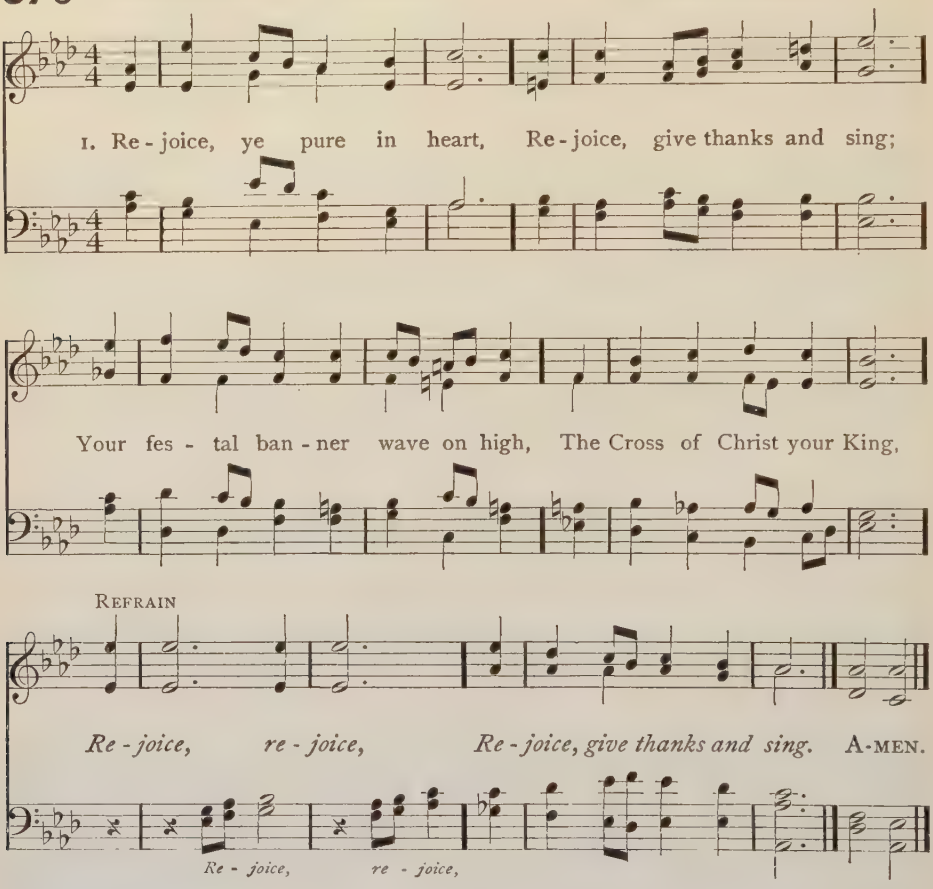
3 Their joy unto their Lord we bring;
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us His music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

4 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

Thomas H. Gill, 1868

570 MARION S. M. With Refrain

Arthur H. Messiter, 1883


1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks and sing;
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, The Cross of Christ your King,
REFRAIN
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing. A-MEN.
Re - joice, re - joice,

2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,
Strong men and maidens meek,
Raise high your free, exulting song,
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With voice as full and strong
As ocean's surging praise,
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,
The psalms of ancient days.

4 With all the angel choirs,
With all the saints on earth,
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,
True rapture, noblest mirth.

5 Yes on, through life's long path,
Still chanting as we go;
From youth to age, by night and day,
In gladness and in woe.

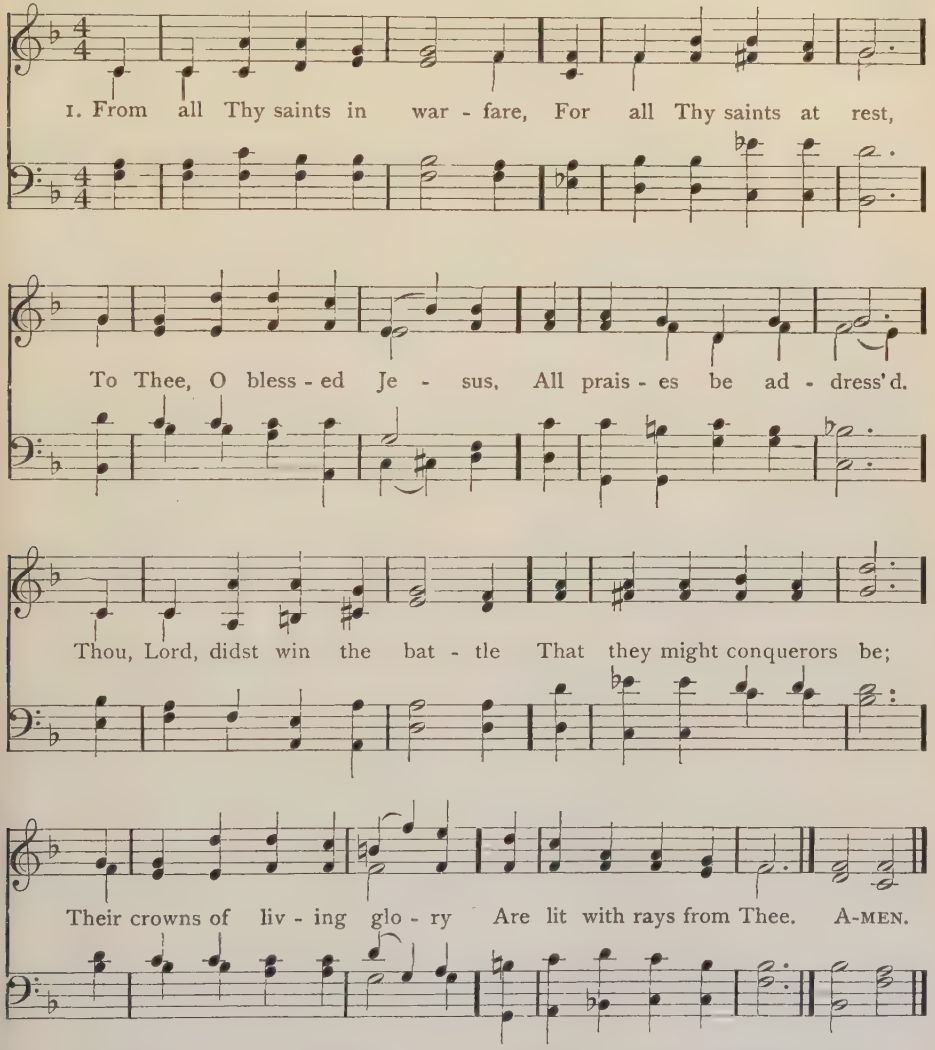
6 At last the march shall end,
The wearied ones shall rest,
The pilgrims find their Father's house,
Jerusalem the blest.

7 Then on, ye pure in heart,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing,
Your festal banner wave on high,
The cross of Christ your King.

Edward H. Plumptre 1865

571 SAVOY CHAPEL 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1887


1. From all Thy saints in war - fare, For all Thy saints at rest,
To Thee, O bless - ed Je - sus, All prais - es be ad - dress'd.
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might conquerors be;
Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A-MEN.

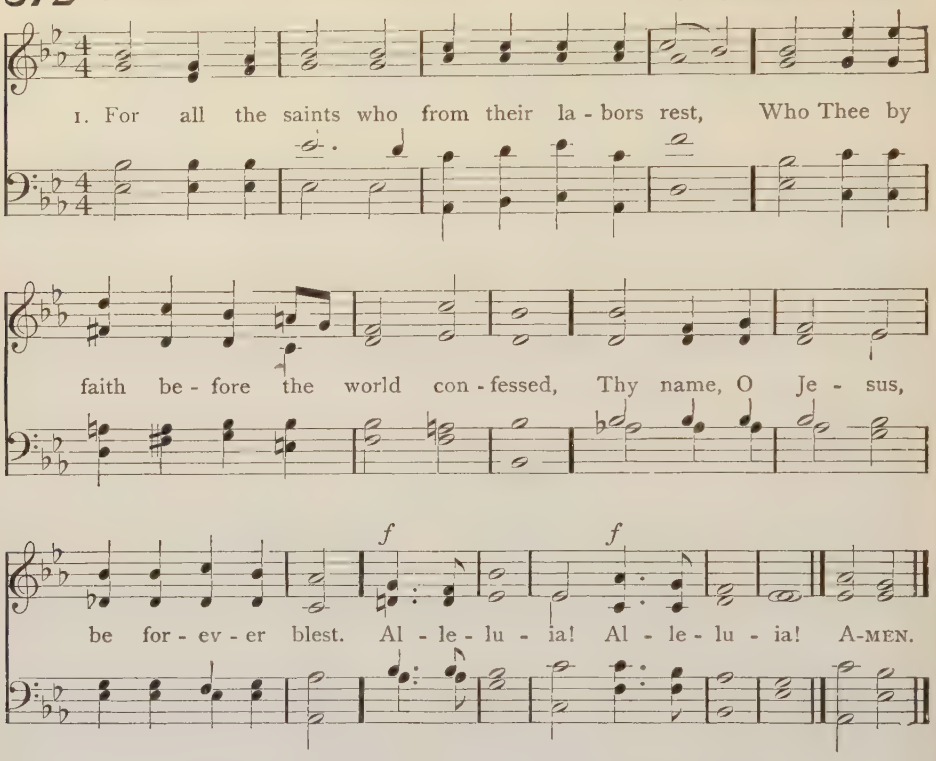
2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we Thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve Thee more and more.

3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before the throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1867

572 SAKUM 10 10 10 With Alleluia

Joseph Barnby, 1869


1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
f
f
be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou, in the darkness drear, their One True Light. Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!

4 O blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!

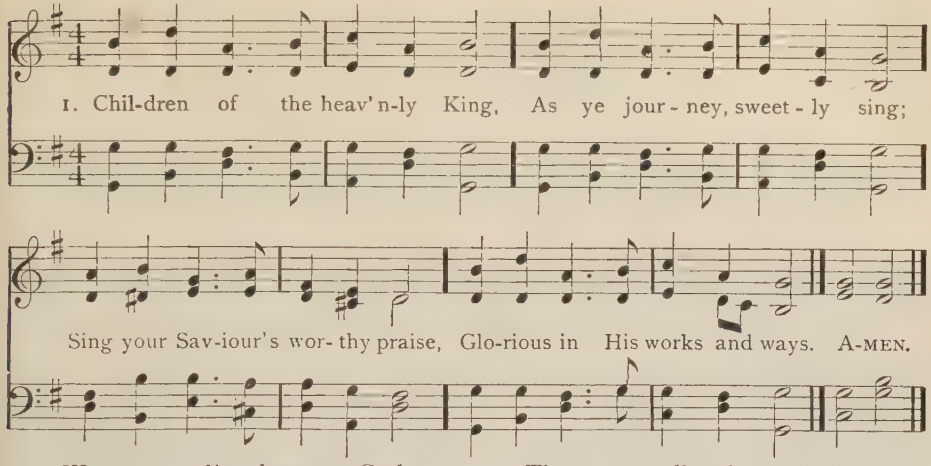
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!

7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Alleluia!

William Walsham How

573 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7 7 7 7

Arr. from Ignaz J. Pleyel, 1790


1. Chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing your Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-MEN.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

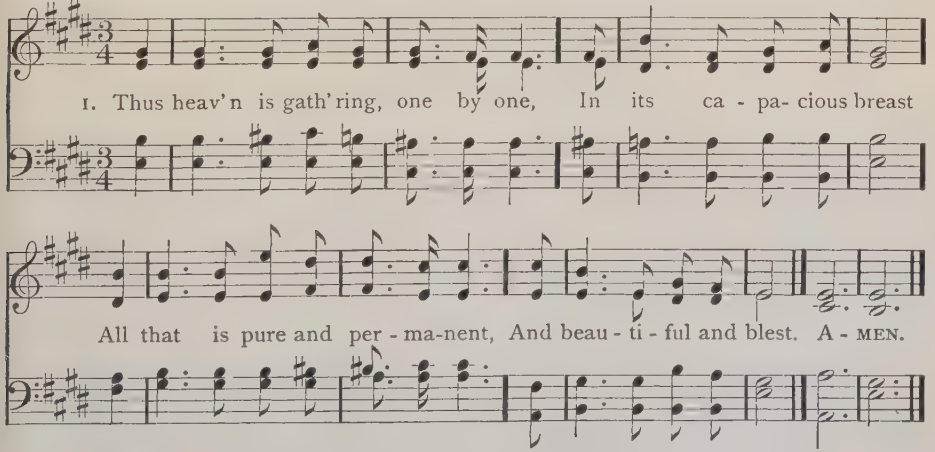
3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

4 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

John Cennick, 1742

574 SERENITY C. M.

Arr. from William Vincent Wallace, 1856



2 The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart,—
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

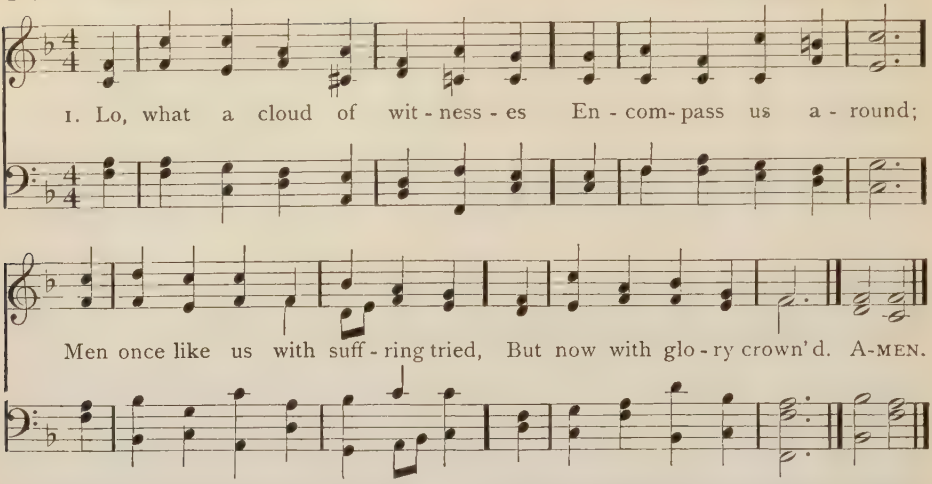
3 But who can speak the rapture when
The circle is complete,
And all the children sundered now
Around our Father meet?

4 One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
One everlasting home!
"Lo, I come quickly!" "Even so,
Amen, Lord Jesus, come!"

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1883

575 MEAR C. M.

Aaron Williams, 1762



2 Unseen, they stand around us now,
Unheard, they chant the psalm,
And bid us share with them the strife
That we may share the palm.

3 Unsought, they seek us in the fight,
And hasten from afar
To cheer us when our spirits faint,
And teach our hands to war.

4 White-robed they move among the stars
And bid us upward gaze
Where Jesus and His cross move on
Through heaven's eternal days.

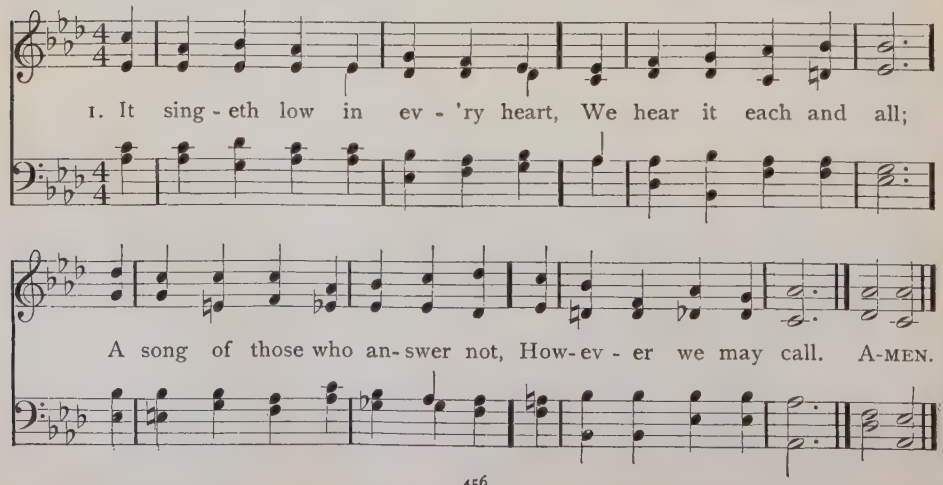
5 He, for the joy before Him set
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now He reigns above.

6 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and His saints,
Triumphantly we stand.

Anon.

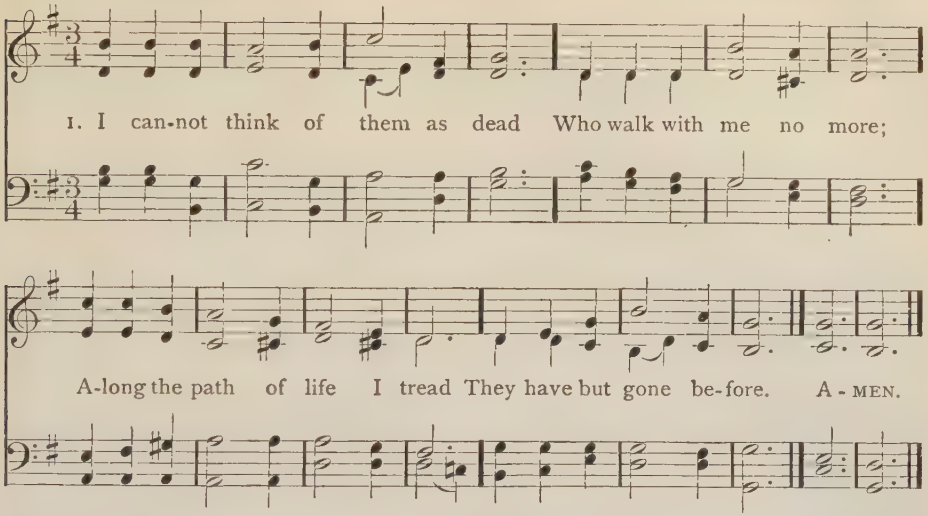
576 MARGUERITE C. M.

Edward C. Walker, 1876



577 ST. AGNES C. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1865



2 The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and here or there
Are living unto Him.

3 And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

4 Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

5 Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

Frederick L. Hosmer, 1882

(MARGUERITE)

2 They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

3 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

4 But, O 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

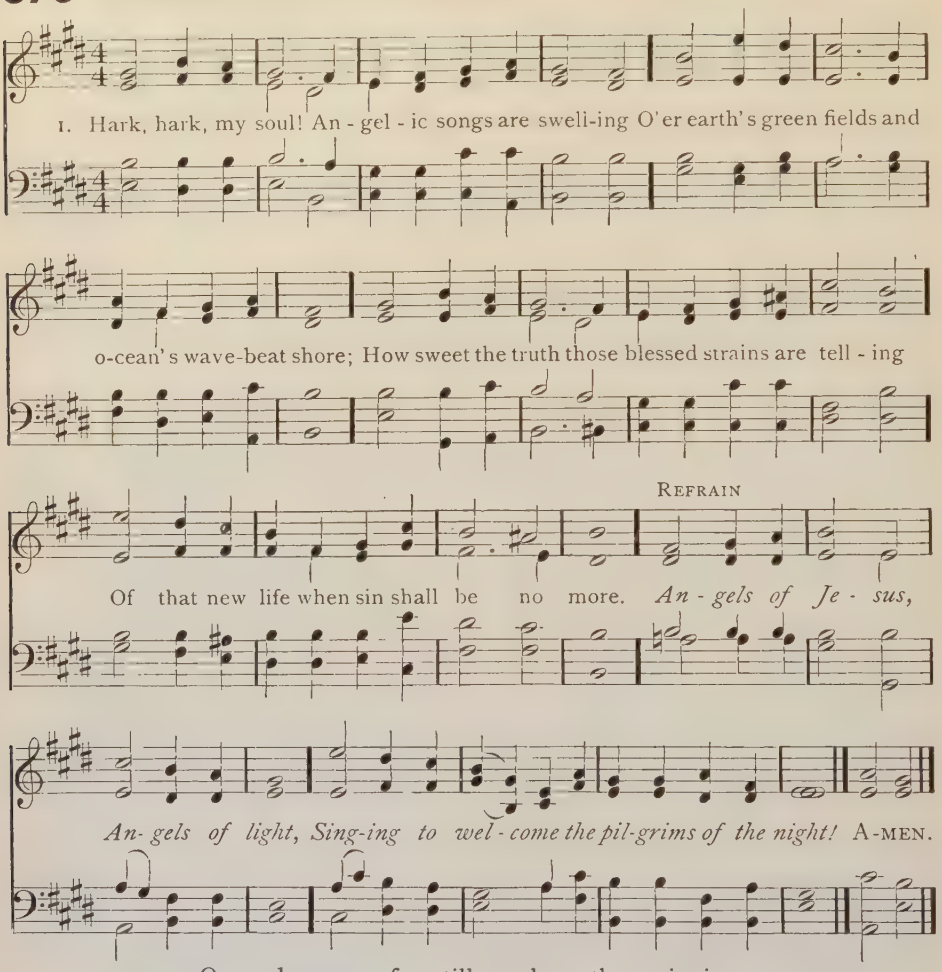
5 More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.

6 They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

John White Chadwick

578 PILGRIMS 11 10 11 10 With Refrain

Henry Smart, 1868


1. Hark, hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing
REFRAIN
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An- gels of light, Sing-ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night! A-MEN.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

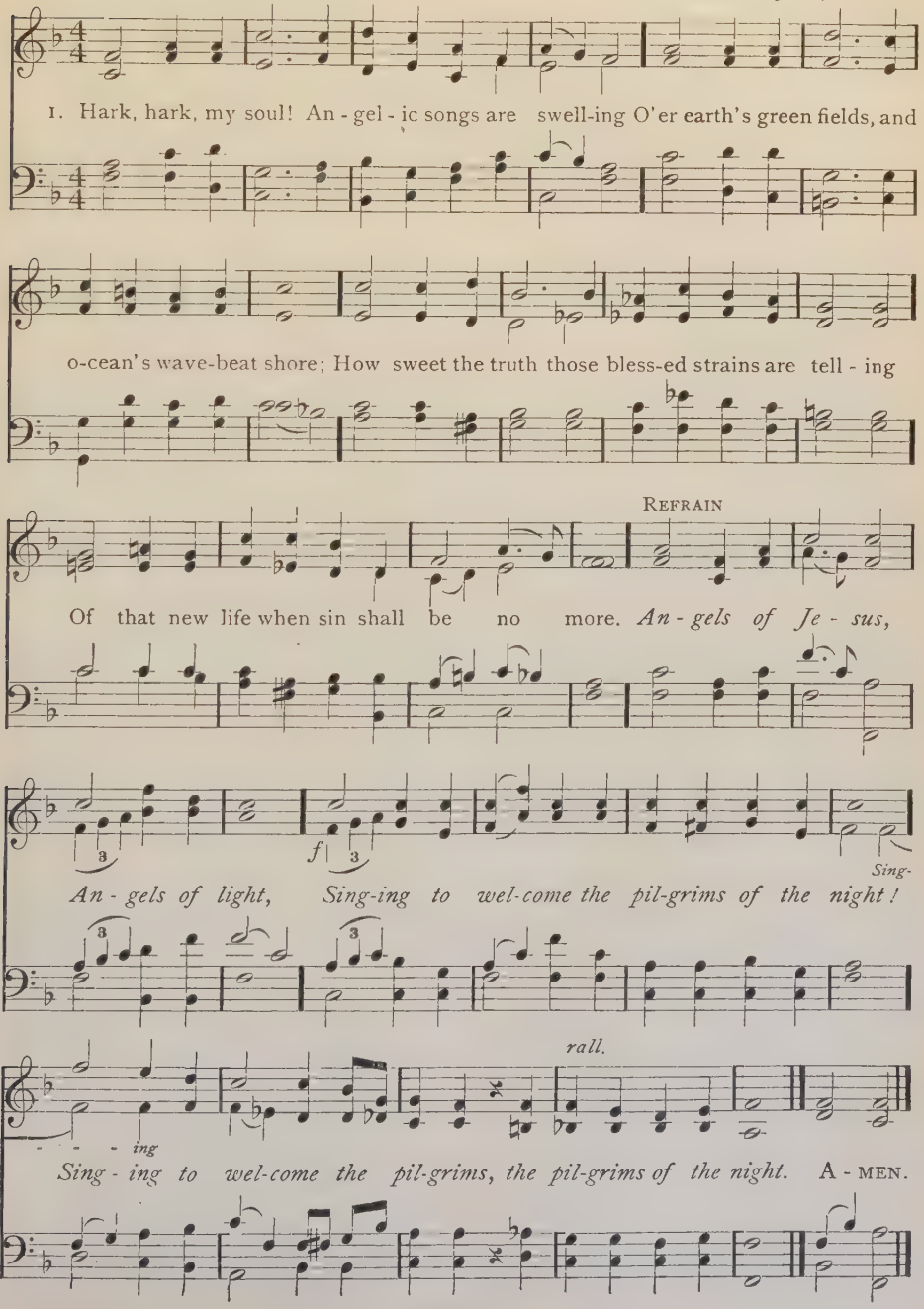
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Frederick W. Faber, 1854

VOX ANGELICA 11 10 11 10 With Refrain (*Second Tune*)

John Bacchus Dykes, 1868


1. Hark, hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and
o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
REFRAIN
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
An - gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pil-grims of the night!
Sing-
rall.
ing
Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - MEN.

579 RUTHERFORD 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834
Har. Edward F. Rimbault, 1867

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
Dark, dark, hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land. A-MEN.

2 O Christ, He is the Fountain,
The deep, sweet Well of love!
The streams of earth I've tasted;
More deep I'll drink above:
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

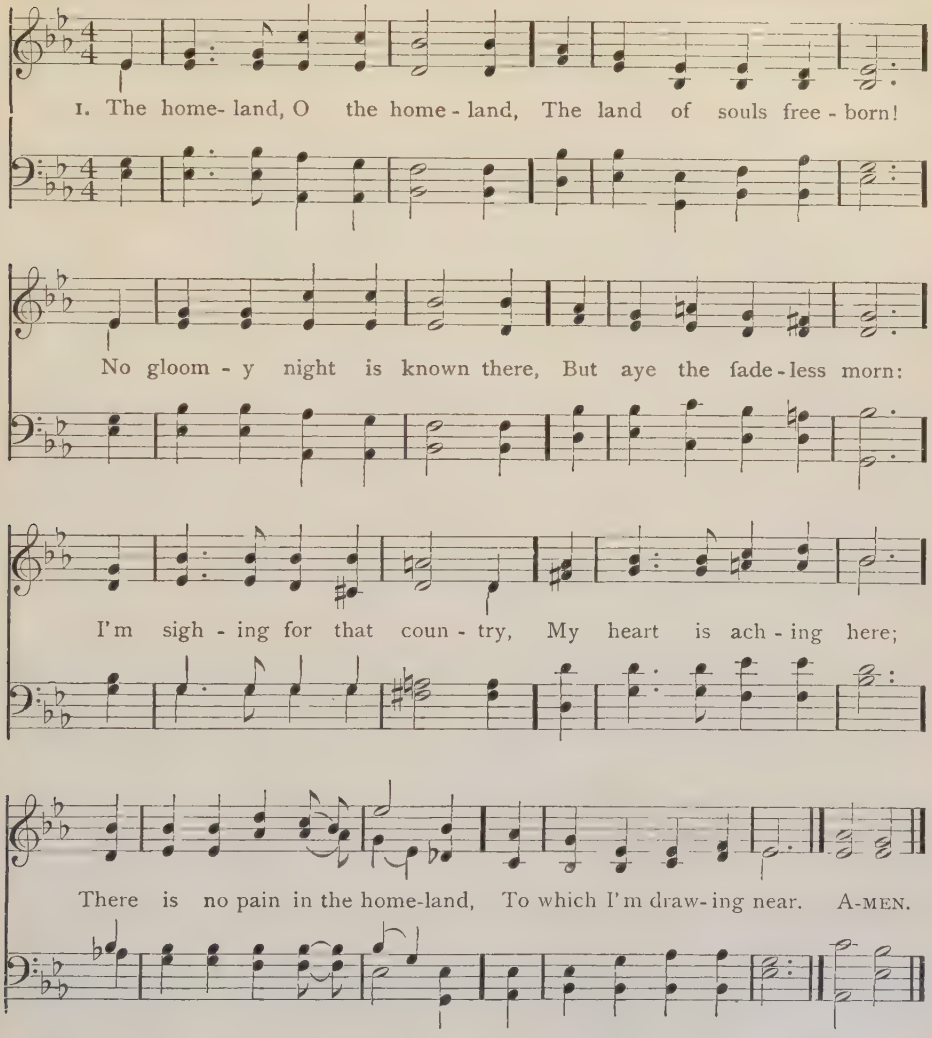
3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were brightened with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin, 1857

580 HOMELAND 7 6 7 6 7 6 7

Arthur Sullivan, 1872


1. The home-land, O the home-land, The land of souls free-born!
No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:
I'm sigh-ing for that coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;
There is no pain in the home-land, To which I'm draw-ing near. A-MEN.

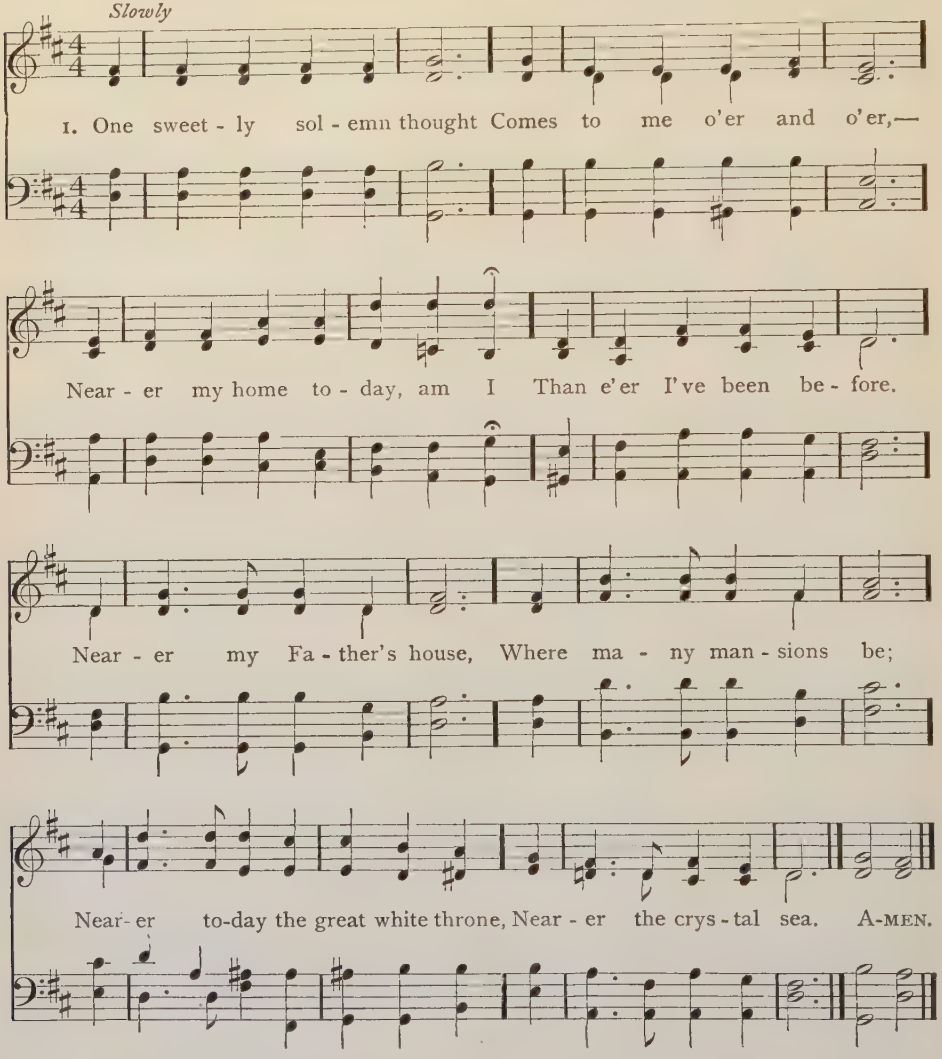
2 My Lord is in the homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the homeland
Are waiting me to come,
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invade their holy home:
O dear, dear native country!
O rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the homeland
Of His eternal love.

Hugh Reginald Haweis, 1872

581 LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

Anon. Har. by Arthur Sullivan, 1872


Slowly
1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—
Near - er my home to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore.
Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;
Near - er to-day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea. A-MEN.

2 Nearer the bound of life
Where burdens are laid down;
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;
Nearer to gain the crown.
But, lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
There rolls the silent, unknown stream
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet
Are slipping on the brink,
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—
Nearer than now I think.
Father, perfect my trust;
Strengthen my spirit's faith;
Nor let me stand, at last, alone
Upon the shore of death.

Phoebe Cary, 1852

582 PARADISE 8 6 8 6 With Refrain

Joseph Barnby, 1866

1. O Par - a - dise! O Par - a - dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
REFRAIN
Where loy - al hearts and true
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap- ture through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight. A-MEN.

2 O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

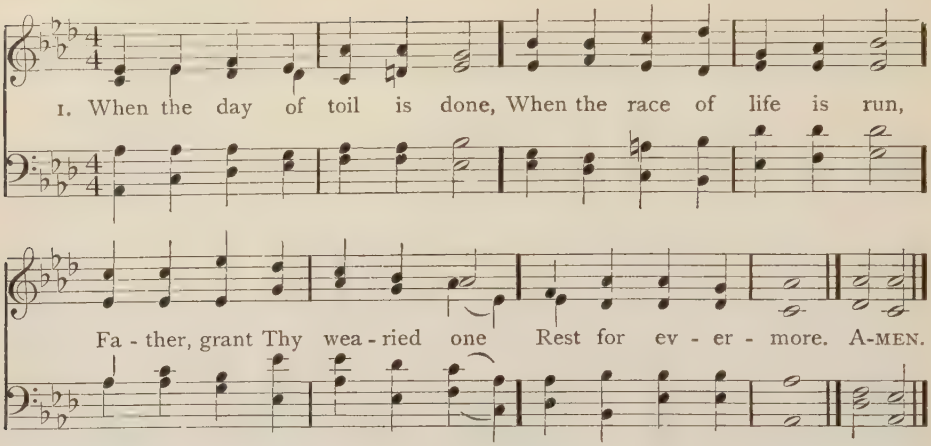
3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

4 Lord Jesus, King of paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

Frederick W. Faber, 1862: Hymns Ancient and Modern, 1868

583 IRENE 7 7 7 5

Clement C. Scholefield, 1874



2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,—
Peace for evermore.

3 When the darkness melts away
At the breaking of Thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray,—
Light for evermore.

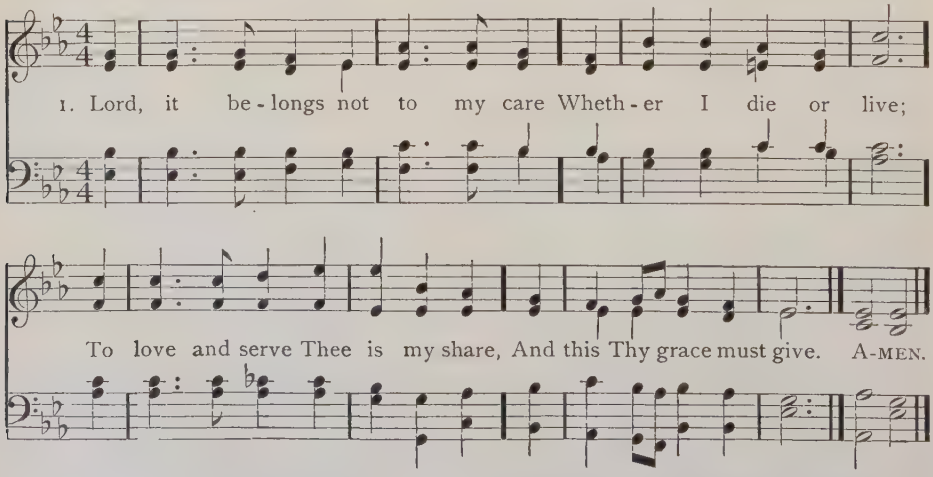
4 When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

5 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of Life, be ours Thy crown,—
Life for evermore.

John Ellerton, 1870

584 GREEN HILL C. M.

Albert L. Peace, 1885

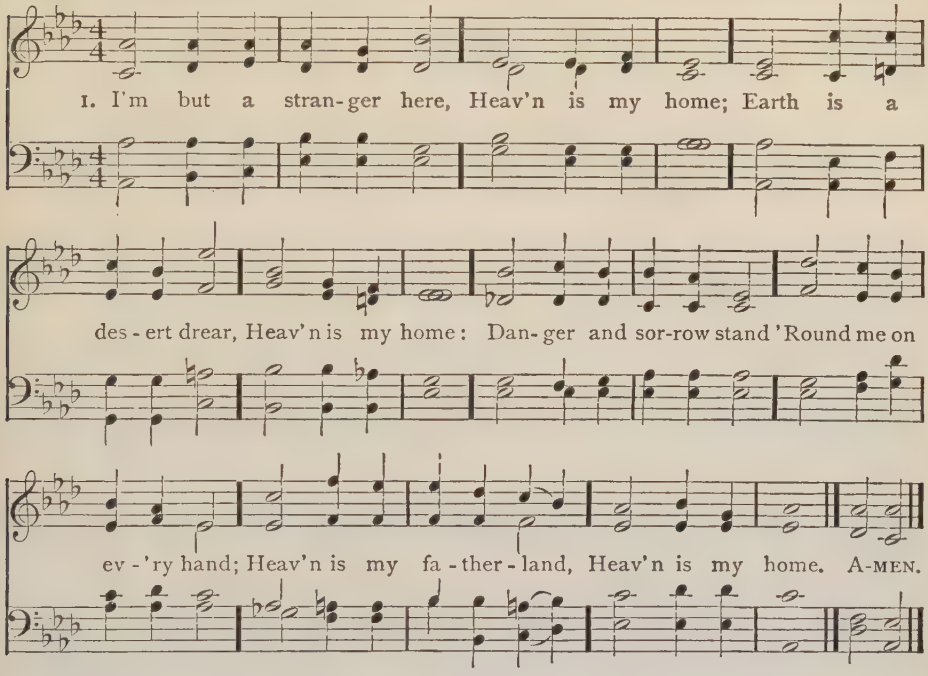


If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may still obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To end earth's toilsome day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

585 ST. EDMUND 6 4 6 4 6 6 6 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1872


1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
des-ert drear, Heav'n is my home: Dan-ger and sor-row stand 'Round me on
ev-'ry hand; Heav'n is my fa-ther-land, Heav'n is my home. A-MEN.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home:
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast;
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best;
And there I too shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

4 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home:
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand;
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Thomas R. Taylor, 1836

(GREEN HILL)

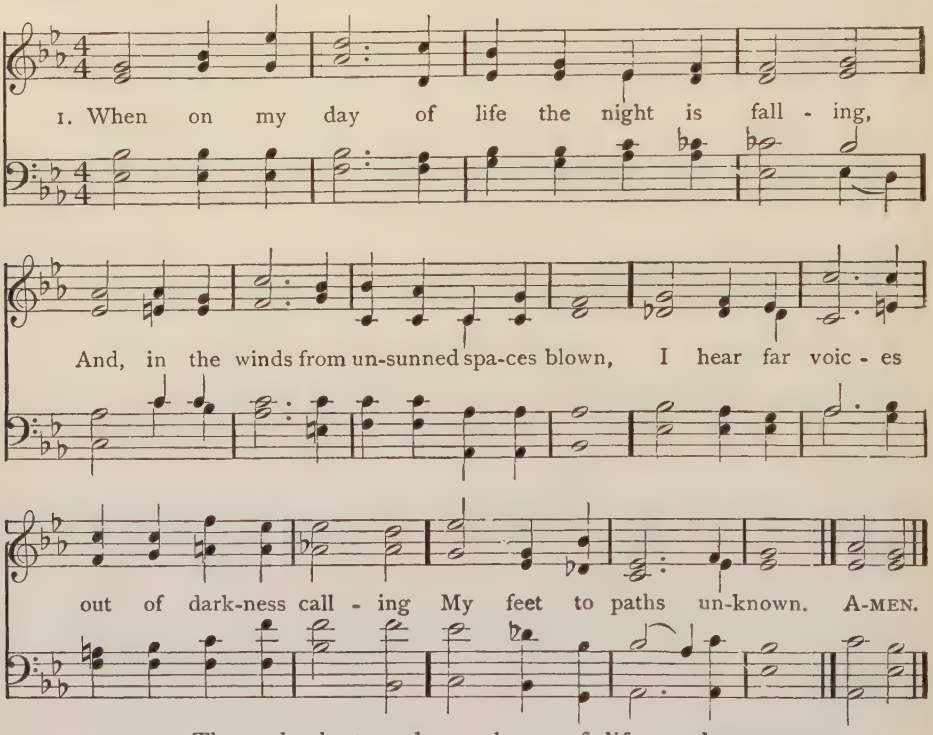
4 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessèd face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Richard Baxter, 1681: v. 1, l. 1, v. 2, l. 4 alt.

586 BIRKDALE 11 10 11 6

Joseph Barnby, 1883


1. When on my day of life the night is fall - ing,
And, in the winds from un-sunned spa-ces blown, I hear far voic - es
out of dark-ness call - ing My feet to paths un-known. A-MEN.

2 Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

3 Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

4 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

5 Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

6 There, from the music 'round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier

587 NEARER HOME S. M. D.

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1852

1. "For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty:
Here in the bod - y pent, Ab - sent from Him I roam,
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home. A-MEN.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil;
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

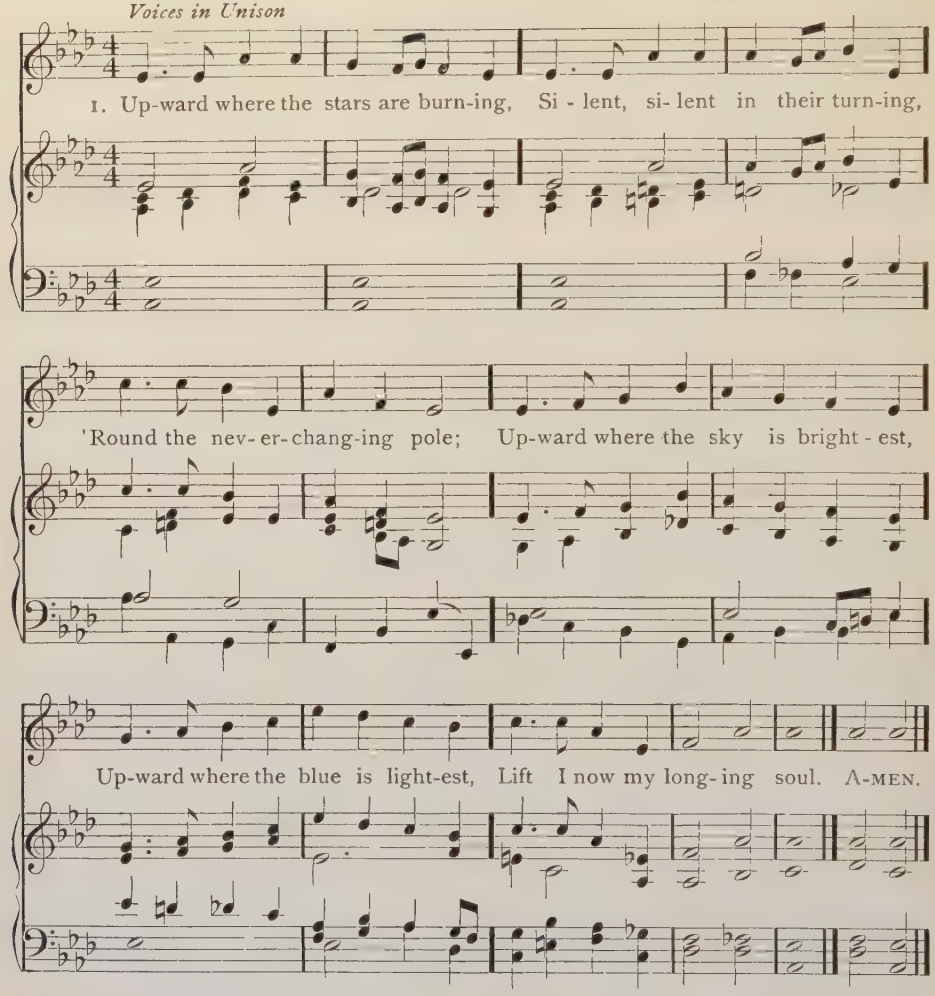
4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

James Montgomery, 1835

588 BONAR 8 8 7 8 8 7

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1866

Voices in Unison


1. Up-ward where the stars are burn-ing, Si - lent, si- lent in their turn-ing,
'Round the nev- er- chang-ing pole; Up-ward where the sky is bright - est,
Up-ward where the blue is light-est, Lift I now my long- ing soul. A-MEN.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair,
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy,
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,
And the discord never comes;
Where life's stream is ever laving,
And the palm is ever waving,
That must be the home of homes.

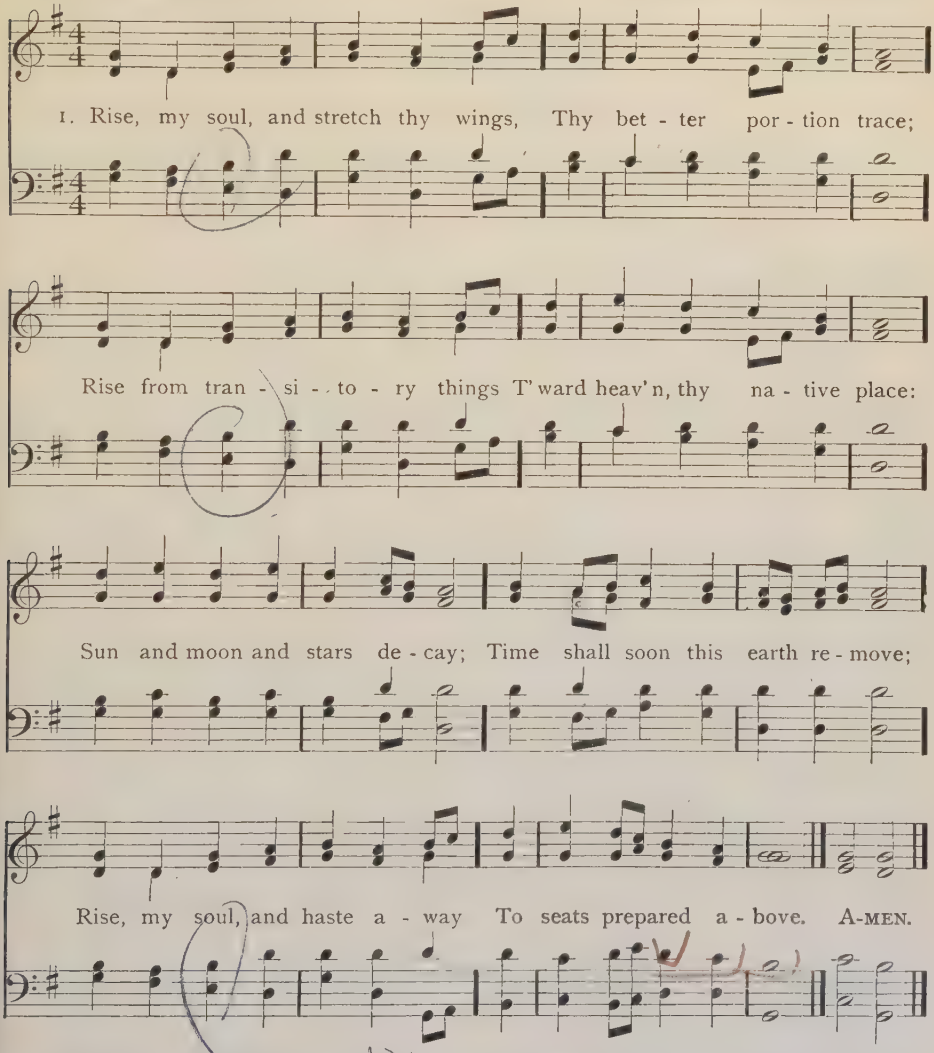
4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted,
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,
Son of God, they own, they own Him;
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at His blessèd feet:
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before His throne we meet.

Horatius Bonar, 1866

589 AMSTERDAM 7 6 7 6 7 7 6

Attributed to James Nares


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy na - tive place:
Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this earth re - move;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove. A-MEN.

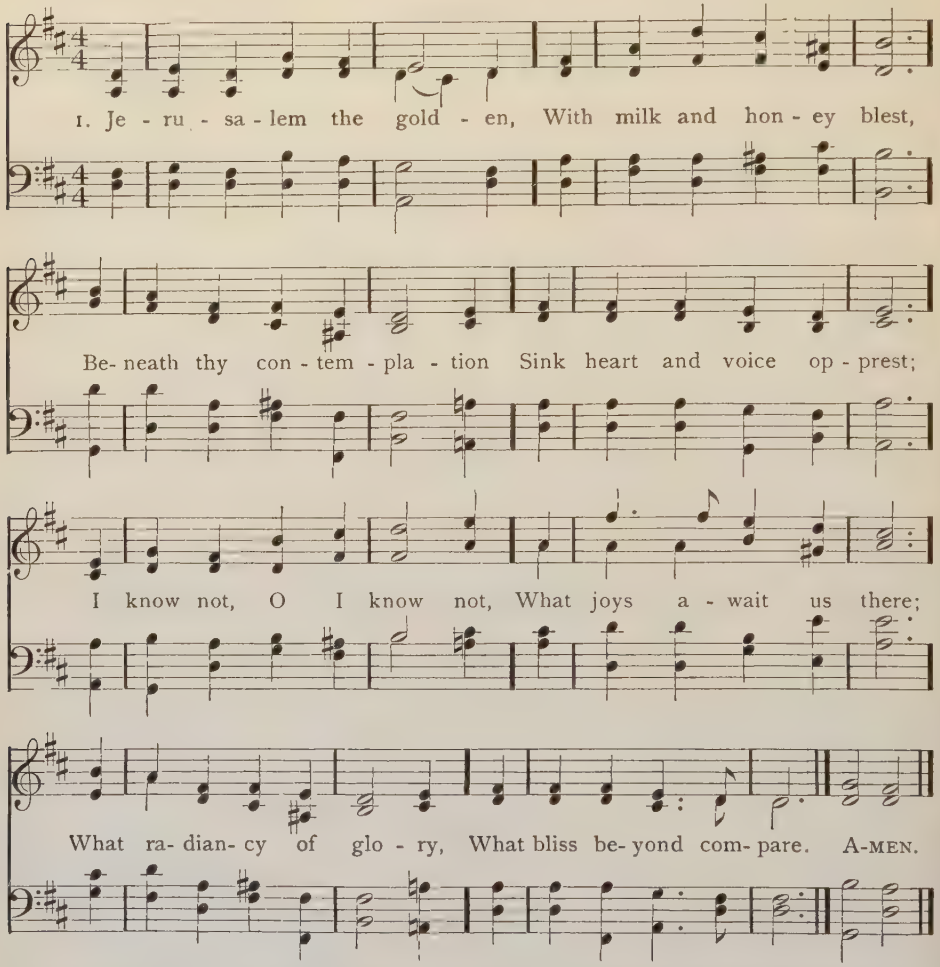
2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So my soul, derived from God,
Pants to view His glorious face,
Forward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1742

590 EWING 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Alexander Ewing, 1853


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,
Be- neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there;
What ra- dian- cy of glo - ry, What bliss be- yond com- pare. A-MEN.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

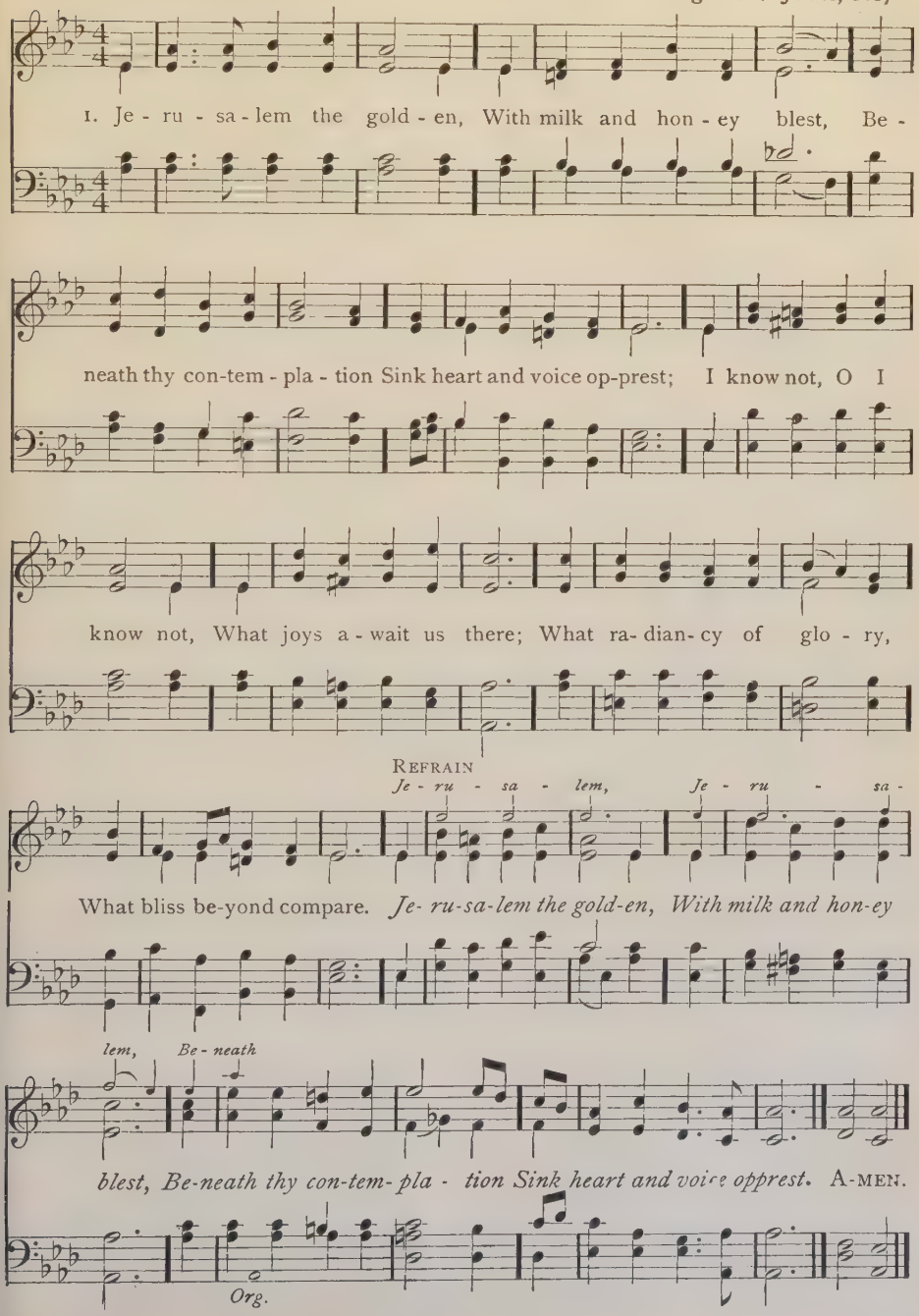
3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145 Trans. by Rev John M. Neale, 1851

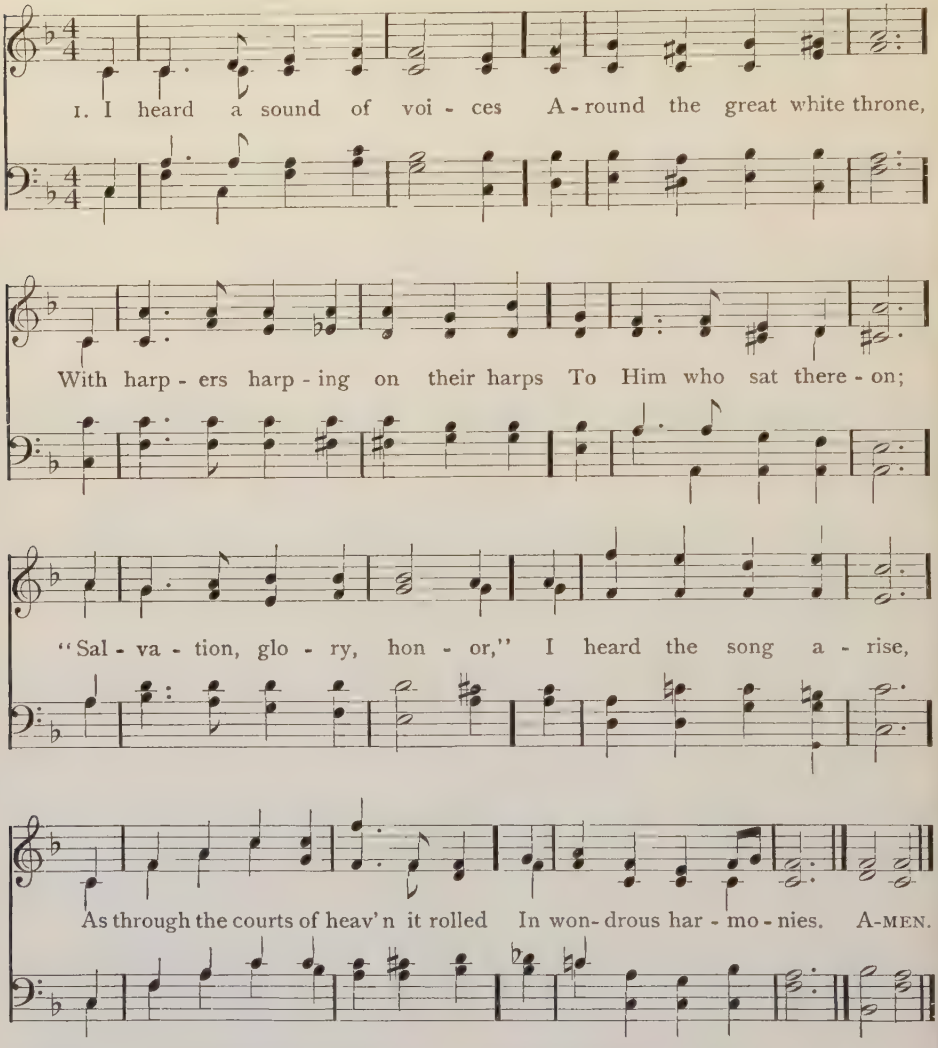
URBS BEATA 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 With Refrain (*Second Tune*)

George F. Le Jeune, 1887


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -
neath thy con-tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, O I
know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry,
REFRAIN
Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa -
What bliss be-yond compare. Je- ru-sa-lem the gold-en, With milk and hon-ey
lem, Be - neath
blest, Be-neath thy con-tem- pla - tion Sink heart and voice opprest. A-MEN.
Org.

591 PATMOS 7 6 8 6 8 6 8 6

Henry J. Storer, 1891

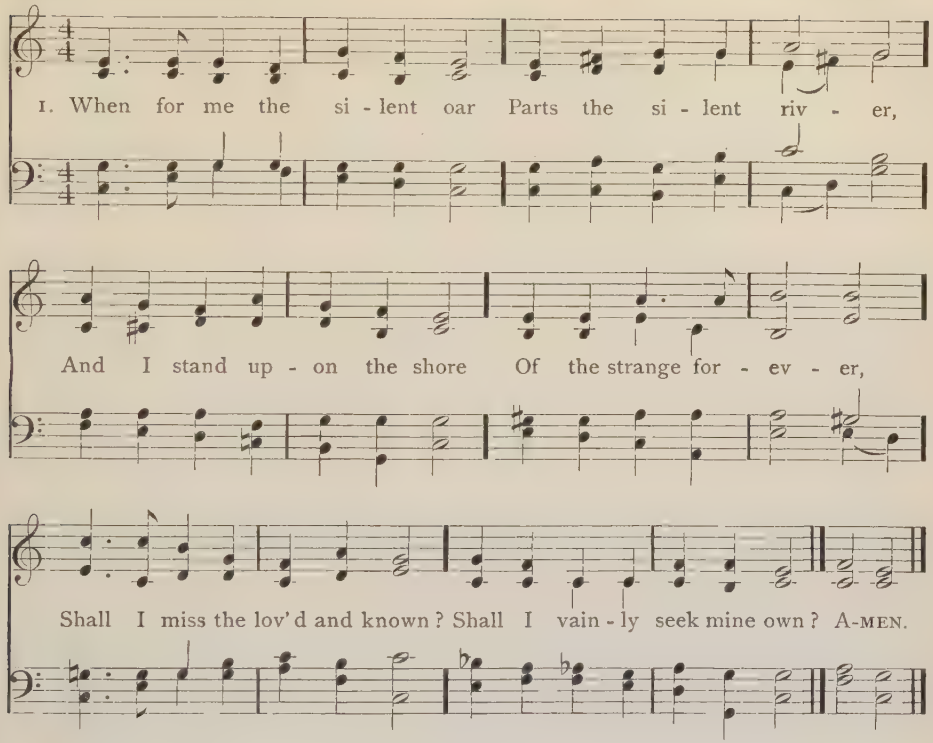

1. I heard a sound of voi - ces A - round the great white throne,
With harp - ers harp - ing on their harps To Him who sat there - on;
"Sal - va - tion, glo - ry, hon - or," I heard the song a - rise,
As through the courts of heav'n it rolled In won - drous har - mo - nies. A-MEN.

2 From every clime and kindred,
And nations from afar,
As serried ranks returning home
In triumph from a war,
I heard the saints upraising,
The myriad hosts among,
In praise of Him who died, and lives,
Their one glad triumph-song.

3 I saw the holy city,
The New Jerusalem,
Come down from heaven, a bride adorned
With jewelled diadem:
The flood of crystal waters
Flowed down the golden street;
And nations brought their honors there,
And laid them at her feet.

592 SLYMBRIDGE 7 6 7 6 7 7

E. Moss


1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er,
And I stand up - on the shore Of the strange for - ev - er,
Shall I miss the lov'd and known? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own? A-MEN.

2 Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sere,
At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must for ever live and grow.

3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving, when the form departs,
Fadeless recollection,
Will but clasp the unbroken chain
Closer when we meet again.

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river:
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, Thou Life-giver,
Through the waters to the shore
Where mine own have gone before.

Lucy Larcom

(PATMOS)

2 And there no sun was needed,
Nor moon to shine by night,
God's glory did enlighten all,
The Lamb Himself, the light;
And there His servants serve Him,
And, life's long battle o'er,
Enthroned with Him, their Saviour,
They reign for evermore. [King,

5 O great and glorious vision!
The Lamb upon His throne;
O wondrous sight for man to see!
The Saviour with His own:
To drink the living waters
And stand upon the shore,
Where neither sorrow, sin, nor death
Shall ever enter more.

Godfrey Thring, 1886

593 ALFORD 7 6 8 6 7 6 8 6

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875

1. Ten thou- sand times ten thou - sand In spark-ling rai - ment bright,
The ar - mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin: . . .
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A-MEN.

2 What rush of alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made;
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore;
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joys shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power, and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home:
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

Henry Alford, 1867

594 MATERNA C. M. D.

Samuel A. Ward, 1882

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
O hap - py har - bor of the saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!
In thee no sor-row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A-MEN.

2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God Himself gives light.
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,
The joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In His felicity?

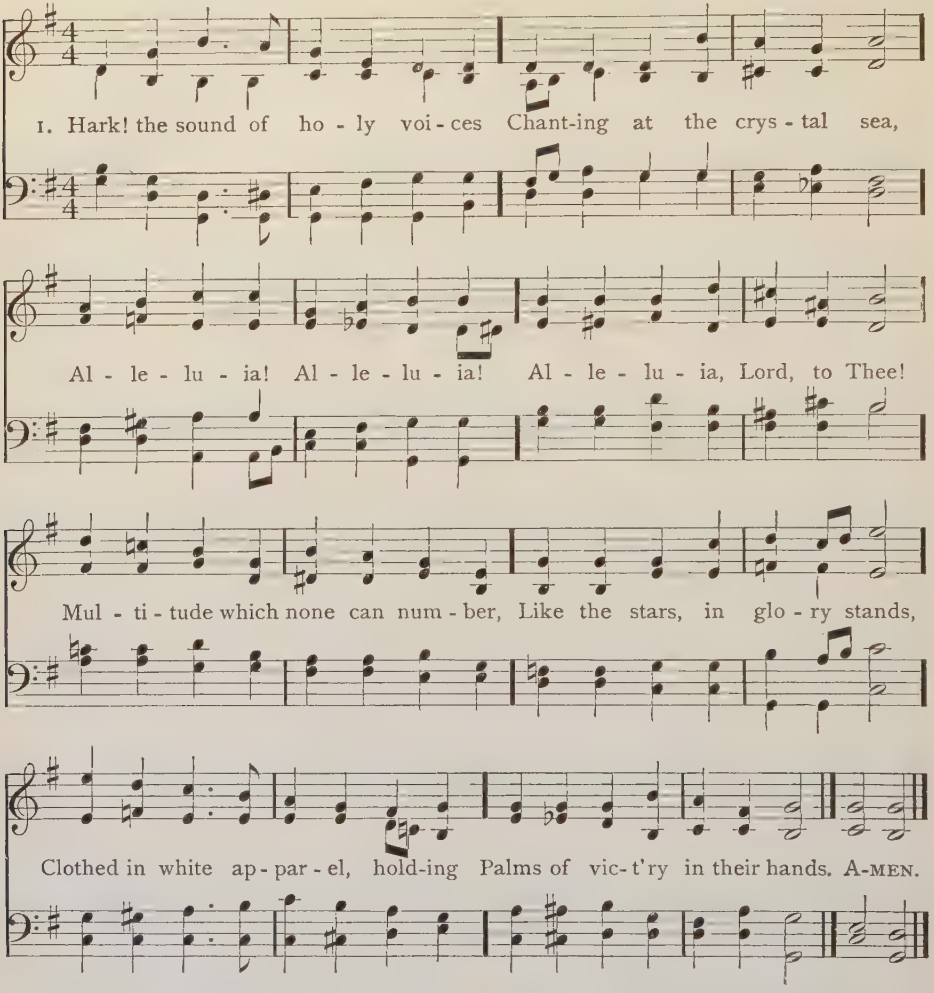
3 The gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Right through the streets, with silver sound,
The living waters flow,
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.

4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring:
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.) Alt. by David Dickson

595 SANCTUARY 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1871


1. Hark! the sound of ho - ly voi - ces Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee!
Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars, in glo - ry stands,
Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A-MEN.

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet
Who prepared the way for Christ,
King, apostle, saint, confessor,
Martyr and evangelist;
Saintly maiden, godly matron,
Widows who have watched to prayer,
Joined in holy concert, singing
To the Lord of all, are there.

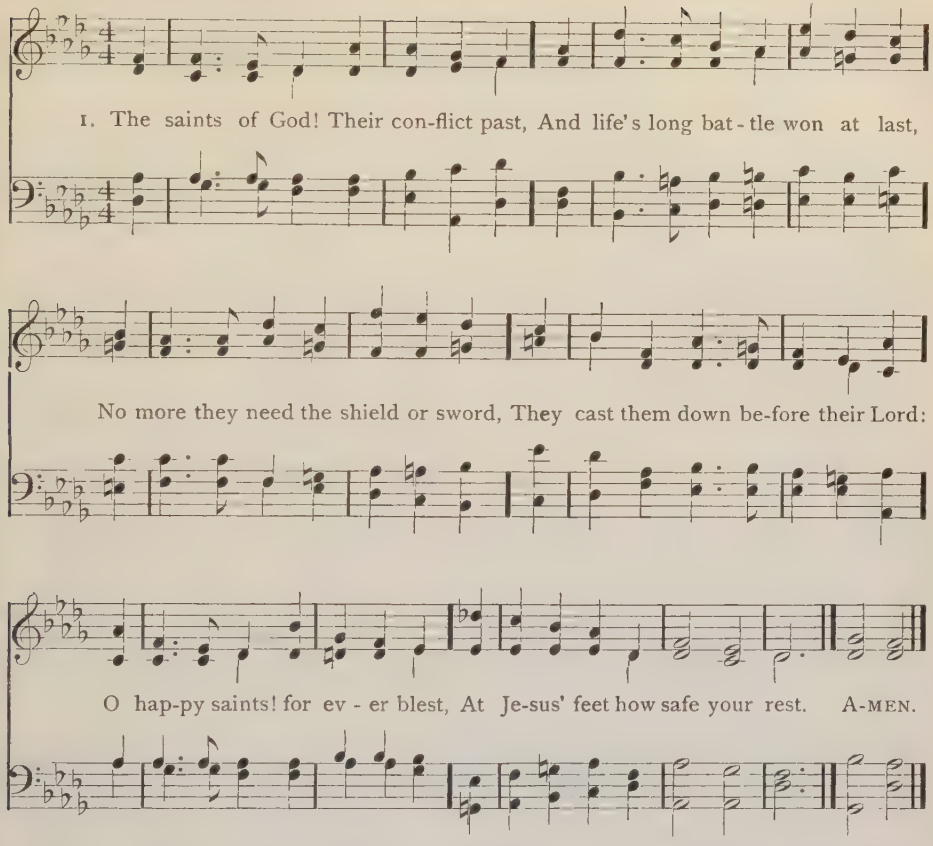
3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862

596 REST 8 8 8 8 8 8

John Stainer, 1875


1. The saints of God! Their con-flict past, And life's long bat-tle won at last,
No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be-fore their Lord:
O hap-py saints! for ev-er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest. A-MEN.

2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no fears appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

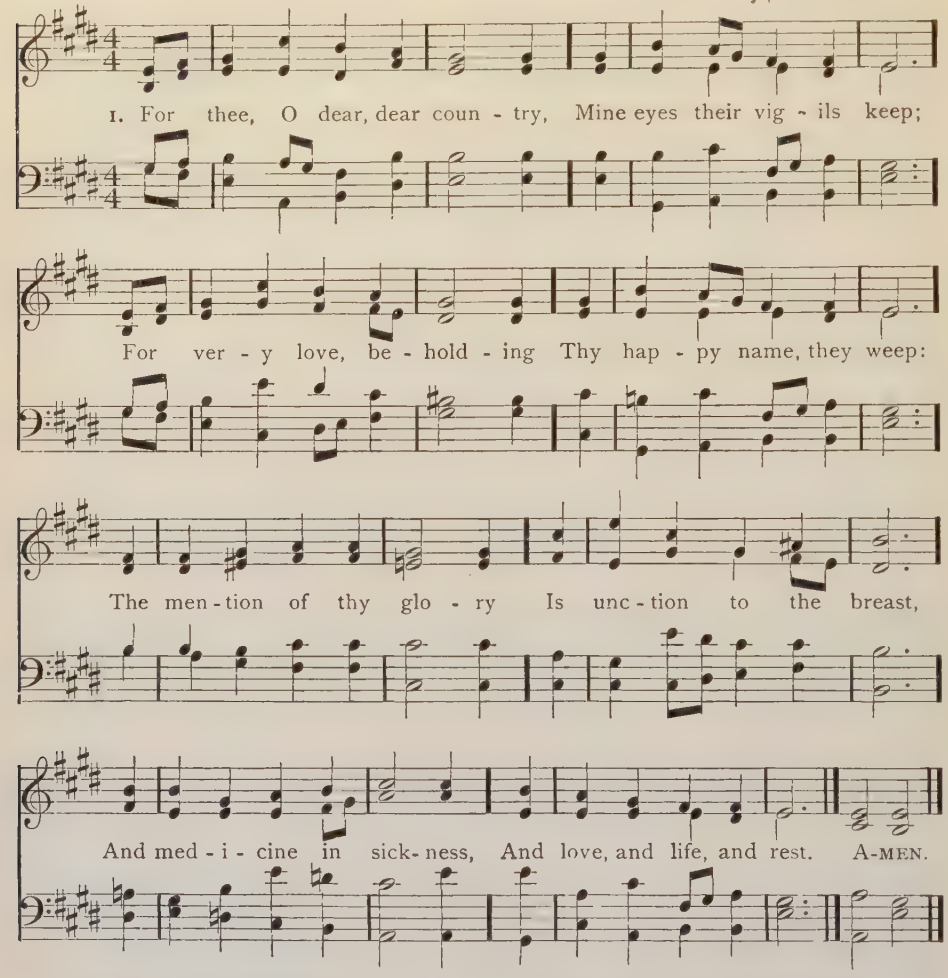
4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

William D. Maclagan, 1870

597 MUNICH 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Meiningisches Gesangbuch, 1693
Harmonized by Mendelssohn


1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;
For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-MEN.

2 O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;

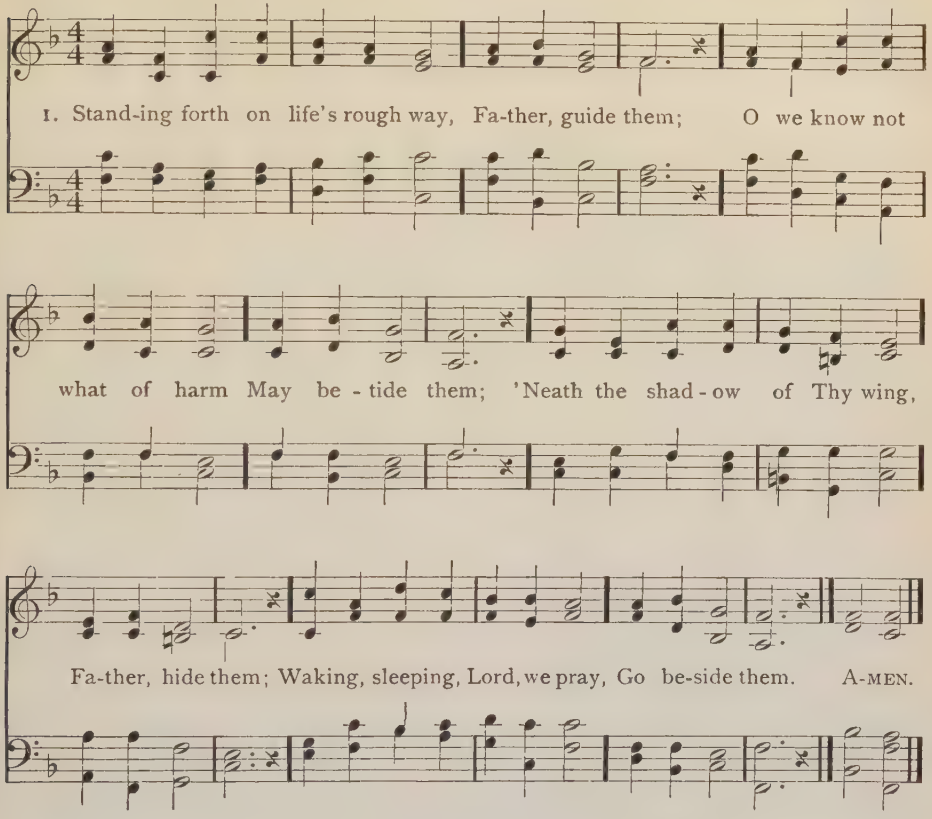
3 Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up thy fabric,
The corner-stone is Christ.
The cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

4 O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, 12 Cent. Tr. John M. Neale, 1851, arr.

598 MAGDEBURG 7 4 7 4 7 4 7 4

Lüneburg Gesangbuch, 1686


1. Stand-ing forth on life's rough way, Fa-ther, guide them; O we know not
what of harm May be - tide them; 'Neath the shad - ow of Thy wing,
Fa-ther, hide them; Waking, sleeping, Lord, we pray, Go be-side them. A-MEN.

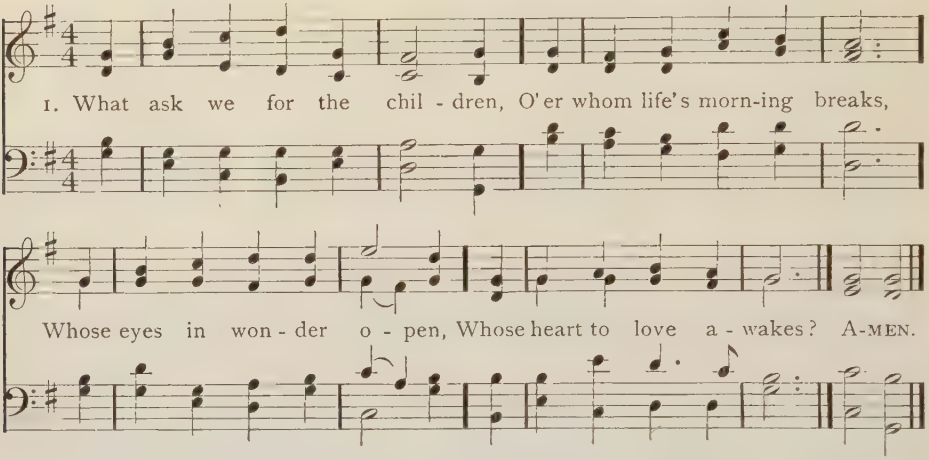
2 When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Thou wilt hear them:
From the stains of sin and shame
Thou wilt clear them.
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks
Thou wilt steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

3 Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them,
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them:
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

William Bryant

599 ST. ALPHEGE 7 6 7 6

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1848



2 We seek no gifts of fortune
That rob the soul of peace,
No vain and empty honors,
Nor paths of listless ease.

3 For lives so rich in promise
We ask from God most High,
That loyal patient service
Their days may beautify.

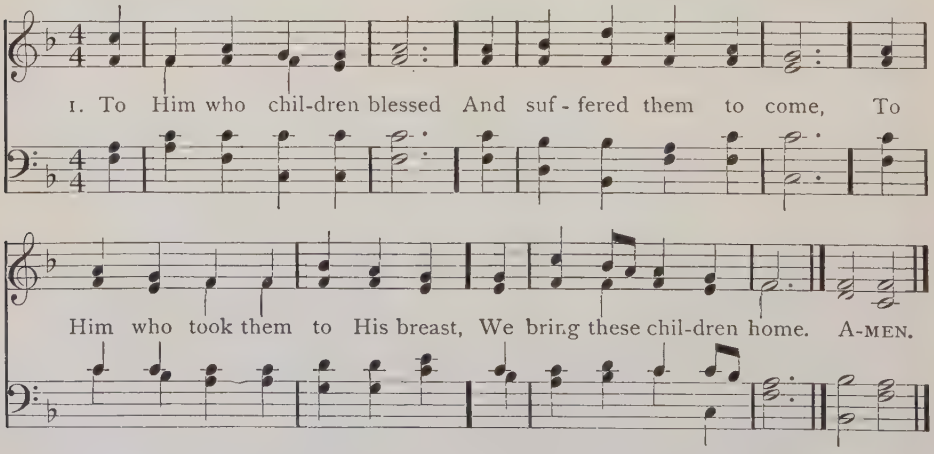
4 We pray for heavenly wisdom,
High thought and stainless deed.
The sweet and gentle spirit
That comforts those in need;

5 The strength in life's stern conflict
To front the power of ill,
A glimpse of God's great kingdom,
Their hearts with hope to thrill.

A. Chalmers

600 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1858


1. To Him who chil-dren blessed And suf - fered them to come, To
Him who took them to His breast, We bring these chil-dren home. A-MEN.

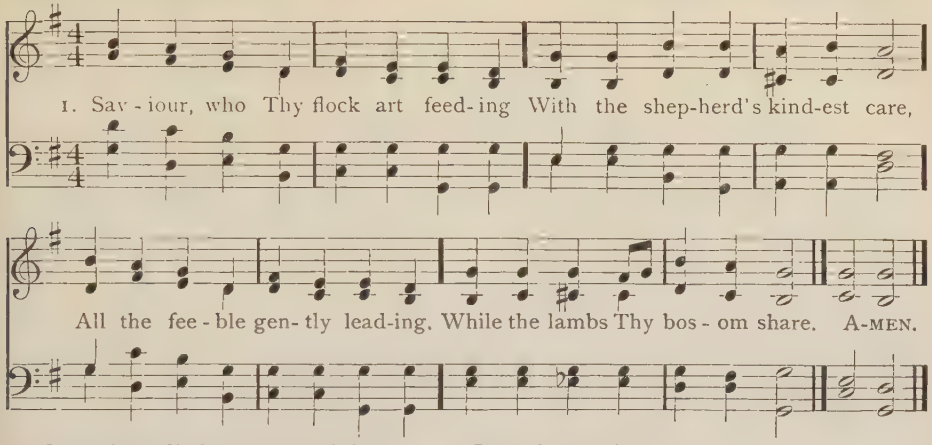
2 To Thee, O God, whose face
Their spirits still behold,
We bring them, praying that Thy grace
May keep, Thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
On each unconscious brow,
Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
To keep them pure as now.

James Freeman Clarke, 1844

601 BROCKLESBURY 8 7 8 7

Charlotte A. Barnard, 1868


1. Sav - iour, who Thy flock art feed - ing With the shep-herd's kind-est care,
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bos - om share. A-MEN.

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

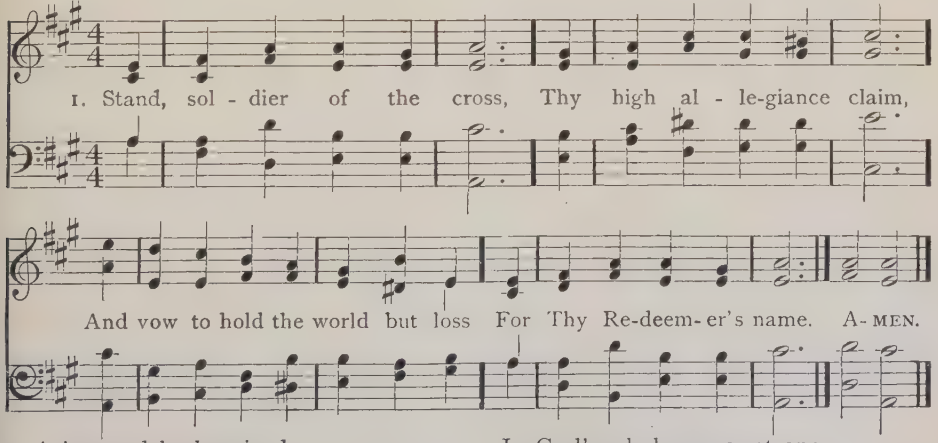
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them through life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

William A Mühlenberg, 1826

602 CRUCIS S. M.

George M. Garrett, 1872



2 Arise, and be baptized,
And wash thy sins away;
Thy league with God be solemnized,
Thy faith avouched to-day.

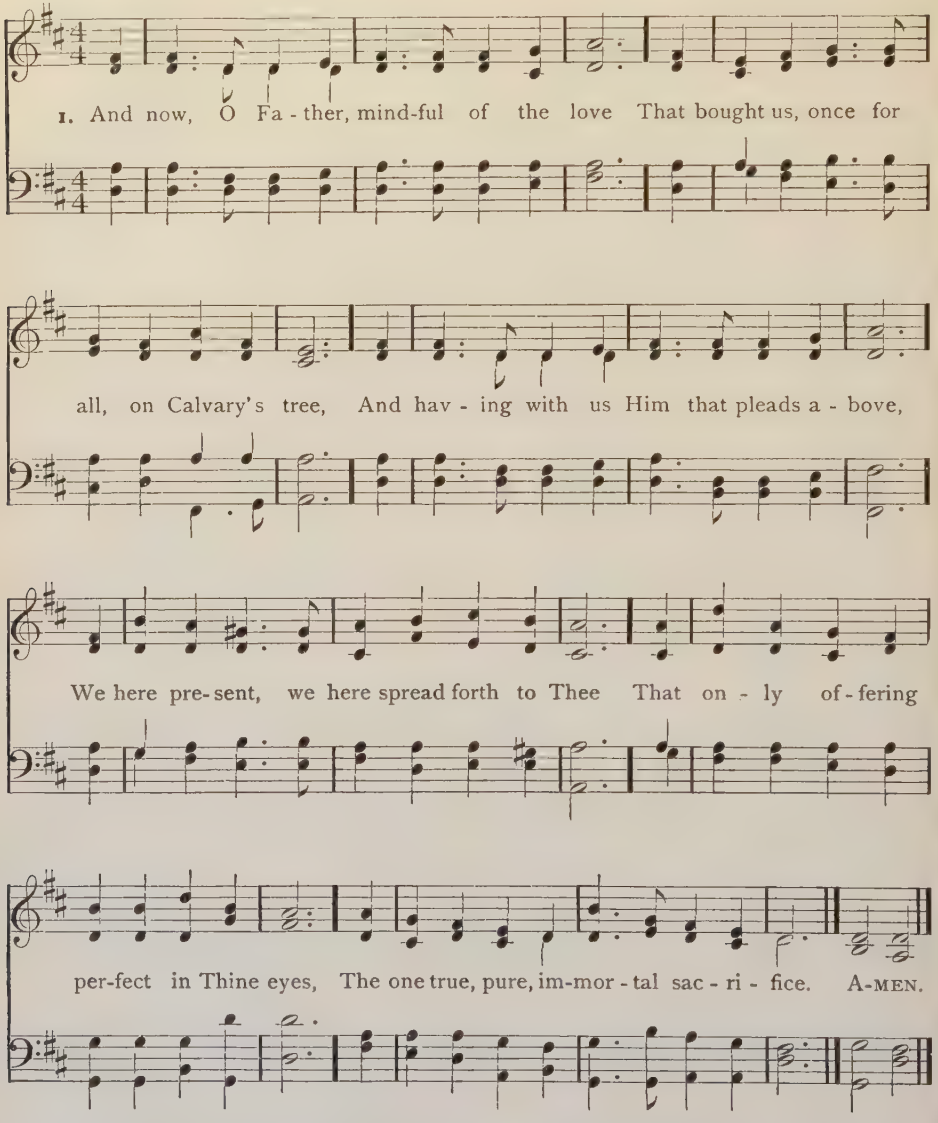
3 No more thine own, but Christ's;
With all the saints of old,
Apostles, seers, evangelists,
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

4 In God's whole armor strong,
Front hell's embattled powers:
The warfare may be sharp and long,
The victory must be ours.

5 O bright the conqueror's crown,
The song of triumph sweet,
When faith casts every trophy down
At our great Captain's feet.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1870

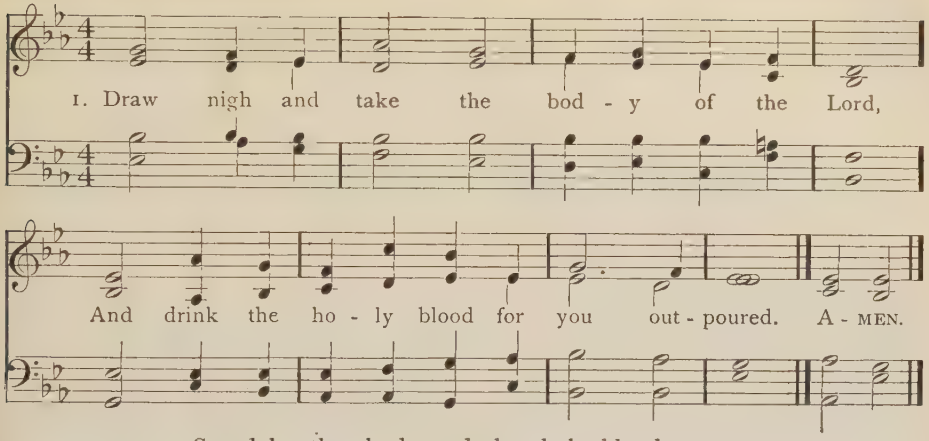
603 UNDE ET MEMORES 10 10 10 10 10 10 William H. Monk, 1875


1. And now, O Fa - ther, mind-ful of the love That bought us, once for
all, on Calvary's tree, And hav - ing with us Him that pleads a - bove,
We here pre - sent, we here spread forth to Thee That on - ly of - fering
per-fect in Thine eyes, The one true, pure, im-mor - tal sac - ri - fice. A-MEN.

2 Look, Father, look on His anointed face,
And only look on us as found in Him;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;
For lo, between our sins and their reward
We set the passion of Thy Son our Lord.

604 COENA DOMINI 10 10

Arthur Sullivan



2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.

4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.

5 He, ransomer from death, and light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.

6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

7 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,
To all believers life eternal yields,

8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

Latin, c. 680: Tr. John M. Neale, 1851

(UNDE ET MEMORES)

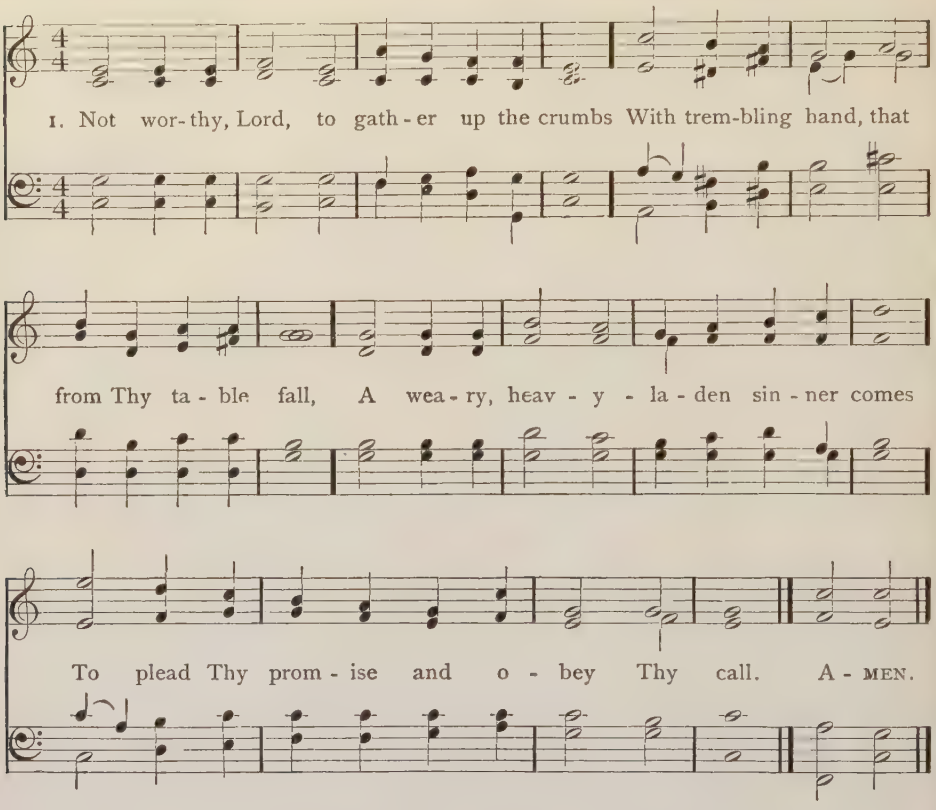
3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing presence we appeal;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their soul's true weal;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill:
In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

William Bright, 1874

605 MORECAMBE 10 10 10 10

Frederick C. Atkinson, 1870


1. Not wor-thy, Lord, to gath-er up the crumbs With trem-bling hand, that
from Thy ta-ble fall, A wea-ry, heav-y-la-den sin-ner comes
To plead Thy prom-ise and o-bey Thy call. A-MEN.

2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.

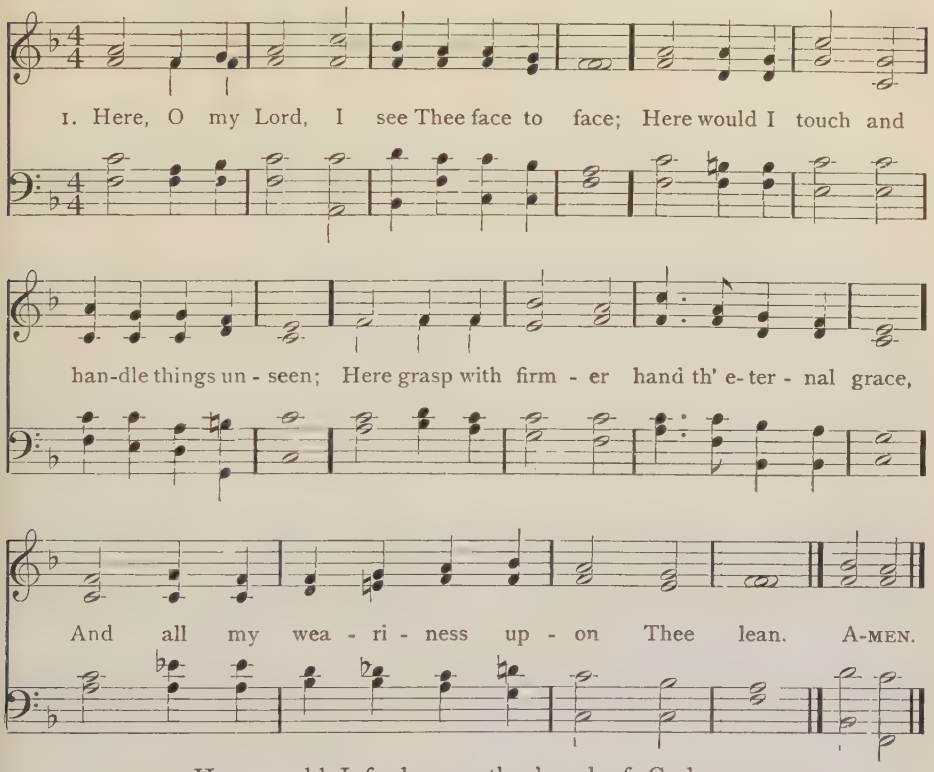
4 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

5 My praise can only lose itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1872

606 LANGRAN 10 10 10 10

James Langran, 1862


1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and
han-dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er hand th' e-ter - nal grace,
And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. A-MEN.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 This is the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with Thee.

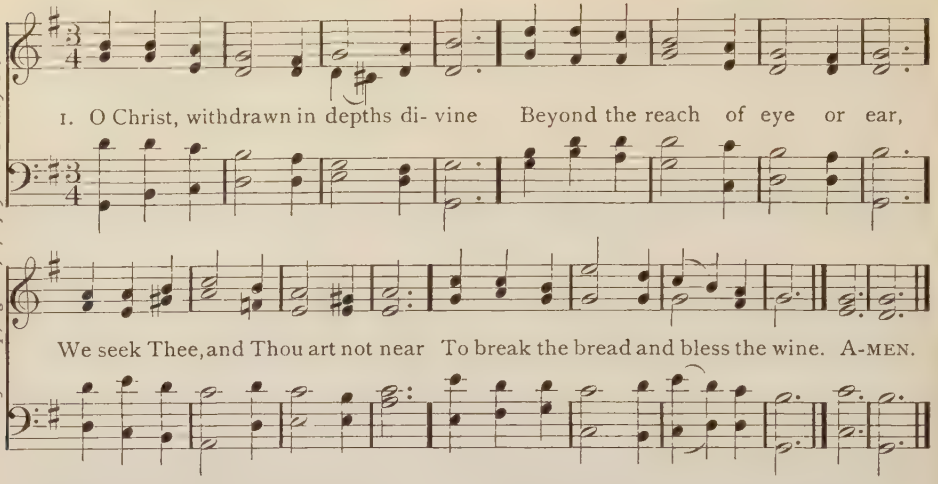
4 Too soon we rise; the symbols disappear;
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone;
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,
Nearer than ever, still my Shield and Sun.

5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by,
Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above,
Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy,
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

Horatius Bonar, 1855

607 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Fr. Ignaz J. Pleyel, 1800


1. O Christ, withdrawn in depths di- vine Beyond the reach of eye or ear,
We seek Thee, and Thou art not near To break the bread and bless the wine. A-MEN.

Hymn copyrighted, 1912, by The Century Co.

2 We walk the lonely road at night
Forlorn beneath our load of prayer
Unanswered, and lo, everywhere
Fear mocks the promise of the light.

3 And still no Stranger-Guest draws nigh,
We hear no foot behind us tread;
Have we not seen Thee slain and dead,
And heard, far off, Thy dying cry?

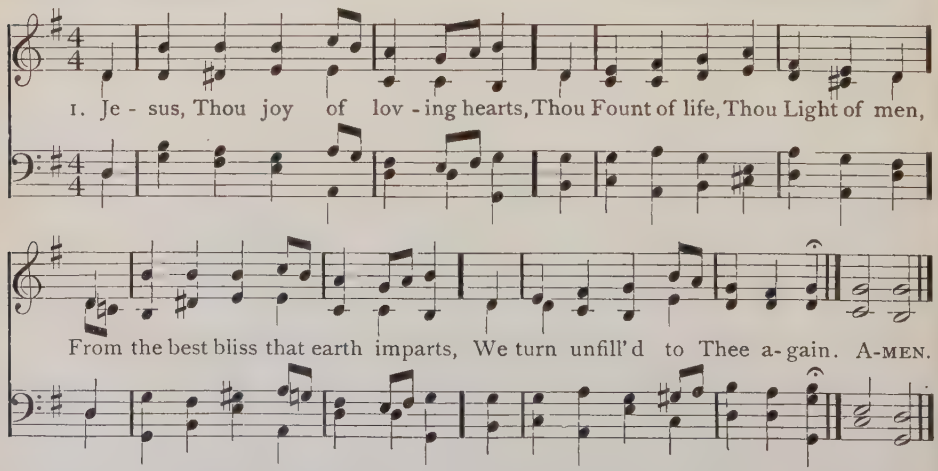
4 O Thou, made near for evermore
By life and death, we know Thee now;
The burning heart, the spirit's glow
Are Thine, and wondering we adore.

5 Bless Thou the bread, nor vanish Thou!
The day is past, the lilies droop:
Beneath our heart's low doorway stoop,
And tarry, for we know Thee now!

W. J. Dawson, 1912

608 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. Robert Schumann, 1839

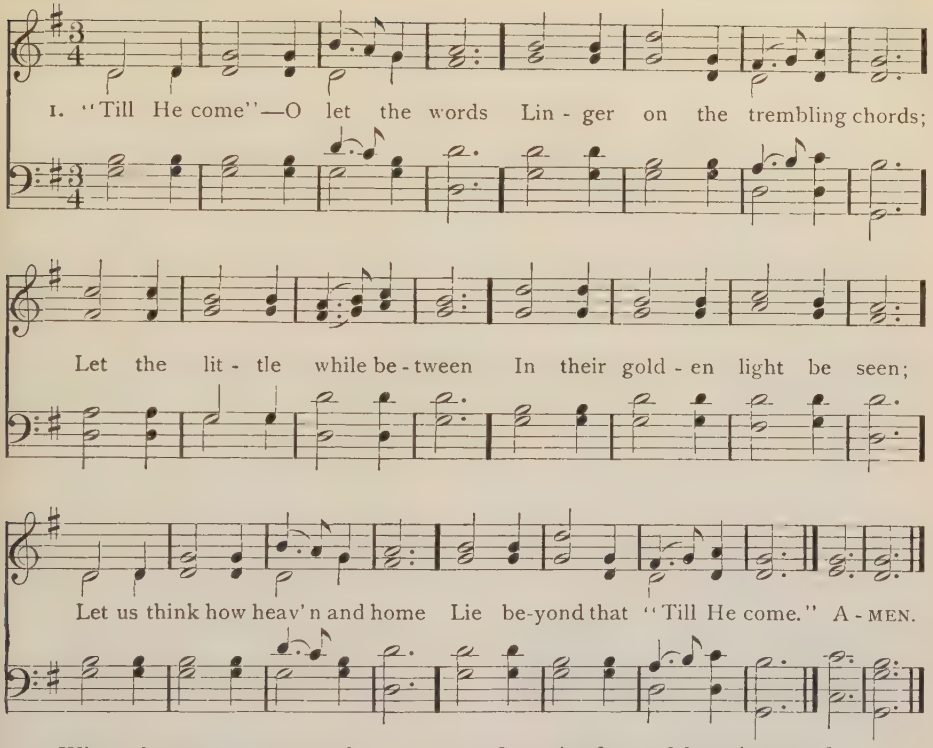

1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn unfill'd to Thee a- gain. A-MEN.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, all in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

609 GUIDE 7 7 7 7 7 7

Marcus M. Wells


1. "Till He come"—O let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;
Let the lit - tle while be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come." A - MEN.

2 When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us 'round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till He come."

Edward H. Bickersteth

(CANONBURY)

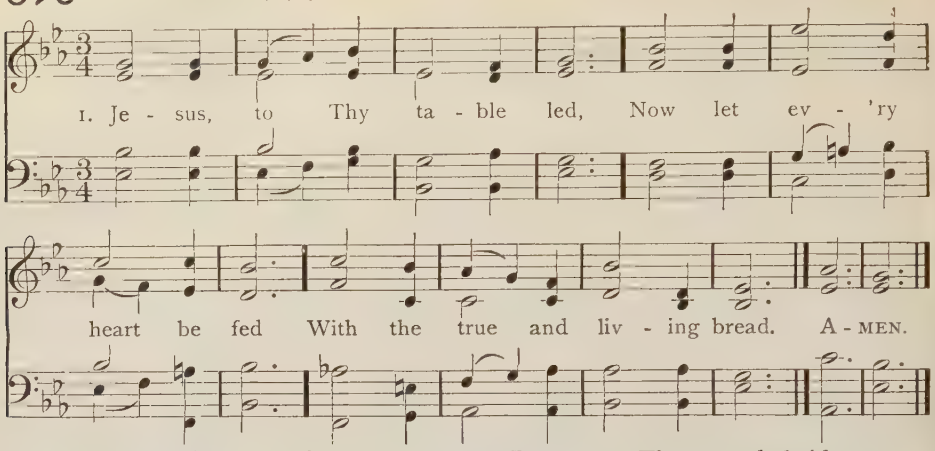
4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150. Arr. and trans. by Ray Palmer, 1858

610 LACRYMAE 7 7 7

Arthur Sullivan, 1872



2 While in penitence we kneel,
Thy blest presence let us feel,
All Thy wondrous love reveal.

3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,
Turn our sadness into praise.

3 When we taste the mystic wine,
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,
Fill our hearts with love divine.

5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,
Whence there flowed the healing tide;
There our sins and sorrows hide.

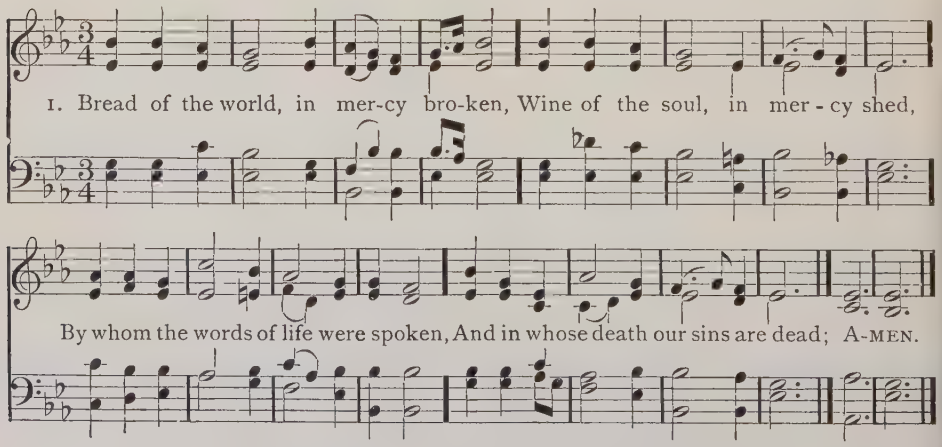
6 From the bonds of sin release;
Cold and wavering faith increase;
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.

7 Lead us by Thy pierced hand,
Till around Thy throne we stand,
In the bright and better land.

Robert H. Baynes, 1864

611 EUCHARIST 9 8 9 8

John S. B. Hodges, 1869

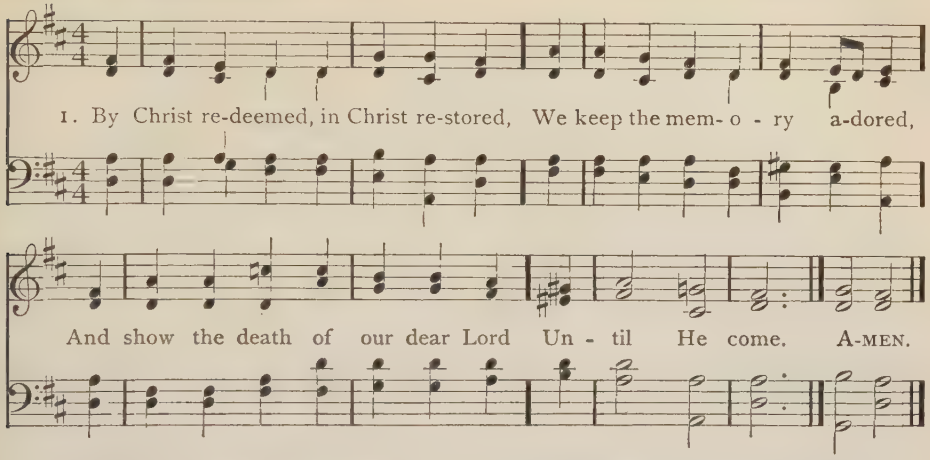

1. Bread of the world, in mer-cy bro-ken, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A-MEN.

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed;
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1826

612 IN MEMORIAM 8 8 8 4

Frederick C. Maker, 1876



2 His body, broken in our stead
Is here in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed
Until He come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us, we see;
The wine shall tell the mystery
Until He come.

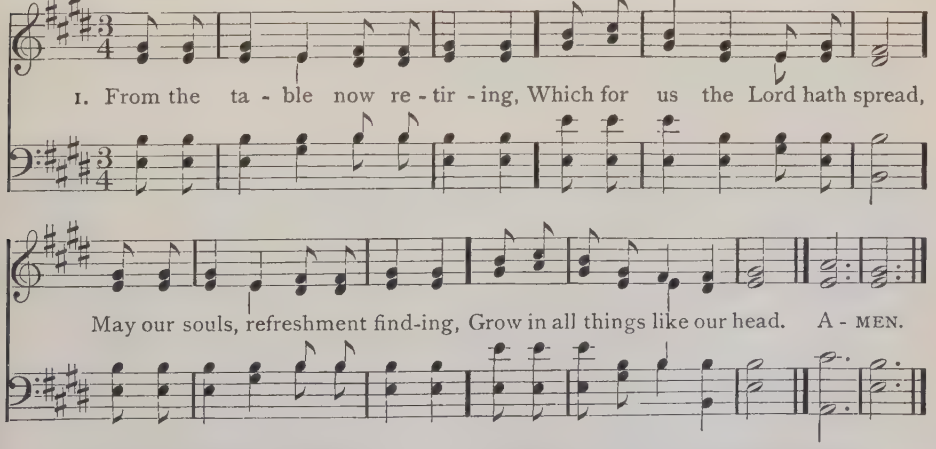
4 And thus that dark betrayal night
With the last advent we unite,
By one blest chain of loving rite,
Until He come.

5 O blessèd hope! with this elate
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait
Until He come.

George Rawson, 1857

613 DORRNANCE 8 7 8 7

Isaac B. Woodbury, 1848


1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing, Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment find-ing, Grow in all things like our head. A - MEN.

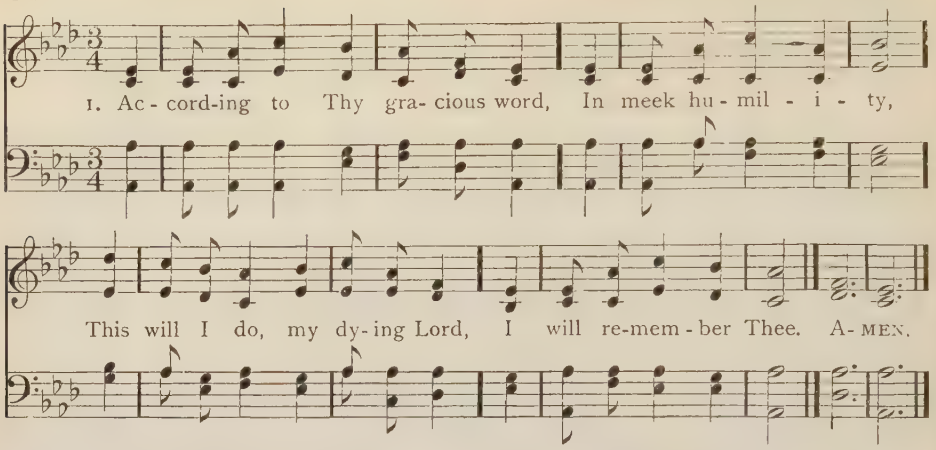
2 His example while beholding,
May our lives His image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in His way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God, through endless day.

John Rowe 1812

614 EVAN C. M.

William Henry Havergal, 1846



2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

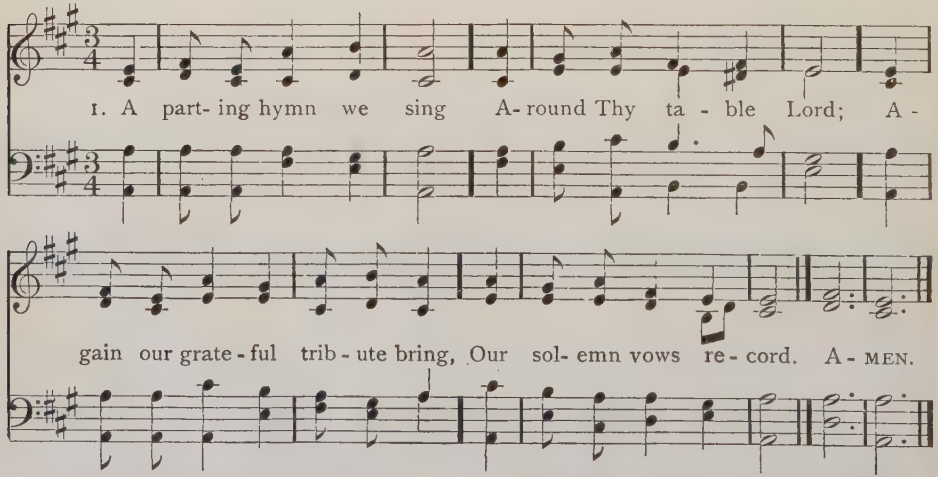
3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember Thee.

4 Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,
And all Thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

James Montgomery, 1825

615 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by Lowell Mason, 1824



2 Here have we seen Thy face,
And felt Thy presence here;
So may the savor of Thy grace
In word and life appear.

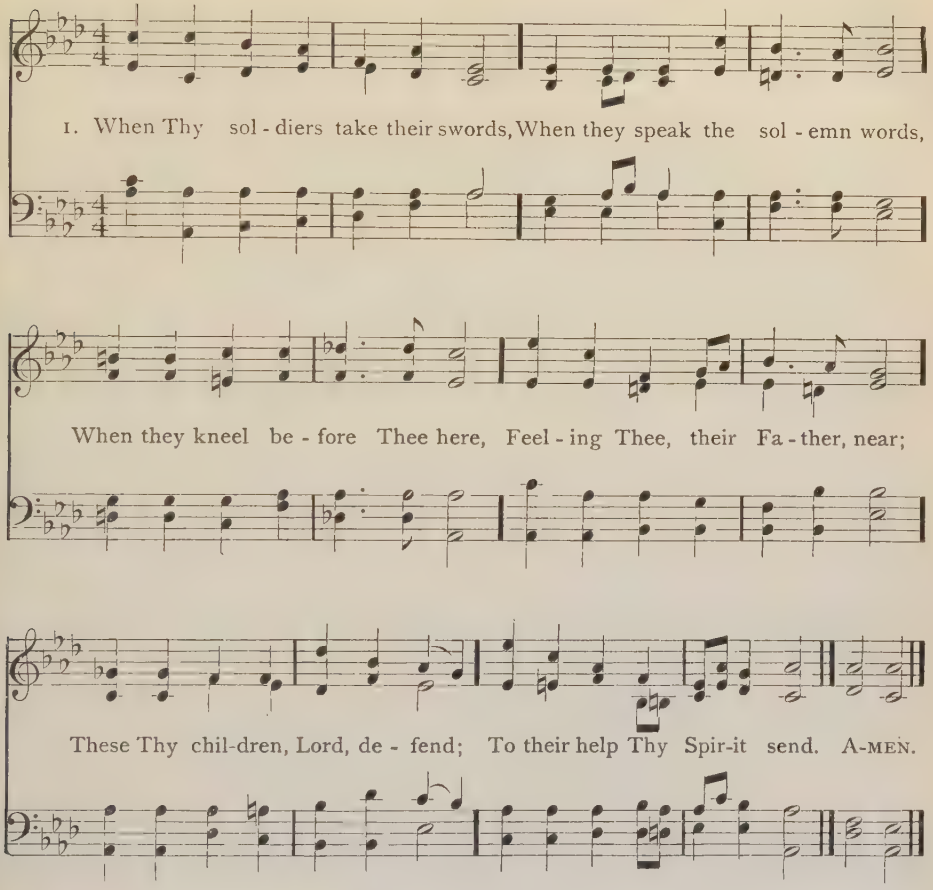
3 The purchase of Thy blood,
By sin no longer led,
The path our dear Redeemer trod
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above,
And know as we are known.

Aaron R. Wolfe, 1858

616 GLASTONBURY 7 7 7 7 7 7

John Bacchus Dykes, 1870


1. When Thy sol - diers take their swords, When they speak the sol - emn words,
When they kneel be - fore Thee here, Feel - ing Thee, their Fa - ther, near;
These Thy chil-dren, Lord, de - fend; To their help Thy Spir-it send. A-MEN.

2 When the world's sharp strife is nigh,
When they hear the battle-cry,
When they rush into the fight,
Knowing not temptation's might;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
To their zeal Thy wisdom lend.

3 When their hearts are lifted high
With success or victory,
When they feel the conqueror's pride;
Lest they grow self-satisfied,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Teach their souls to Thee to bend.

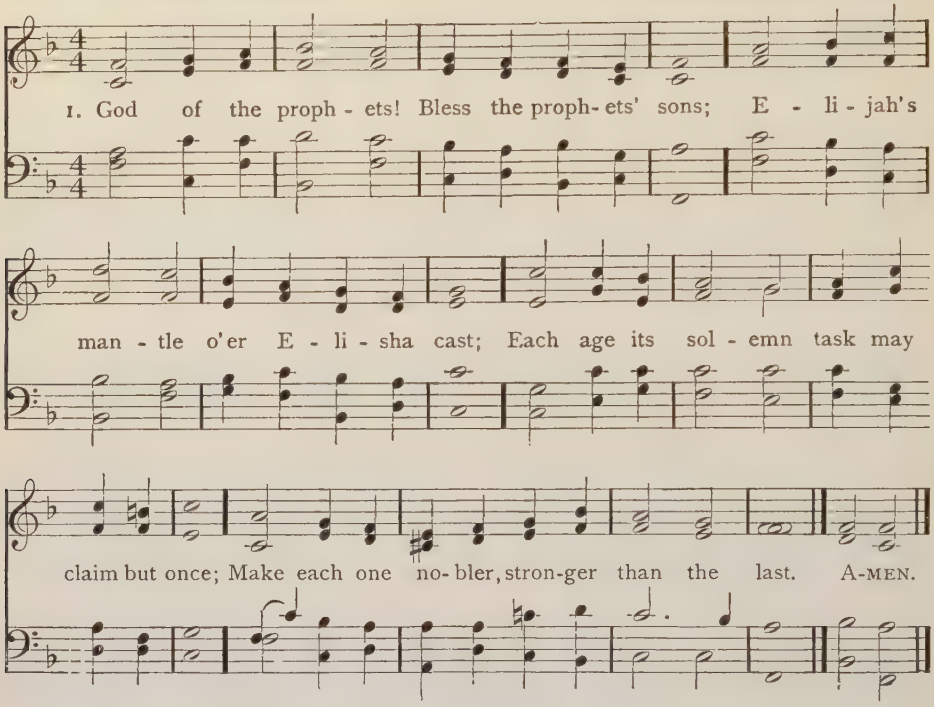
4 When the vows that they have made,
When the prayers that they have prayed,
Shall be fading from their hearts;
When their first warm faith departs;
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
Keep them faithful to the end.

5 Through life's conflict guard us all;
Or if wounded some should fall
Ere the victory be won;
For the sake of Christ, Thy Son,
These Thy children, Lord, defend;
And in death Thy comfort lend.

Frances Mary Owen, 1872

617 TOULON 10 10 10 10

The Geneva Psalter, 1543


1. God of the proph - ets! Bless the proph- ets' sons; E - li - jah's
man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn task may
claim but once; Make each one no- bler, stron-ger than the last. A-MEN.

2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attend
To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake
To human need; their lips make eloquent
To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they
For pardon, and for charity and peace!
Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,
Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice.

4 Anoint them kings! Aye kingly kings, O Lord!
Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son!
Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;
Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won.

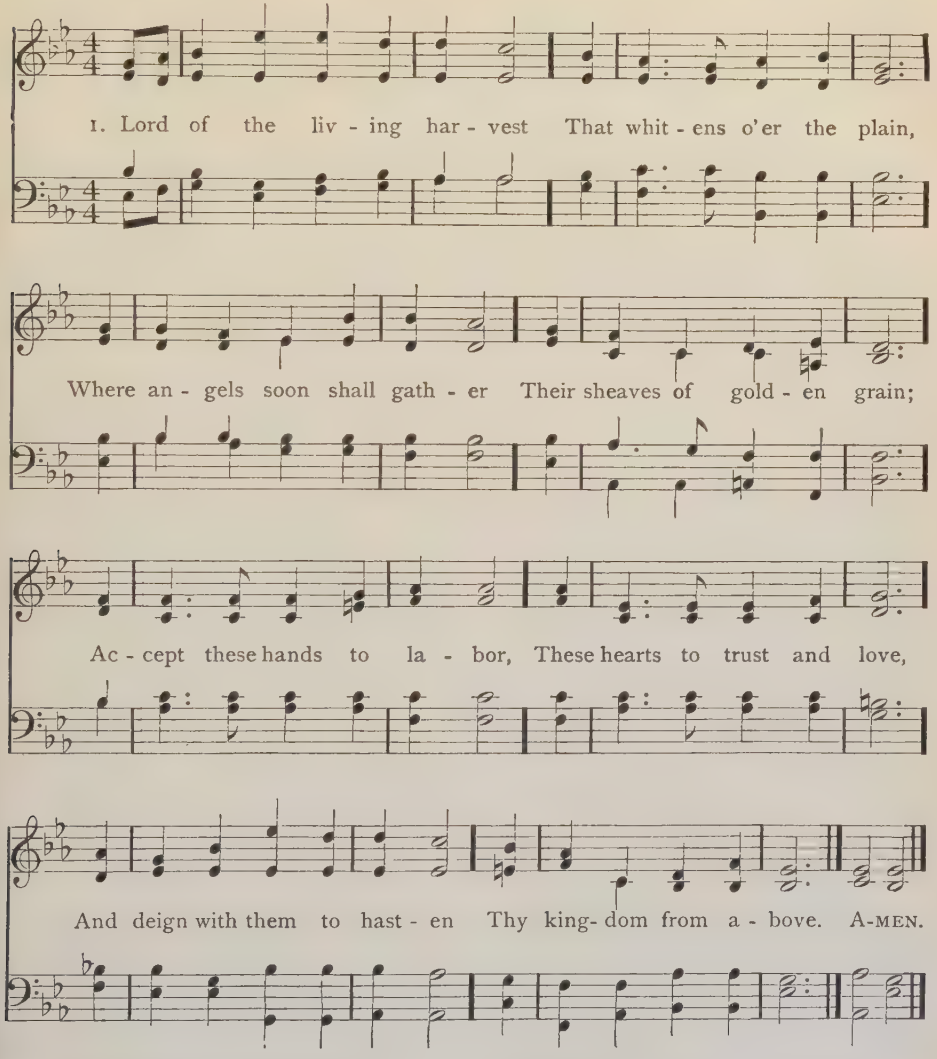
5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross;
Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;
Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,
And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!
O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!
Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;
A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime.

Denis Wortman, 1884

618 SAINTS' DAYS 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Samuel Smith, 1870


1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain,
Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain;
Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A-MEN.

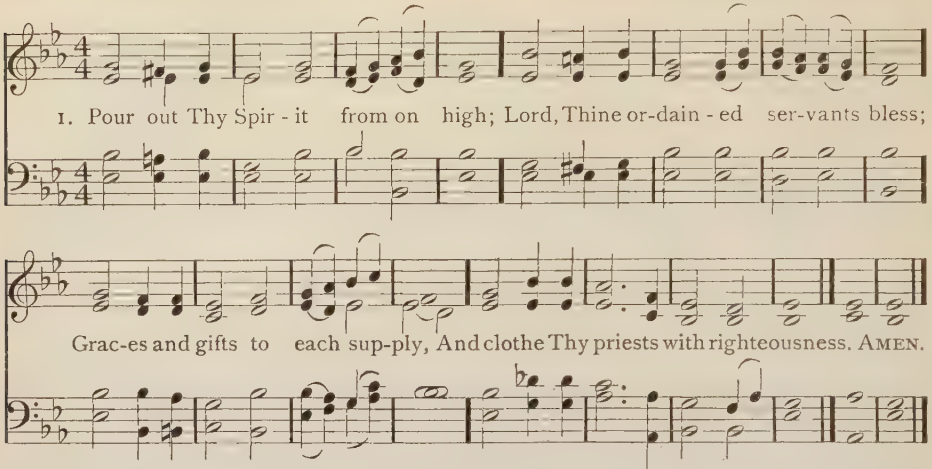
2 As laborers in Thy vineyard
Still faithful may they be,
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for Thee;
To ask no other wages,
When Thou shalt call them home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

3 Come down, Thou Holy Spirit,
And fill their souls with light;
Clothe them in spotless raiment,
In vesture clean and white;
Within Thy sacred temple
Be with them where they stand,
To guide and teach Thy people
Throughout our native land.

John S. B. Monsell, 1866

619 HOLLEY L. M.

George Hews, 1835


1. Pour out Thy Spir - it from on high; Lord, Thine or-dain - ed ser-vants bless;
Grac-es and gifts to each sup-ply, And clothe Thy priests with righteousness. AMEN.

2 Within Thy temple when they stand
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand
The angels of the churches be.

3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness, with meekness from above,
To bear Thy people on their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

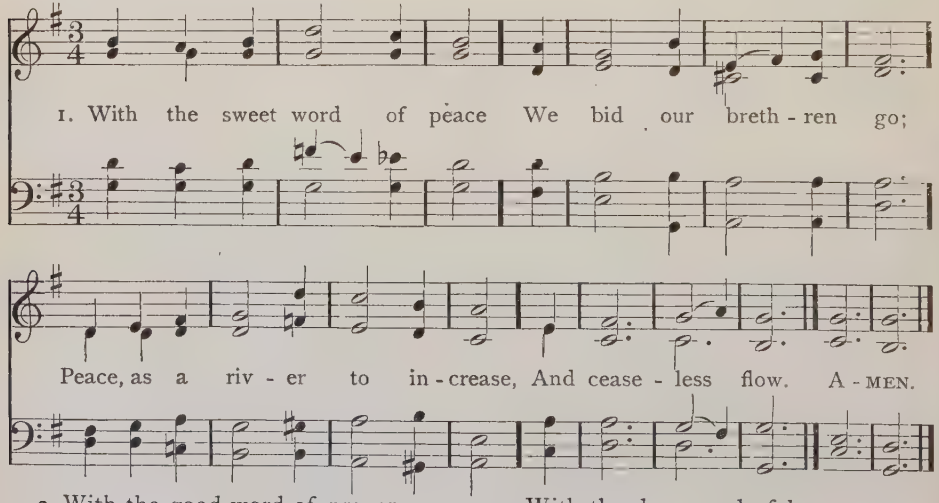
4 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep;

5 Then, while their work is finished here,
In humble hope their charge resign,
When the Chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God, may they and we be Thine.

James Montgomery, 1825

620 VERBUM PACIS 6 6 8 4

George Lomas

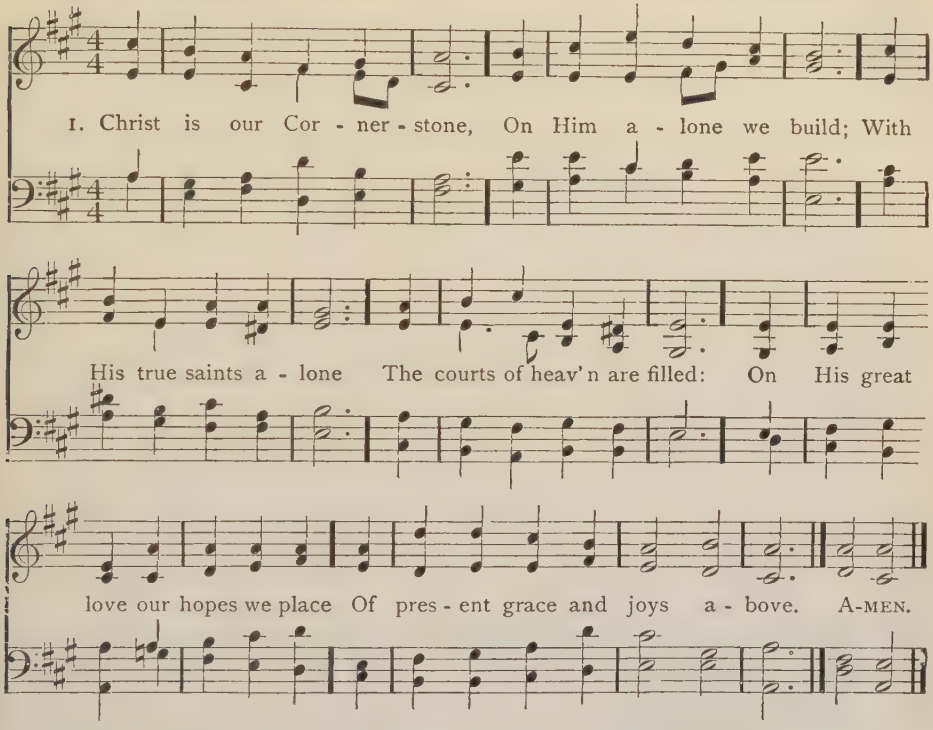


2 With the good word of prayer
We earnestly commend
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,
Eternal Friend.

3 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and Thine above,
With them shall dwell.

621 ST. GODRIC 6 6 6 6 8 8

John Bacchus Dykes, 1862


1. Christ is our Cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build; With
His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled: On His great
love our hopes we place Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove. A-MEN.

2 O then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim
In joyful song,
Both loud and long,
That glorious Name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower
On all who pray
Each holy day
Thy blessings pour.

4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore;
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day
When all the blest
To endless rest
Are called away.

Tr. John Chandler, 1837

(VERBUM PACIS)

4 With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on Thee:
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

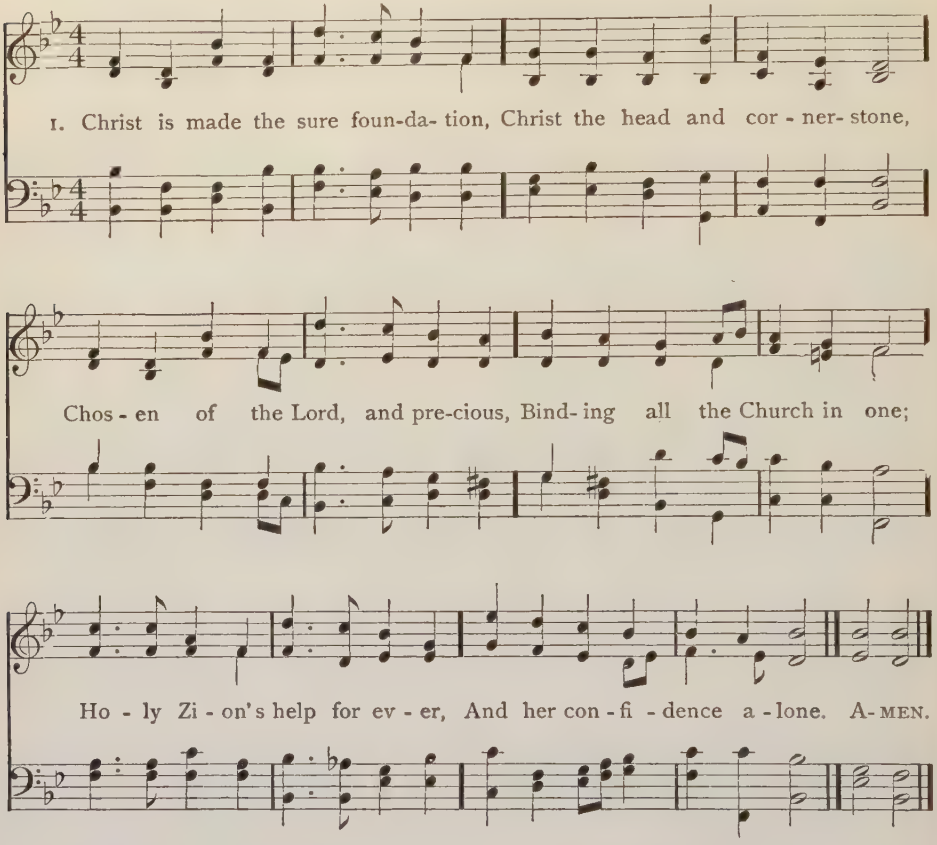
5 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.

6 Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till He whose home is ours above
Unite us there.

George Watson

622 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 8 7

Henry Smart, 1867


1. Christ is made the sure foun-da- tion, Christ the head and cor - ner- stone,
Chos - en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind- ing all the Church in one;
Ho - ly Zi - on's help for ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone. A- MEN.

2 All that dedicated city,
Dearly loved of God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody;
God the One in Three adoring
In glad hymns eternally.

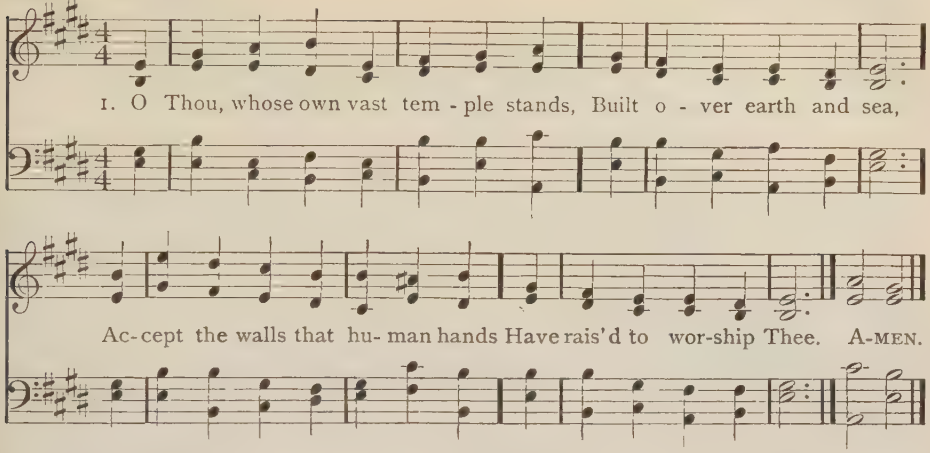
3 To this temple, where we call Thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,
Hear Thy people as they pray;
And Thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
What they ask of Thee to gain,
What they gain from Thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in Thy glory
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. James M. Neale, 1851

623 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564


1. O Thou, whose own vast tem - ple stands, Built o - ver earth and sea,
Ac-cept the walls that hu- man hands Have rais'd to wor-ship Thee. A-MEN.

2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t'abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by Thy side.

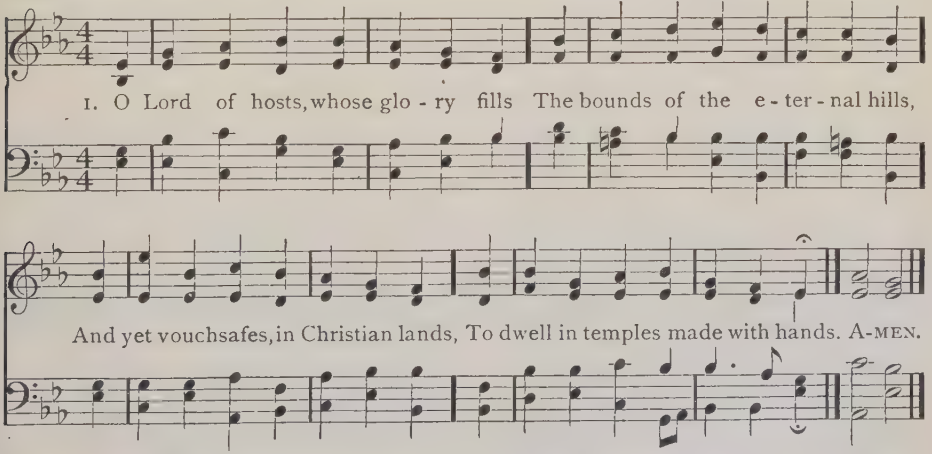
3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise, [storm
While, 'round these hallowed walls, the
Of earth-born passion dies.

William Cullen Bryant, 1835

624 LEIPSIC L. M.

Johann H. Schein


1. O Lord of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands. A-MEN.

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine own,
Built on the precious corner-stone.

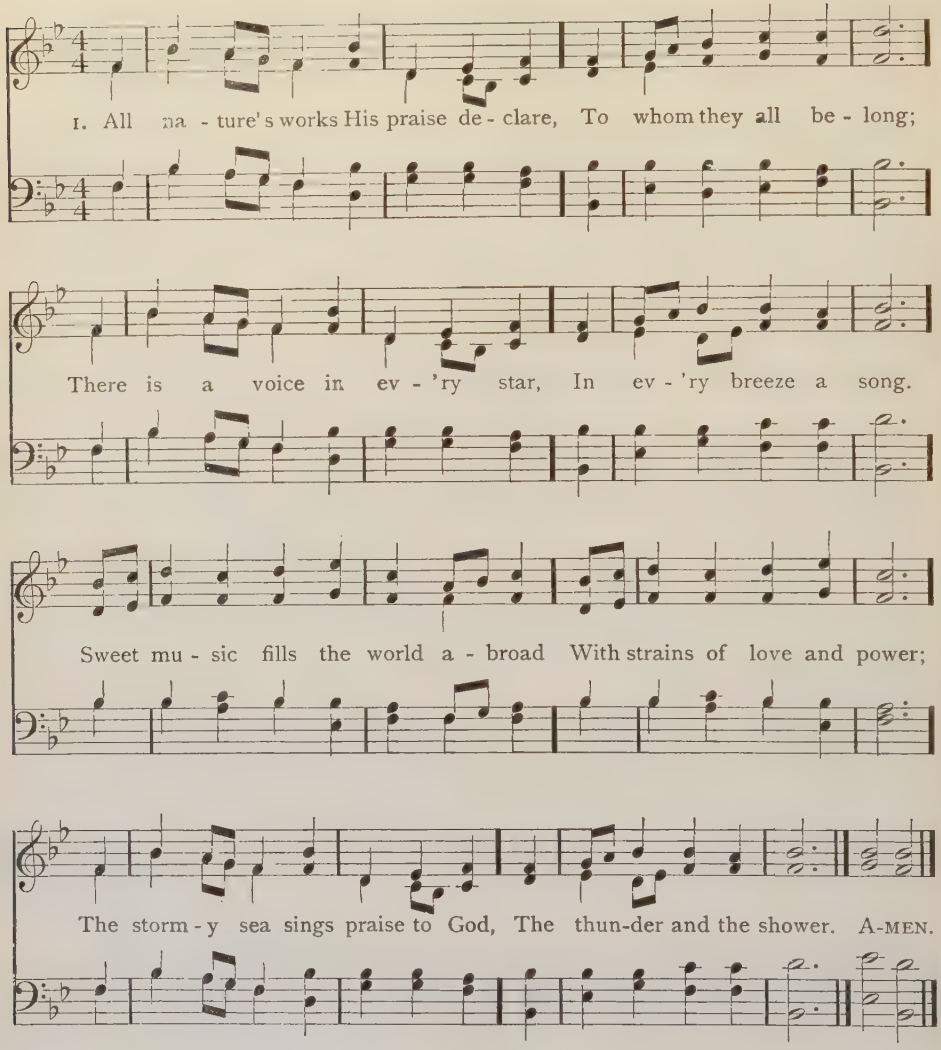
3 The heads that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill,
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

4 But now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

James M. Neale, 1844

625 ELLACOMBE C. M. D.

German


1. All na - ture's works His praise de - clare, To whom they all be - long;
There is a voice in ev - 'ry star, In ev - 'ry breeze a song.
Sweet mu - sic fills the world a - broad With strains of love and power;
The storm - y sea sings praise to God, The thun-der and the shower. A-MEN.

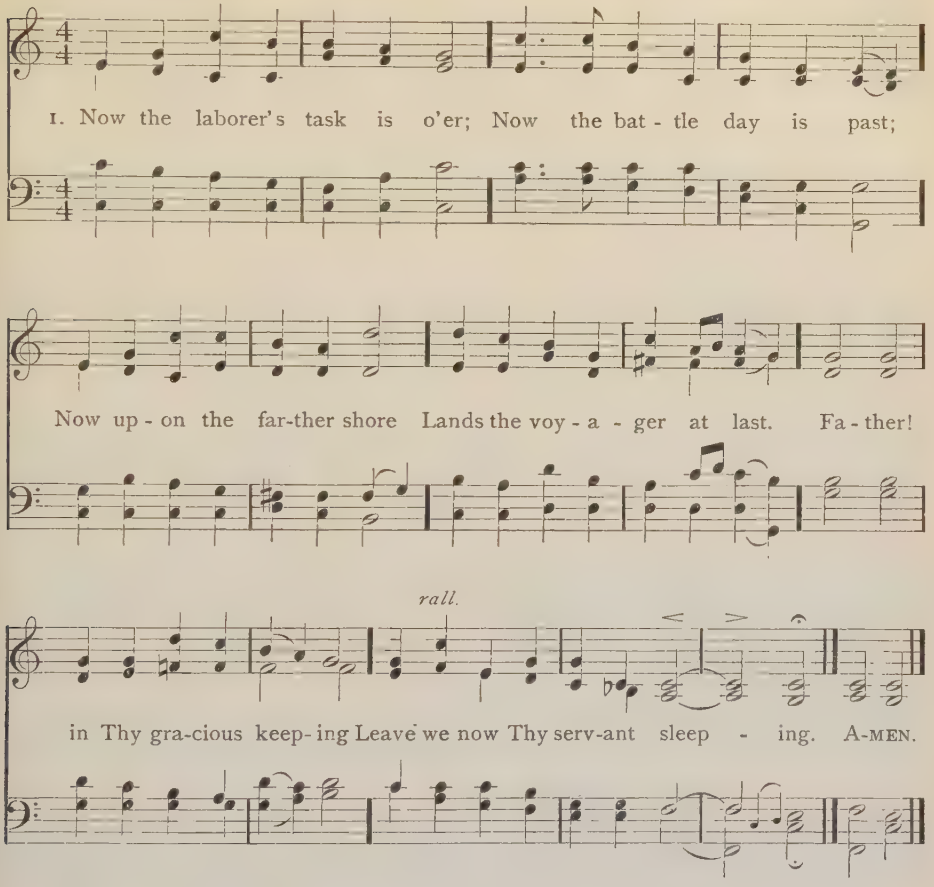
2 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing;
To God the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.
Like them, let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftier sound
Assist His feeble praise.

3 Great God, to Thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone Thy will.
O teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high,
And while the music 'round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

H. Ware, Jr.

626 REQUIESCAT 7 7 7 7 8 8

John Bacchus Dykes 1875


1. Now the laborer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle day is past;
Now up - on the far-ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther!
rall.
in Thy gra-cious keep-ing Leave we now Thy serv-ant sleep - ing. A-MEN.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

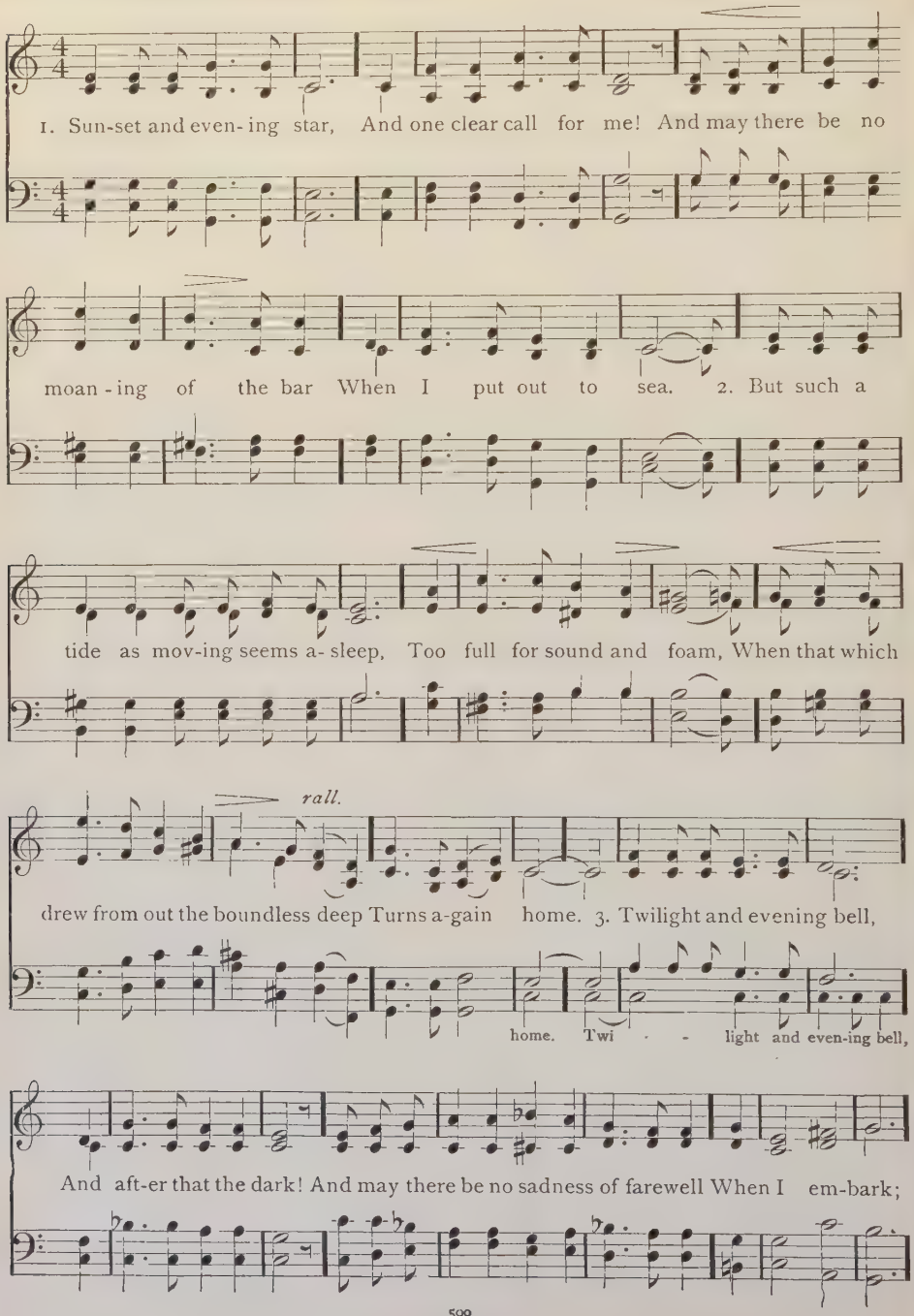
3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At His feet in Paradise.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

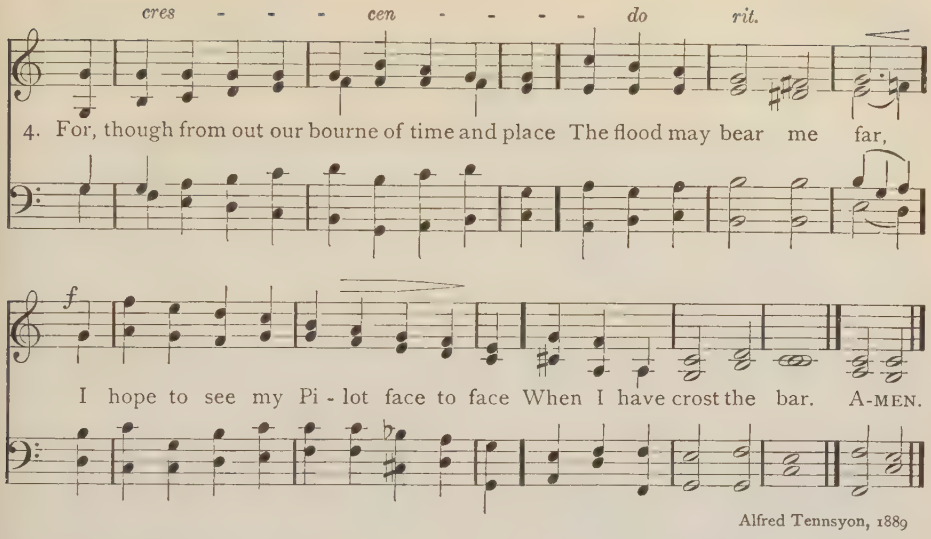
4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust:"
Calmly now the words we say;
Leaving him to sleep in trust,
Till the Resurrection-day.
Father, in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton, 1871

627 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

Joseph Barnby, 1893

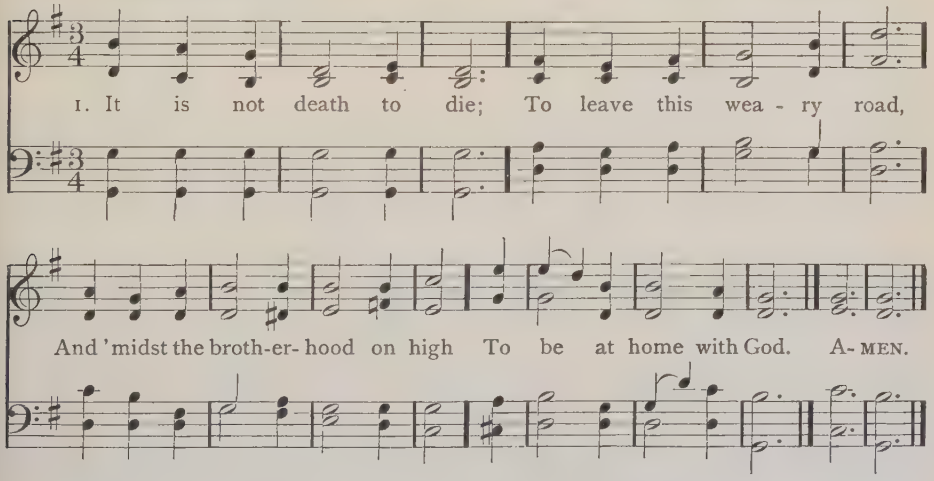

1. Sun-set and even-ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no
moan-ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2. But such a
tide as mov-ing seems a-sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which
rall.
drew from out the boundless deep Turns a-gain home. 3. Twilight and evening bell,
home. Twi - light and even-ing bell,
And aft-er that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell When I em-bark;


cres - - - cen - - - - do rit.
4. For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,
f
I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A-MEN.

Alfred Tennsyon, 1889

628 GREENWOOD S. M.

Joseph E. Sweetser, 1849



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

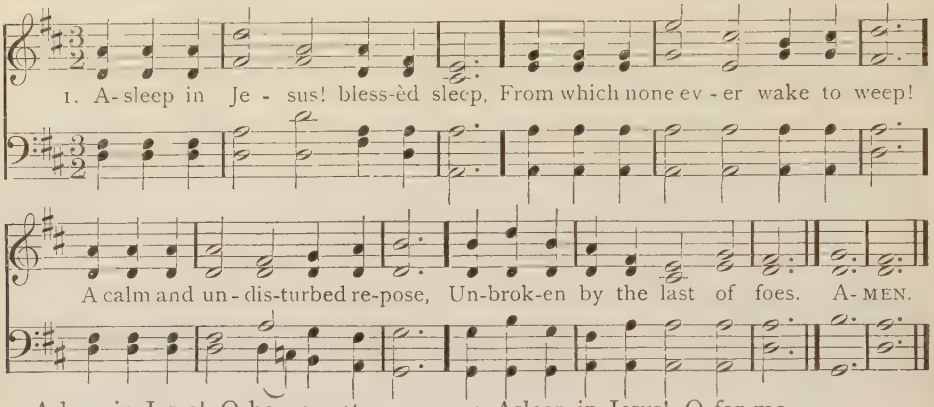
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan, 1832. Tr. by George W. Bethune, 1847

629 REST L. M.

William B. Bradbury, 1843


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-èd sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep!
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-MEN.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

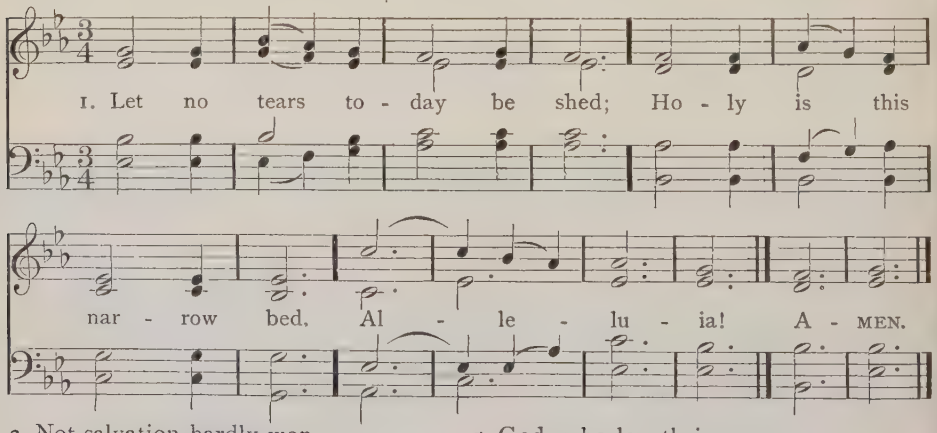
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessèd sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832

630 ST. MILLICENT 7 7 4

Arthur Sullivan



2 Not salvation hardly won,
Not the meed of race well run:—
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord
Gives His child a full reward;
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;
Crowns, without the battle's force.
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,
Hastes to take His darling hence,
Alleluia!

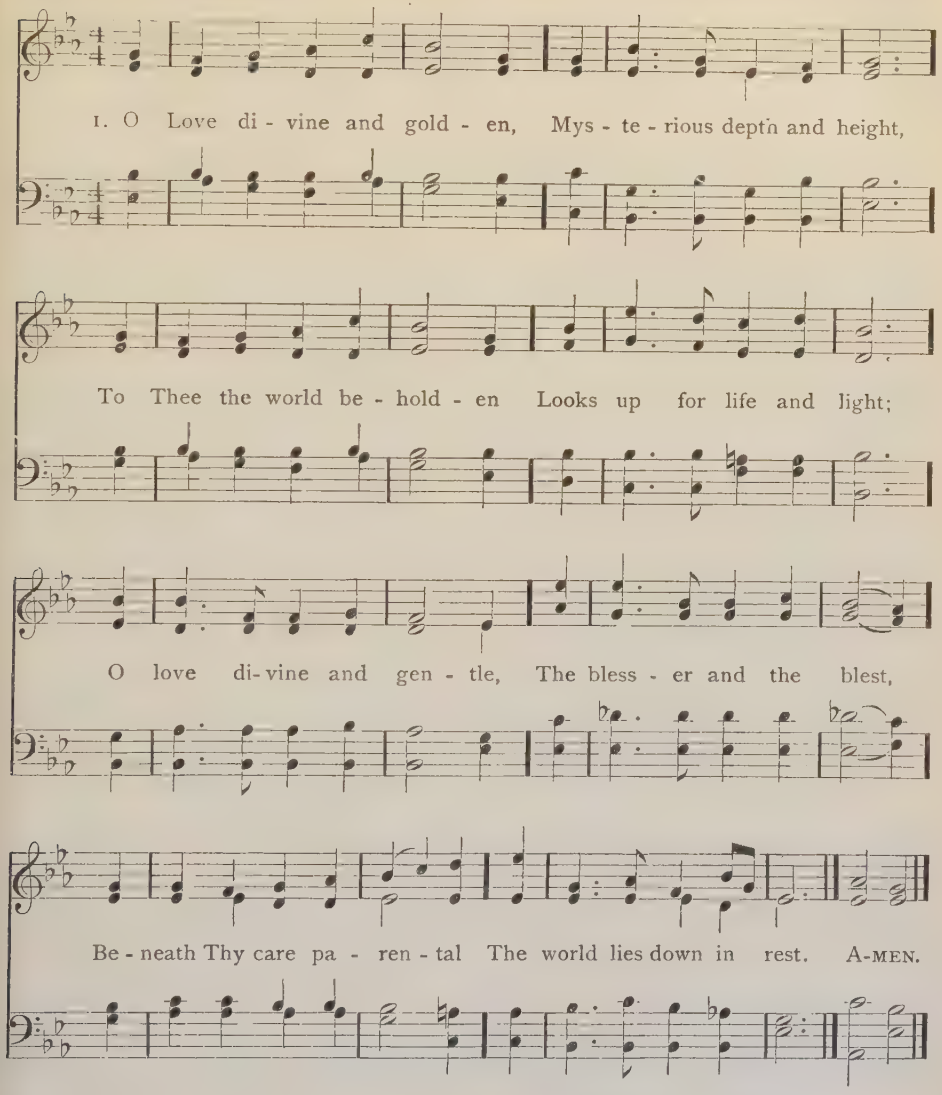
6 Christ, when this sad life is done,
Join us to Thy little one.
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,
Bring us to the ranks above.
Alleluia!

502 Anon. Paris Missal, 1764 Tr. R. F. Littledale, 1865

631 UNION SQUARE 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

John Bacchus Dykes, 1872


1. O Love di - vine and gold - en, Mys - te - rious depth and height,
To Thee the world be - hold - en Looks up for life and light;
O love di-vine and gen - tle, The bless - er and the blest,
Be - neath Thy care pa - ren - tal The world lies down in rest. A-MEN.

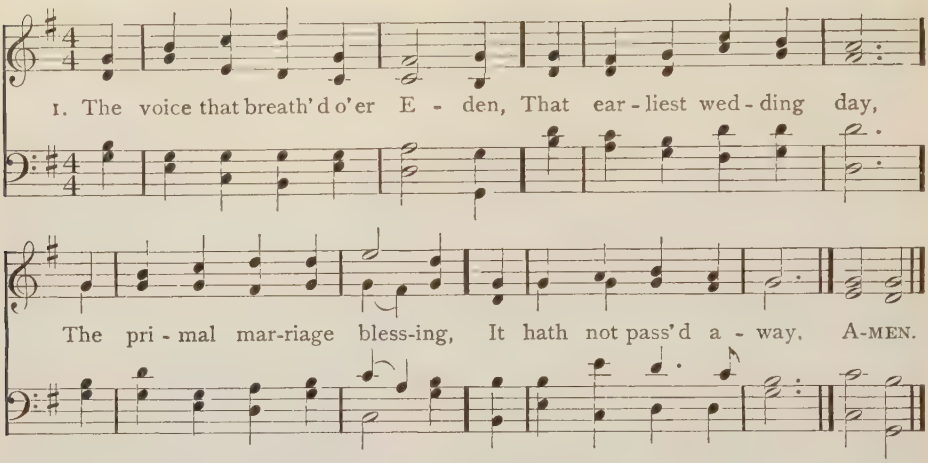
2 O Love divine and tender,
That through our home dost move,
Veiled in the softened splendor
Of holy household love,
A throne without Thy blessing
Were labor without rest,
And cottages possessing
Thy blessèdness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united;
God bless these hearts made one!
Unsevered and unblighted
May they through life go on;
Here in earth's home preparing
For the bright home above,
And there for ever sharing
Its joy where "God is Love."

John S. B. Monsell, 1862

632 ST. ALPHEGE 7 6 7 6

Henry J. Gauntlett, 1852



2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:

4 Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As Thou didst bind two natures
In Thine eternal bands!

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As Thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal!

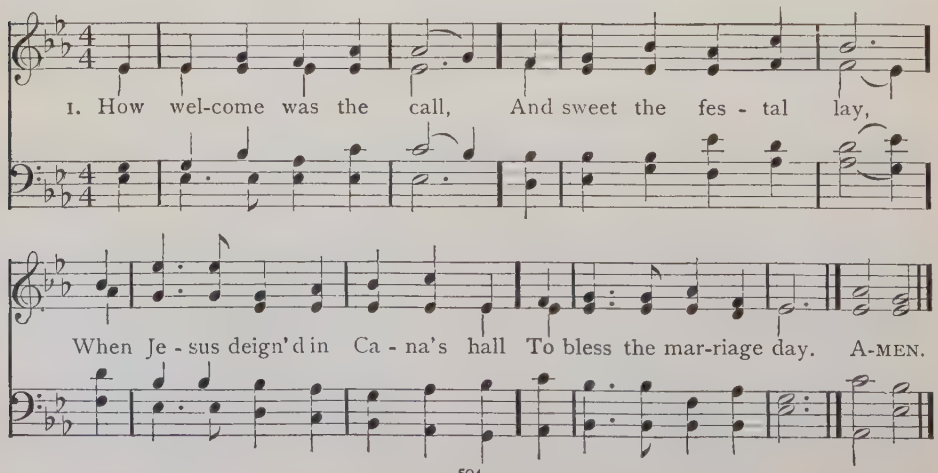
6 O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
When onward to Thine altar
Their hallowed path they trace.

7 To cast their crowns before Thee
In perfect sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

John Keble

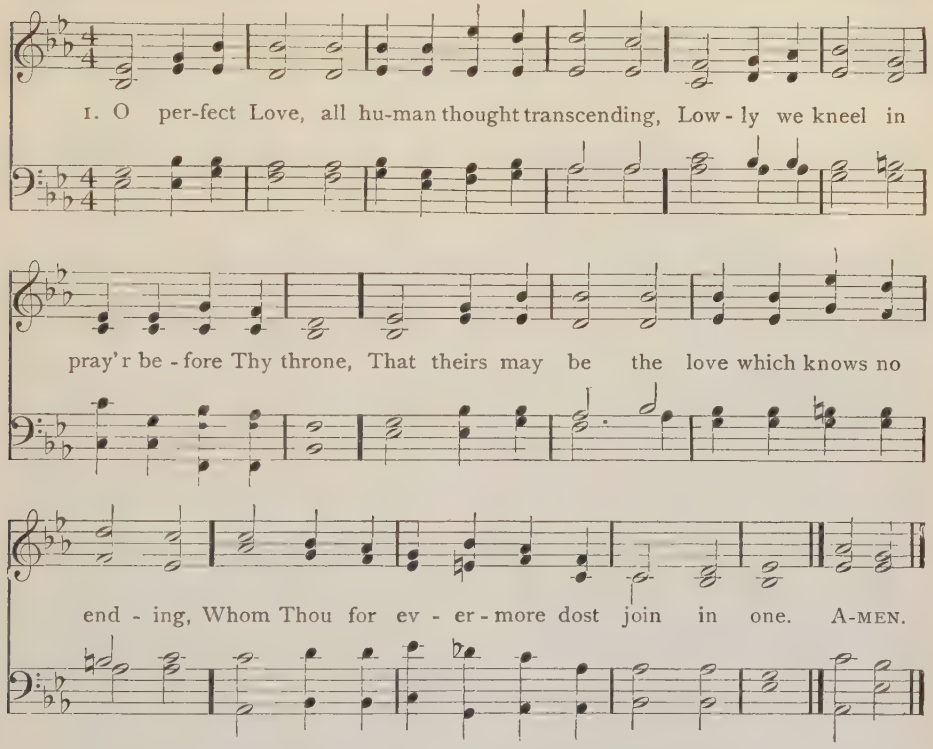
633 SWAINSTHORPE S. M.

J. Booth



634 O PERFECT LOVE 11 10 11 10

Arr. fr. Joseph Barnby, 1889


1. O per-fect Love, all hu-man thought transcending, Low-ly we kneel in
pray'r be-fore Thy throne, That theirs may be the love which knows no
end-ing, Whom Thou for ev-er-more dost join in one. A-MEN.

2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883

(SWAINTHORPE)

2 And happy was the bride,
And glad the bridegroom's heart,
For He who tarried at their side
Bade grief and ill depart.

3 His gracious power divine
The water vessels knew;
And plenteous was the mystic wine
The wondering servants drew.

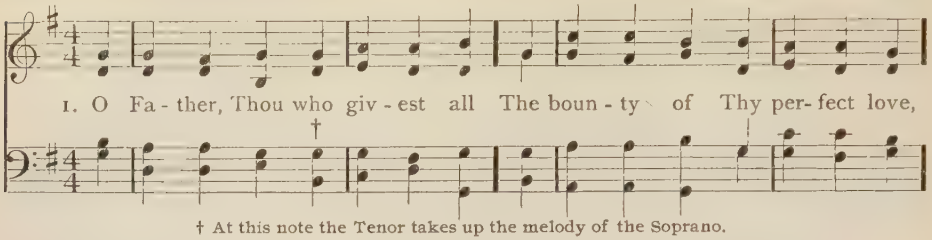
4 O Lord of life and love,
Come Thou again to-day;
And bring a blessing from above
That ne'er shall pass away.

5 Before Thine altar throne
This mercy we implore;
As Thou dost knit them, Lord, in one
So bless them evermore.

Henry W. Baker

635 TALLIS' CANON L. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1565


1. O Fa - ther, Thou who giv - est all The boun - ty of Thy per- fect love,
†
† At this note the Tenor takes up the melody of the Soprano.
We thank Thee that up - on us fall Such ten-der blessings from a- bove. A-MEN.

2 We thank Thee for the grace of home,
For mother's love and father's care;
For friends and teachers—all who come
Our joys and hopes and fears to share.

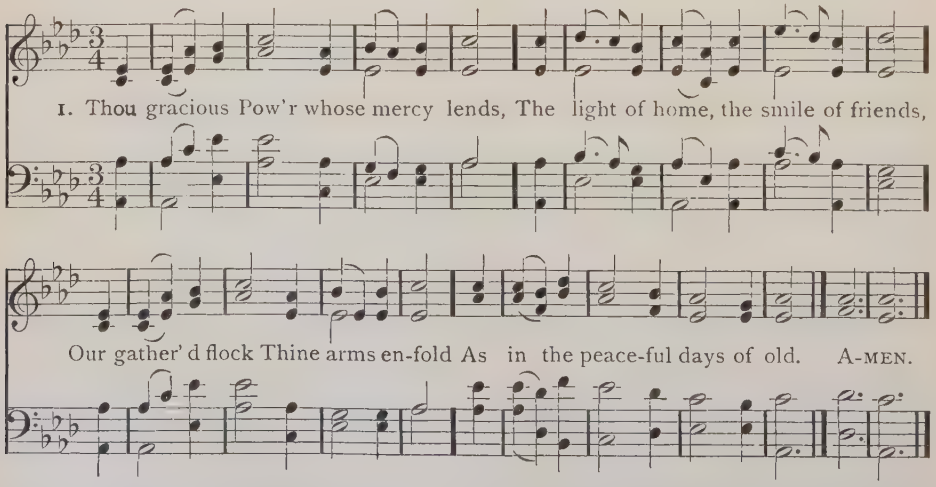
3 For eyes to see and ears to hear,
For hands to serve and arms to lift,
For shoulders broad and strong to bear,
For feet to run on errands swift.

4 For faith to conquer doubt and fear,
For love to answer every call,
For strength to do, and will to dare,
We thank Thee, O Thou Lord of all.

John Haynes Holmes

636 LOUVAN L. M.

Virgil C. Taylor, 1847

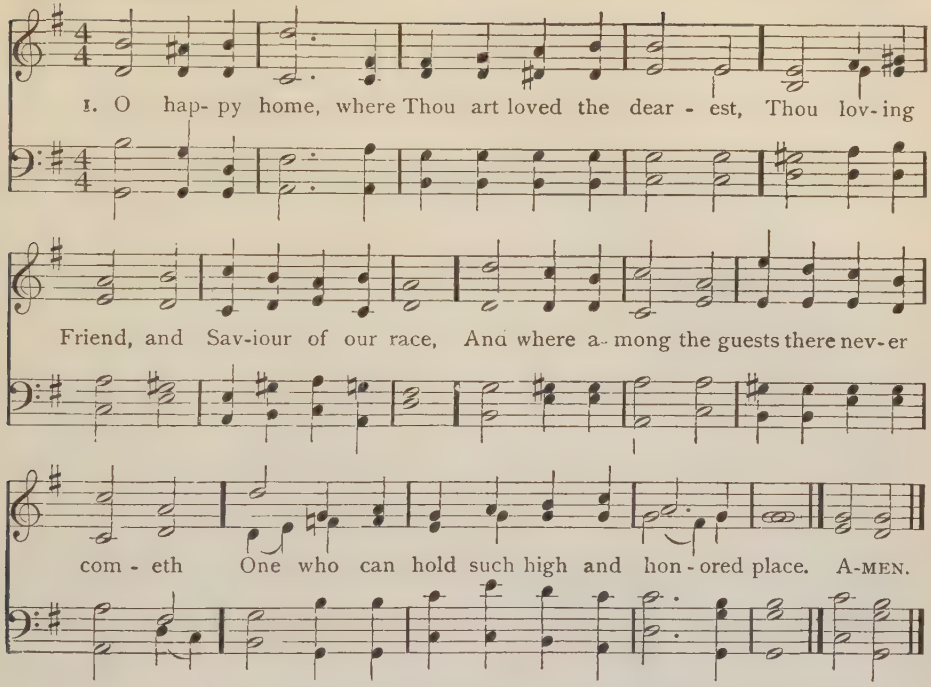

1. Thou gracious Pow'r whose mercy lends, The light of home, the smile of friends,
Our gather' d flock Thine arms en-fold As in the peace-ful days of old. A-MEN.

2 Wilt Thou not hear us while we raise,
In sweet accord of solemn praise,
The voices that have mingled long
In joyous flow of mirth and song?

3 For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;

637 WINDSOR 11 10 11 10

Joseph Barnby


1. O hap- py home, where Thou art loved the dear - est, Thou lov- ing
Friend, and Sav-iour of our race, And where a- mong the guests there nev- er
com - eth One who can hold such high and hon - ored place. A-MEN.

2 O happy home, where two in heart united
In holy faith and blessèd hope are one,
Whom death a little while alone divideth,
And cannot end the union here begun.

3 O happy home, where each one serves Thee, lowly,
Whatever his appointed work may be,
Till every common task seems great and holy,
When it is done, O Lord, as unto Thee.

4 O happy home, where Thou art not forgotten
When joy is overflowing, full, and free;
O happy home, where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee,

5 Until at last, when earth's day's work is ended
All meet Thee in the blessèd home above,
From whence Thou camest, where Thou hast ascended,
Thy everlasting home of peace and love.

Tr. Sarah Borthwick Findlater

(LOUVAN)

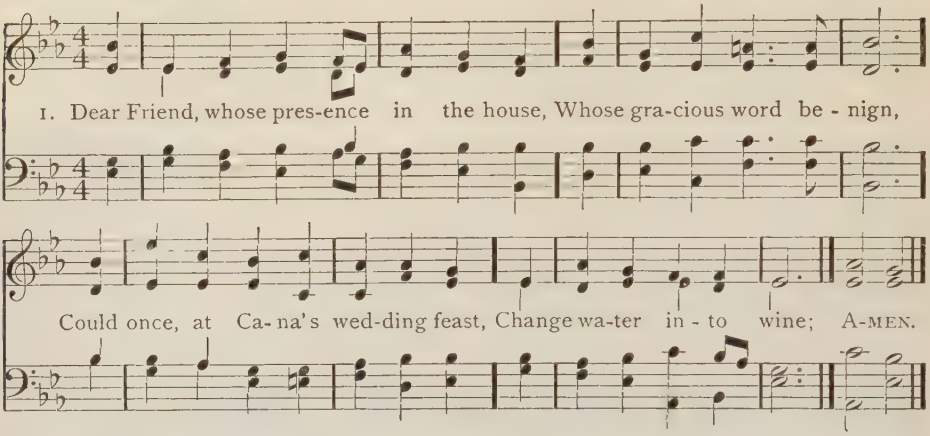
4 The noontide sunshine of the past,
These brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres:

5 We thank Thee, Father! let Thy grace
Our loving circle still embrace,
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

638 ST. BERNARD C. M.

Arr. by John Richardson, 1863


1. Dear Friend, whose pres-ence in the house, Whose gra-cious word be - nign,
Could once, at Ca- na's wed-ding feast, Change wa-ter in - to wine; A-MEN.

2 Come, visit us, and when dull work
Grows weary, line on line,
Revive our souls, and make us see
Life's water glow as wine.

3 Gay mirth shall deepen into joy,
Earth's hopes shall grow divine,
When Jesus visits us, to turn
Life's water into wine.

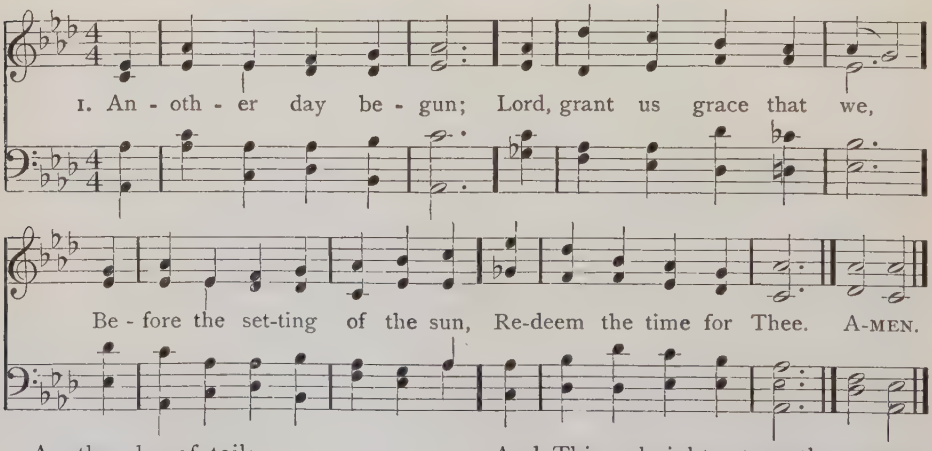
4 The social talk, the evening fire,
The homely household shrine,
Shall glow with angel-visits when
The Lord pours out the wine.

5 For when self-seeking turns to love,
Which knows not mine and thine,
The miracle again is wrought,
And water changed to wine.

J. F. Clarke

639 SCHUMANN S. M.

Arr. fr. Robert Schumann



2 Another day of toil;
To Thee we yield our powers;
Keep Thou our souls from guilty soil
Through all the passing hours.

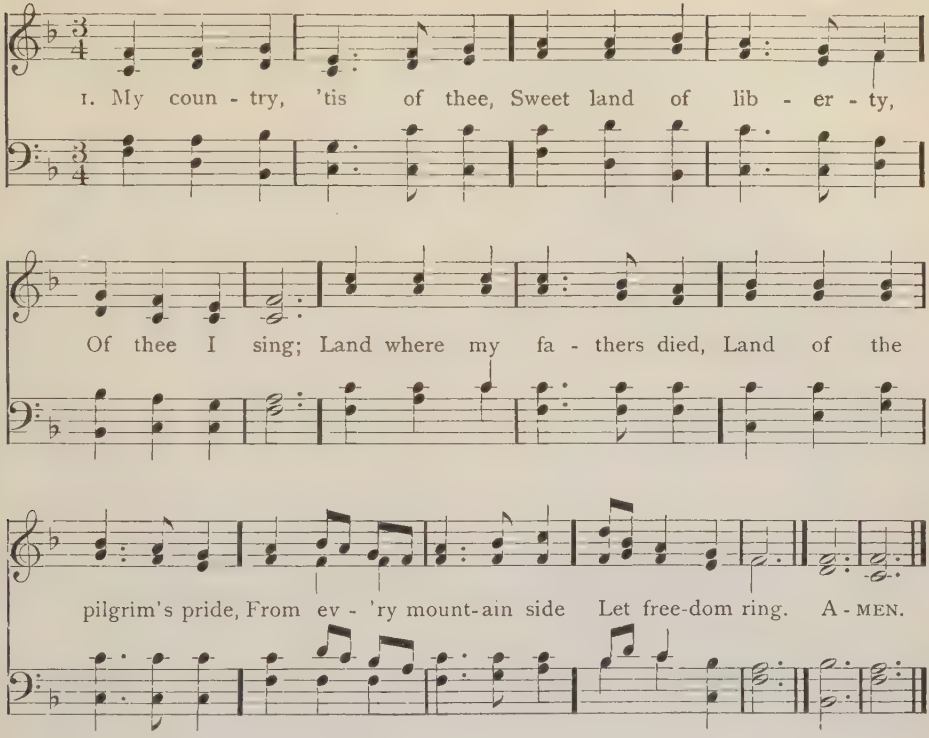
3 Another day of hope;
For Thou art with us still,
And Thine almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

4 Another day of grace
To help us on our way
One step towards the resting-place,
The eternal Sabbath day.

John Ellerton, 1871

640 AMERICA 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Henry Carey, 1743


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
pilgrim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side Let free-dom ring. A - MEN.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

Samuel Francis Smith, 1832

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND

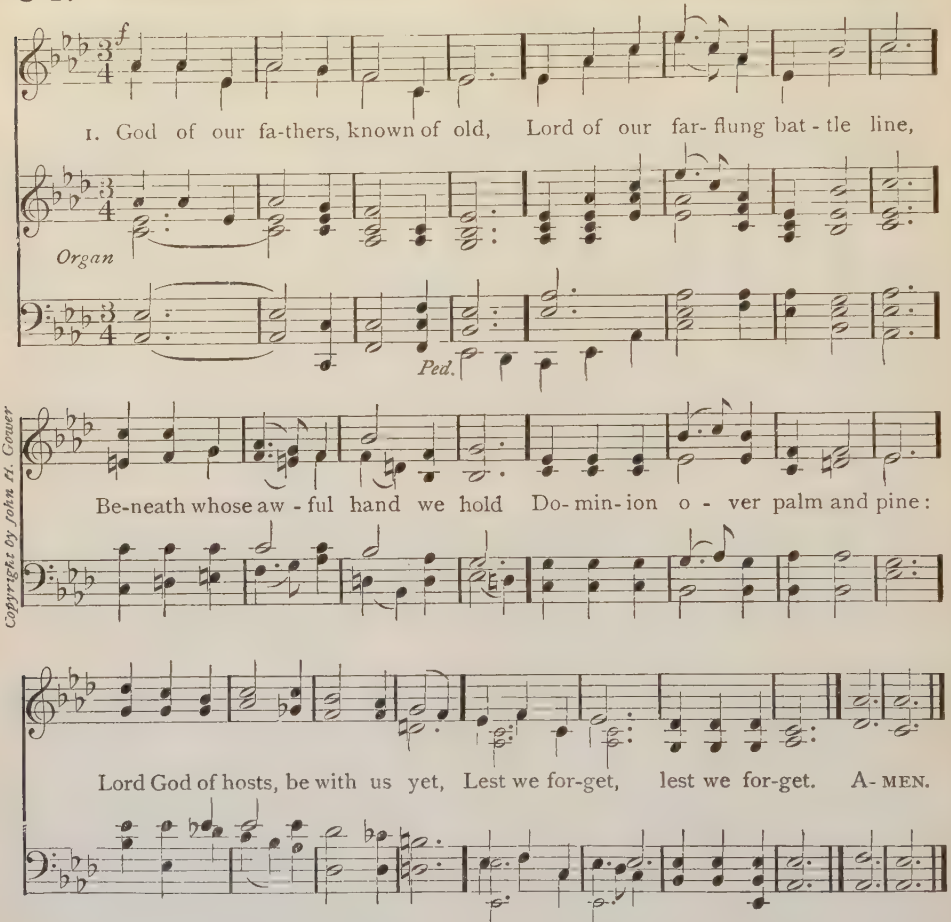
1 God bless our native land;
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

2 Not for this land alone,
But be God's mercy shown
From shore to shore;
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

Charles T. Brooks, 1834;
John S. Dwight, 1844

641 RECESSIONAL 8 8 8 8 8 8

John H. Gower, 1903


f
1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
Organ
Ped.
Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-MEN.

Copyright by John H. Gower

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

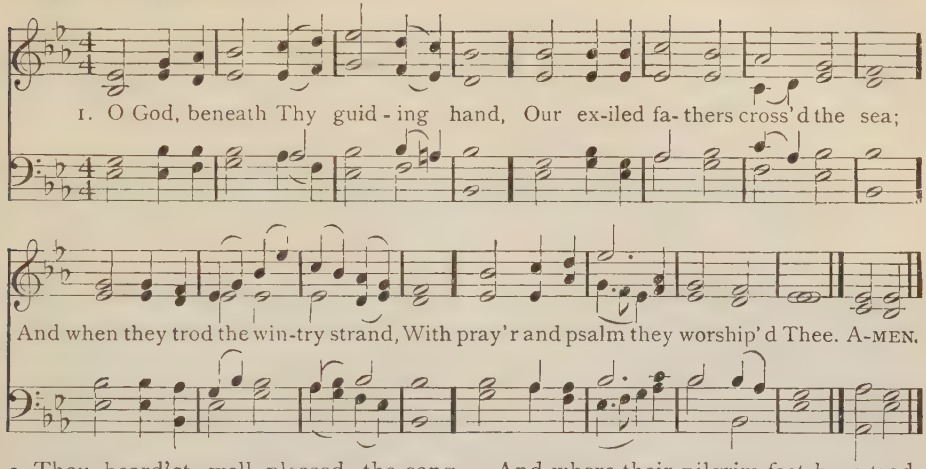
4 If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard;
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897

642 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton, 1790


1. O God, beneath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex-iled fa-thers cross'd the sea;
And when they trod the win-try strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee. A-MEN.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

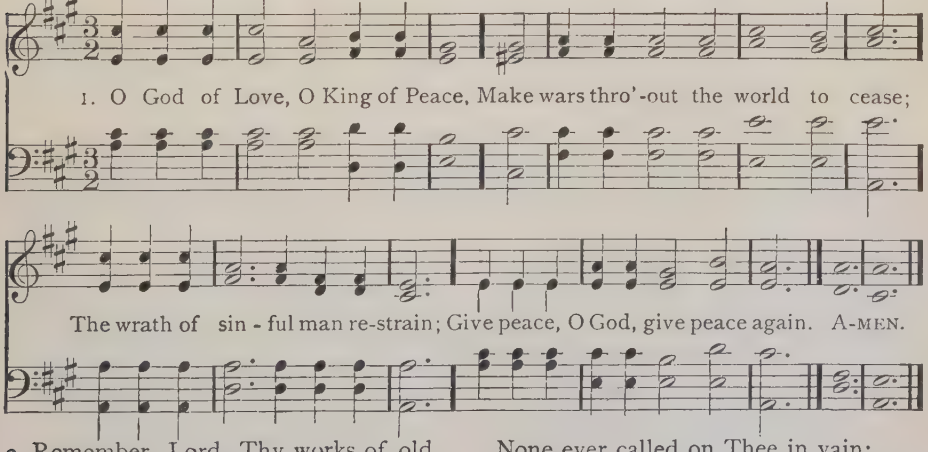
3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon, 1833

643 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner, 1832


1. O God of Love, O King of Peace, Make wars thro'-out the world to cease;
The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give peace again. A-MEN.

2 Remember, Lord, Thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain:
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

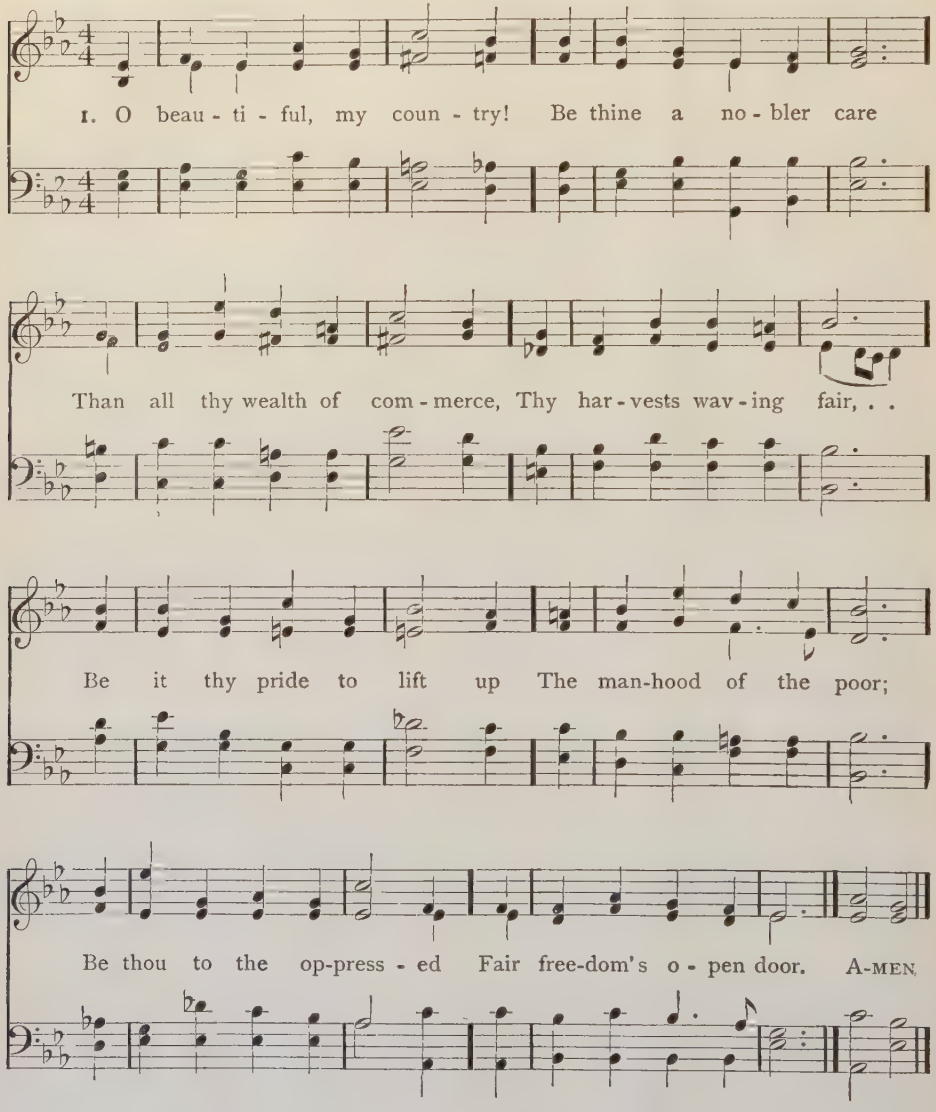
3 Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on Thy faithful word?
None ever called on Thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Henry Williams Baker

644 GARFIRTH 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Robert P. Stewart, 1868

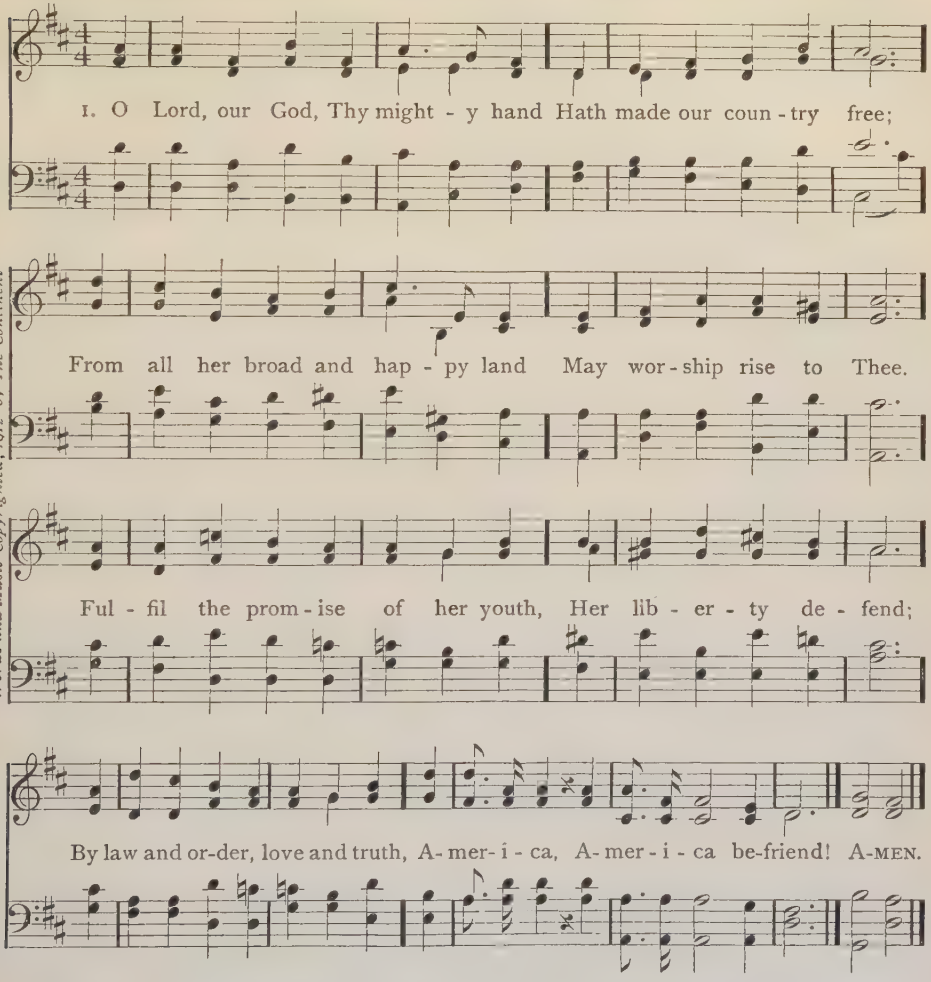

1. O beau - ti - ful, my coun - try! Be thine a no - bler care
Than all thy wealth of com - merce, Thy har - vests wav - ing fair, . .
Be it thy pride to lift up The man-hood of the poor;
Be thou to the op-press - ed Fair free-dom's o - pen door. A-MEN

2 For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled, flows in thine.

3 O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine is the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness Thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace the crowning gem.

Frederick L. Hosmer

645 AMERICA BEFRIEND 8 6 8 6 8 6 8 6 William Pierson Merrill, 1912


1. O Lord, our God, Thy might - y hand Hath made our coun - try free;
From all her broad and hap - py land May wor - ship rise to Thee.
Ful - fil the prom - ise of her youth, Her lib - er - ty de - fend;
By law and or-der, love and truth, A - mer - i - ca, A - mer - i - ca be-friend! A-MEN.

Words and Music Copyrighted, 1912 by The Continent

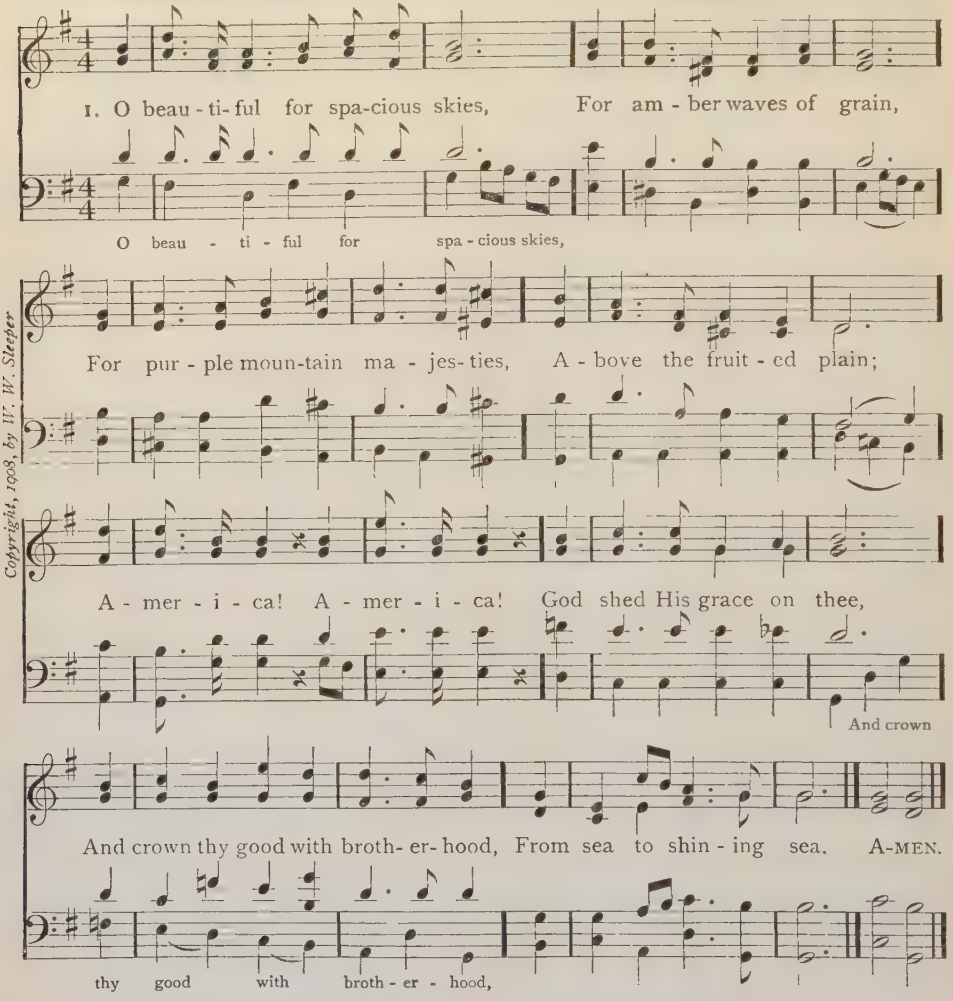
2 The strength of every state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain:
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America befriend!

3 O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light.
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend;
By justice, nationwide and sure,
America befriend!

4 Through all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good-will;
And may the joy of Jesus' name
In every bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity,
America befriend!

Henry van Dyke, 1912

646 AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL 8 6 8 6 8 6 8 6 William W. Sleeper, 1908


1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies,
For pur-ple moun-tain ma-jes-ties, A-bove the fruit-ed plain;
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood, From sea to shin-ing sea. A-MEN.
thy good with broth - er - hood,

Copyright, 1908, by W. W. Sleeper

2 O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness;
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.

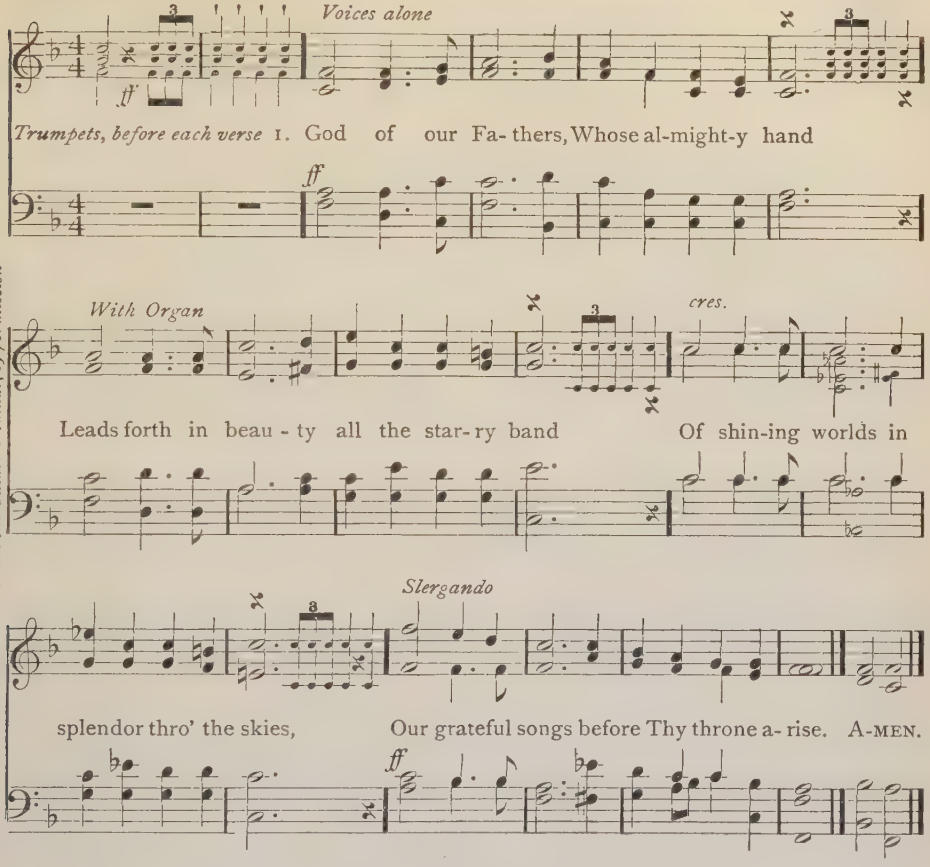
3 O beautiful for glory-tale
Of liberating strife,
When valiantly, for man's avail,
Men lavished precious life;
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine.

4 O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years,
Thine alabaster cities gleam,
Undimmed by human tears;
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

Katherine Lee Bates, 1904

647 NATIONAL HYMN 10 10 10 10

George William Warren, 1892



From the Tucker Hymnal, by permission

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

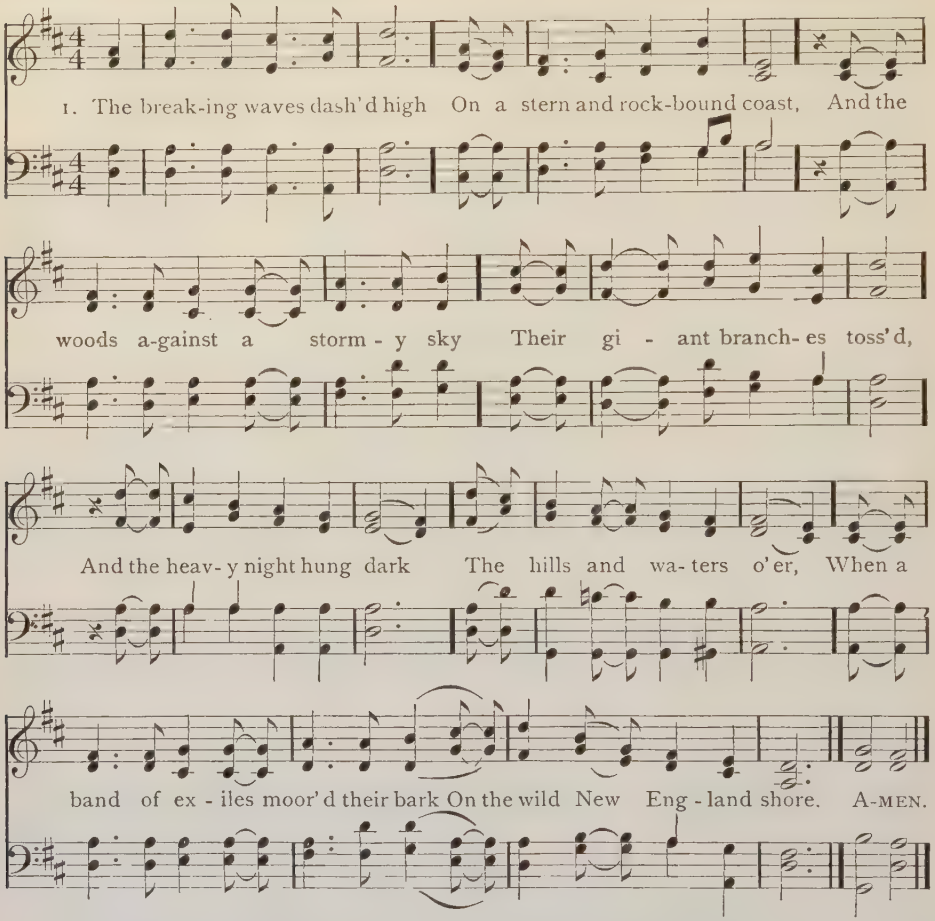
3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

Daniel C. Roberts, 1876

648 PLYMOUTH Irregular

Mary Anne Browne


1. The break-ing waves dash'd high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the
woods a-gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch- es toss'd,
And the heav- y night hung dark The hills and wa- ters o'er, When a
band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore. A-MEN.

2 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

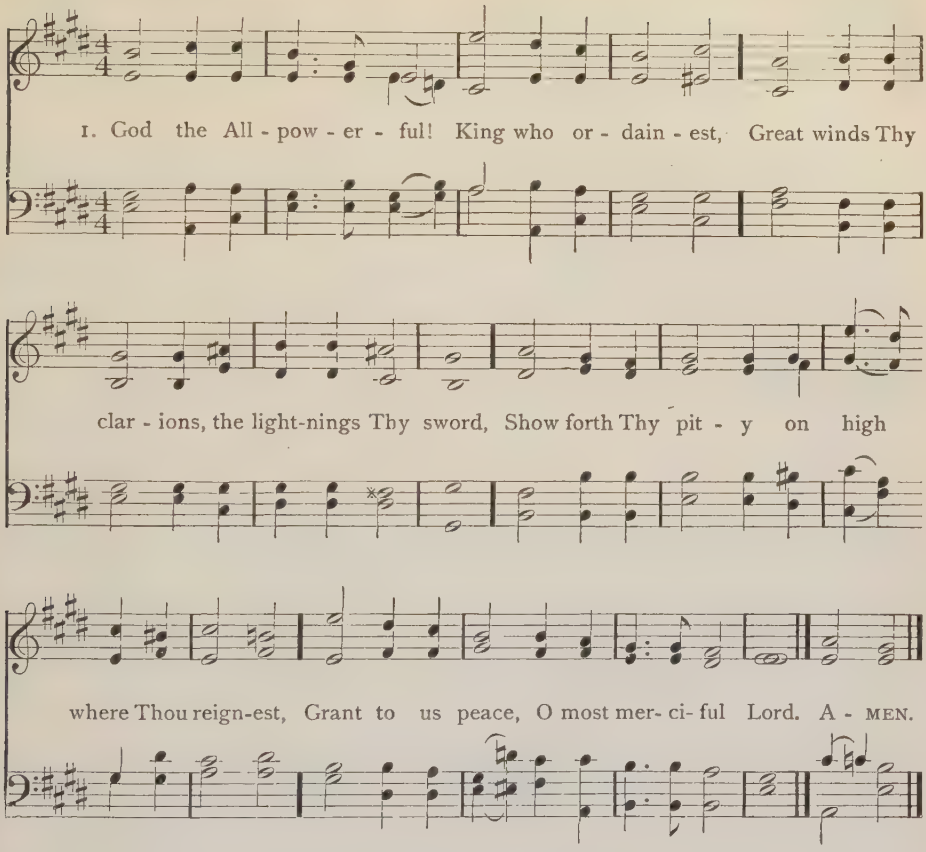
3 Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free:
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,
This was their welcome home.

4 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels from the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil which first they trod;
They have left un-stained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia D. Hemans, 1828

649 RUSSIAN HYMN 11 10 11 10

Alexis Lwoff, 1833


1. God the All - pow - er - ful! King who or - dain - est, Great winds Thy
clar - ions, the light-nings Thy sword, Show forth Thy pit - y on high
where Thou reign-est, Grant to us peace, O most mer- ci- ful Lord. A - MEN.

2 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee,
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Grant to us peace, O most merciful Lord.

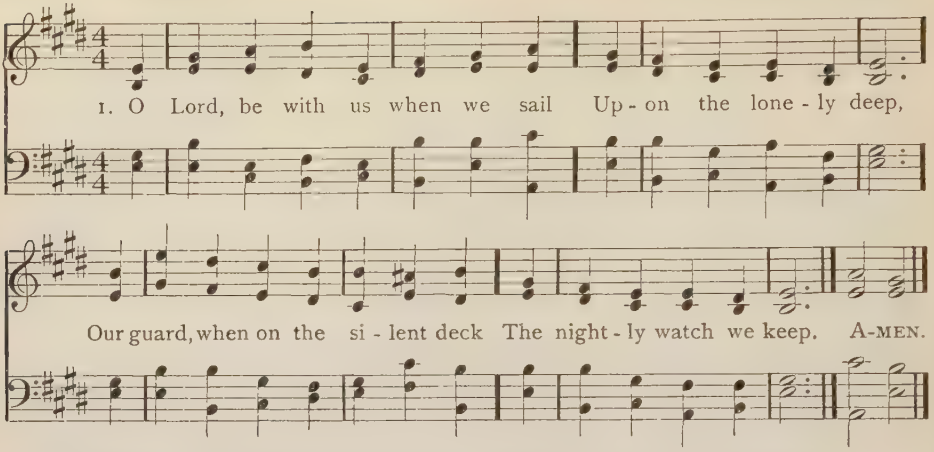
3 God the All-wise! by the fire of Thy chast'ning,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

4 So shall Thy children, in thankful devotion,
Praise Him who saved them from peril and sword,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord."

Henry F. Chorley, 1842 Arr. by John Ellerton, 1870

650 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564



2 We need not fear, though all around,
'Mid rising winds, we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For Thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
The ocean and the land,
All, all are Thine, and held within
The hollow of Thy hand.

4 As when on blue Gennesareth
Rose high the angry wave,
And Thy disciples quailed in dread,
One word of Thine could save;

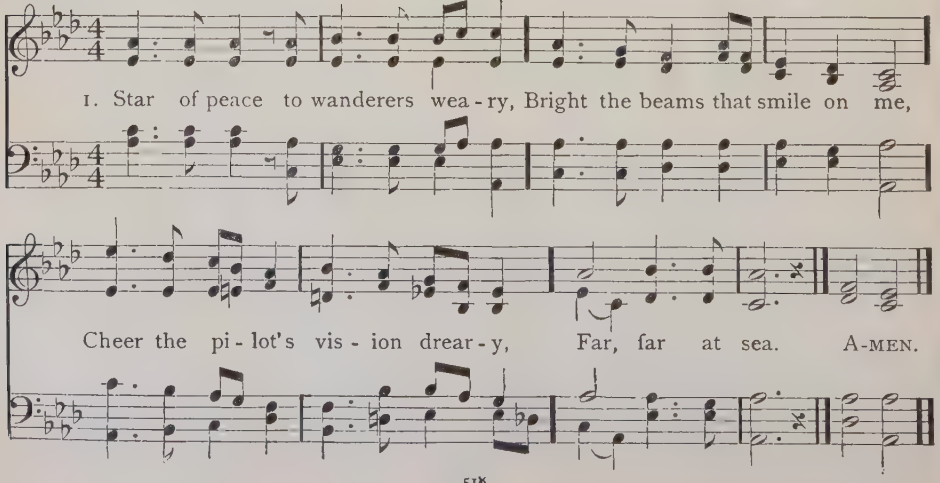
5 So when the fiercer storms arise
From man's unbridled will,
Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts
To whisper, "Peace, be still."

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

Edward A. Dayman, 1865

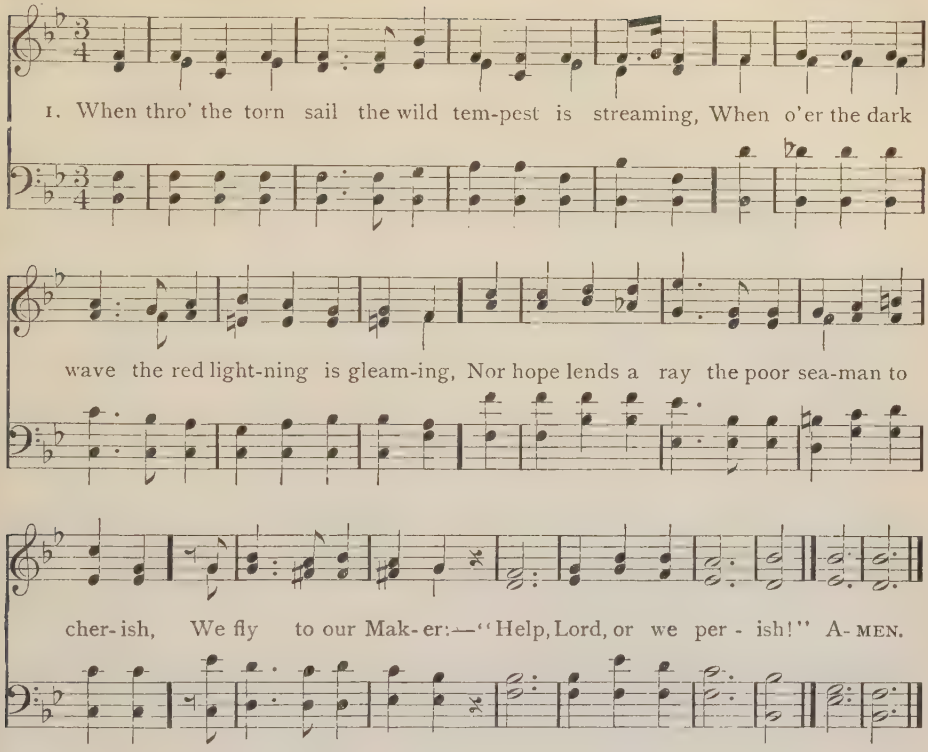
651 WAVE 8 7 8 4

Arr. by William B. Bradbury, 1844



652 CARDIFF 12 12 12 12

Arthur Sullivan, 1869


1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is streaming, When o'er the dark
wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to
cher-ish, We fly to our Mak-er:—"Help, Lord, or we per-ish!" A-MEN.

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, O when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

Reginald Heber, 1820

(WAVE)

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

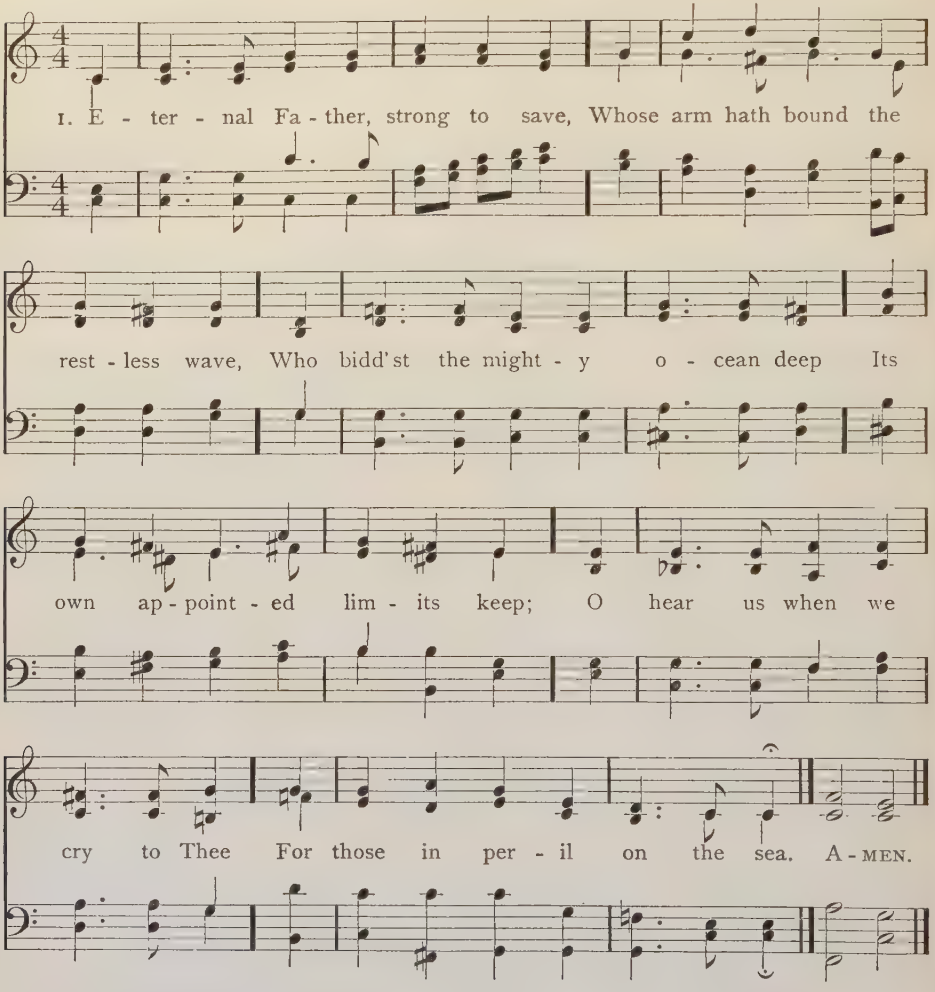
3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, O safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

Jane C. Simpson,, 1830

653 MELITA 8 8 8 8 8 8

John Bacchus Dykes, 1861


1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the
rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
own ap - point - ed lim - its keep; O hear us when we
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea. A - MEN.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860

654 FILIUS DEI C. M. D.

Alfred R. Gaul

1. The old years's long cam-paign is o'er; Be - hold a new be - gun;
Not yet is closed the ho - ly war, Not yet the tri - umph won:
Out of its still and deep re-pose We hear the old year say,
"Go forth a - gain to meet your foes, Ye chil-dren of the day." A - MEN.

2 "Go forth, firm faith in every heart,
Bright hope on every helm,
Through that shall pierce no fiery dart,
And this no fear o'erwhelm:
Go in the spirit and the might
Of Him who led the way;
Close with the legions of the night,
Ye children of the day."

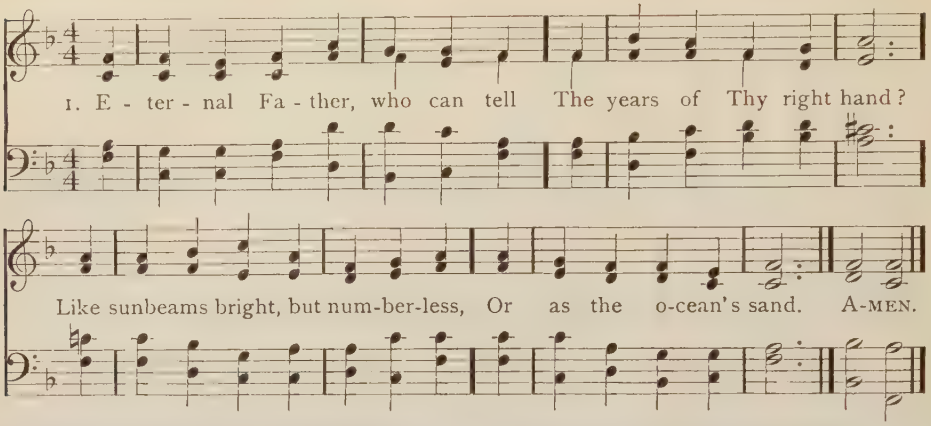
3 So forth we go to meet the strife,
We will not fear nor fly;
We love the holy warrior's life,
His death we hope to die:
We slumber not, that charge in view,
"Toil on, while toil ye may,
Then night shall be no night to you,
Ye children of the day."

4 Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,
Thine own sustain, defend;
And give, though dim this earthly sun,
Thy true light to the end,
Till morning tread the darkness down,
And night be swept away,
And never ending triumph crown
The children of the day.

Samuel J. Stone, 1868

655 ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

Daye's Psalter, 1562



2 Thine ageless age no limit knows,
No dawn began Thy day,
Nor evening shade shall ever fall
Upon Thy glorious way.

3 All time is but a fleeting wave
Upon Thy calm, deep sea,
A fading leaf that feebly falls
From Life's eternal tree.

4 Yet unto Thee our fleeting years,
Our fading days, are known,
And every hour its message bears
Up to the eternal throne.

5 Old year, farewell! Thou'rt gone to God,
Gone to record our life,
Its poor success, its wasted hours,
Its oft unworthy strife.

6 New year, all hail! Thou'rt come from God;
Blest be Thy dawning bright!
Blest be thy swiftly fleeting hours!
And blest thine evening light.

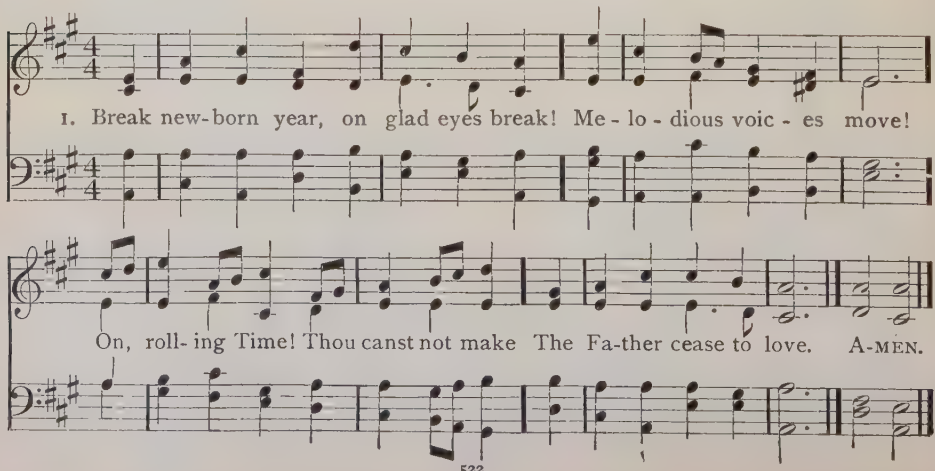
7 Into the hand of Him who died,
Who evermore doth live,
This strange and solemn New Year's path
In trustful prayer we give.

8 Enough for us to hear His voice,
To feel His guiding hand,
To know each step is bringing us
Nearer the Better Land.

R. Dawson

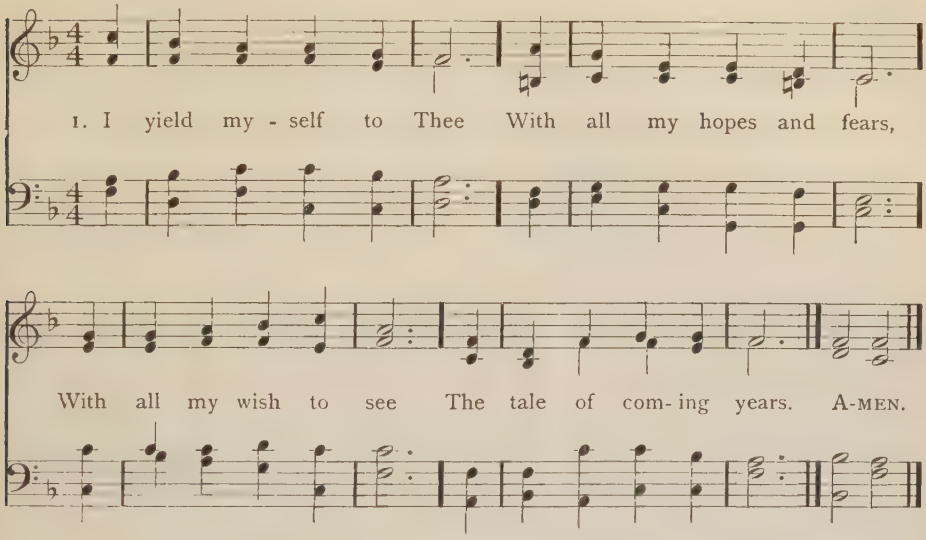
656 BRISTOL C. M.

Edward Hodges, 1819


1. Break new-born year, on glad eyes break! Me - lo - dious voic - es move!
On, roll- ing Time! Thou canst not make The Fa-ther cease to love. A-MEN.

657 ST. CECILIA 6 6 6 6

L. G. Hayne



2 Give Thou a quiet mind
My daily work to do,
To leave the past behind,
With Thee the future too.

3 Lord, be it unforgot
How many days and years,
Through Thy dear love, my lot
Was better than my fears.

4 I cast my fears aside,
This life is none of mine,
It rests with Thee, my Guide,
I lay my hand in Thine.

5 Give Thou a spirit wise,
A judgment calm and true,
In all that may arise,
Thy blessèd will to do.

6 Remove all anxious care
What human tongues may say,
Give kindness to forbear
And firmness to obey.

7 If aught I must endure
Whatever pain it be,
I know Thy hand can cure,
I yield myself to Thee.

J. E. A. Brown

(BRISTOL)

2 The parted year had wingèd feet;
The Saviour still doth stay;
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams;

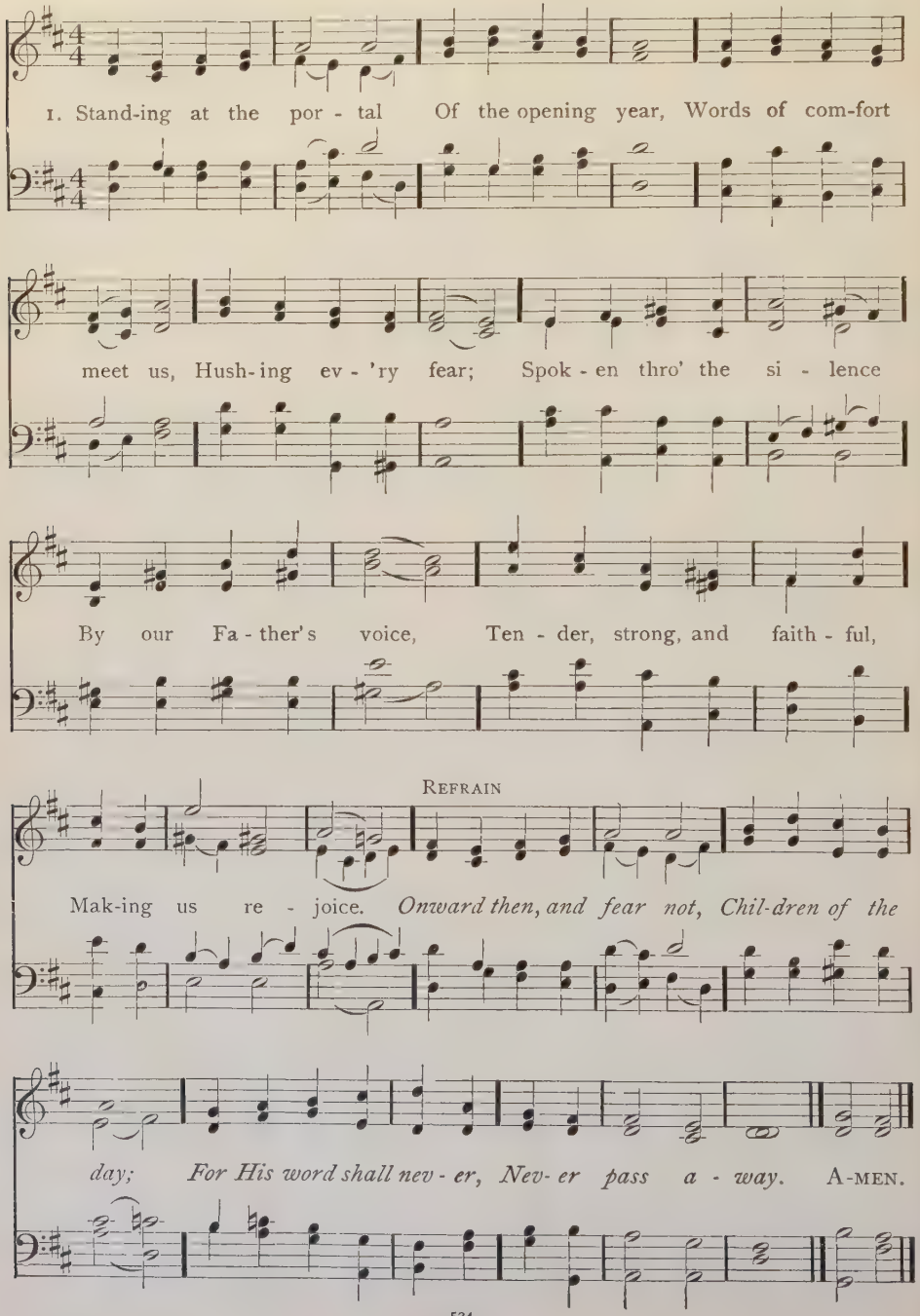
4 Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou shouldst take us home.

Thomas H. Gill

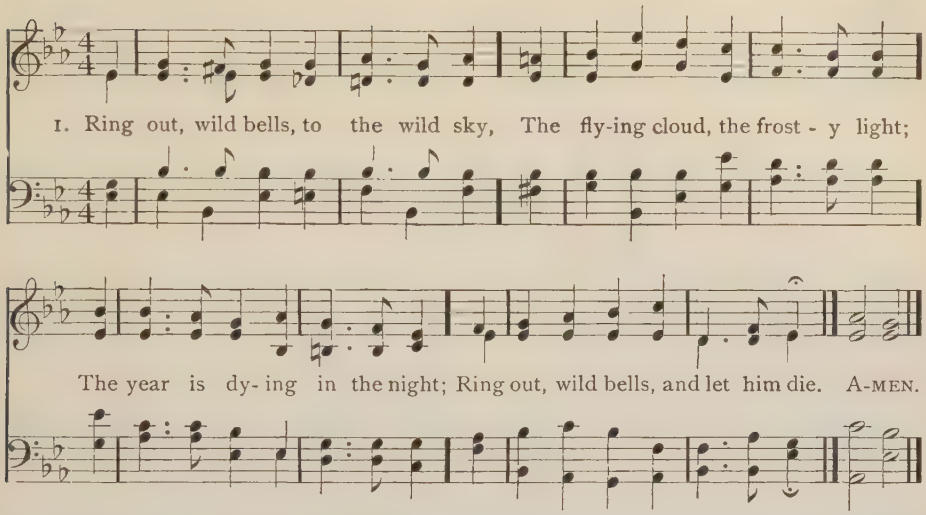
658 DEVA 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 With Refrain

Edward J. Hopkins, 1888


1. Stand-ing at the por - tal Of the opening year, Words of com-fort
meet us, Hush-ing ev - 'ry fear; Spok - en thro' the si - lence
By our Fa - ther's voice, Ten - der, strong, and faith - ful,
REFRAIN
Mak-ing us re - joice. Onward then, and fear not, Chil-dren of the
day; For His word shall nev - er, Nev- er pass a - way. A-MEN.

659 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872


1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The fly-ing cloud, the frost - y light;
The year is dy- ing in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. A-MEN.

2 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

4 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

5 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

6 Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson, 1849

(DEVA)

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will keep and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In My sight to stand."

3 For the year before us,
O what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall His grace abound;
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.

4 He will never fail us,
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on His promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.

Frances R. Havergal, 1873

660 GREENLAND 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Lausanne Psalter

1. O God, the Rock of a - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,
What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing place se - rene;
Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end - less gen - e - ra - tions The ev - er - last - ing Thou! A-MEN.

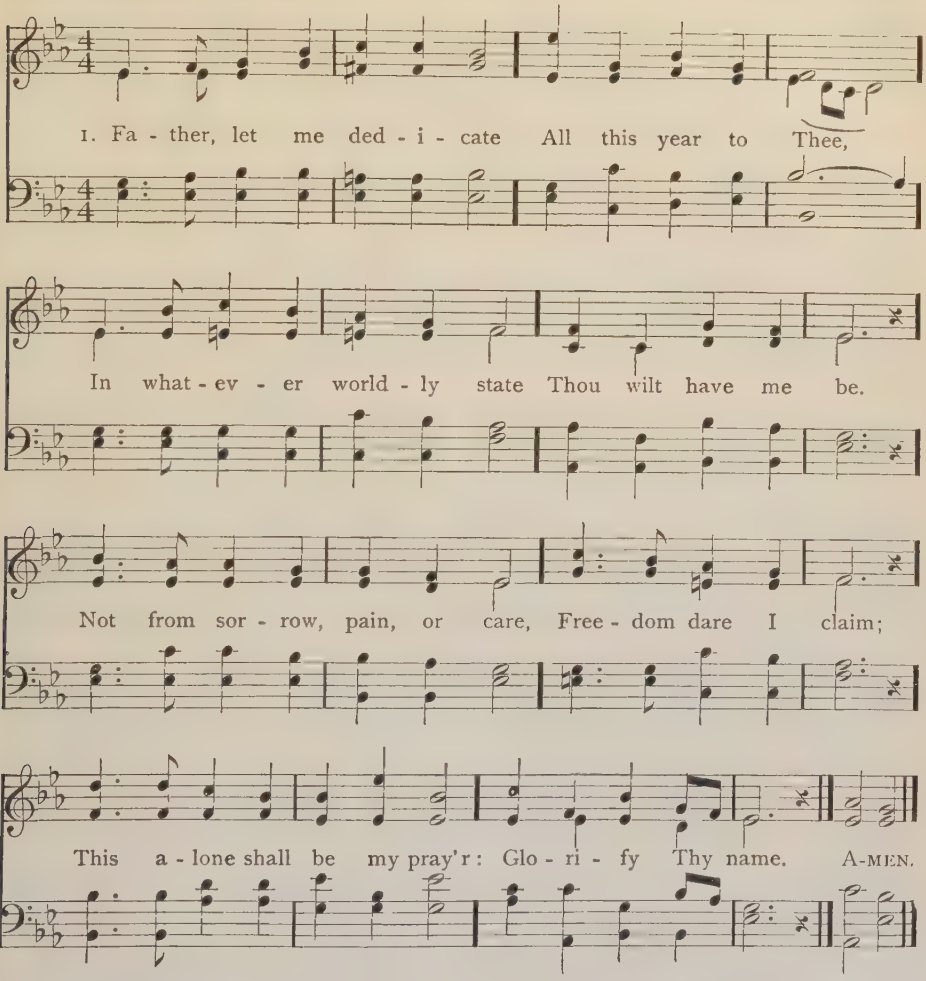
2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O Thou, Who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light forever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

Edward H. Bickersteth, 1860

661 DEDICATIO ANNI 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 R. F. Coules, 1881


1. Fa - ther, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee,
In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.
Not from sor - row, pain, or care, Free - dom dare I claim;
This a - lone shall be my pray'r: Glo - ri - fy Thy name. A-MEN.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More Thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify Thy name.

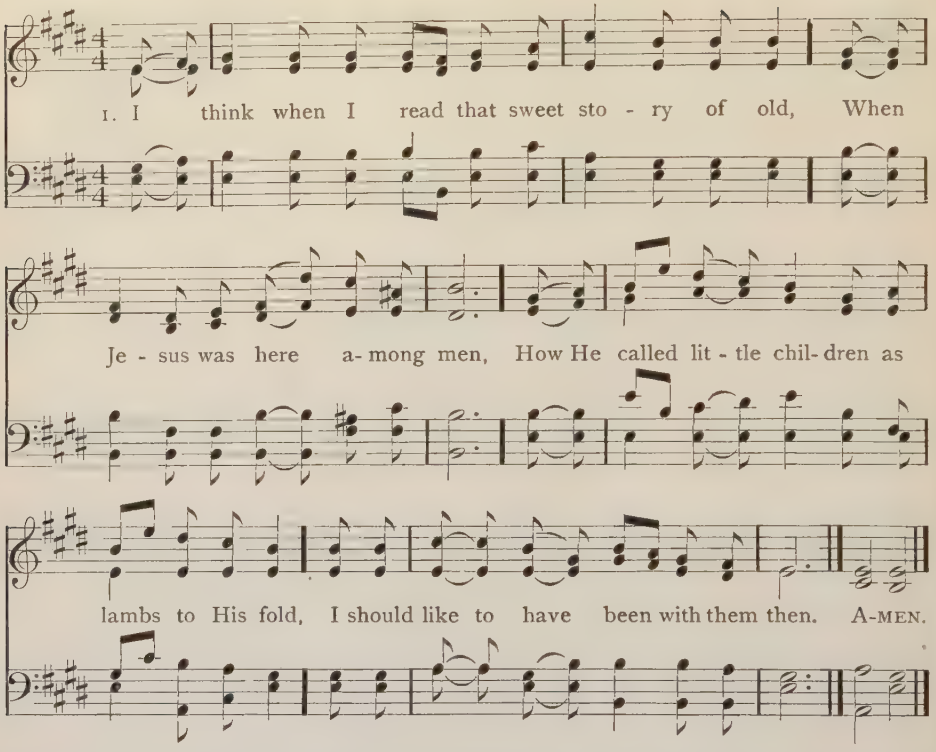
3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare
Joys that yet are mine,
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may shine,
Let my glad heart, while it sings,
Thee in all proclaim;
And whate'er the future brings,
Glorify Thy name.

4 If Thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all my gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home:
Let me think how Thy dear Son
To His glory came,
And in deepest woe pray on,
"Glorify Thy name."

L. Tuttiett

662 SWEET STORY 11 8 11 9 Irregular

English


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A-MEN.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

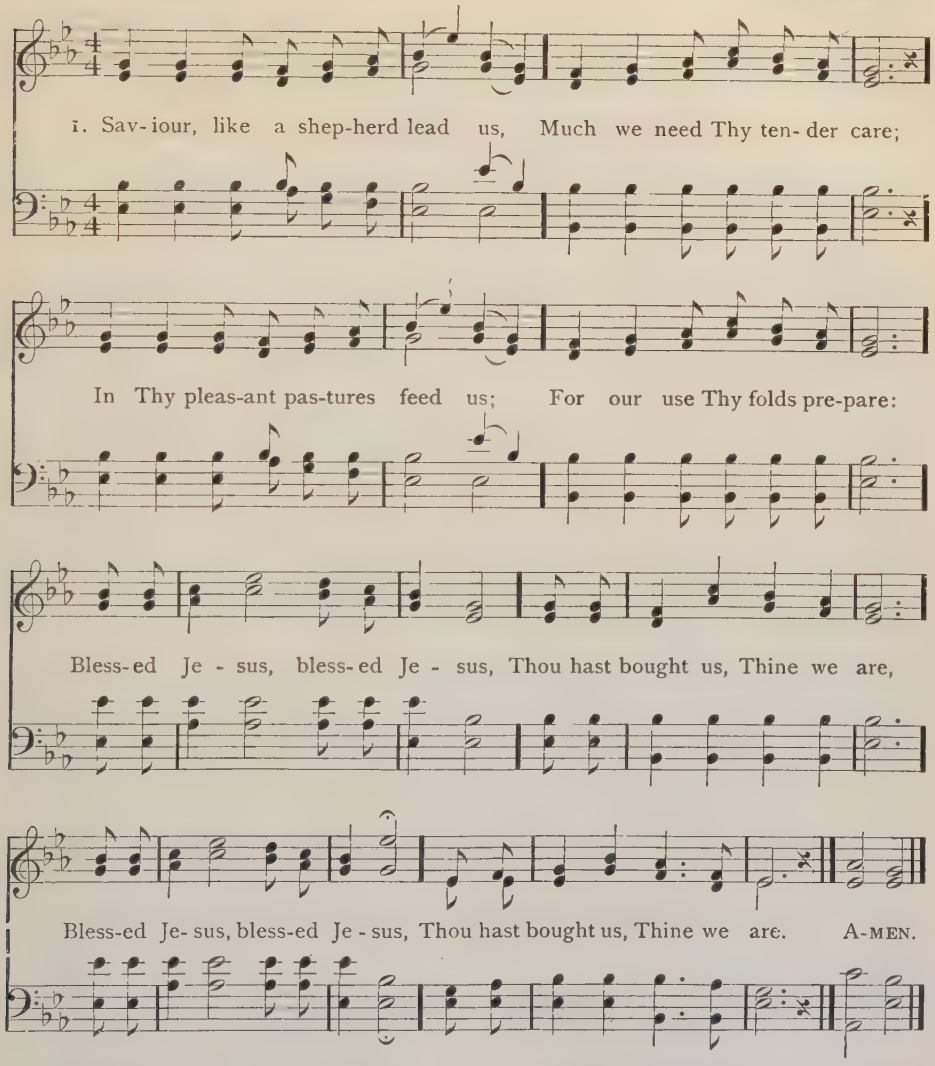
4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Jemima Luke, 1841

663 BRADBURY 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

William B. Bradbury


1. Sav-iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless-ed Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-MEN.

2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Hear thè children, when they pray.

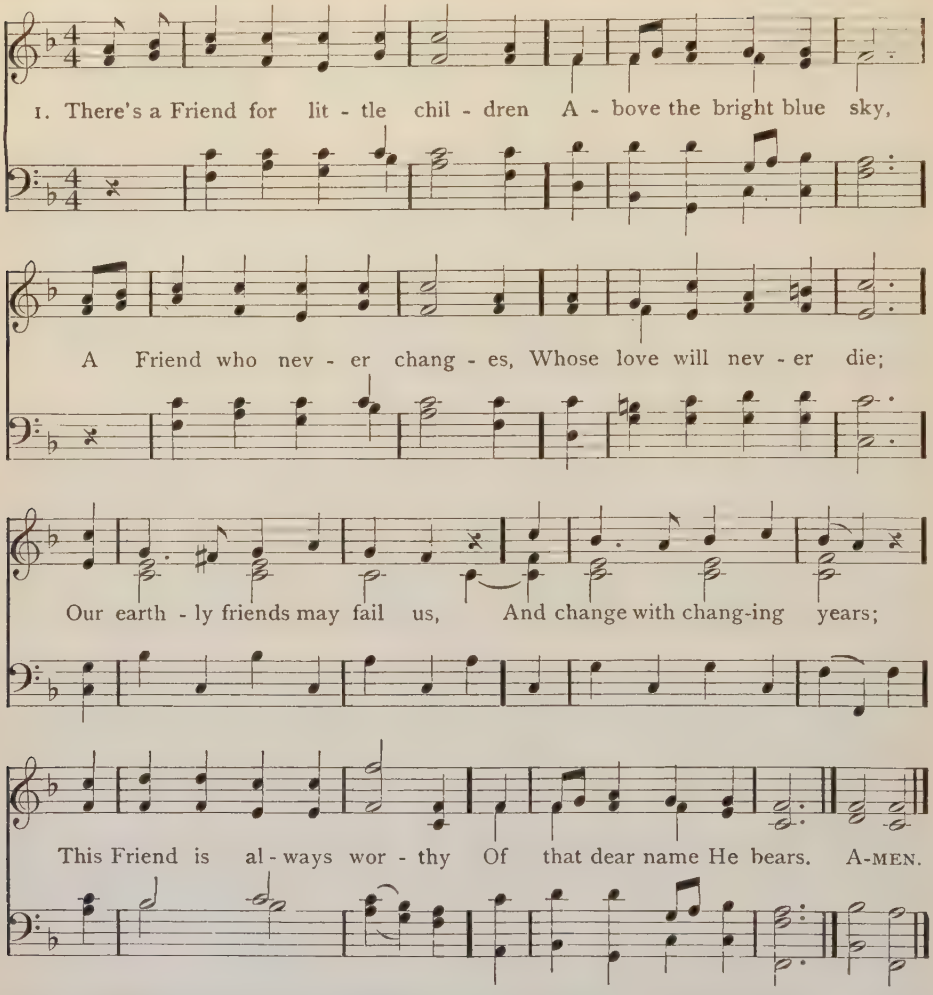
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd Jesus, blessèd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838

664 HESLINGTON 8 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

F. Peel, 1894


1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang-ing years;
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name He bears. A-MEN.

2 There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier, there.

3 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favor
And loved His name below.

4 There's a song for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never, never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

A. Midlane, 1860, ab.

665 KIRBY BEDON 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Edward Bunnett, 1887

1. Shep - herd of ten - der youth, guid - ing in love and truth
Through de- vious ways; Christ, our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy
name to sing, And here our children bring To shout Thy praise. A-MEN.

2 Thou art our holy Lord,
The all-subduing Word,
Healer of strife;
Thou didst Thyself abase,
That from sin's deep disgrace
Thou mightest save our race,
And give us life.

3 Thou art the Great High Priest;
Thou hast prepared the feast
Of heavenly love:
In all our mortal pain
None call on Thee in vain;
Help Thou dost not disdain,
Help from above.

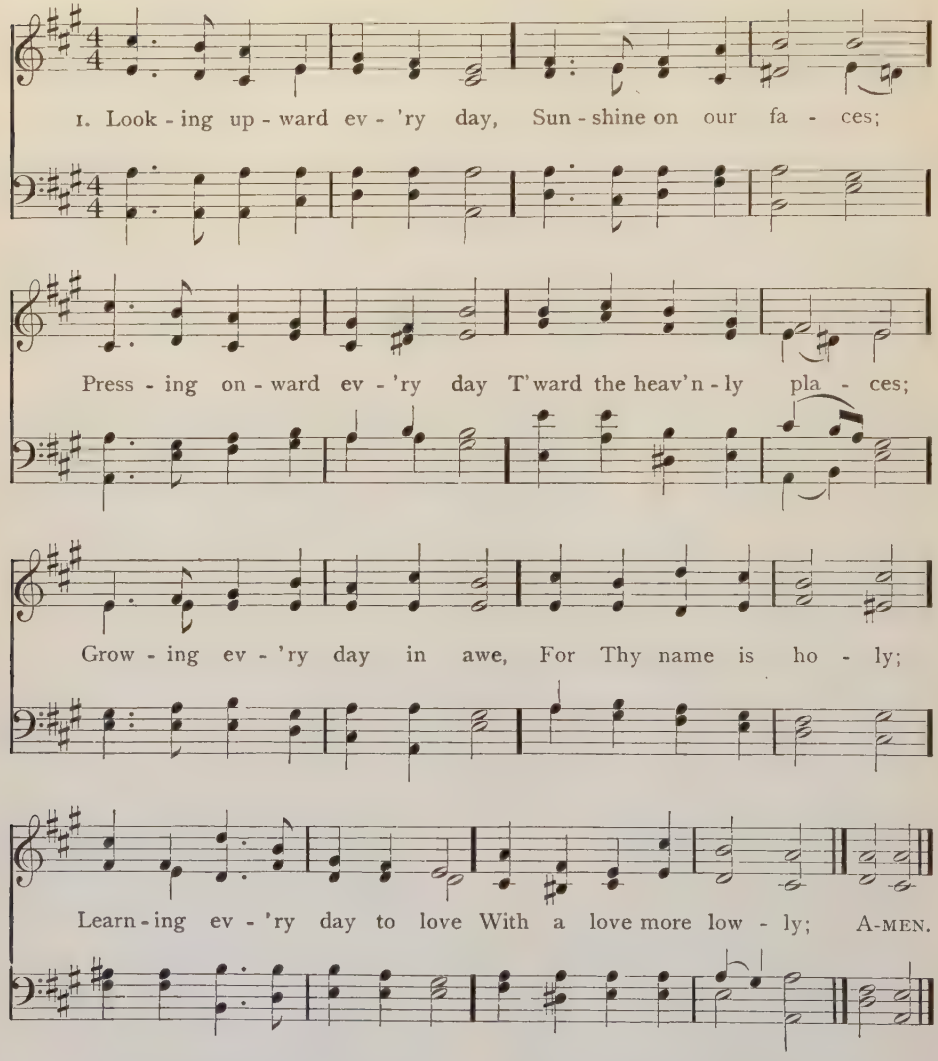
4 Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our Pride,
Our Staff and Song;
Jesus, Thou Christ of God,
By Thy perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod;
Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praises high,
And joyful sing;
Children, and the glad throng
Who to Thy church belong,
Unite and swell the song
To Christ our King.

This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church about (200) Tr. by Henry Martyn Dexter, 1846

666 BEACHLEY 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

Arthur Cottman


1. Look - ing up - ward ev - 'ry day, Sun - shine on our fa - ces;
Press - ing on - ward ev - 'ry day T'ward the heav'n - ly pla - ces;
Grow - ing ev - 'ry day in awe, For Thy name is ho - ly;
Learn - ing ev - 'ry day to love With a love more low - ly; A-MEN.

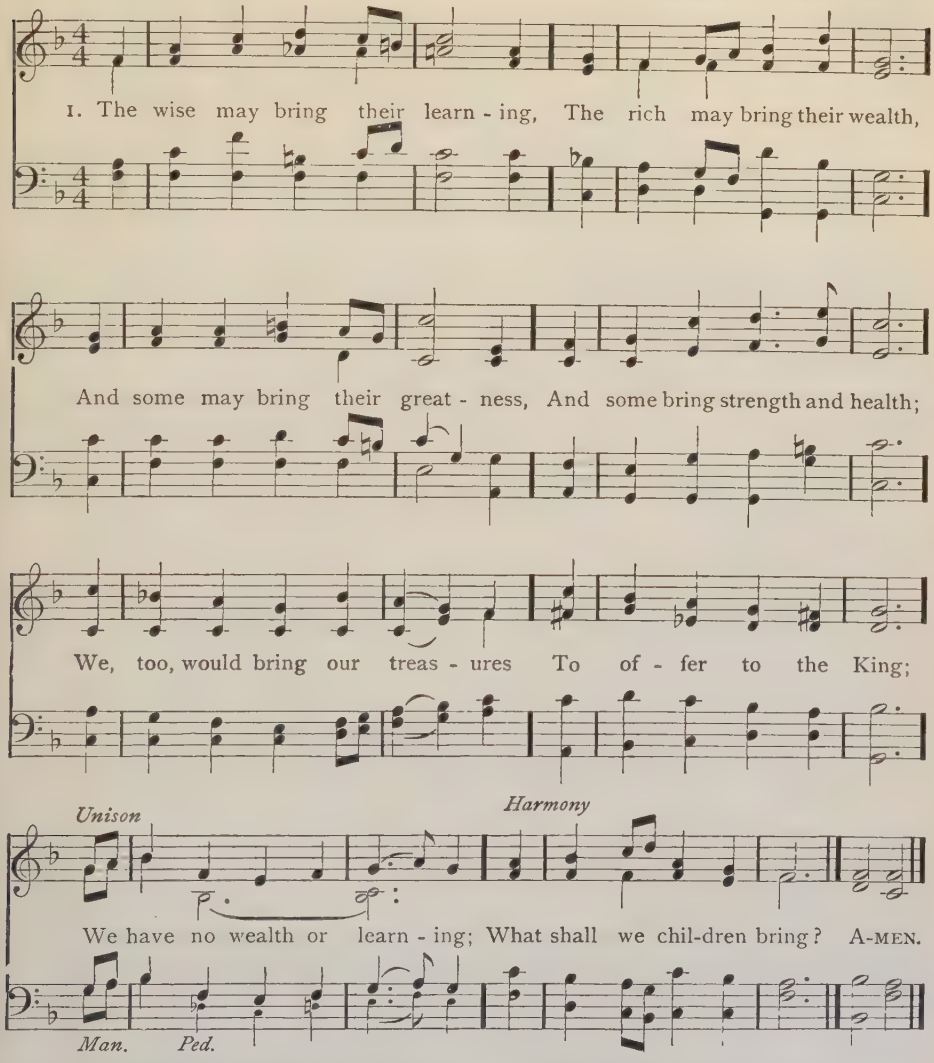
2 Walking every day more close
To our Elder Brother;
Growing every day more true
Unto one another;
Every day more gratefully
Kindnesses receiving;
Every day more readily
Injuries forgiving;

3 Leaving every day behind
Something which might hinder;
Running swifter every day,
Growing purer, kinder;
Lord, so pray we every day,
Hear us in Thy pity,
That we may enter in at last
To the holy city.

Mary Butler, 1881

667 DAY OF REST 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

James W. Elliott, 1874


1. The wise may bring their learn - ing, The rich may bring their wealth,
And some may bring their great - ness, And some bring strength and health;
We, too, would bring our treas - ures To of - fer to the King;
Unison
Harmony
We have no wealth or learn - ing; What shall we chil-dren bring? A-MEN.
Man.
Ped.

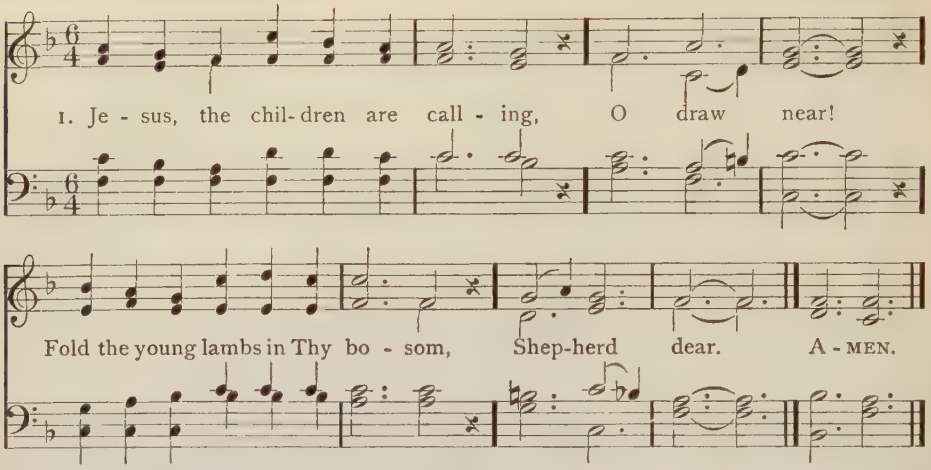
2 We'll bring Him hearts that love Him;
We'll bring Him thankful praise,
And young souls meekly striving
To walk in holy ways:
And these shall be the treasures
We offer to the King,
And these are gifts that even
The poorest child may bring.

3 We'll bring the little duties
We have to do each day;
We'll try our best to please Him
At home, at school, at play:
And better are these treasures
To offer to our King,
Than richest gifts without them;
Yet these a child may bring.

Anon, 1880

668 RICKMANSWORTH 8 3 8 3

W. F. Hurndall



2 Slow are our footsteps and failing,
Oft we fall:
Jesus, the children are calling,
Hear their call!

3 Cold is our love, Lord, and narrow;
Large is Thine;
Faithful and stronger and tender,
So be mine!

4 Gently, Lord, lead Thou our mothers,
Weary they;
Bless all our sisters and brothers
Night and day.

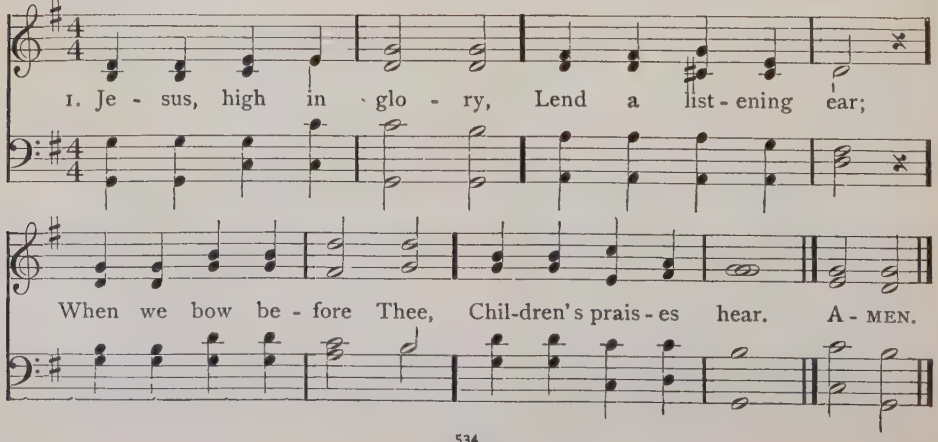
5 Fathers themselves are God's children;
Teach them still:
Let the Good Spirit show all men
God's wise will!

6 Now to the Father, Son, Spirit—
Three in One;
Bountiful God of our fathers,
Praise be done!

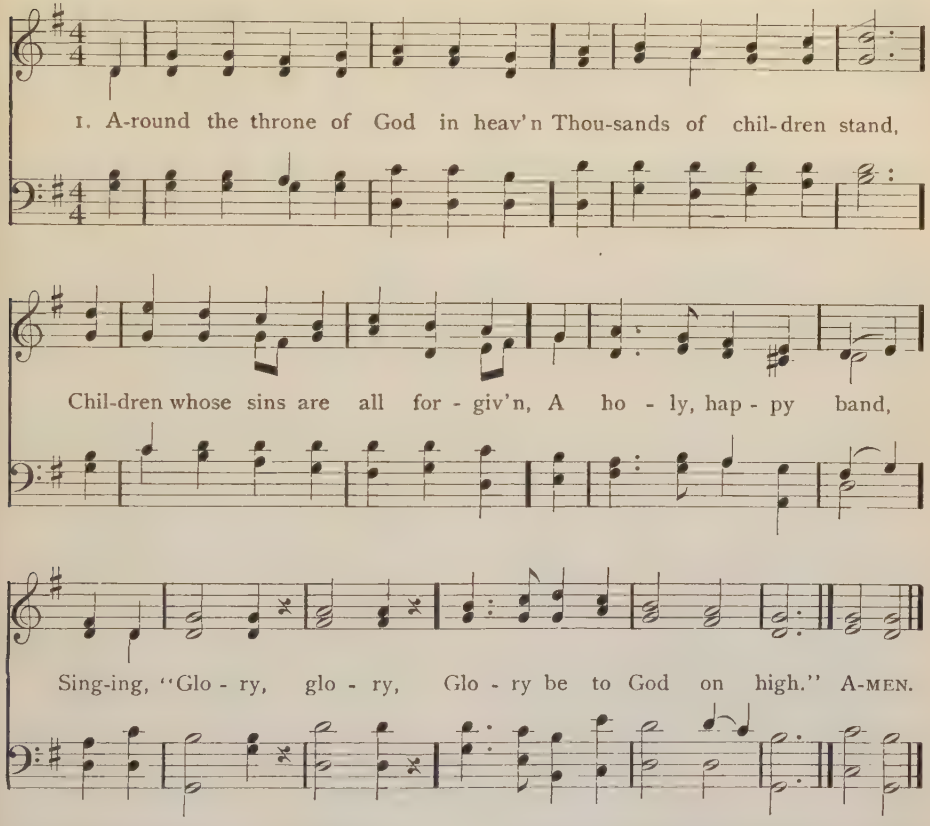
Annie Matheson

669 NORTH COATES 6 5 6 5

Timothy R. Matthews



670 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. With Refrain Henry E. Matthews, 1854


1. A-round the throne of God in heav'n Thou-sands of chil-dren stand,
Chil-dren whose sins are all for-giv'n, A ho-ly, hap-py band,
Sing-ing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high." A-MEN.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light
And joys that never fade,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

3 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessèd face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

Anne H. Shepherd, 1835

(NORTH COATES)

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

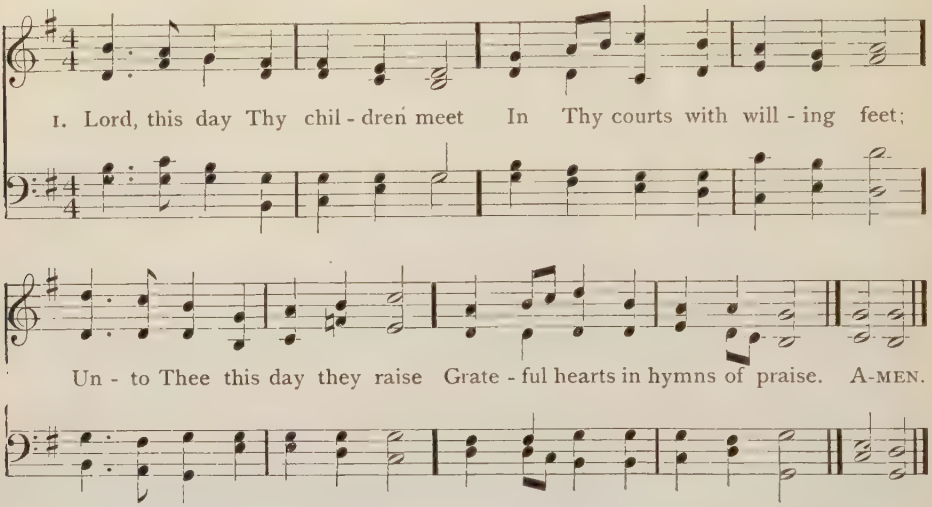
4 Save us, Lord, from sinning;
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away.

5 Then, when Thou dost call us
To our heavenly home,
We shall gladly answer,
Saviour, Lord, we come.

J. Erskine Clark

671 NEW CALABAR 7 7 7 7

J. D. Farrer


1. Lord, this day Thy chil - dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet;
Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise. A-MEN.

2 Not alone the day of rest
With Thy worship shall be blest:
In our pleasure and our glee,
Lord, we would remember Thee.

3 Help us unto Thee to pray,
Hallowing our happy day;
From Thy presence thus to win
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

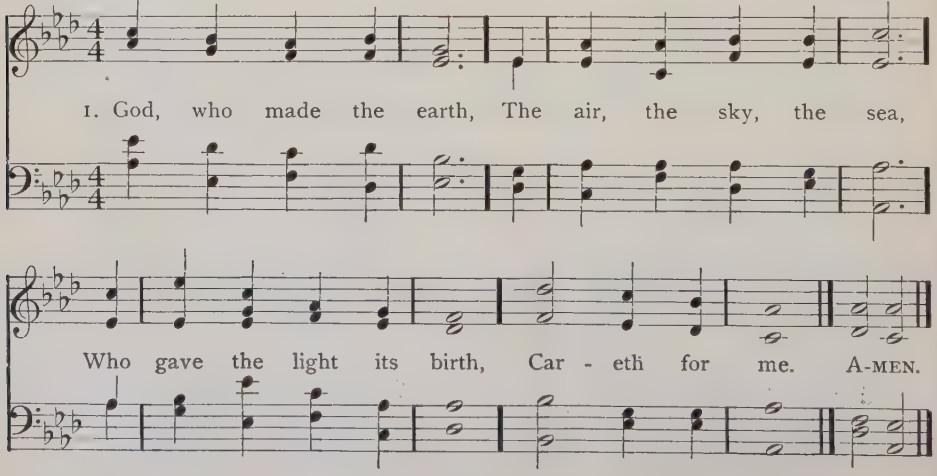
4 All our pleasures here below,
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:
But if earth has joys like this,
What shall be our heavenly bliss!

5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine
With all lowly grace, like Thine:
Then through all eternity
We shall live in heaven with Thee.

William Walsham How, 1854

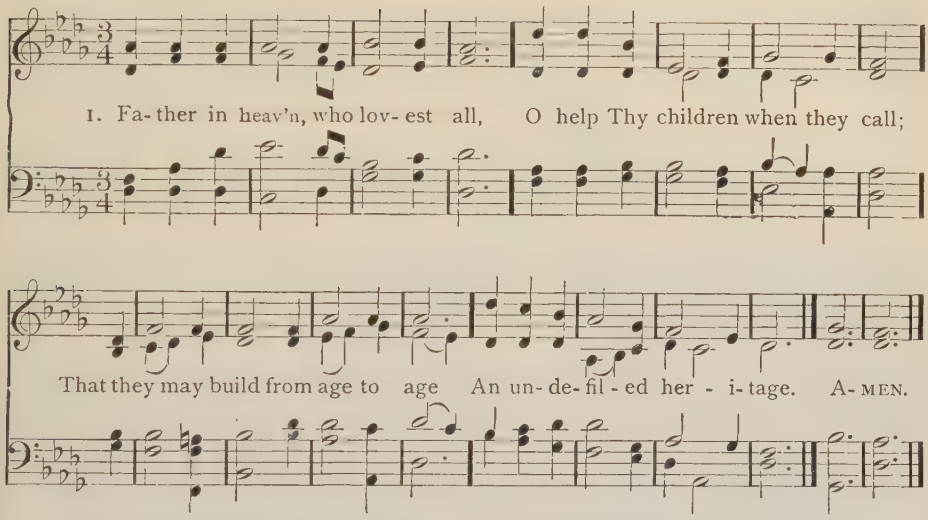
672 BEECHWOOD 5 6 6 4

J. Booth



673 RIVAULX L. M.

John Bacchus Dykes, 1875


1. Fa-ther in heav'n, who lov-est all, O help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age An un-de-fil-ed her-i-tage. A-MEN.

2 Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

3 Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

4 Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for Judge and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

5 Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

6 Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

Rudyard Kipling

(BEECHWOOD)

2 God, who made the grass,
The flower, the fruit, the tree,
The day and night to pass,
Careth for me.

3 God, who made the sun,
The moon, the stars, is He
Who, when life's clouds come on,
Careth for me.

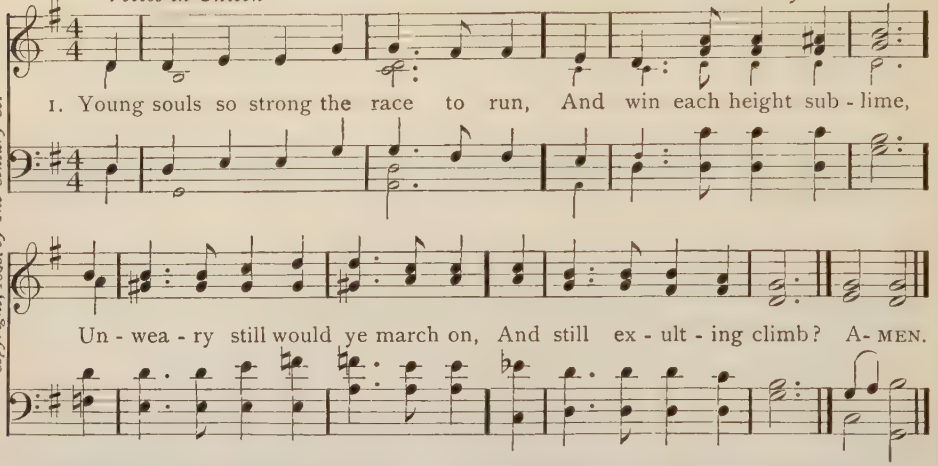
4 God, who made all things
On earth, in air, in sea,
Who changing seasons brings,
Careth for me.

S. B. Rhodes

674 CROSS AND CROWN C. M.

Henry Houseley, 1896

Voices in Unison *In Harmony*


1. Young souls so strong the race to run, And win each height sub - lime,
Un - wea - ry still would ye march on, And still ex - ult - ing climb? A- MEN.

Copyright, 1806, by The Century Co.

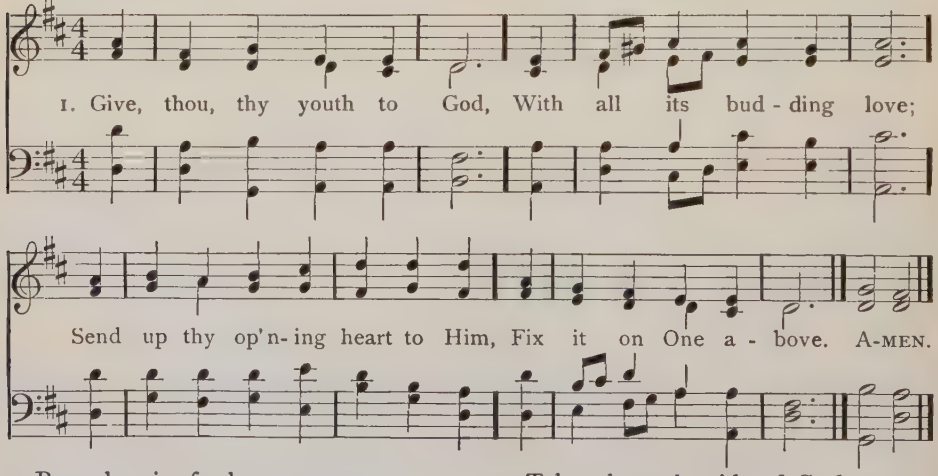
2 Walk with the Lord along the road,
Your strength He will renew;
Wait on the everlasting God,
And He will wait on you.

3 Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail;
Still in the spirit strong,
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend exulting song.

Thomas H. Gill, 1868

675 SWABIA S. M.

German. Arr. by William H. Havergal, 1849



2 Be early wise for heaven,
Choose, thou, the narrow way;
The gate is strait, the road is rough,
But it will end in day.

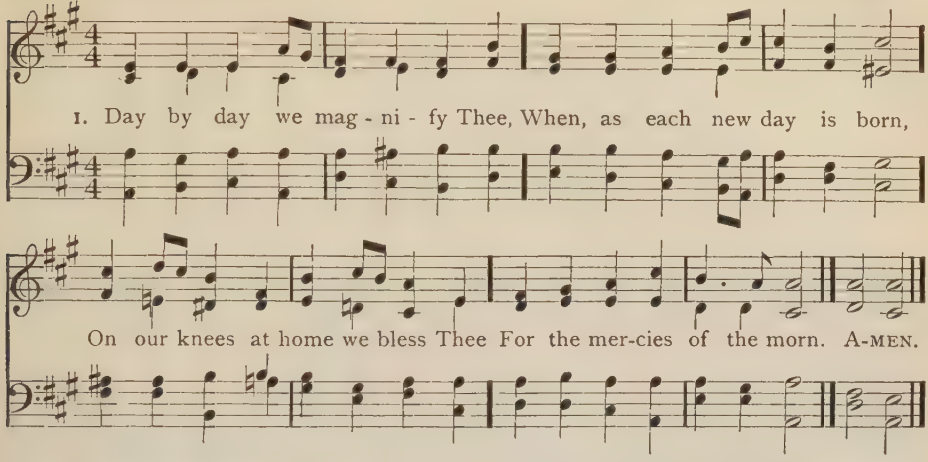
3 Take, thou, the side of God,
In things or great or small,
So shall He ever take thy side,
And bear thee safe through all.

4 Quail not before the bad,
Be brave for truth and right,
Fear God alone, and ever walk
As in His holy sight.

Horatius Bonar

676 CARTER 8 7 8 7

Edmund S. Carter, 1874



2 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee,
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

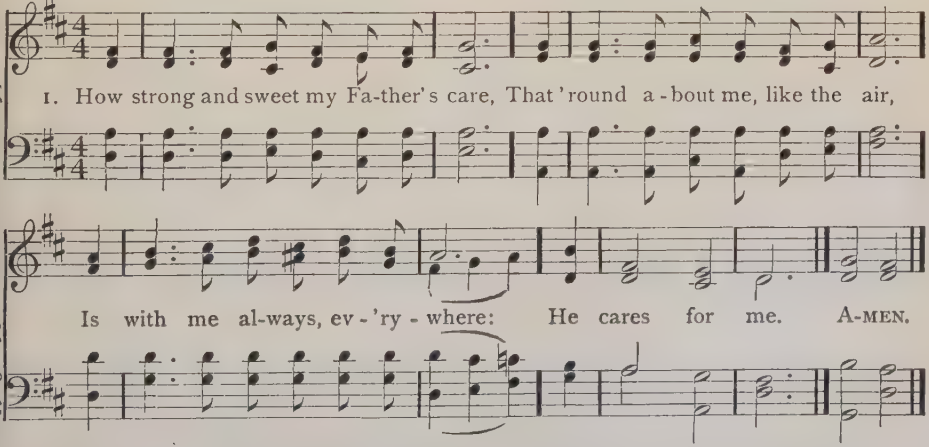
4 Day by day we magnify Thee,
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labors,
Waiting for Thy day in peace.

5 Then on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemèd host,
May we fully magnify Thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John Ellerton, 1858

677 DAHL 8 8 8 4

James R. Murray



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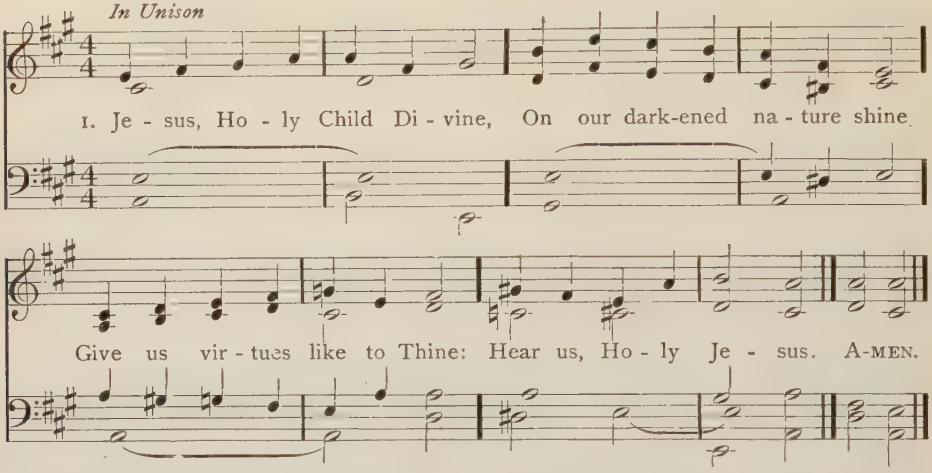
2 The thought great wonder with it brings,
My cares are all such little things,
But to the truth my glad faith clings:
He cares for me.

3 O keep me ever in Thy love,
Dear Father, watching from above,
And let me still Thy mercy prove,
And care for me.

678 A LITANY 7 7 7 6

Frederick A. J. Hervey

In Unison



2 Make us pure and undefiled,
Gentle, patient, loving, mild,
Trustful as a little child;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Make us ever long to know
Where our God would have us go,
Shrinking not from toil or woe;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 May we mark the pattern fair
Of Thy life of work and prayer,
And for truth all perils dare;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

5 May we calmly suffer blame,
Bear the cross, despise the shame,
In Thy strength and in Thy Name;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

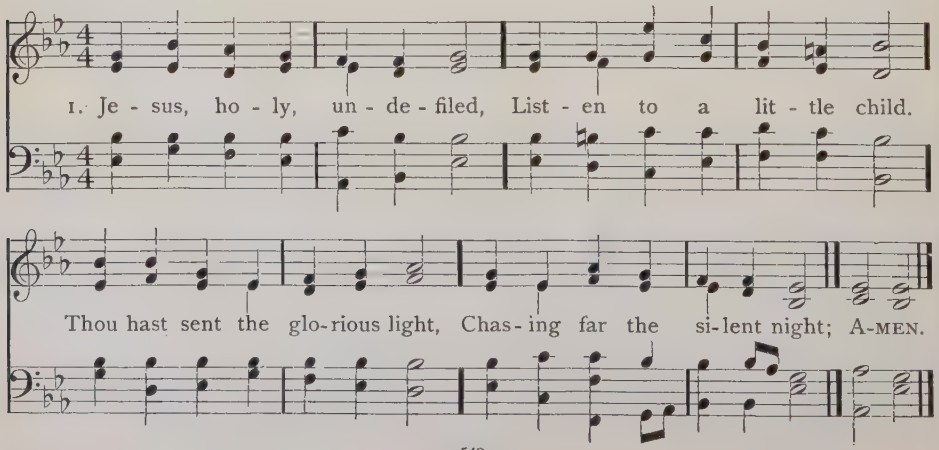
6 As we live, from year to year,
Jesus, be Thou ever near;
Make us like Thee, Saviour, dear;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

7 Bid us come at last to Thee,
And for ever perfect be,
When Thy glory we shall see;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

Anon.

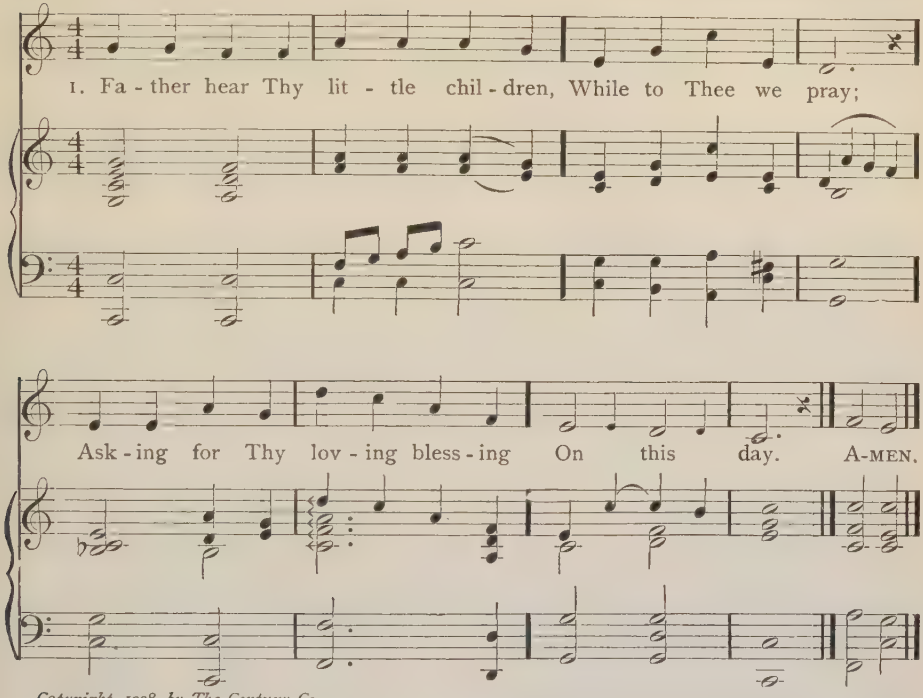
679 BARTLETT 7 7 7 7

John I. Romig



680 A PRAYER 8 5 8 3

Frank S. Hunnewell, 1908



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2 Father, make us pure and holy,
Teach us to be good;
Show us how to love each other
As we should.

3 Through the day, O loving Father,
May we grow like Thee;
In the beauty all about us
Thy reflection see.

4 When at length shall come the evening
And we fall asleep;
In Thine arms of love, Thy children
Safely keep.

Alice Jackson, 1901

(BARTLETT)

2 Thou hast sent the sun to shine
O'er this glorious world of Thine,
Warmth to give, and pleasant glow,
On each tender flower below.

3 Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And Thy Holy Spirit give,
Without whom I cannot live.

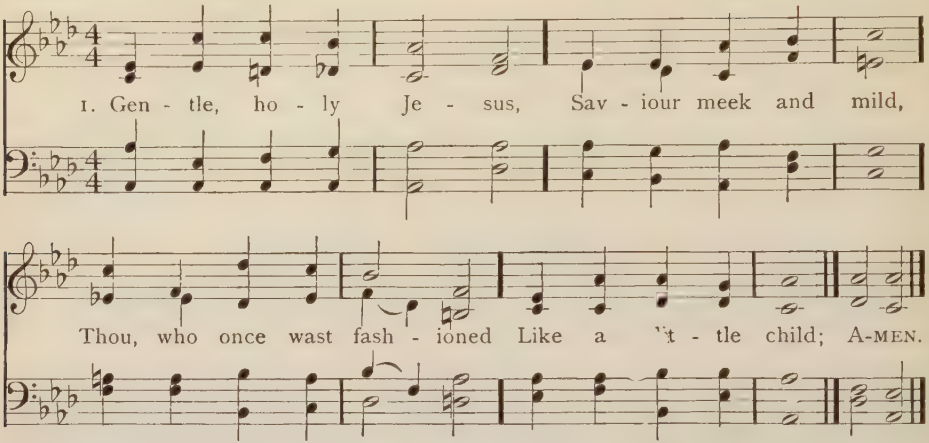
4 Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

5 Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And, when Thou at last shalt come,
Take me to Thy heavenly home.

Mrs. E. Shepcott, 1840

681 BRANDRETH 6 5 6 5

E. J. Sturges



2 And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew;
Sharing human weakness,
Human sorrow too.

3 In Thy Word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us Thou sayest,
"Let them come to Me."

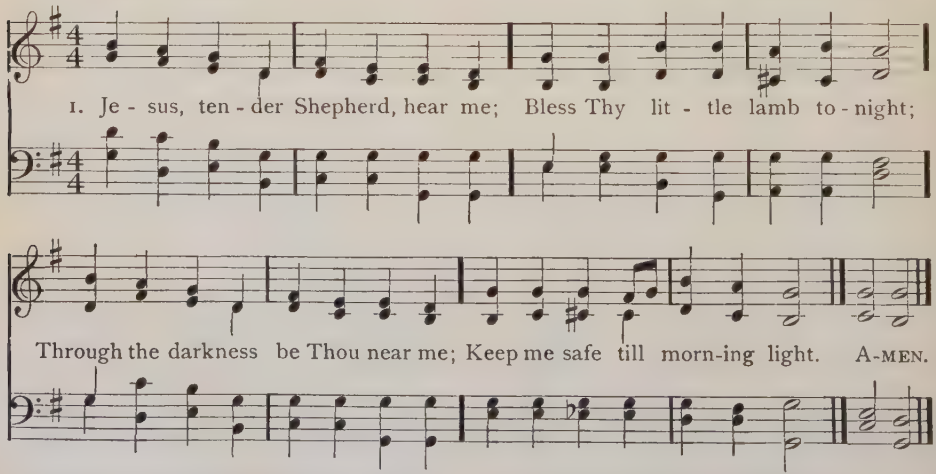
4 Glad we come, and render
All we have to give;
While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live,

5 Like Thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of Thee.

Emma Whitfield

682 BROCKLESBURY 8 7 8 7

C. A. Barnard, 1868


1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A-MEN.

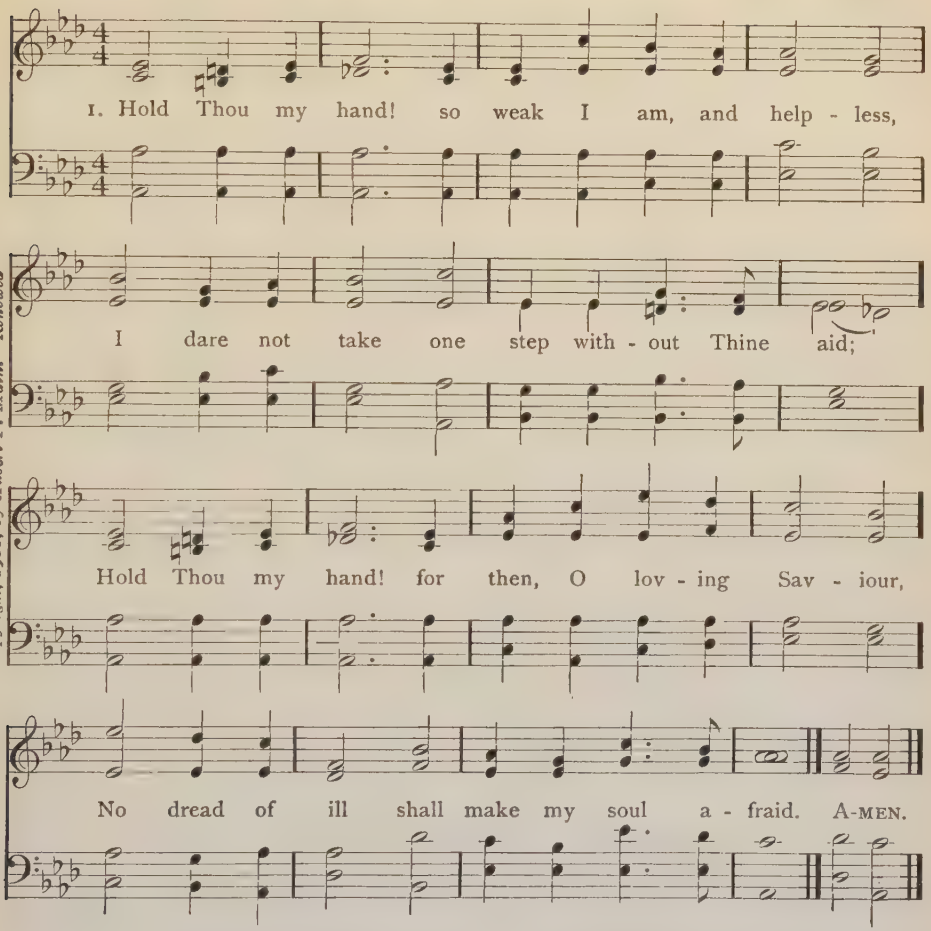
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer. [me;

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

Mary L. Duncan, 1839

683 CASSIDORE (Hold Thou My Hand) 11 10 11 10

Hubert P. Main


1. Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am, and help - less,
I dare not take one step with - out Thine aid;
Hold Thou my hand! for then, O lov - ing Sav - iour,
No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1908, by Hubert P. Main. Renewed

2 Hold Thou my hand! and closer, closer draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all:
Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should wander;
And, missing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.

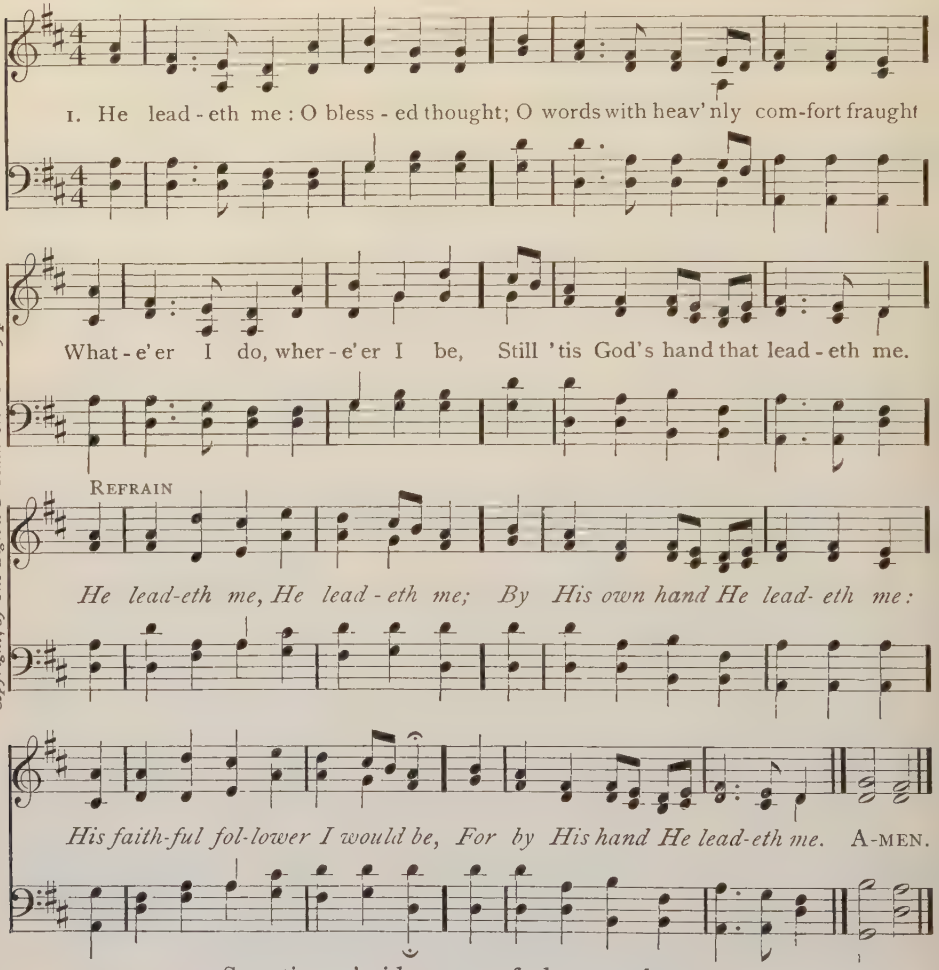
3 Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark before me
Without the sunlight of Thy face divine;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!

4 Hold Thou my hand! that when I reach the margin
Of that lone river Thou didst cross for me
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall be.

Fanny J. Crosby

684 HE LEADETH ME L. M. With Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1864


1. He lead - eth me : O bless - ed thought; O words with heav' nly com-fort fraught
What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
REFRAIN
He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me; By His own hand He lead- eth me:
His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

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2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

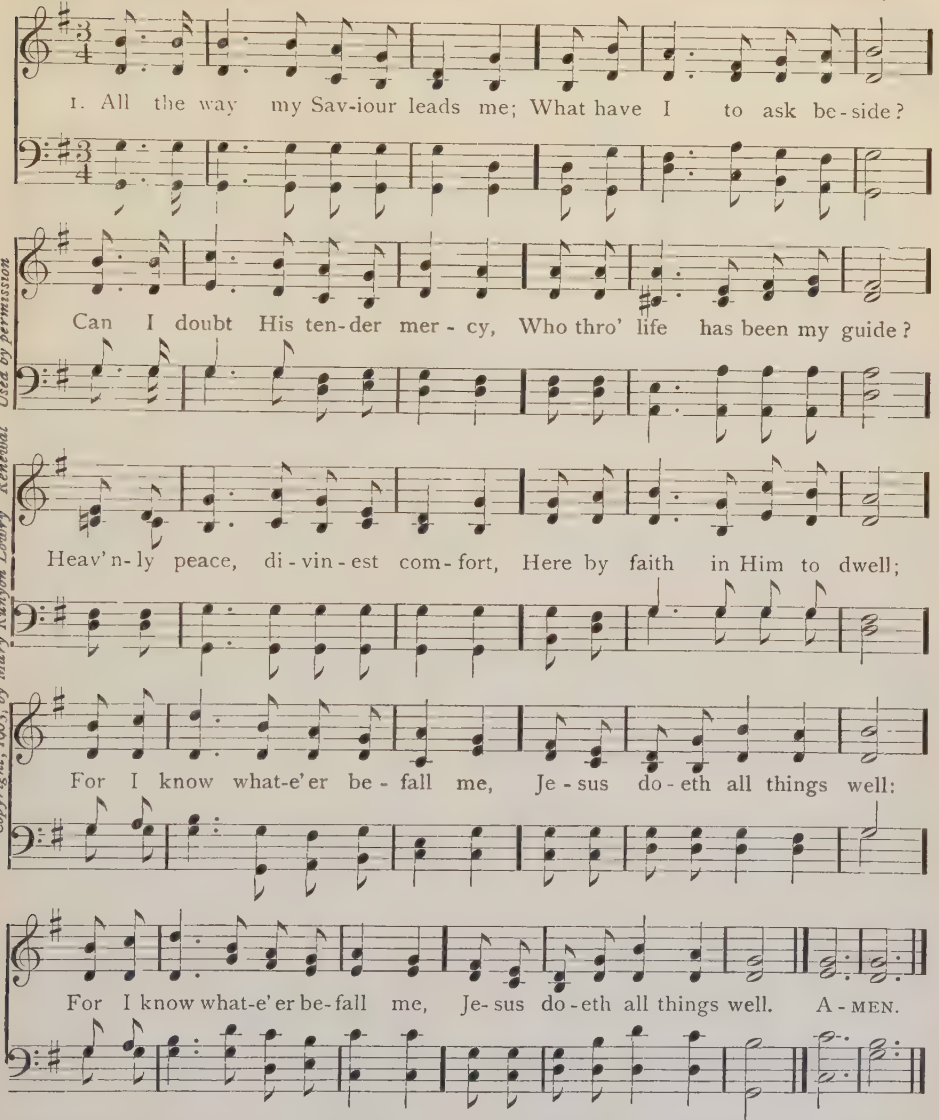
3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

J. H. Gilmore, 1861. Lines 3 and 4 of Refrain added

685 ALL THE WAY 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7

Robert Lowry, 1875


1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell;
For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well:
For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well. A-MEN.

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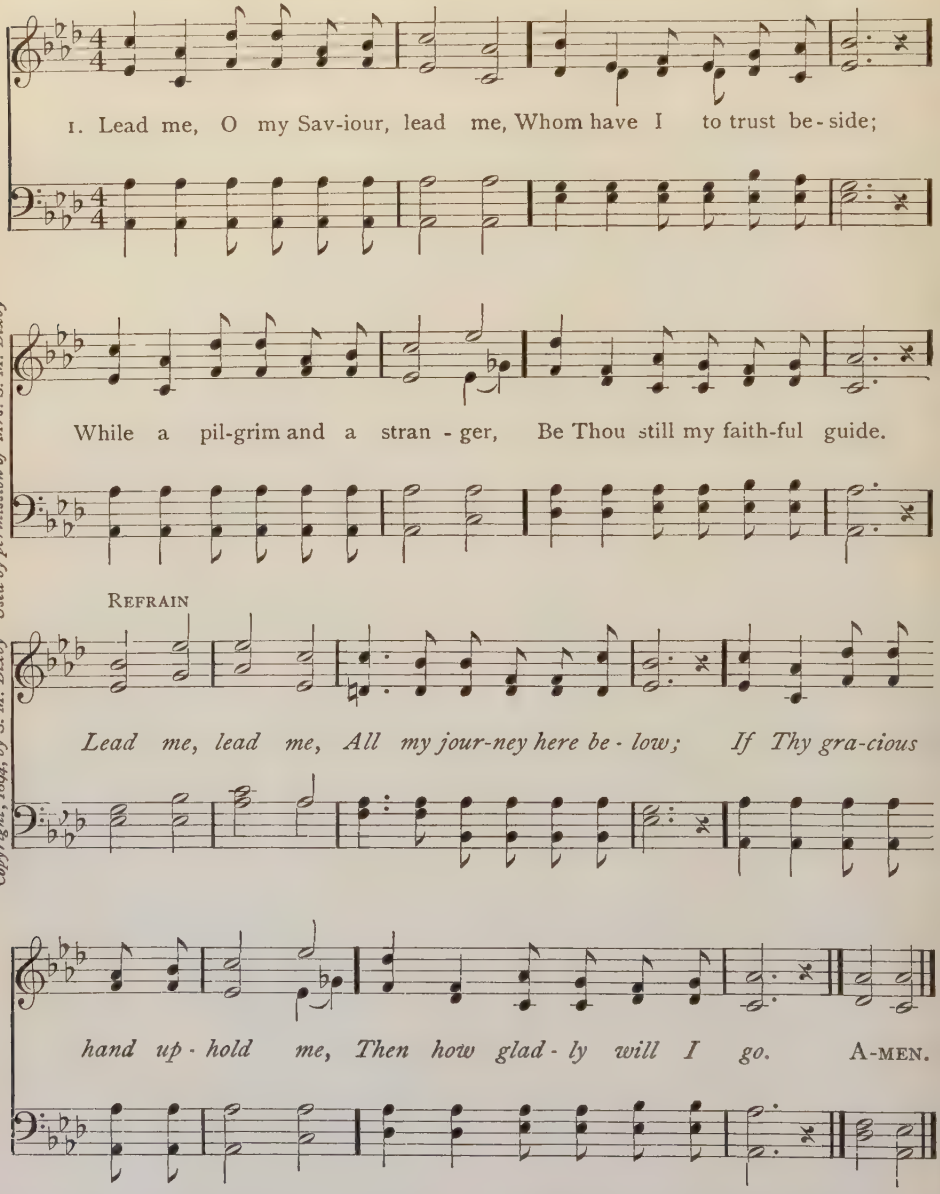
Copyright, 1903, by Mary Runyon Lowry Renewal

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo, a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
O the fulness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;
When my spirit clothed, immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages
Jesus led me all the way.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1875

686 LEAD ME, O MY SAVIOUR 8 7 8 7 With Refrain B. C. Unseld, 1894


1. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Whom have I to trust be-side;
While a pil-grim and a stran-ger, Be Thou still my faith-ful guide.
REFRAIN
Lead me, lead me, All my jour-ney here be-low; If Thy gra-cious
hand up-hold me, Then how glad-ly will I go. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1894, by S. M. Bixby Used by permission of Mrs. S. M. Bixby

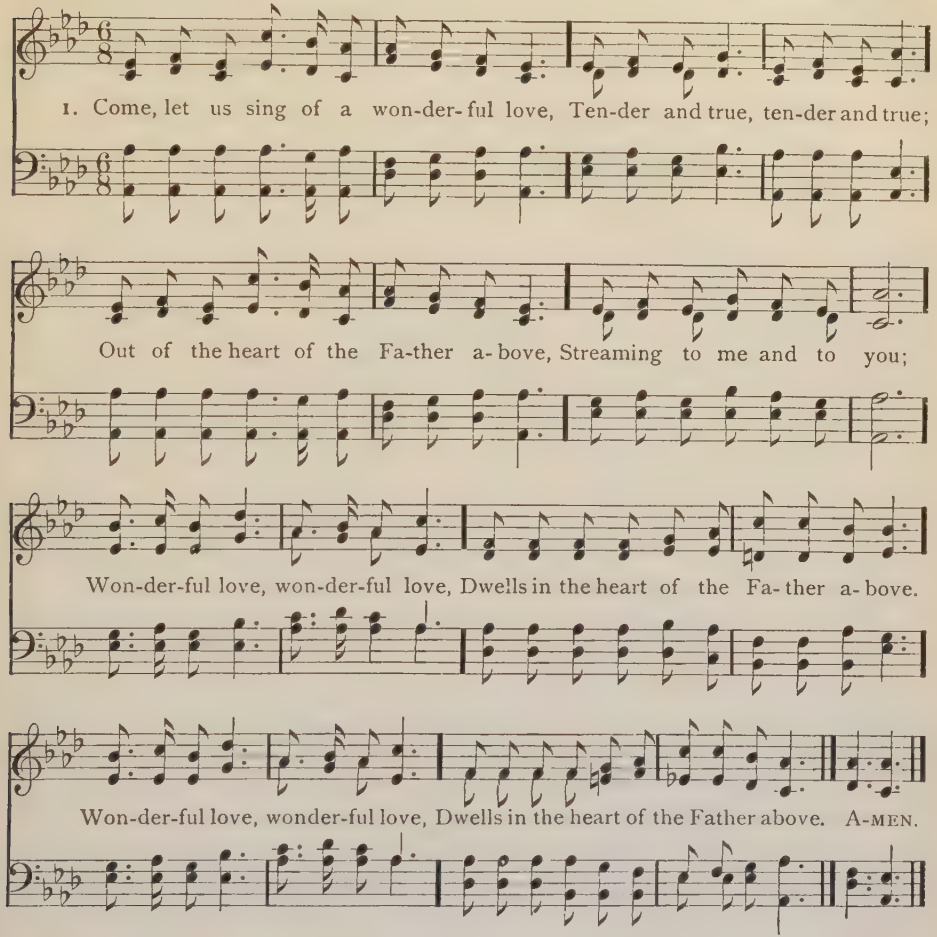
2 Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me,
Through the rugged path I tread;
With the Bread of Life Thou givest,
Let my hungry soul be fed.

3 Lead me, O my Saviour, lead me,
With a Shepherd's tender love;
And at last through grace receive me,
To Thy blessèd fold above.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1894

687 CONSTANT Irregular

Thomas Facer


1. Come, let us sing of a won-der-ful love, Ten-der and true, ten-der and true;
Out of the heart of the Fa-ther a-bove, Streaming to me and to you;
Won-der-ful love, won-der-ful love, Dwells in the heart of the Fa-ther a-bove.
Won-der-ful love, wonder-ful love, Dwells in the heart of the Father above. A-MEN.

2 Jesus the Saviour this gospel to tell
Joyfully came, joyfully came;
Came with the helpless and hopeless to dwell,
Sharing their sorrow and shame:
Seeking the lost, seeking the lost;
Saving, redeeming at measureless cost.

3 Jesus is seeking the wanderers yet,
Why do they roam? why do they roam?
Love only waits to forgive and forget:
Home! weary wanderers, home!
Wonderful love, wonderful love,
Dwells in the heart of the Father above.

4 Come to my heart, O thou wonderful love!
Come and abide, come and abide!
Lifting my life till it rises above
Envy and falsehood and pride:
Seeking to be, seeking to be,
Lowly and humble, a learner of Thee.

Anon.

688 LITTLEWOOD 10 6 10 6 With Refrain

Theodore E. Perkins, 1870

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall,
Till in - to the fold of the peace of God He has gath - er'd us all.
REFRAIN
Je - sus' love, pre - cious love, Bound - less and pure and free;
O turn to that love, wea-ry, wand'ring soul; Je-sus plead-eth with thee. A-MEN.

2 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing so far away;
Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.

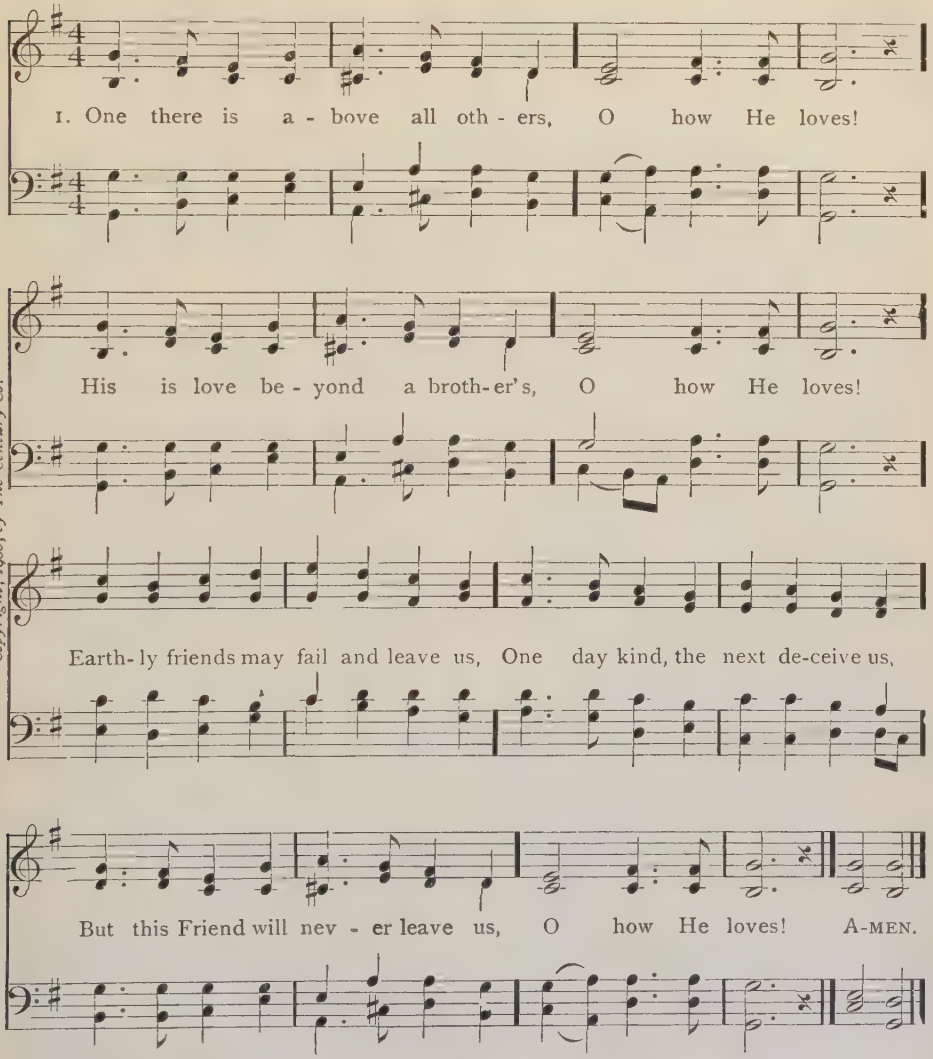
3 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Tender and sweet its chime,
Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer time.

4 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But He feels it above.

W. E. Littlewood, 1857

689 WELSH HYMN 8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4

Harmonized by L. O. Emerson, 1906


1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves!
His is love be - yond a broth - er's, O how He loves!
Earth - ly friends may fail and leave us, One day kind, the next de-ceive us,
But this Friend will nev - er leave us, O how He loves! A-MEN.

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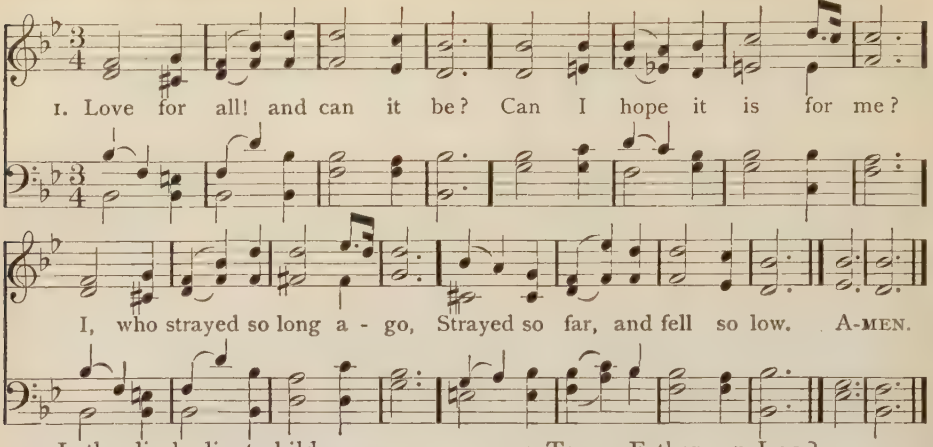
2 Blessèd Jesus! wouldst Thou know Him?
O how He loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to Him,
O how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold He safely brought us,
O how He loves!

3 Let us, then, this love keep viewing,
O how He loves!
And, though faint, keep on pursuing,
O how He loves!
He will strengthen each endeavor,
And when passed o'er Jordan's river
This shall be our theme forever,
O how He loves!

Miss Munr

690 LAST HOPE 7 7 7 7

Louis Gottschalk Arr. by Edwin P. Parker



2 I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate and wild;
I, who left my Father's home
In forbidden ways to roam!

3 I, who spurned His loving hold,
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear His call;
I, the wilful prodigal!

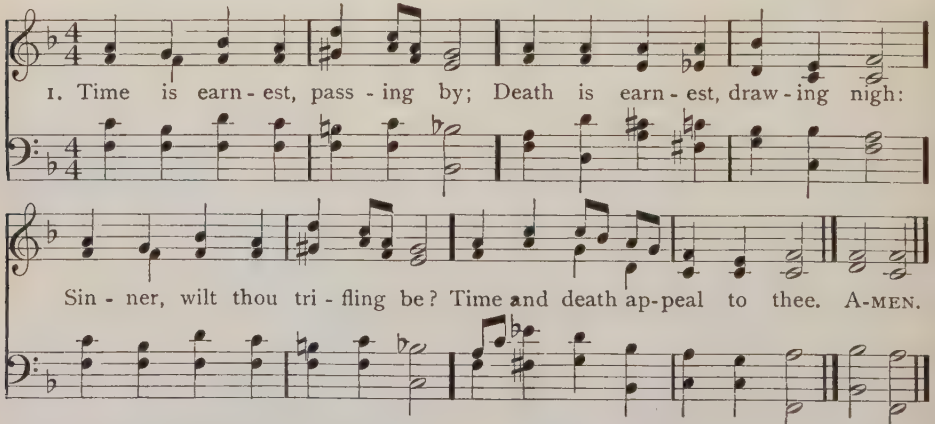
4 To my Father can I go?
At His feet myself I'll throw!
In His house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

5 See, my Father waiting stands!
See, He reaches out His hands!
Lo, the cross His love reveals,
Moves my heart by its appeals.

Samuel Longfellow

691 SEYMOUR 7 7 7 7

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826


1. Time is earn - est, pass - ing by; Death is earn - est, draw - ing nigh:
Sin - ner, wilt thou tri - fling be? Time and death ap-peal to thee. A-MEN.

2 Life is earnest; when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 God is earnest; kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere He set His judgment throne;
Ere the day of grace be gone.

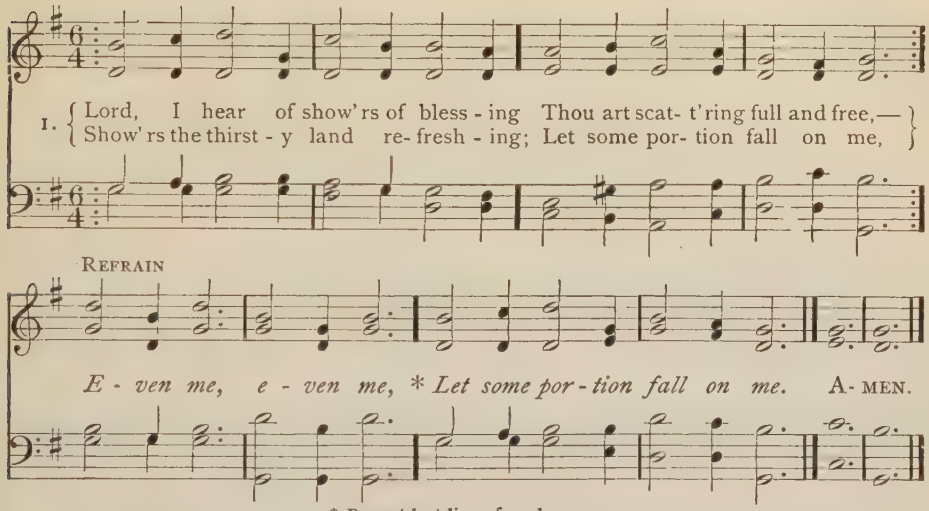
4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come;
Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

5 O be earnest, do not stay;
Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee.

S. Dyer

692 EVEN ME 8 7 8 7 With Refrain

William B. Bradbury, 1862


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scat- t'ring full and free,—
Show'rs the thirst - y land re- fresh - ing; Let some por- tion fall on me,
REFRAIN
E - ven me, e - ven me, * Let some por - tion fall on me. A- MEN.

* Repeat last line of each verse.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let Thy mercy light on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

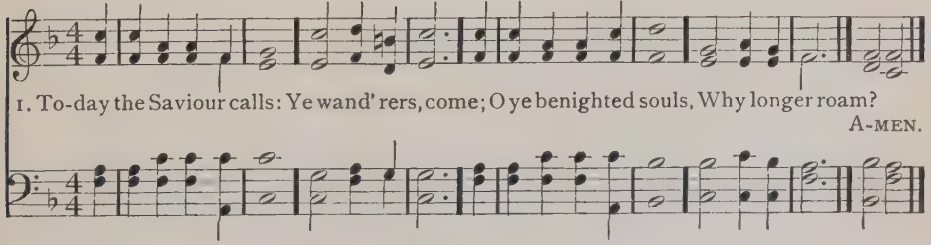
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.

6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee;
All my heart to Thee is springing;
Blessing others, O bless me.

E. Codner, 1860

693 TO-DAY 6 4 6 4

Lowell Mason, 1831



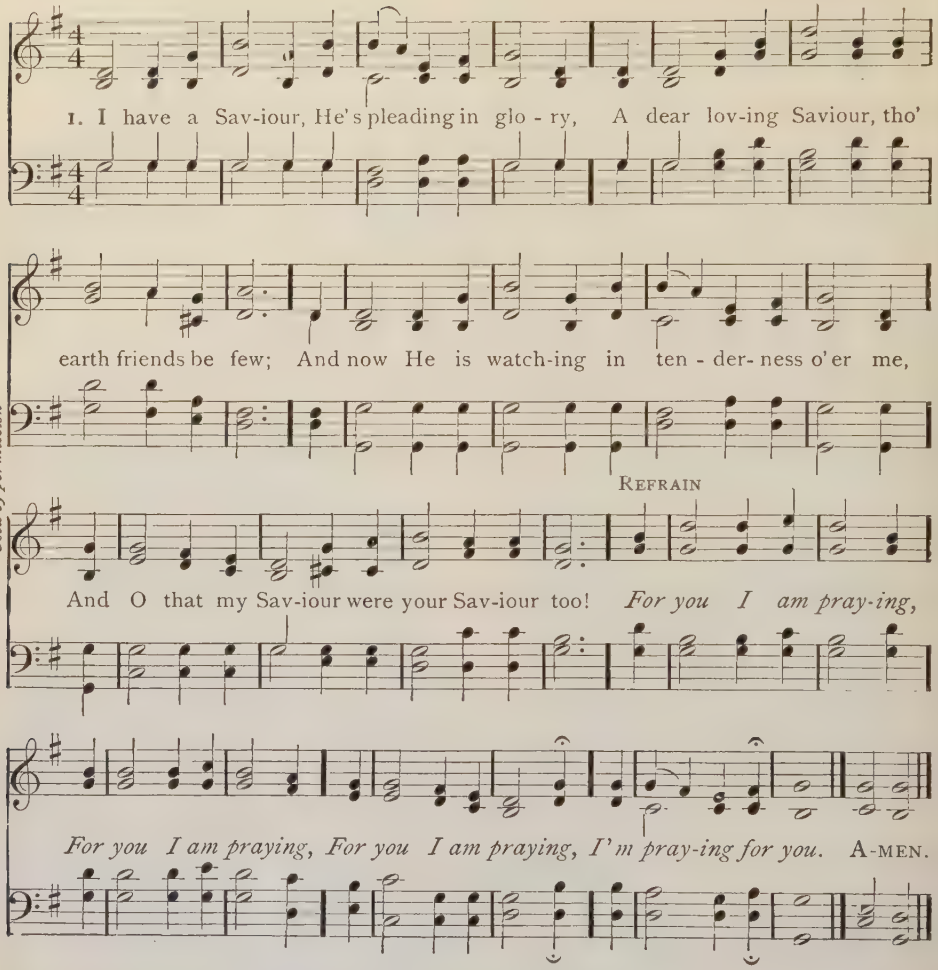
2 To-day the Saviour calls:
O listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

Samuel F. Smith, 1831: alt. by Thomas Hastings

694 MOODY 11 11 12 11

Ira D. Sankey


1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear lov-ing Saviour, tho'
earth friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten - der-ness o'er me,
REFRAIN
And O that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too! For you I am pray-ing,
For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you. A-MEN.

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2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessèd and true:
And soon He will call me to meet Him in heaven;
But O may He lead you to go with me too!

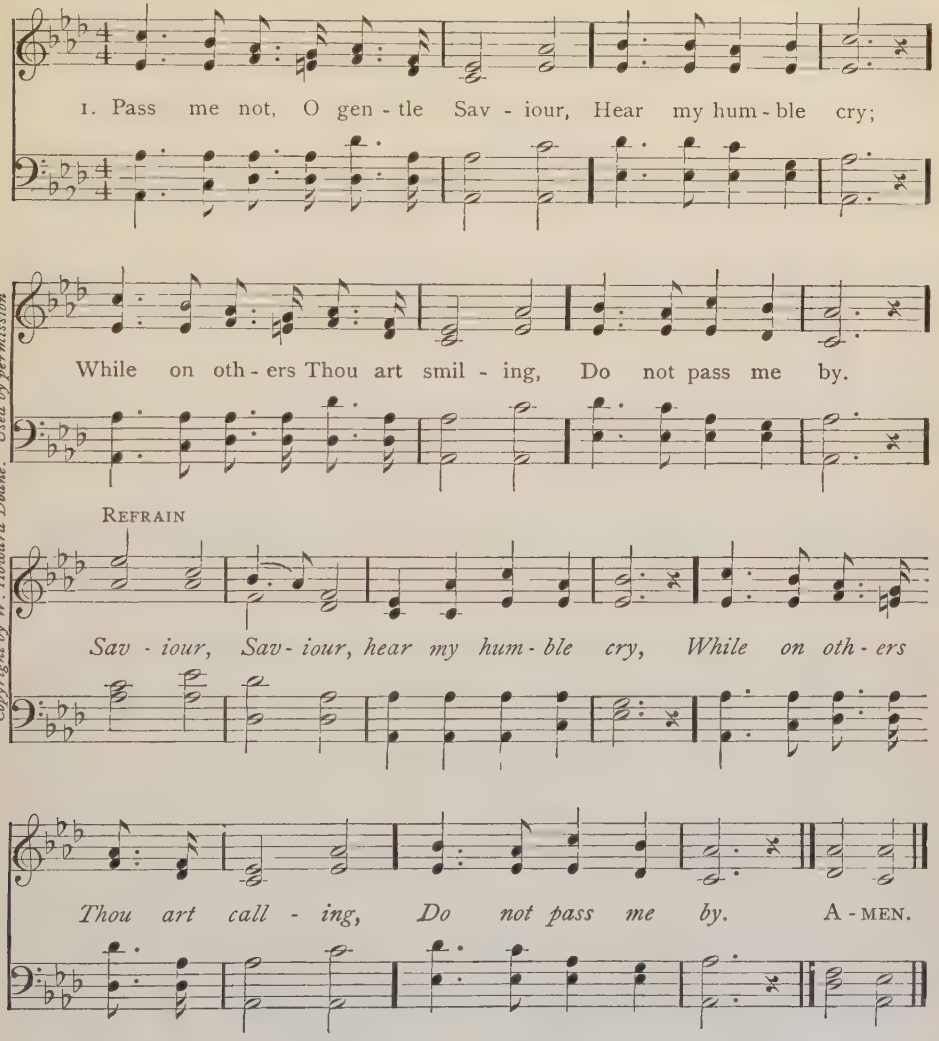
3 I have a peace: it is calm as a river,
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And O could I know it was given to you!

4 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

S. O'Malley Clough

695 PASS ME NOT 8 5 8 5 With Refrain

W. Howard Doane


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
REFRAIN
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth - ers
Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. A - MEN.

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2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

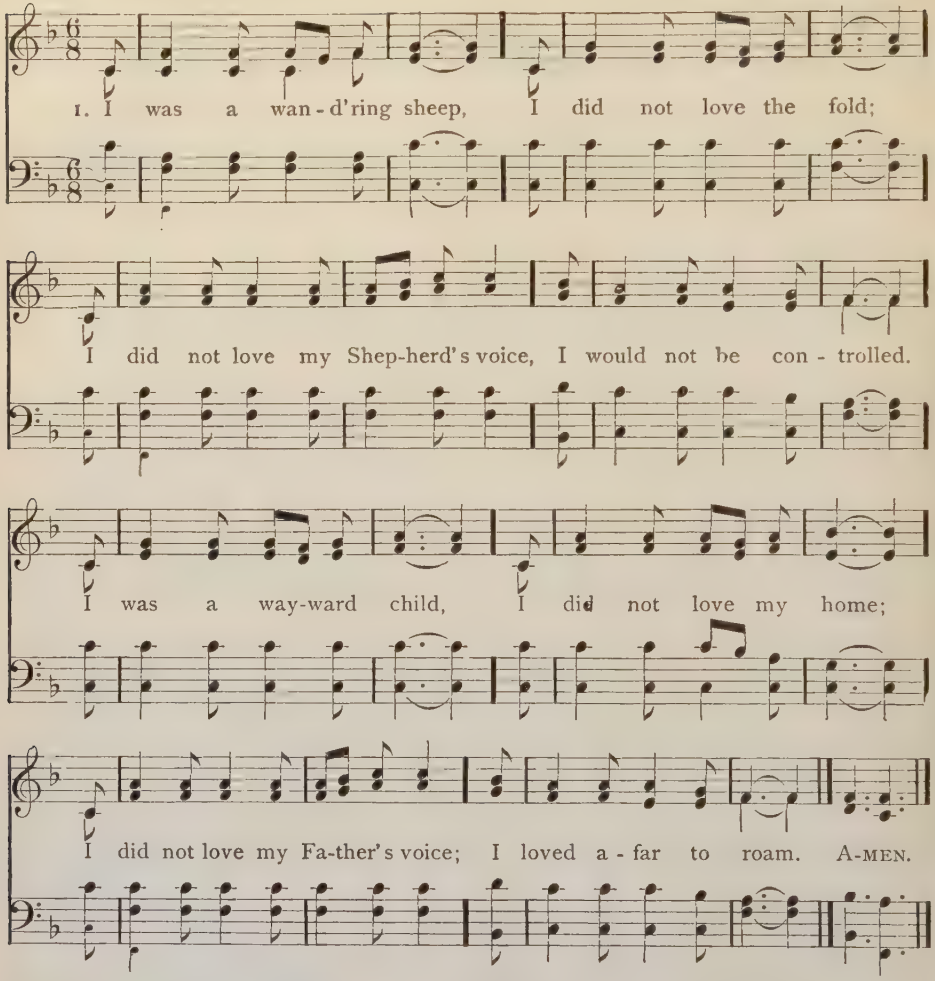
3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Fanny J. Crosby, 1868

696 LEBANON S. M. D.

Johann Zundel, 1855


1. I was a wan - d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con - trolled.
I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice; I loved a - far to roam. A-MEN.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child,
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love;
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole;
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold;
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home.

Horatius Bonar, 1844

697 RESCUE THE PERISHING 11 10 11 10 With Refrain W. Howard Doane, 1870

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, lift up the fall - en,
REFRAIN
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save. Res - cue the per - ish - ing
care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

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2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive:
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

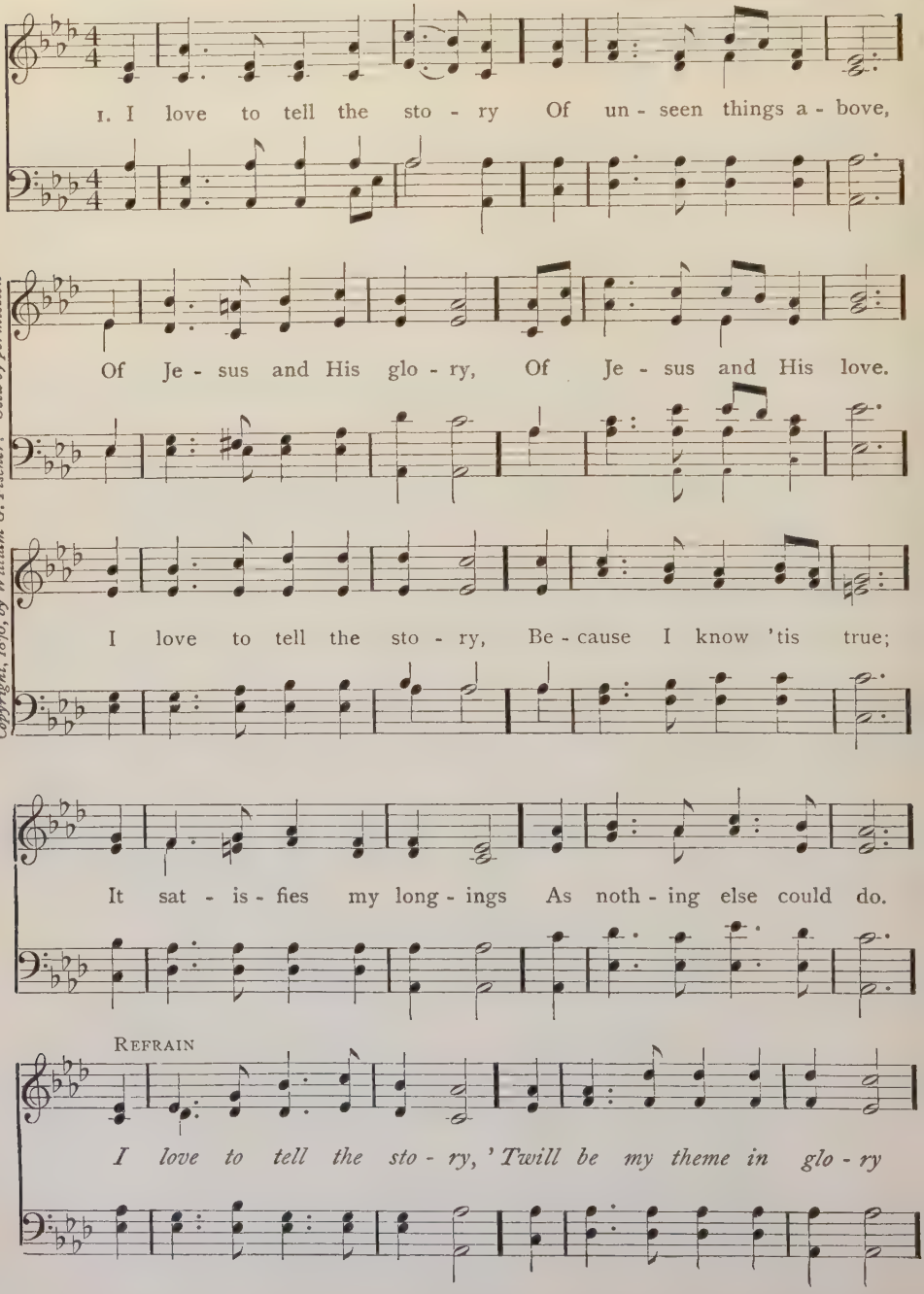
3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter;
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more,

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1870

698 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 With Refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else could do.
REFRAIN
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry

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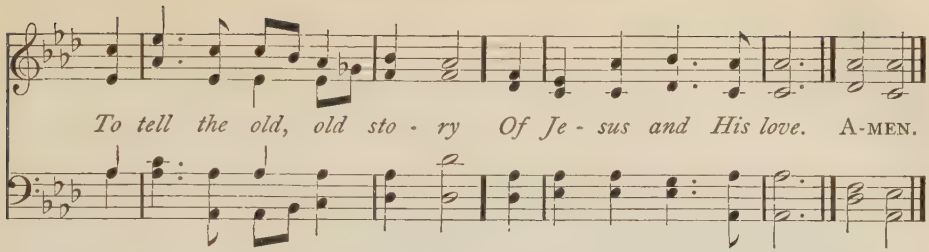


2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

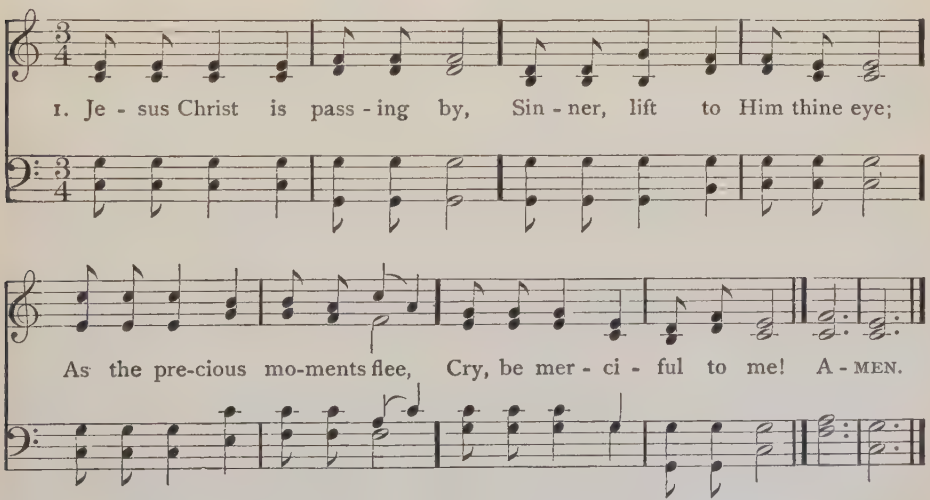
3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story,
That I have loved so long.

Katherine Hankey, 1866

699 ALBERTSON 7 7 7 7

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp



2 Lo! He stands and calls to thee,
"What wilt thou then have of me?"
Rise, and tell Him all thy need;
Rise, He calleth thee indeed.

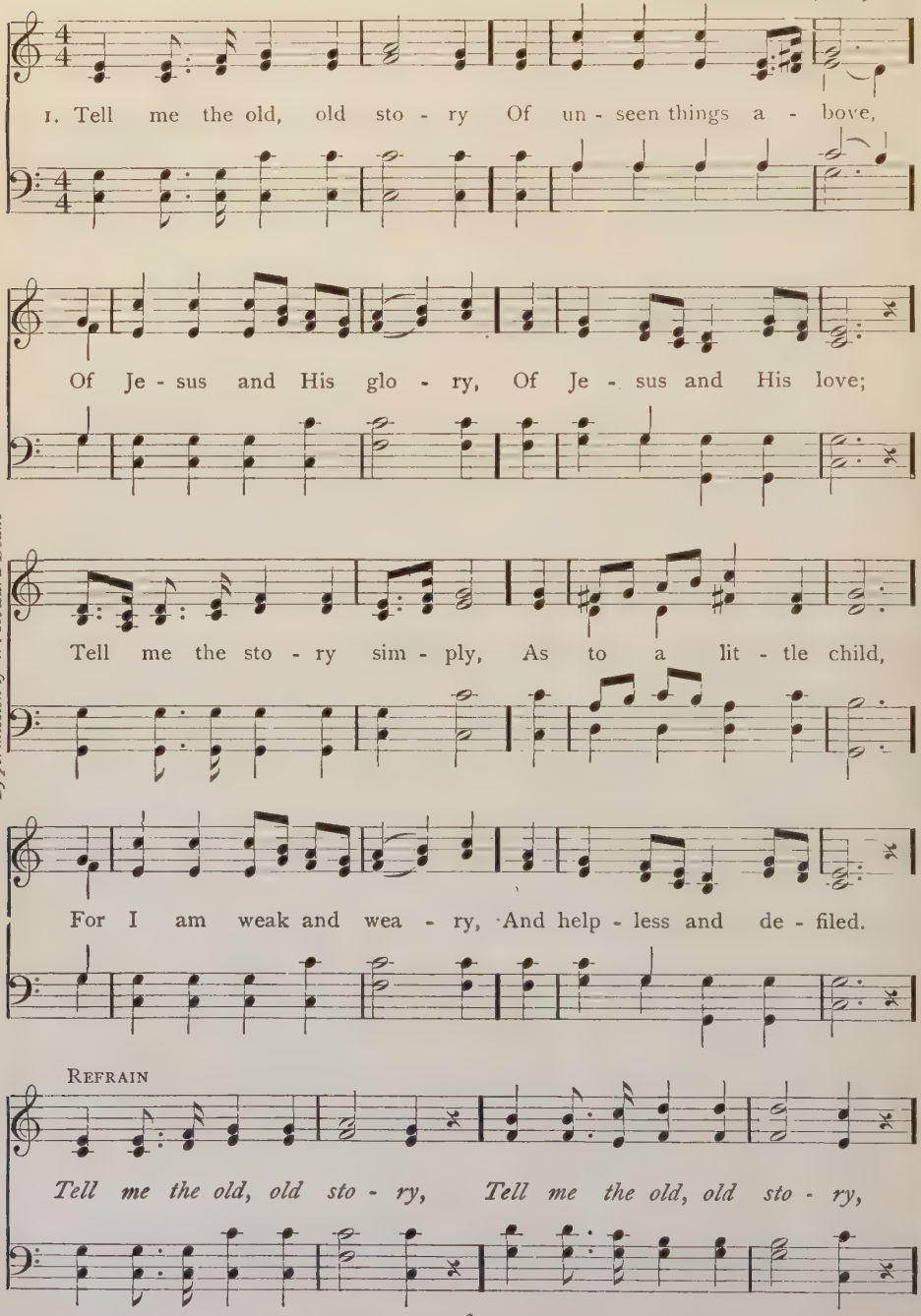
3 Lord, I would Thy mercy see;
Lord, reveal Thy love to me;
Let it penetrate my soul,
All my heart and life control.

4 O how sweet the touch of power
Comes,—and is salvation's hour:
Jesus gives from guilt release,
"Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

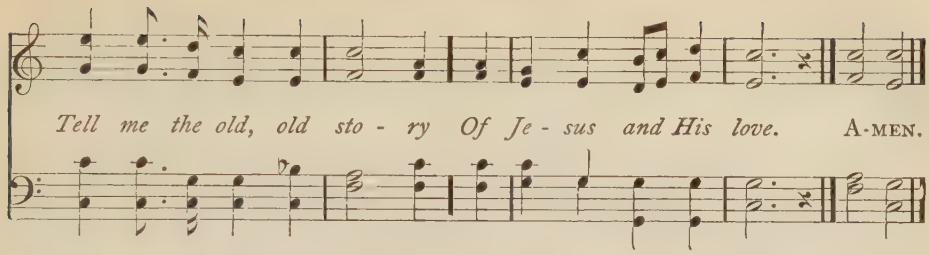
J Denham Smith

700 OLD, OLD STORY 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 With Refrain

W. Howard Doane, 1869


1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love;
Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
REFRAIN
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,

By permission of W. Howard Doane



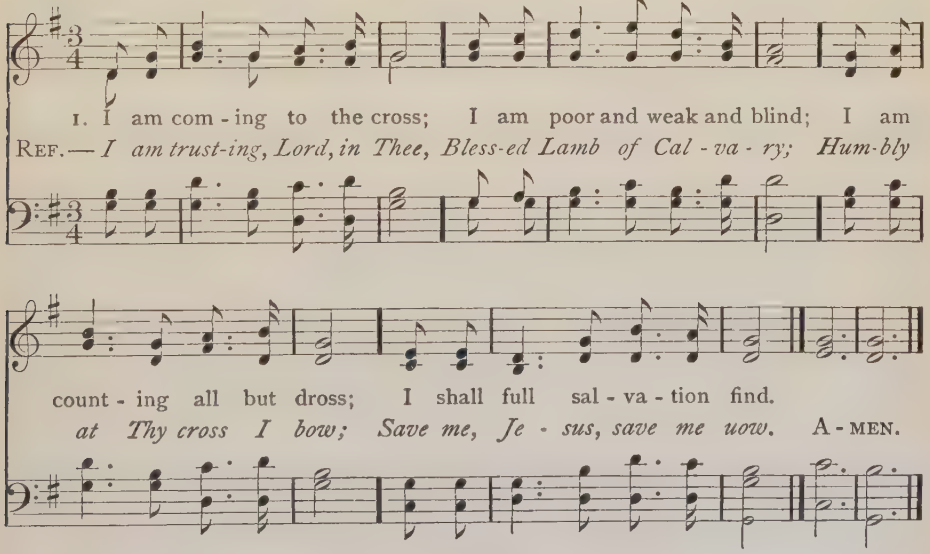
2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember, I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save:
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear:
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

Katherine Hankey, 1866: the refrain added

701 TRUSTING 7 7 7 7 With Refrain

William G. Fischer, 1869


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind; I am
REF.— I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless-ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Hum-bly
count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
at Thy cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now. A - MEN.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine, for evermore.

4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified.

William McDonald, 1869

702 DRAW ME NEARER 10 7 10 7 With Refrain W. Howard Doane, 1875

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos- er drawn to Thee.
REFRAIN
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;
near - er, near - er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side. A-MEN.

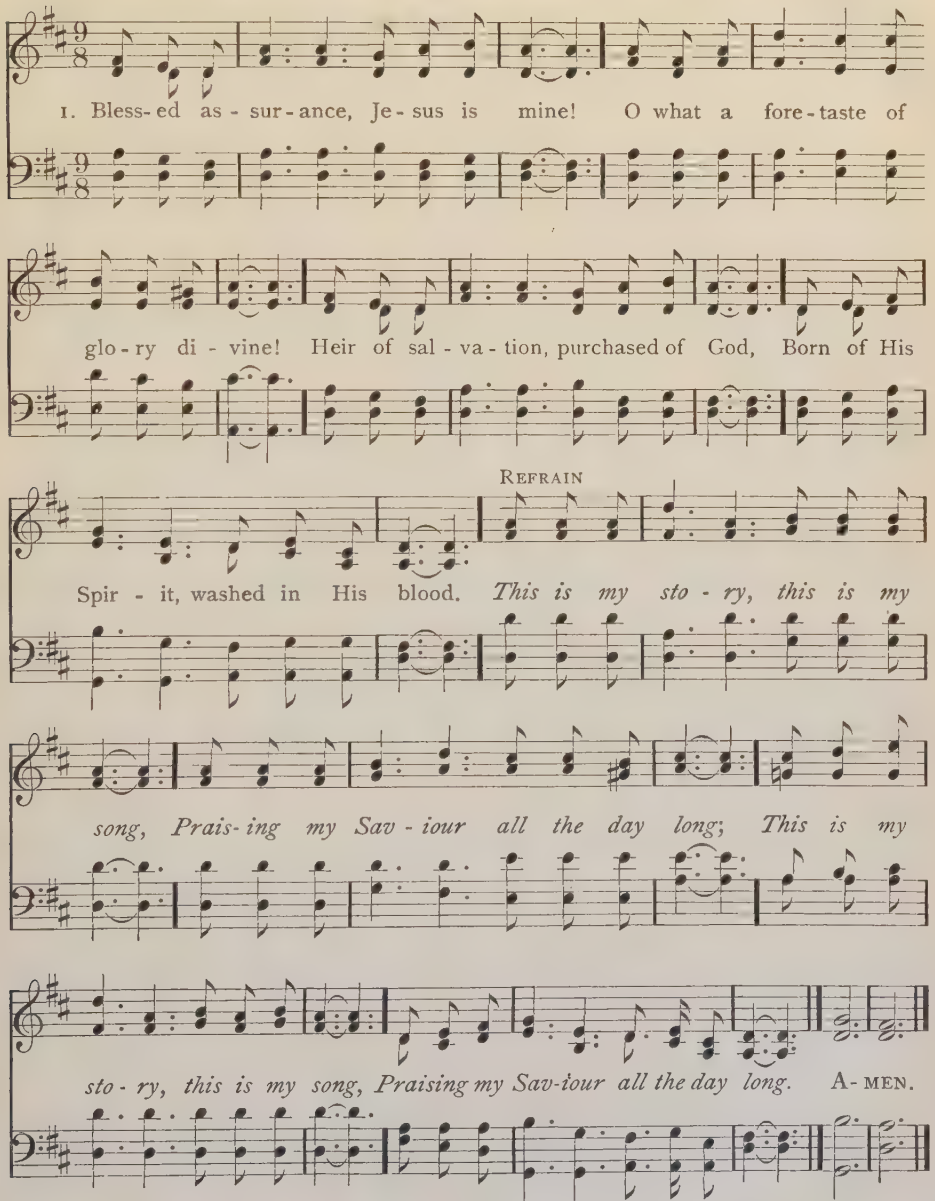
Copyright, 1903, by W. Howard Doane. Renewal

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

703 BLESSED ASSURANCE 9 10 9 9 With Refrain Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp, 1873


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of His
REFRAIN
Spir-it, washed in His blood. This is my sto-ry, this is my
song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my
sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long. A-MEN.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

Fanny J. Crosby, 1873

704 HAPPY DAY L. M. With Refrain

From Edward F. Rimbault

1. O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour, and my God!
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
REFRAIN
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;
Hap-py day, hap-py day, when Je- sus wash'd my sins a - way. A-MEN.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

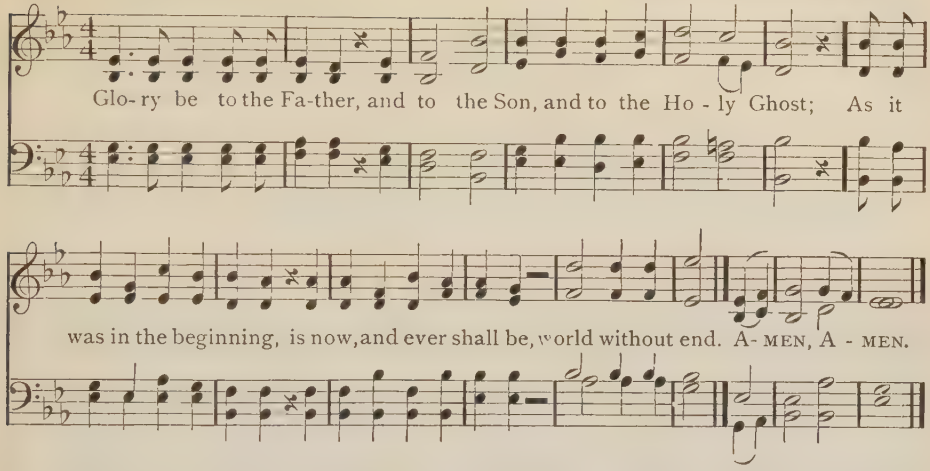
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed, shall daily hear;
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge

Chants, Responses, Gloria Patri
Communion Service and
Baptismal Service

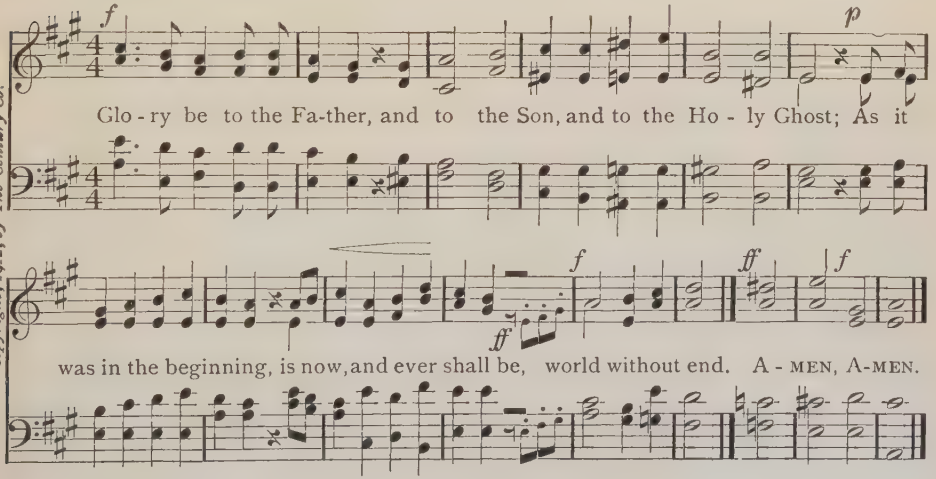
705 GLORIA PATRI 1

Henry W. Greatorex, 1851


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A- MEN, A - MEN.

GLORIA PATRI 2

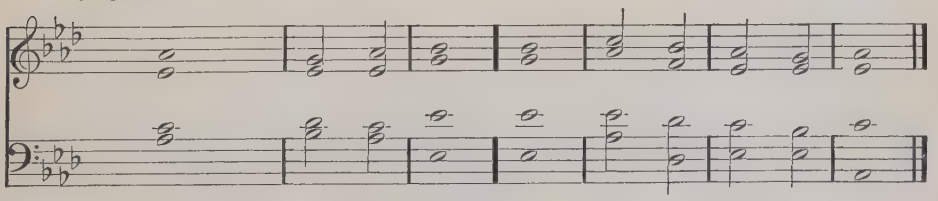
Alexander S. Gibson, 1912


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. A - MEN, A-MEN.

Copyright, 1912, by The Century Co.

GLORIA PATRI 3

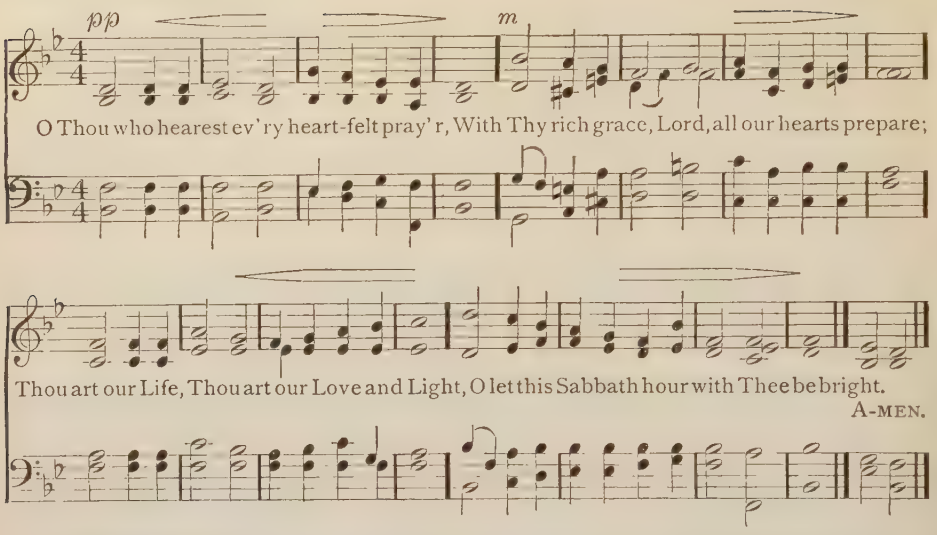
Anon.



Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |
A- — | MEN.

706 RESPONSE 1

Anon.


pp
m
O Thou who hearest ev'ry heart-felt pray'r, With Thy rich grace, Lord, all our hearts prepare;
Thou art our Life, Thou art our Love and Light, O let this Sabbath hour with Thee be bright.
A-MEN.

RESPONSE 2

George Whelpton, 1897

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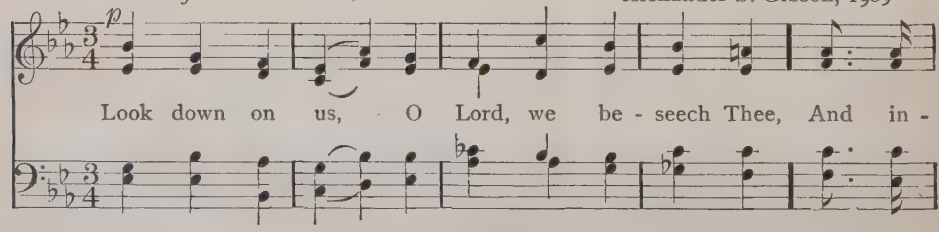
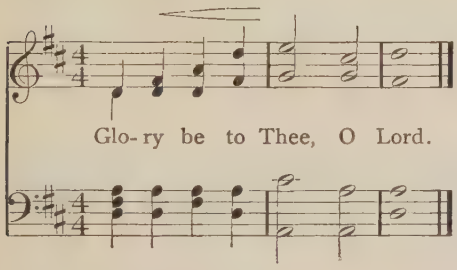
RESPONSE 3

Rather fast

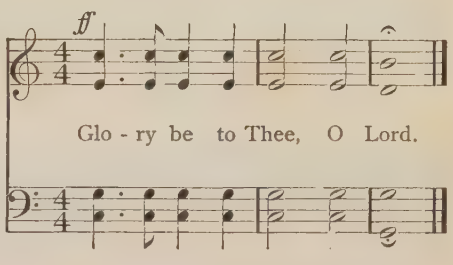
Alexander S. Gibson, 1909



707 GLORIA TIBI 1 Anon.

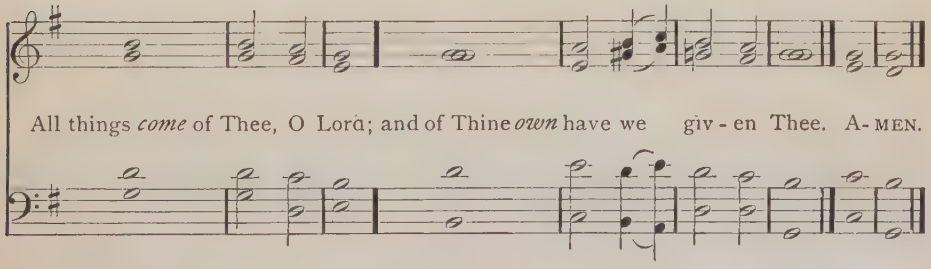


GLORIA TIBI 2 Thomas Tallis

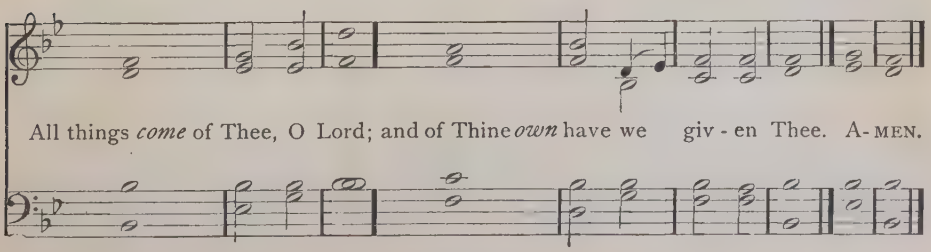


708 AT THE PRESENTATION OF THE OFFERING

1 Ludwig von Beethoven

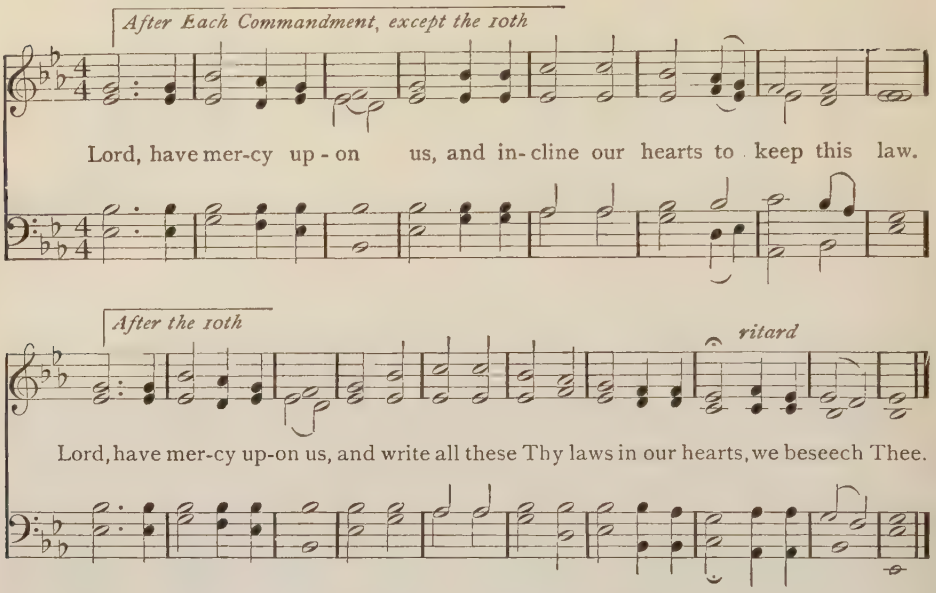


2 George A. MacFarran



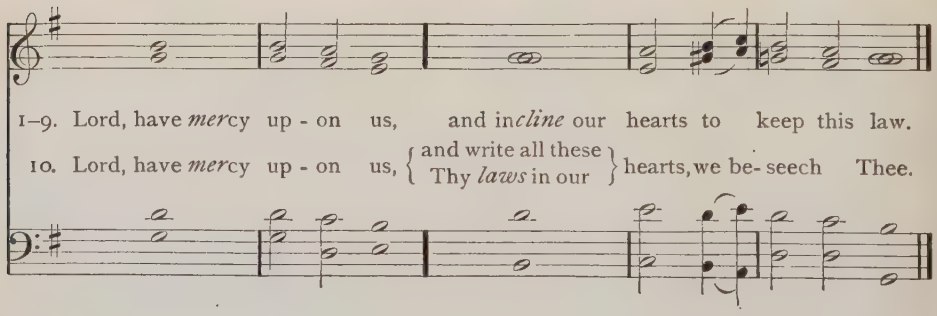
709 RESPONSE 1

Anon.


After Each Commandment, except the 10th
Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.
After the 10th
ritard
Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we beseech Thee.

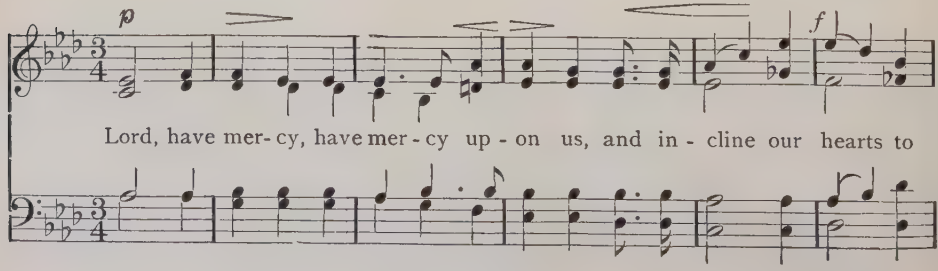
RESPONSE 2

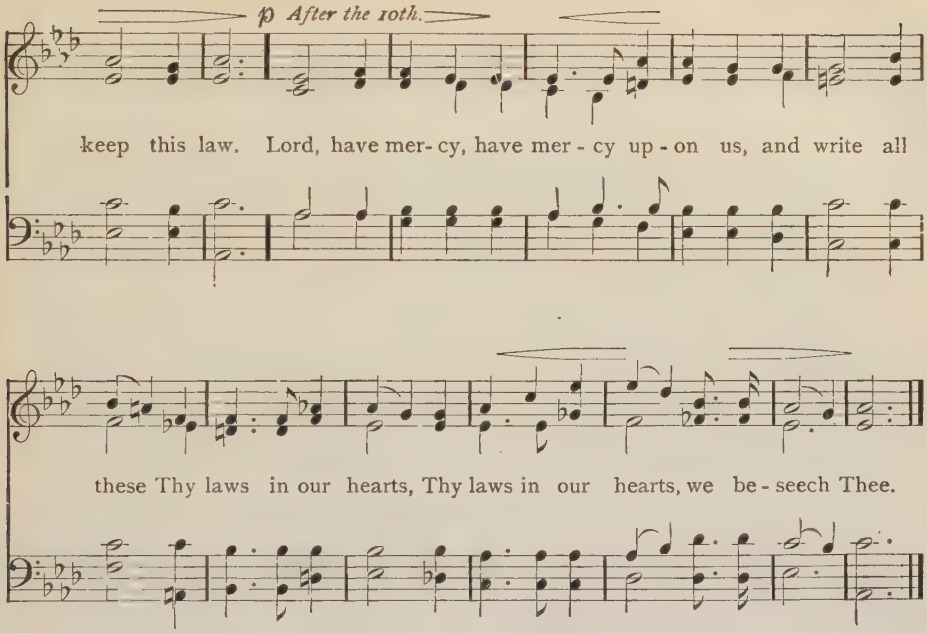
Ludwig von Beethoven


1–9. Lord, have mercy up-on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.
10. Lord, have mercy up-on us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be-seech Thee.

RESPONSE 3

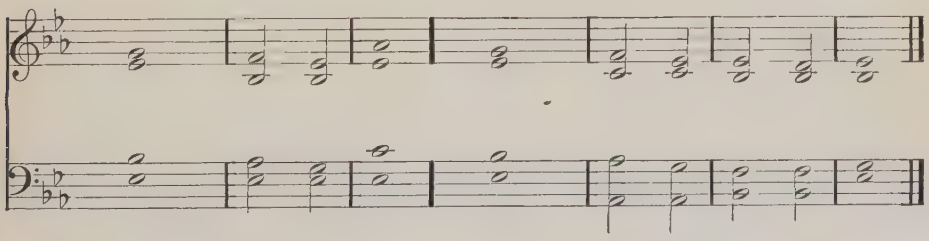
George J. Elvey




p After the 10th.
keep this law. Lord, have mer- cy, have mer - cy up - on us, and write all
these Thy laws in our hearts, Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

710 THE LORD'S PRAYER

C. A. Wickes



1 Our *Fa*ther who | art in | heaven || *Hal*lowed | be— | Thy— | name.

2 *Thy* | king-dom | come || Thy will be done in *earth* | as it | is in | heaven.

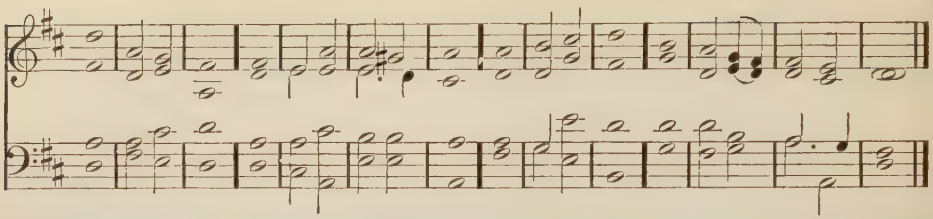
3 Give us this *day* our | dai-ly | bread || and forgive us our *debts* as | we for- | give our | debtors.

4 And lead us *not* | into · temp- | tation || *but* de- | liv-er | us from | evil:

5 For Thine is the *king*dom and the | power · and the | glory || *for* | ever. | A- — | MEN.

711 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO

William Boyce



1 O come let us *sing* | unto · the | Lord || let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before His *pres*ence | with thanks- | giving || and show our*selves* | glad in | Him with | psalms.

3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In His hand are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is | His — | also.

5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared · the | dry — | land.

6 O come, let us *wor*ship and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His *pas*ture and the | sheep of | His — | hand.

8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty · of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | Him.

9 *For He cometh, for He *come*th to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.

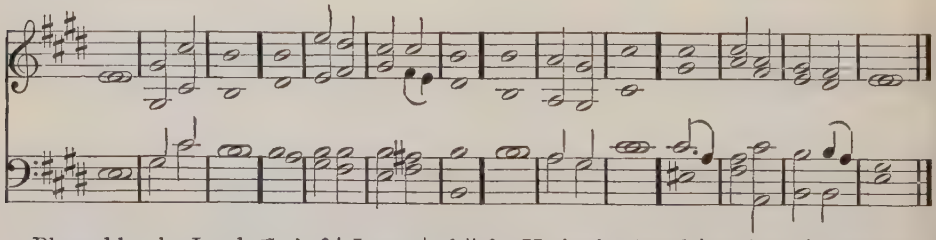
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A-— | MEN.

* Last half of Double Chant

712 BENEDICTUS

Joseph Barnby



1 Blessed be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visit*ed | and re- | deem-ed · His | people:

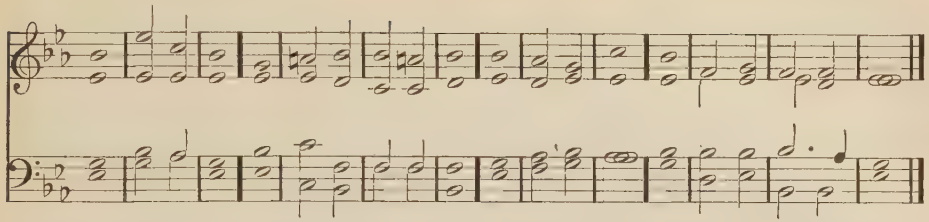
2 And hath raised up a *might*-y sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His | servant | David;

3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be *sav*ed | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that | hate — | us;

713 JUBILATE DEO

John Robinson



1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come be*fore* His | pres-ence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves, we are His peo*ple* and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *in*to His | courts with | praise || be thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | Name.

4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mer*cy is | ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth from *gen*er- | ation · to | gen-er- | ation.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || world without | end. — | A- — | MEN.

(BENEDICTUS)

5 To perform the mercy *promis*ed to | our fore- | fathers || and to re*mem*ber His | ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant;

6 To perform the oath which He sware to our *fore*father | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He would | give — | us;

7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him with- | out — | fear;

8 In holiness and *right*eous- | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.

9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Proph*et | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways;

10 To give knowledge of sal*va*tion | unto · His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of their | sins,

11 Through the tender *mer*cy | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high hath | visit- · ed | us;

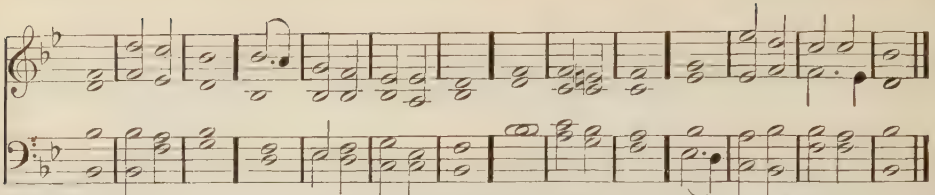
12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow · of | death || and to guide our *feet* | into · the | way of | peace.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | MEN.

714

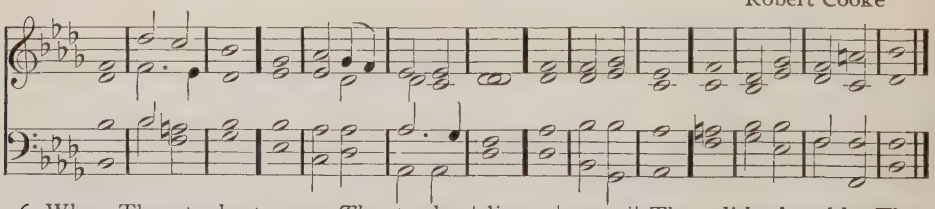
Henry Lawes



1 We *praise* | Thee O | God || we ac*know*ledge | Thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
3 To Thee all *An*gels | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.
4 To Thee Cheru*bim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
5 *Ho*ly | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || *of* | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
7 The glorious *com*pany | of · the A- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
8 The goodly *fel*lowship | of the | Prophets || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
9 The *no*ble | army · of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || *of* an | in- · finite | Maj-es- | ty;
12 *Thine* a- | dor- · able | true || *and* | on- — | — ly | Son;
13* *Al*so the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com- — | fort- — | er.
14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O | — — | — — | Christ.
15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son || *of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.

* Last half of Chant

Robert Cooke



16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble Thy-*self* to be | born — | of a | Virgin.
17 When Thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness · of | death || Thou didst open the *King*dom of | Heaven · to | all be- | lievers.
18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
29 We be*lieve* that | Thou shalt | come || *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast re*deem*ed | with Thy | pre-cious | blood.
21 Make them to be *num*bered | with Thy | Saints || *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
23 *Gov-* | — ern them || *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.

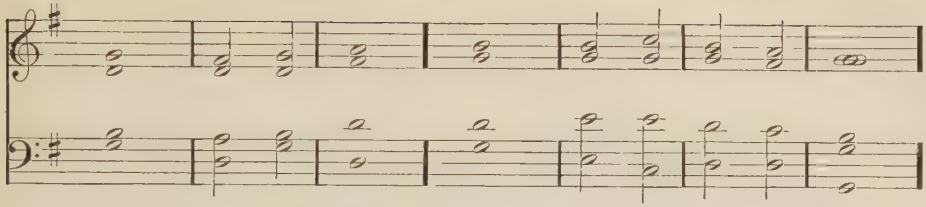
Return to chant in B♭ at the top of page.

24 *Day* | by — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
25 *And* we | worship · Thy | Name || *ever* | world with- | out — | end.
26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep *us* this | day with- | out — | sin.
27 O *Lord* · have | mercy · up- | on us || *have* | mercy · up- | on — | us.
28 O Lord, Let Thy *mer*cy | be up- | on us || *as* our | trust — | is in | Thee.
29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

Gloria in Excelsis

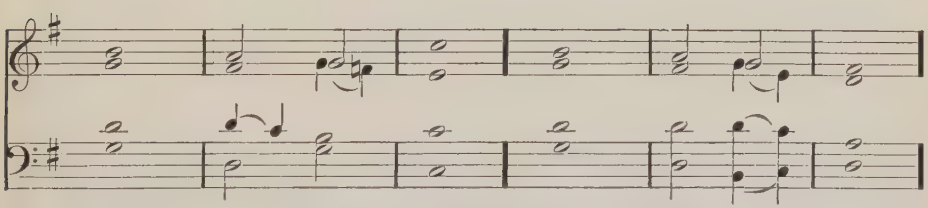
715

Old Chant

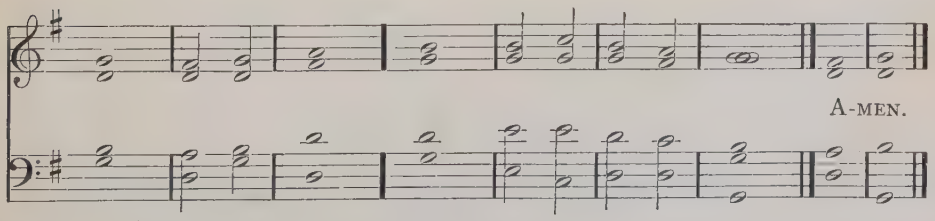


1 Glory *be* to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace good | will · towards | men.
2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give *thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.

3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- · ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.
4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* | Son — | of the | Father,



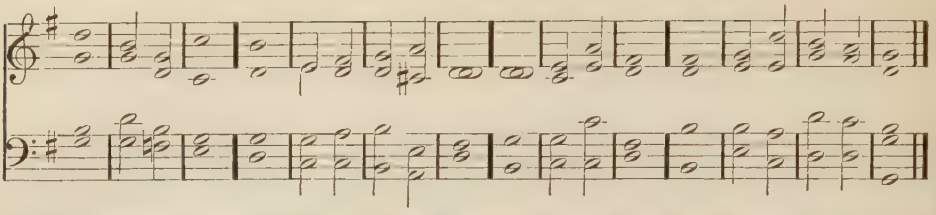
5 That takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world || have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.
6 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world || have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.
7 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins · of the | world || *re-* | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mer*cy up- | on — | us.



9 For Thou *on*ly | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory · of | God the | Father.

716 MAGNIFICAT

Henry Smart



1 My soul doth *mag*ni- | fy the | Lord || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced · in | God my | Saviour.

2 *For* He | hath re- | garded || the *low*li- | ness of | His hand- | maiden.

3 *For* be- | hold from | henceforth || *all* gener- | ations · shall | call me | blessed.

4 For He that is *mighty* hath | magni- · fied | me || *and* | ho-ly | is His | name.

5 And His *mercy* is on | them that | fear Him || *through-* | out all | gen-er- | ations.

6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the im*ag*in- | a-tion | of their | hearts.

7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat || and *hath* ex- | alted · the | humble · and | meek.

8 He hath filled the *hun*gry | with good | things || and the *rich* He hath | sent — | empty · a- | way.

9 * He remembering His mercy hath holpen His *ser*vant | Is-ra- | el || as He promised to our forefathers, *A*braham | and his | seed for- | ever.

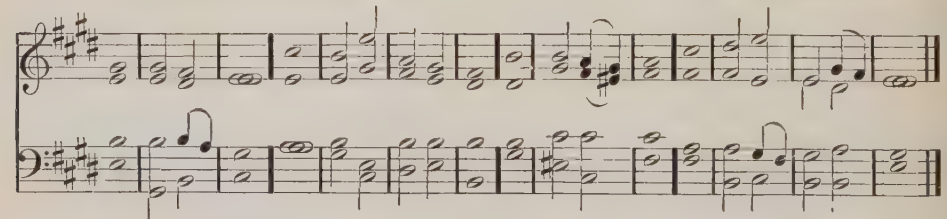
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | MEN.

* Last half of Double Chant

717 BONUM EST CONFITERI

Samuel Matthews



1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy *Name* | O — | Most — | Highest.

2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in the | morning || and of Thy *truth* | in the | night- — | season.

3 Upon an instrument of ten *strings* and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instru*ment* | and up- | on the | harp.

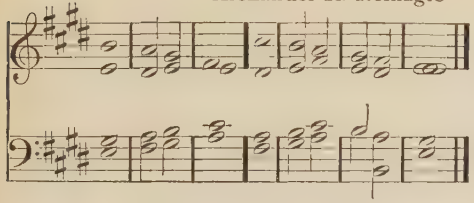
4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me *glad* | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving *praise* for the oper- | a-tions | of Thy | hands.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

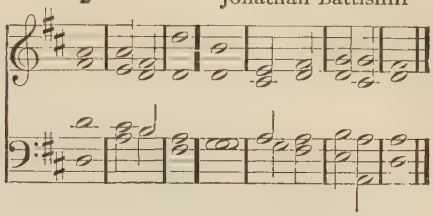
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | MEN.

718 CANTATE DOMINO

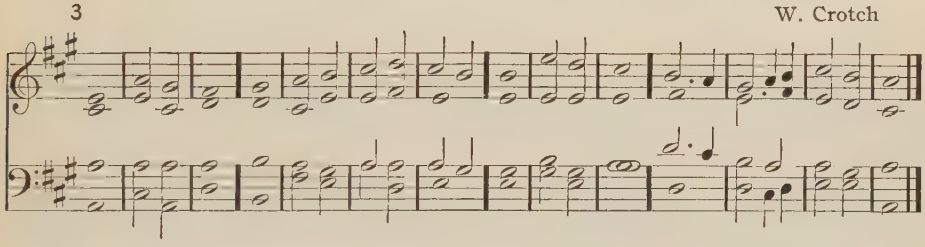
Alexander R. Reinagle



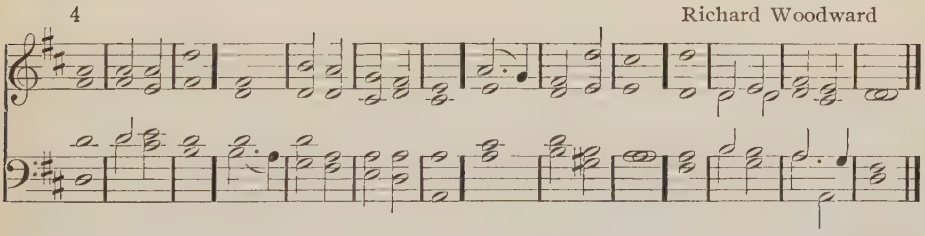
2 Jonathan Battishill



3 W. Crotch



4 Richard Woodward



1 O sing unto the *Lord* a | new— | song || for *He* hath | done— | mar-velous | things.

2 With His own right hand and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten · Him- | self the | victory.

3 The Lord de*clared* | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in the | sight— | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth to*ward* the | house of | Israel || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing* re- | joice and | give— | thanks.

6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- | giving.

7 With *trum*pets | also · and | shawms || O show yourselves *joy*ful be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.

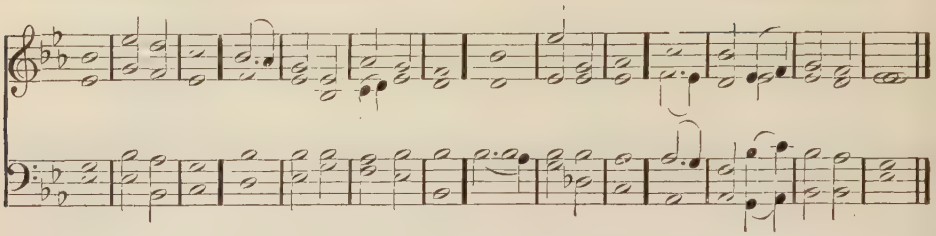
9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful to*geth*er be- | fore the | Lord || *for* He | cometh · to | judge the | earth.

10 With righteousness *shall* He | judge the | world || *and* the | peo-ple | with— | equity.

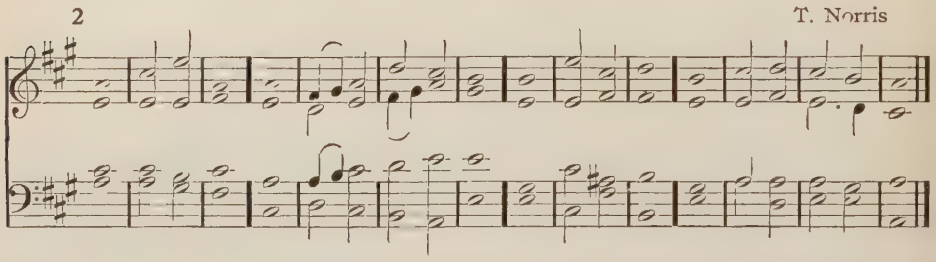
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end.— | A-— | MEN.

719 BENEDIC ANIMA MEA

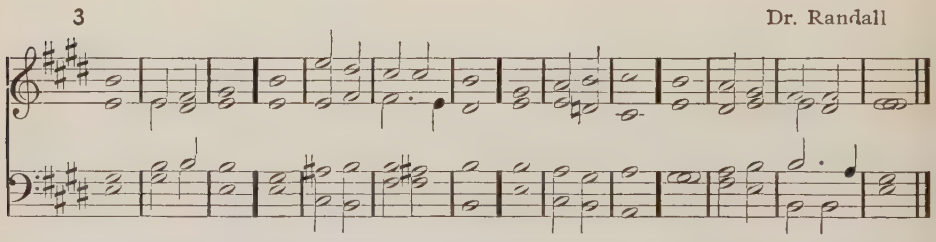
William Russell



2 T. Norris



3 Dr. Randall



1 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is with*in* me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.

2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || *and* for- | get not | all His | benefits;

3 Who for*give*th | all thy | sin || and *heal*eth | all — | thine in- | firmities;

4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | lov-ing- | kindness;

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His commandment, and hearken *un*to the | voice — | of His | word.

6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye *ser*vants of | His that | do His | pleasure.

7 * O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *pla*ces of | His do | minion || praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.

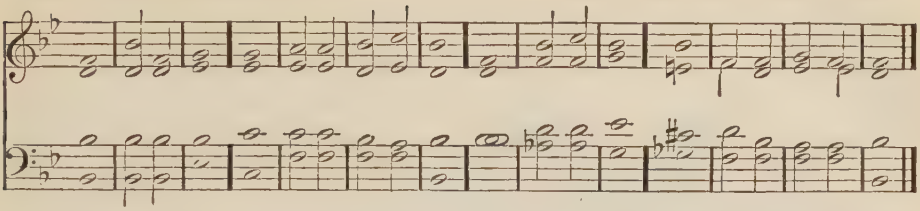
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son, || *and* | to the Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — A- — | MEN.

* Last half of Double Chant

720 DEUS MISEREA TUR

Ad. fr. Ludwig von Beethoven



1 God be *merci*ful unto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance, *and* be | merci- · ful | un-to | us;

2 That Thy way may be *known* up- | on — | earth || Thy *saving* | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and *gov*ern the | nations · up- | on — | earth.

5 Let the people *praise* | Thee O | God || *yea* let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.

6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase || and God, even our own *God* shall | give — | us His | blessing.

7 * *God* | shall — | bless us || and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | Him.

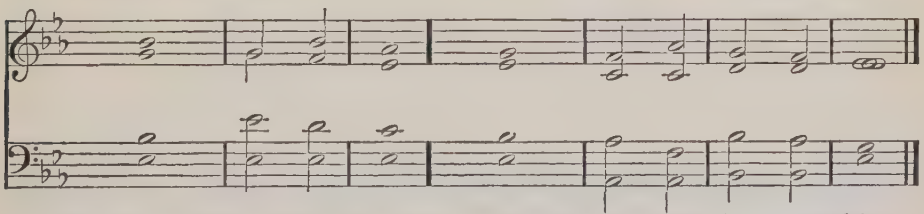
Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev- er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A- — | MEN.

* Last half of Double Chant

721 NUNC DIMITTIS

Joseph Barnby



1 Lord, now lettest Thou Thy *ser*vant de- | part in | peace || *ac-* | cord-ing | to Thy | word.

2 *For* mine | eyes have | seen || *Thy* | — sal- | va- — | tion,

3 *Which* Thou | hast pre- | pared || be*fore* the | face of | all — | people;

4 To be a *light* to | lighten · the | Gentiles || and to be the *glo*ry of Thy | peo-ple | Is-ra- | el.

Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. —| A- — | MEN.

722

¶ *The Congregation shall rise, and the Minister, standing at the Communion Table shall say:*

Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith unto all that truly turn to Him:

Come unto Me, all ye that labor, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. *St. Matt. xi: 28.*

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. *St. Matt. v: 6.*

Hear also what St. Paul saith:

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. *1 Tim. i: 15.*

Lift up your hearts.

The Congregation: We lift them up unto the Lord.

The Minister: Let us give thanks unto our Lord God.

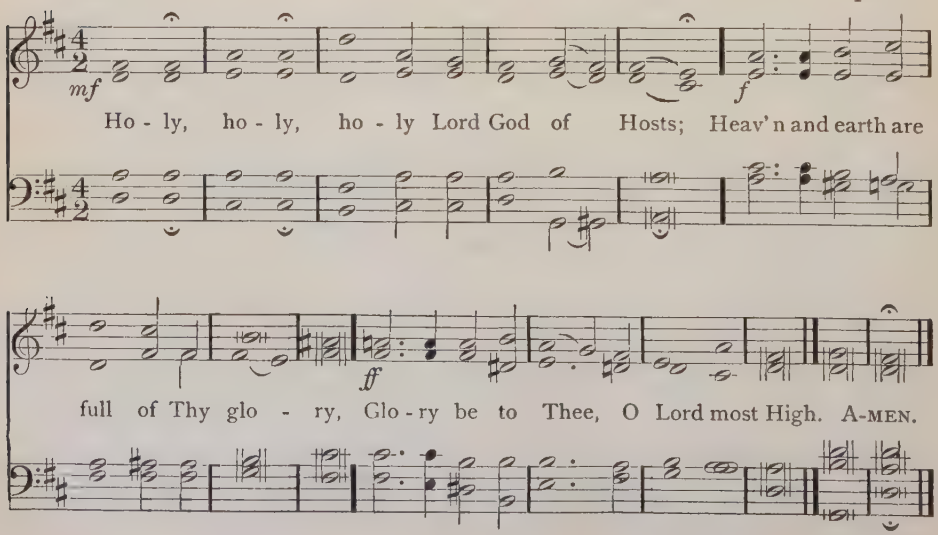
The Congregation: It is meet and right so to do.

The Minister: It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty that we should at all times, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God.

Therefore with Angels, and Archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy glorious name; evermore praising Thee, and saying,

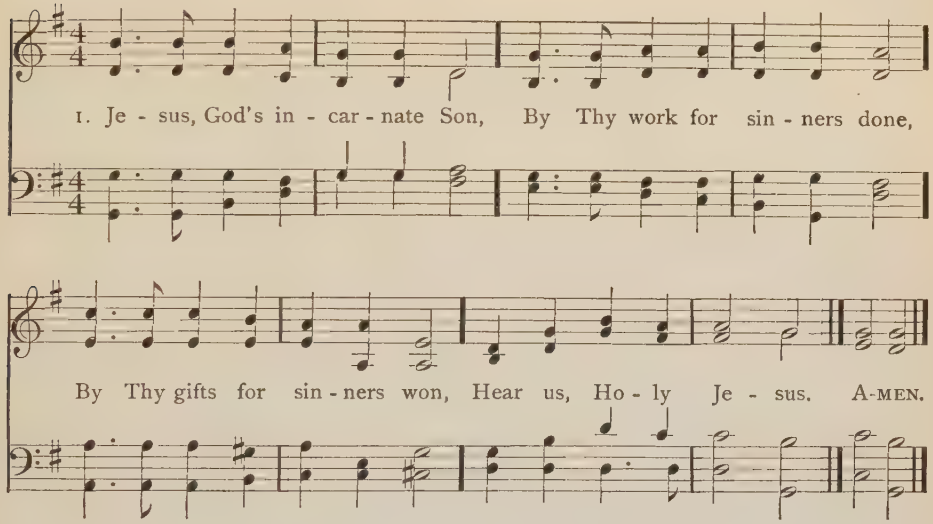
¶ *Here shall follow the Sanctus in which the whole congregation shall join.*

SANCTUS A. S. Cooper



¶ *After the reading of a suitable passage of Scripture, an anthem may be sung by the choir: or the congregation, remaining seated, may sing the following Litany.*

LITANY, No. 5 7 7 7 6 — Arthur Sullivan



2 Jesus, who our debt hast paid,
All Thy Father's will obeyed,
By Thy sufferings perfect made,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Jesus, Prince of Life and light,
Dwelling now in glory bright,
Ruling all things by Thy might,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

4 May Thy life and death supply
Faith to live and grace to die,
Strength to reach our home on high,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

¶ *The Minister shall then say:*

Ye that do truly and earnestly repent of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors, and intend to lead a new life, following the Commandments of God, and walking from henceforth in His Holy ways, draw near with faith, and take this Holy Sacrament to your comfort.

Let us pray.

¶ *Here shall follow the Prayer of Dedication, and a short Address.*

¶ *A Hymn shall then be sung, (see Communion Hymns) after which the elements shall be distributed: the Minister saying, as he gives the bread to the Elders or Deacons:*

The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for you, preserve your bodies and souls unto everlasting life. Take and eat this in remembrance that Christ died for you, and feed on Him in your hearts, by faith with thanksgiving.

¶ *And likewise before the distribution of the wine he shall say:*

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for you, preserve your bodies and souls unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's Blood was shed for you and be thankful.

¶ *After all have communicated, an offering for the Poor shall be taken, the Minister saying*:

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven. *St. Matt. V.*

He that soweth little shall reap little, and he that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously. Let every man do according as he is disposed in his heart, not grudging or of necessity; for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. *2 Cor. IX.*

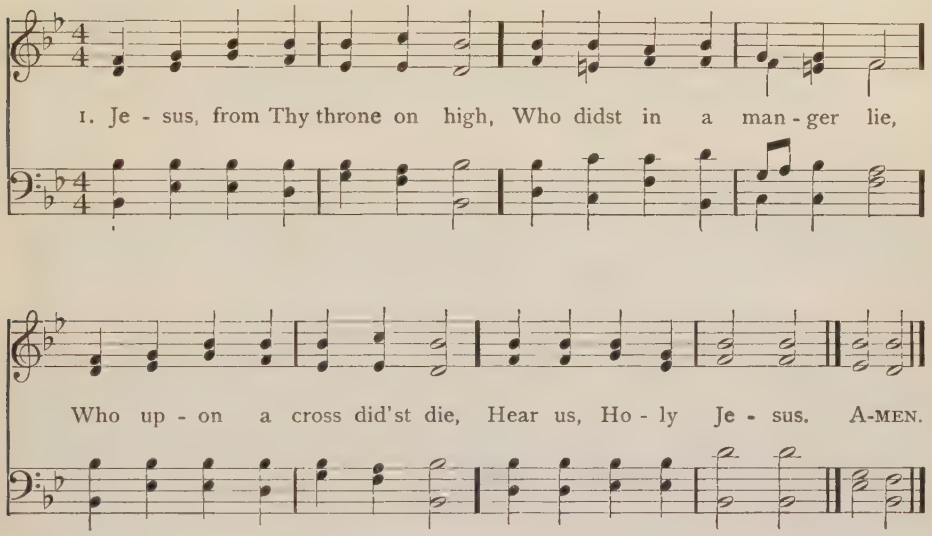
¶ *The Service shall close with the singing of the Gloria in Excelsis, No. 715, or a suitable Hymn, (see Communion Hymns) and the following Benediction:—*

And now may the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be amongst you, and remain with you always. AMEN.

723

¶ *While the Child is being brought to the Font by the Parents, accompanied by one or more of the Elders or Deacons of the Church, the Choir shall sing a suitable Anthem, or the following Litany:*

LITANY, No. 4 7 7 7 6 — Henry J. Gauntlett



2 Little lambs may come to Thee,
Thou wilt fold them tenderly,
And their careful Shepherd be;
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

3 Jesus, once an infant small,
Cradled in the oxen's stall,
Though the God and Lord of all,
Hear us, Holy Jesus.

¶ *The Minister shall then read the following passage and exhortation:*

Hear the words of the gospel, written by St. Mark, in the tenth chapter, at the thirteenth verse:

They brought young children to Christ that He should touch them, and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.

A Baptismal Service

Beloved, ye hear in this Gospel the words of our Saviour Christ, that He commanded the children to be brought unto Him; ye perceive how by His outward gesture and deed He declared His goodwill toward them; for He embraced them in His arms, He laid His hands upon them, and blessed them. Doubt ye not therefore, but earnestly believe that He likewise willeth favorably to receive this present infant; that He will embrace *him* with the arms of His mercy, and that He willeth to make *him* a partaker of His everlasting kingdom.

¶ *The Congregation shall now rise, and the Minister, addressing the Parents, shall say:*

In this baptism with water we typify the dedication of this Child to God, according to the command of our Saviour Christ, that His disciples should baptise with water in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Is it your desire that this Child should now receive the Christian rite of Baptism?

The Parents: It is.

The Minister: Will you solemnly promise to seek the grace of God for yourselves and for this Child, that you may instruct *him* in the principles of our most holy religion, that you may set *him* a godly example, and that you may bring *him* up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord?

The Parents: We will.

The Minister: Name this Child.

¶ *Here the Christian name or names of the Child shall be given by the Parents.*

¶ *The Minister shall then take the Child in his arms, and, repeating the Christian name or names of the Child, shall say:*

I baptise thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

The Lord bless and keep this Child unto Eternal life.

Let us pray.

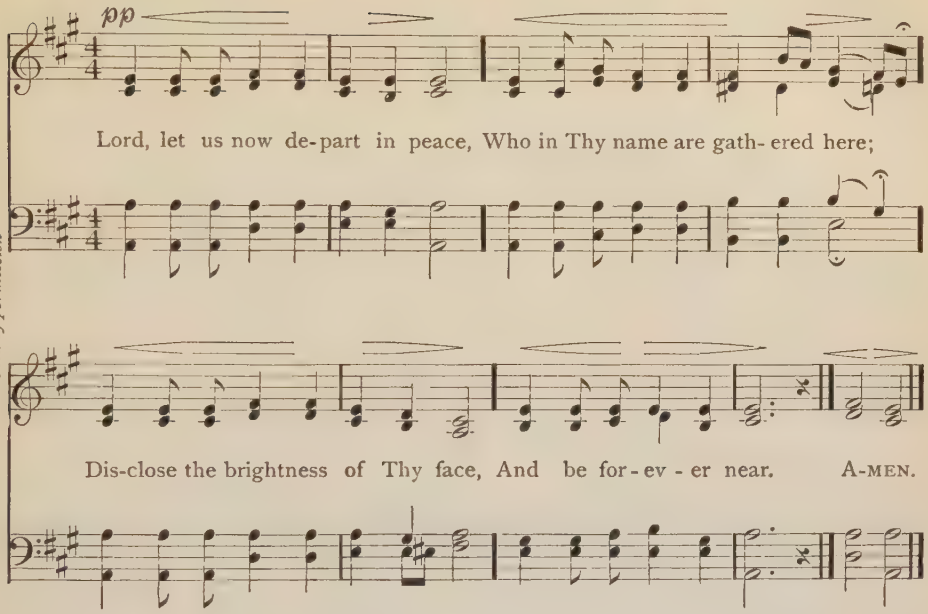
¶ *The Minister shall here pray for the welfare of the Child and the Parents, during which the Congregation shall be seated.*

¶ *After the prayer a suitable Hymn may be sung* (*See Baptismal Hymns*), *and the service shall close with this Benediction.*

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up His countenance upon you and give you peace. AMEN.

724 DISMISSAL

George Whelpton, 1897


pp
Lord, let us now de-part in peace, Who in Thy name are gath-ered here;
Dis-close the brightness of Thy face, And be for-ev-er near. A-MEN.

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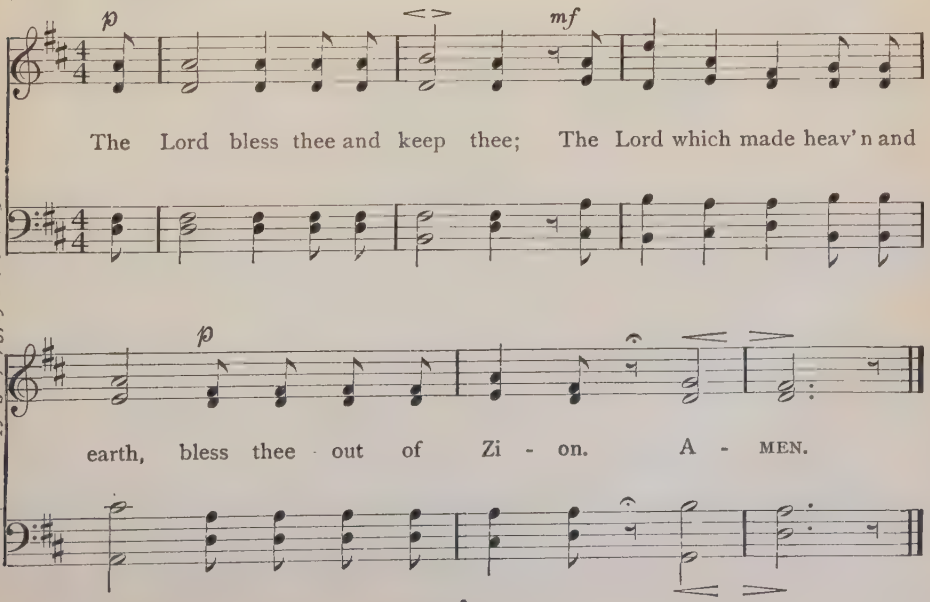
725 BENEDICTION

Alexander S. Gibson, 1912



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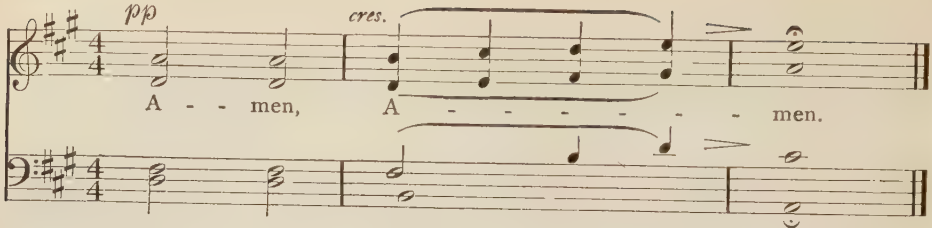
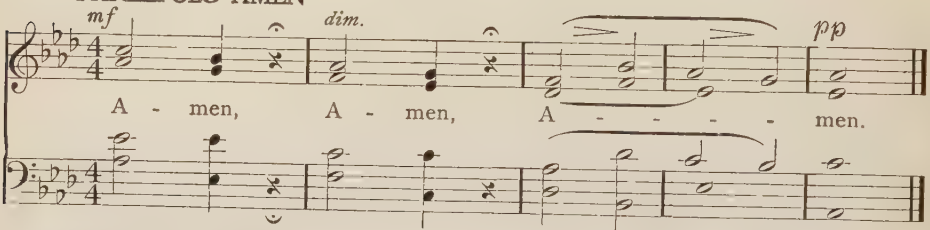
726 DRESDEN AMEN

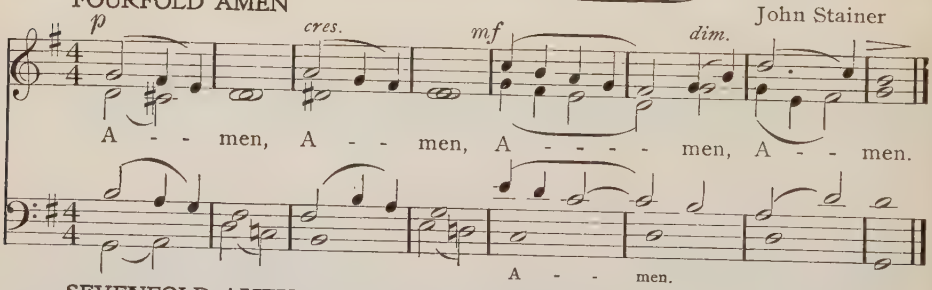


THREEFOLD AMEN



FOURFOLD AMEN

John Stainer



SEVENFOLD AMEN

J. Stainer

Responsive Readings

FROM THE AMERICAN STANDARD EDITION OF
THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

New York
The Century Co.

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Introduction

THESE responsive readings are an attempt to adapt for the public worship of Christian congregations those noble passages of both Old and New Testaments which are suited to the purpose. In general all didactic scriptures have been avoided, and those chosen which, like the Psalms, present to God the united prayer and praise of the congregation, or, like the great chapters in Isaiah, represent the people as meditating upon and exalted by their common faith. The rendering is that of the American Standard Revised Version, with this exception: that wherever the name Jehovah appears, the general term Lord has been used. This is done in answer to the widespread and reasonable demand that our Christian services of devotion shall not be unnecessarily encumbered by outgrown Hebraisms.

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2. Morning Prayer
3. Evening Prayer
4. Praise on the Lord's Day
5. The Privilege of Worship
6. Christian Worship
7. Delight in Worship
8. Joy in Praising God
9. True Worship
10. Prayer for the Church
11. The Majesty of God
12. The Lord's Care for His Works
13. God in Nature
14. The Glory of God
15. God's Wisdom
16. The Grace of God
17. The Shepherd God
18. God Our Deliverer
19. The Safety of God's People
20. Praise for God's Goodness
21. Confidence in God
22. The Christian's Refuge
23. Hope in God's Help
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25. Comfort in God's Power
26. Prayer for Protection
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28. Prayer in Trouble
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30. The Mystery of Life
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34. Prayer for Godliness
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38. The Joy of Forgiveness
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40. Gratitude to Christ
41. The Righteous and the Wicked
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43. Fatherhood and Brotherhood
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46. Social Sin and Penitence
47. National Penitence
48. True Religion
49. Prayer for the People
50. The Glorious Future
51. God's Certain Victory
52. The Hope of the Kingdom
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Responsive Readings

FROM THE

AMERICAN STANDARD EDITION OF THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

SELECTION 1

A CALL TO WORSHIP

Psalm xcv

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord. Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God,

And a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth;

The heights of the mountains are his also.

The sea is his and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker:

For he is our God,

And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

Isaiah xxv

O LORD thou art my God; I will exalt thee, I will praise thy name;

For thou hast done wonderful things, in faithfulness and truth.

Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord;

We have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.

SELECTION 2

MORNING PRAYER

Psalm v

GIVE ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

Harken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God;

For unto thee do I pray.

O Lord, in the morning shalt thou hear my voice;

In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep watch.

Psalm cxxx

OUT of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.

Lord, hear my voice: let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who could stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than watchmen wait for the morning;

Yea, more than watchmen for the morning.

O Israel, hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is loving-kindness.

With him is plenteous redemption. And he will redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

Psalm lxii

MY soul, wait thou in silence for God only;

For my expectation is from him.

He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my high tower: I shall not be moved.

With God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

Trust in him at all times, ye people;

Pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

SELECTION 3

EVENING PRAYER

Psalm lxiii

O GOD, thou art my God; earnestly will I seek thee:

My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee, in a dry and weary land, where no water is.

So have I looked upon thee in the sanctuary, to see thy power and thy glory.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

So will I bless thee while I live:

I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;

And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips; when I remember thee upon my bed,

And meditate on thee in the night-watches.

For thou hast been my help, and in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul followeth hard after thee;

Thy right hand upholdeth me.

Psalm cxxi

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the mountains;

From whence shall my help come?

My help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:

He that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord will keep thee from all evil; he will keep thy soul.

The Lord will keep thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for evermore.

SELECTION 4

PRAISE ON THE LORD'S DAY

Psalm cxviii

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let Israel now say, that his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let them now that fear the Lord say, that his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Out of my distress I called upon the Lord.

The Lord answered me and set me in a large place.

The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

The Lord is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in the tents of the righteous:

The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

The right hand of the Lord is exalted: the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.

The Lord hath chastened me sore; but he hath not given me over unto death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness:

I will enter into them, I will give thanks unto the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord, the righteous shall enter into it.

I will give thanks unto thee; for thou hast answered me, and art become my salvation.

The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.

This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes.

This is the day which the Lord hath made;

We will rejoice and be glad in it.

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee:

Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

SELECTION 5

THE PRIVILEGE OF WORSHIP

Psalm lxxxiv

HOW amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;

My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.

Yea, the sparrow hath found her a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young,

Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the highways to Zion.

Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs;

Yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.

They go from strength to strength; every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.

I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

For the Lord God is a sun and a shield:

The Lord will give grace and glory;

No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

SELECTION 6

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

Psalm cxxii

I WAS glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, that art builded as a city that is compact together;

Whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, for an ordinance for Israel,

To give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

For there are set thrones for judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

For the sake of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

Hebrews xii, x

BUT ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem,

And to innumerable hosts of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn who are enrolled in heaven,

And to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of a new convenant,

And to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better than that of Abel.

Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holy place by the blood of Jesus, by the way which he dedicated for us,

A new and living way, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh;

And having a great priest over the house of God,

Let us draw near with a true heart in fulness of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience,

And having our body washed with pure water.

Let us hold fast the confession of our hope that it waver not,

For he is faithful that promised:

And let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking our own assembling together.

Ephesians v

BE filled with the Spirit:

Speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,

Singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord;

Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father.

SELECTION 7

DELIGHT IN WORSHIP

Psalm xcvi

O SING unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the nations, his marvellous works among all the peoples.

For great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised:

He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the peoples are idols; but the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him:

Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Ascribe unto the Lord, ye kindreds of the peoples, ascribe unto the Lord glory and strength.

Ascribe unto the Lord the glory due unto his name:

Bring an offering, and come into his courts.

Oh worship the Lord in holy array:

Tremble before him, all the earth. Say among the nations, the Lord reigneth:

The world also is established that it cannot be moved:

He will judge the peoples with equity.

Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice;

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof;

Let the field exult, and all that is therein;

Then shall all the trees of the wood sing for joy before the Lord;

For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth:

He will judge the world with righteousness,

And the peoples with his truth.

SELECTION 8

JOY IN PRAISING GOD

Psalm xcviii

O SING unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

His right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him.

The Lord hath made known his salvation:

His righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations.

He hath remembered his lovingkindness and his faithfulness toward the house of Israel:

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth:

Break forth and sing for joy, yea, sing praises.

Sing praises unto the Lord with the harp;

With the harp and the voice of melody, with trumpets and sound of cornet.

Make a joyful noise before the King, the Lord.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein;

Let the floods clap their hands;

Let the hills sing for joy together before the Lord;

For he cometh to judge the earth:

He will judge the world with righteousness, and the peoples with equity.

Psalm lxv

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion;

And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou wilt forgive them.

Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts:

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, thy holy temple.

SELECTION 9

TRUE WORSHIP

Habakkuk ii

THE Lord is in his holy temple:

Let all the earth keep silence before him.

Isaiah lvii

THUS saith the Lord, Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool:

But to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit,

And that trembleth at my word.

For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy:

I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit,

To revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite.

Micah vi

WHEREWITH shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?

Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves a year old?

Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?

Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee,

But to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God?

John iv

FOR the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be his worshippers.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship in spirit and truth.

SELECTION 10

PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH

Psalm c

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord, he is God: it is he that hath made us, and we are his;

We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise:

Give thanks unto him, and bless his name. For the Lord is good:

His lovingkindness endureth for ever,

And his faithfulness unto all generations.

II Chronicles vi

BUT will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? behold, heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house which I have builded!

Yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord my God,

To hearken unto the cry and to the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee;

That thine eyes may be open toward this house day and night, even toward the place whereof thou hast said that thou wouldest put thy name there:

And hearken thou to the supplications of thy servant, and of thy people, when they shall pray toward this place;

Yea, hear thou from thy dwelling-place, even from heaven; and when thou hearest, forgive.

If there be in the land famine, if there be pestilence, if there be blasting or mildew, locust or caterpillar,

If their enemies besiege them in the land of their cities; whatsoever plague or whatsoever sickness there be;

What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all thy people, who shall know every man his own plague and his own sorrow, and shall spread forth his hands toward this house:

Then hear thou from heaven thy dwelling-place, and forgive, and render unto every man according to all his ways, whose heart thou knowest

(For thou, even thou only, knowest the hearts of the children of men);

That they may fear thee, to walk in thy ways, so long as they live in the land which thou gavest unto our fathers.

Now, O my God, let, I beseech thee, thine eyes be open, and let thine ears be attent, unto the prayer that is made in this place.

Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into thy resting-place, thou, and the ark of thy strength:

Let thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation,

And let thy saints rejoice in goodness.

SELECTION 11

THE MAJESTY OF GOD

Isaiah xl

WHO hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span,

And comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him?

With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of justice,

And taught him knowledge, and showed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are accounted as the small dust of the balance:

Behold he taketh up the isles as a very little thing.

And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt-offering.

All the nations are as nothing before him;

They are accounted by him as less than nothing, and vanity.

To whom then will ye liken God?

Or what likeness will ye compare unto him?

Have ye not known? have ye not heard? hath it not been told you from the beginning?

Have ye not understood from the foundations of the earth?

It is he that sitteth above the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.

That stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in;

That bringeth princes to nothing; that maketh the judges of the earth as vanity.

Lift up your eyes on high, and see who hath created these, that bringeth out their host by number:

He calleth them all by name;

By the greatness of his might, and for that he is strong in power, not one is lacking.

Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel,

My way is hid from the Lord, and the justice due to me is passed away from my God?

Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard?

The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary;

There is no searching of his understanding.

He giveth power to the faint; and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength.

Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:

But they that wait for the Lord shall renew their strength;

They shall mount up with wings as eagles;

They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

SELECTION 12

THE LORD'S CARE FOR HIS WORKS

Psalm civ

BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great;

Thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain;

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds his chariot;

Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;

Who maketh winds his messengers; flames of fire his ministers;

Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be moved for ever.

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a vesture; the waters stood above the mountains.

At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away,

Unto the place which thou hadst founded for them.

He appointed the moon for seasons: the sun knoweth his going down.

Thou makest darkness, and it is night, wherein all the beasts of the forest creep forth.

The young lions roar after their prey, and seek their food from God.

The sun ariseth, they get them away, and lay them down in their dens.

Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works!

In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

I will sing unto the Lord, as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have any being.

Let my meditation be sweet unto him: I will rejoice in the Lord.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 13

GOD IN NATURE

Psalm xix

THE heavens declare the glory of God;

And the firmament showeth his handiwork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language; their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth,

And their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,

And rejoiceth as a strong man to run his course.

His going forth is from the end of the heavens,

And his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

Psalm viii

O LORD, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth,

Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens!

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou established strength, because of thine adversaries,

That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him but little lower than God, and crownest him with glory and honor.

Thou makest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;

Thou hast put all things under his feet: all sheep and oxen,

Yea, and the beasts of the field, the birds of the heavens, and the fish of the sea,

Whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 14

THE GLORY OF GOD

Psalm cxlv

I WILL extol thee, my God, O King;

And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

One generation shall laud thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

They shall utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness.

The Lord is gracious, and merciful;

Slow to anger, and of great lovingkindness.

The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall give thanks unto thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.

Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall,

And raiseth up all those that are bowed down.

The eyes of all wait for thee; and thou givest them their food in due season.

Thou openest thy hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing.

The Lord is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works.

The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all that call upon him in truth.

The Lord preserveth all them that love him; but all the wicked will he destroy.

My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

SELECTION 15

GOD'S WISDOM

Psalm cxxxix

O LORD, thou hast searched me, and known me.

Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

Thou searchest out my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there:

If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there.

If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, and the light about me shall be night;

Even the darkness hideth not from thee,

But the night shineth as the day:

The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!

How great is the sum of them!

If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand:

When I awake, I am still with thee.

Search me, O God, and know my heart:
Try me, and know my thoughts;
And see if there be any wicked way in me,
And lead me in the way everlasting.

SELECTION 16

THE GRACE OF GOD

Isaiah lv

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,
And he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat;
Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.
Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?
And your labor for that which satisfieth not?
Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.
Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live:
And I will make an everlasting covenant with you.
Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near:
Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts;
And let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him;
And to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

Psalm cxvi

GRACIOUS is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful.
The Lord preserveth the simple: I was brought low, and he saved me.
Return unto thy rest, O my soul;
For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.
For thou hast delivered my soul from death,
Mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.
What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?
I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people,

In the courts of the Lord's house,

In the midst of thee, O Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 17

THE SHEPHERD GOD

Isaiah xl

O THOU that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up on a high mountain;

O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength;

Lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold, your God!

Behold, the Lord will come as a mighty one, and his arm will rule for him:

Behold, his reward is with him, and his recompense before him. He will feed his flock like a shepherd.

He will gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and will gently lead those that have their young.

Psalm xxiii

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil

For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

Thou hast anointed my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and lovingkindness shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

John x

JESUS said unto them, I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep.

He that is a hireling, and not a shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, beholdeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth.

And the wolf snatcheth them, and scattereth them: he fleeth because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

I am the good shepherd; and I know mine own, and mine own know me,

Even as the Father knoweth me, and I know the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring,

And they shall hear my voice;

And they shall become one flock, one shepherd.

Hebrews xiii

NOW the God of peace, who brought again from the dead the great shepherd of the sheep with the blood of an eternal covenant, even our Lord Jesus,

Make you perfect in every good thing to do his will,

Working in us that which is well-pleasing in his sight,

Through Jesus Christ; to whom be the glory for ever and ever. Amen.

SELECTION 18

GOD OUR DELIVERER

Psalm xxxiv

I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord:

The meek shall hear thereof, and be glad.

Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

I sought the Lord, and he answered me,

And delivered me from all my fears.

They looked unto him, and were radiant; and their faces shall never be confounded.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that taketh refuge in him.

Oh fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger;

But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are toward the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,

To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cried and the Lord heard, and delivered them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.

And saveth such as are of a contrite spirit.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

Evil shall slay the wicked; and they that hate the righteous shall be condemned.

The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants;

And none of them that take refuge in him shall be condemned.

SELECTION 19

THE SAFETY OF GOD'S PEOPLE

Psalm cxxiv

IF it had not been the Lord who was on our side, let Israel now say,

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us;

Then they had swallowed us up alive, when their wrath was kindled against us:

Then the waters had overwhelmed us,

The stream had gone over our soul;

Then the proud waters had gone over our soul.

Blessed be the Lord, who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth.

Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers:

The snare is broken, and we are escaped.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Psalm cxxvi

WHEN the Lord brought back those that returned to Zion, we were like unto them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing:

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing seed for sowing,

Shall doubtless come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

Psalm cxxv

THEY that trust in the Lord are as mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from this time forth and for evermore.

SELECTION 20

PRAISE FOR GOD'S GOODNESS

Psalm ciii

BLESS the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies:

Who satisfieth thy desire with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

The Lord executeth righteous acts, and judgments for all that are oppressed.

He made known his ways unto Moses, his doings unto the children of Israel.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness.

He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us after our iniquities.

For as the heavens are high above the earth, so great is his lovingkindness toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children,

So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the lovingkindness of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him,

And his righteousness unto children's children;

To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his precepts to do them.

SELECTION 21

CONFIDENCE IN GOD

Psalm xci

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.

For he will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the deadly pestilence.

He will cover thee with his pinions, and under his wings shalt thou take refuge:
His truth is a shield and a buckler.
Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor for the arrow that flieth by day;
For the pestilence that walketh in darkness,
Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.
A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand;
But it shall not come nigh thee.
Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold, and see the reward of the wicked,
For thou, O Lord, art my refuge! thou hast made the Most High thy habitation;
There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy tent.
For he will give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.
Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder:
The young lion and the serpent shalt thou trample under foot.
Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.
He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble:
I will deliver him, and honor him.
With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

SELECTION 22

THE CHRISTIAN'S REFUGE

Isaiah xliii

BUT now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel:
Fear not, for I have redeemed thee;
I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;
And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:
When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned,
Neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.
Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God;
I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee;
Yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

Micah vii

BUT as for me, I will look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation:
My God will hear me. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy:
When I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord will be a light unto me.
I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.
Until he plead my cause, and execute judgment for me;
He will bring me forth to the light, and I shall behold his righteousness.

Romans viii

FOR I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared
With the glory which shall be revealed to us-ward.
For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,
Nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,
Shall be able to separate us from the love of God,
Which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

SELECTION 23

HOPE IN GOD'S HELP

Psalm xxxi

IN thee, O Lord, do I take refuge; let me never be put to shame:

Deliver me in thy righteousness. Bow down thine ear unto me; deliver me speedily:

Be thou to me a strong rock, a house of defence to save me.

For thou art my rock and my fortress;

Therefore for thy name's sake lead me and guide me.

Pluck me out of the net that they have laid privily for me;

For thou art my stronghold. Into thy hand I commend my spirit:

Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth. Thou hast set my feet in a large place.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in distress:

Mine eye wasteth away with grief, yea, my soul and my body.

But I trusted in thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my God.

My times are in thy hand: deliver me from the hand of mine enemies, and from them that persecute me.

Make thy face to shine upon thy servant: save me in thy loving-kindness.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee,

Which thou hast wrought for them that take refuge in thee, before the sons of men!

In the covert of thy presence wilt thou hide them from the plottings of man:

Thou wilt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues.

Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints: the Lord preserveth the faithful,

And plentifully rewardeth him that dealeth proudly.

Be strong, and let your heart take courage, all ye that hope in the Lord.

SELECTION 24

PEACE IN BELIEVING

Psalm lxi

HEAR my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

From the end of the earth will I call unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed:

Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

For thou hast been a refuge for me, a strong tower from the enemy.

I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever:

I will take refuge in the covert of thy wings.

Lamentations iii

IT is of the Lord's lovingkindnesses that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.

They are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness.

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul; therefore will I hope in him.

The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him.

It is good that a man should hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

Isaiah xii

I WILL give thanks unto thee, O Lord;

For though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and will not be afraid:

For the Lord, even the Lord, is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

Give thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name, declare his doings among the peoples, make mention that his name is exalted.

Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things: let this be known in all the earth.

Cry aloud and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion;

For great in the midst of thee is the Holy One of Israel.

SELECTION 25

COMFORT IN GOD'S POWER

Isaiah xl

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished,

That her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord;

Make level in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low;

And the uneven shall be made level, and the rough places a plain.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry?

All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the breath of the Lord bloweth upon it;

Surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;

But the word of our God shall stand for ever.

Psalm xlvi

GOD is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and though the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God,

The holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God will help her, and that right early.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder;

He burneth the chariots in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God:

I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.

The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

SELECTION 26

PRAYER FOR PROTECTION

Psalm xxvii

THE Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When evil-doers came upon me to eat up my flesh,

Even mine adversaries and my foes, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear:

Though war should rise against me, even then will I be confident.

One thing have I asked of the Lord, that will I seek after:

That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple,

For in the day of trouble he will keep me secretly in his pavilion:

In the covert of his tabernacle will he hide me;

He will lift me up upon a rock. And now shall my head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me;

And I will offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy

I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

Hide not thy face from me; put not thy servant away in anger:

Thou hast been my help; cast me not off, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord; and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

Deliver me not over unto the will of mine adversaries:

For false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Wait for the Lord: be strong, and let thy heart take courage; yea, wait thou for the Lord.

SELECTION 27

PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE

Psalm lxix

SAVE me, O God; for the waters are come in unto my soul.

I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing:

I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.

I am weary with my crying; my throat is dried:

Mine eyes fail while I wait for my God.

But as for me, my prayer is unto thee, O Lord, in an acceptable time:

O God, in the abundance of thy lovingkindness, answer me in the truth of thy salvation.

Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink:

Let me be delivered from them that hate me, and out of the deep waters.

Let not the waterflood overwhelm me, neither let the deep swallow me up;

And let not the pit shut its mouth upon me.

Answer me, O Lord; for thy lovingkindness is good: according to the multitude of thy tender mercies turn thou unto me.

And hide not thy face from thy servant;

For I am in distress; answer me speedily.

Psalm xl

I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay;

And he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God:

Many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust.

Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee:

Let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

SELECTION 28

PRAYER IN TROUBLE

Psalm xlii

AS the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

My tears have been my food day and night,

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

These things I remember, and pour out my soul within me,

How I went with the throng, and led them to the house of God,

With the voice of joy and praise, a multitude keeping holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him

For the help of his countenance.

O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterfalls: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the day-time;

And in the night his song shall be with me, even a prayer unto the God of my life.

I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine adversaries reproach me,

While they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him,

Who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm xliii

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause against an ungodly nation:

Oh deliver me from the deceitful and unjust man,

For thou art the God of my strength; why hast thou cast me off?

Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

Oh send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me: let them bring me unto thy holy hill,

And to thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God,

Unto God my exceeding joy; and upon the harp will I praise thee, O God, my God.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me?

Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.

SELECTION 29

PRAISE FOR DELIVERANCE

Psalm cvii

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the adversary,

And gathered out of the lands, from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

They wandered in the wilderness in a desert way;

They found no city of habitation. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,

And he delivered them out of their distresses,

He led them also by a straight way, that they might go to a city of habitation.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his lovingkindness,

And for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he satisfieth the longing soul, and the hungry soul he filleth with good.

Such as sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron,

Because they rebelled against the words of God, and contemned the counsel of the Most High:

Therefore he brought down their heart with labor; they fell down, and there was none to help.

Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble,

And he saved them out of their distresses.

He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bonds in sunder.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his lovingkindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

For he hath broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;

These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep.

For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They mount up to the heavens, they go down again to the depths:

Their soul melteth away because of trouble.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they are quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his lovingkindness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

SELECTION 30

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

Job xl, xxxvii

CANST thou by searching find out God?

Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?

It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than Sheol; what canst thou know?

The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.

God thundereth marvellously with his voice;

Great things doeth he, which we cannot comprehend.

Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God.

Dost thou know how God layeth his charge upon them, and causeth the lightning of his cloud to shine?

Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of him who is perfect in knowledge?

Canst thou with him spread out the sky, which is strong as a molten mirror?

Teach us what we shall say unto him;

For we cannot set our speech in order by reason of darkness.

God hath upon him terrible majesty. Touching the Almighty, we cannot find him out:

He is excellent in power; and in justice and plenteous righteousness he will not afflict.

Proverbs iii

TRUST in the Lord with all thy heart,

And lean not upon thine own understanding:

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way securely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid:

Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it cometh:

For the Lord will be thy confidence, and will keep thy foot from being taken.

SELECTION 31

THANKS FOR MATERIAL BLESSINGS

Psalm cxxxvi

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

To him who alone doeth great wonders; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

To him that by understanding made the heavens; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

To him that spread forth the earth above the waters; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

To him that made great lights; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever:

The sun to rule by day; for his lovingkindness endureth for ever;

The moon and stars to rule by night;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

Psalm lxv

THOU makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it, thou greatly enrichest it;

The river of God is full of water:

Thou providest them grain, when thou hast so prepared the earth.

Thou waterest its furrows abundantly; thou settlest the ridges thereof: thou makest it soft with showers;

Thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness; and the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with grain; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Deuteronomy xxxiii

FOR the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath,

And for the precious things of the fruits of the sun, and for the precious things of the growth of the moons,

And for the chief things of the ancient mountains,

And for the precious things of the everlasting hills,

And for the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof,

Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 32

THANKS FOR PUBLIC BLESSINGS

Psalm cxlvii

PRAISE ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God;

For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.

The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

He counteth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

Great is our Lord, and mighty in power; his understanding is infinite.

The Lord upholdeth the meek: he bringeth the wicked down to the ground.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;

Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,

Who covereth the heavens with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth,

Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

He maketh peace in thy borders; he filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

He sendeth out his commandment upon earth; his word runneth very swiftly.

He giveth snow like wool; he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.

He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

He showeth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his ordinances unto Israel.

He hath not dealt so with any nation; praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 33

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING

Psalm cv

O GIVE thanks unto the Lord, call upon his name;

Make known among the peoples his doings.

Sing unto him, sing praises unto him;

Talk ye of all his marvellous works.

Deuteronomy viii

FOR the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and springs, flowing forth in valleys and hills;

A land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranates;

A land of olive trees and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it;

A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig copper.

And thou shalt eat and be full, and thou shalt bless the Lord thy God

For the good land which he hath given thee.

Beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments,

Lest, when thou hast eaten and art full, and hast built goodly houses, and dwelt therein;

And when thy herds and thy flocks multiply, and thy silver and thy gold is multiplied, and all that thou hast is multiplied;

Then thy heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God,

Lest thou say in thy heart, My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth.

But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth.

I Chronicles xxix

BLESSED be thou, O Lord, our Father, for ever and ever.

Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty:

For all that is in the heavens and in the earth is thine;

Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.

Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou rulest over all;

And in thy hand is power and might; and in thy hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.

Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name;

For all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.

SELECTION 34

PRAYER FOR GODLINESS

Psalm li

HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness:

According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

For I know my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done that which is evil in thy sight;

That thou mayest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts;

And in the hidden part thou wilt make me to know wisdom

Purify me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.
Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.
Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy Spirit from me.

Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with a willing spirit.
Then will I teach transgressors thy ways;

And sinners shall be converted unto thee.
Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation;

And my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.
O Lord, open thou my lips;

And my mouth shall show forth thy praise.
For thou delightest not in sacrifice; else would I give it;

Thou hast no pleasure in burnt-offering.
The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:

A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

SELECTION 35

DELIGHT IN THE LAW OF THE LORD

Psalm i

BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the wicked,

Nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of scoffers:
But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

And on his law doth he meditate day and night.
And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,

That bringeth forth its fruit in its season.
Whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The wicked are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the wicked shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the wicked shall perish.

Psalm xix

THE law of the Lord is perfect, restoring the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The precepts of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:

The ordinances of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;

Sweeter also than honey and the droppings of the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: in keeping them there is great reward.

Who can discern his errors? Clear thou me from hidden faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me:

Then shall I be upright, and I shall be clear from great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart

Be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 36

THE JOY OF OBEDIENCE

Psalm cxix

BLESSED are they that are perfect in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, that seek him with the whole heart.

Yea, they do no unrighteousness; they walk in his ways.

Thou hast commanded us thy precepts, that we should observe them diligently.

Oh that my ways were established to observe thy statutes!

Then shall I not be put to shame.

Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee:

Oh let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I laid up in my heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: Teach me thy statutes.

With my lips have I declared all the ordinances of thy mouth.

I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.

I will meditate on thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways.

I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

Ezekiel xviii

I WILL judge you; every one according to his ways, saith the Lord.

Return ye, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.

Cast away from you all your transgressions, wherein ye have transgressed;

And make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die;

For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord,

Wherefore turn yourselves, and live.

SELECTION 37

THE CONTRITE HEART

Ezra ix

O MY God, I am ashamed and blush to lift up my face to thee, my God;

For our iniquities are increased over our head, and our guiltiness is grown up unto the heavens.

Since the days of our fathers we have been exceeding guilty unto this day

For we are bondmen; yet our God hath not forsaken us in our bondage,

But hath extended lovingkindness unto us.

And after all that is come upon us for our evil deeds, and for our great guilt,

Seeing that thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve,

Shall we again break thy commandments?

O Lord, the God of Israel, thou art righteous;

Behold, we are before thee in our guiltiness; for none can stand before thee because of this.

Psalm xxv

UNTO thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.

O my God, in thee have I trusted, let me not be put to shame;

Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.

Guide me in thy truth, and teach me; for thou art the God of my salvation;

For thee do I wait all the day. Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy lovingkindnesses;

For they have been ever of old.

Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions:

According to thy lovingkindness remember thou me, for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.

Good and upright is the Lord; therefore will he instruct sinners in the way.

The meek will he guide in justice; and the meek will he teach his way.

All the paths of the Lord are lovingkindness and truth

Unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies.

For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great.

Oh keep my soul, and deliver me:

Let me not be put to shame, for I take refuge in thee.

Let integrity and uprightness preserve me, for I wait for thee.

SELECTION 38

THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS

Joel ii

YET even now, saith the Lord, turn ye unto me with all your heart,

And with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning:

And rend your heart, and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God;

For he is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abundant in lovingkindness, and repenteth him of the evil.

Blow the trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly;

Gather the people, sanctify the assembly, assemble the old men, gather the children,

Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar,

And let them say, Spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thy heritage to reproach,

Wherefore should they say among the peoples, Where is their God?

Then was the Lord jealous for his land, and had pity on his people.

Psalm xxxii

BLESSED is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.

And in whose spirit there is no guile.

When I kept silence, my bones wasted away through my groaning all the day long.

For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me:

My moisture was changed as with the drought of summer.

I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity did I not hide:

I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;

And thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.

Hosea vi

COME, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn, and he will heal us; he hath smitten, and he will bind us up.

SELECTION 39

THE JOY OF SALVATION

Romans viii

THERE is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.

For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and of death.

For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh,

God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

That the ordinance of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

For they that are after the flesh mind the things of the flesh;

But they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit.

For the mind of the flesh is death; but the mind of the Spirit is life and peace:

Because the mind of the flesh is enmity against God;

For it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can it be:

And they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

But ye are not in the flesh but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you.

But if any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

And if Christ is in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness.

But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you,

He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall give life also to your mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you.

So then, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh:

For if ye live after the flesh, ye must die; but if by the Spirit ye put to death the deeds of the body, ye shall live.

For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.

For ye received not the spirit of bondage again unto fear;

But ye received the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

The Spirit himself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are children of God:

And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ;

If so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him.

SELECTION 40

GRATITUDE TO CHRIST

Ephesians i, ii

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ:

Even as he chose us in him before the foundation of the world,

That we should be holy and without blemish before him in love:

Having foreordained us unto adoption as sons through Jesus Christ unto himself,

According to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, which he fully bestowed on us in the Beloved:

In whom we have our redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of our trespasses!

God, being rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us,

Even when we were dead through our trespasses,

Made us alive together with Christ (by grace have ye been saved),

And raised us up with him, and made us to sit with him in the heavenly places, in Christ Jesus:

That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in kindness toward us in Christ Jesus:

For by grace have ye been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God;

Not of works, that no man should glory. For we are his workmanship,

Created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God afore prepared that we should walk in them.

Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us.

Unto him be the glory in the church and in Christ Jesus unto all generations for ever and ever. Amen.

SELECTION 41

THE RIGHTEOUS AND THE WICKED

Psalm xxxvii

FRET not thyself because of evil-doers,

Neither be thou envious against them that work unrighteousness.

For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

Trust in the Lord, and do good;

Dwell in the land, and feed on his faithfulness.

Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he will give thee the desires of thy heart.

Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.

And he will make thy righteousness to go forth as the light,

And thy justice as the noonday.

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him:

Fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way.

Because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

Cease from anger, and forsake wrath:

Fret not thyself, it tendeth only to evil-doing. For evil-doers shall be cut off;

But those that wait for the Lord, they shall inherit the land.

For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be:

Yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and he shall not be.

But the meek shall inherit the land, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.

Better is a little that the righteous hath than the abundance of many wicked.

A man's goings are established of the Lord; and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down;

For the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green tree in its native soil.

But one passed by, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;

For there is a happy end to the man of peace.

As for transgressors, they shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their stronghold in the time of trouble.

And the Lord helpeth them, and rescueth them:

He rescueth them from the wicked, and saveth them, because they have taken refuge in him.

SELECTION 42

THE GREATNESS OF LOVE

I John iv

BELOVED, let us love one another: for love is of God

And every one that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God.

He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

Herein was the love of God manifested in us,

That God hath sent his only begotten Son into the world that we might live through him.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us,

And sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

No man hath beheld God at any time:

If we love one another, God abideth in us, and his love is perfected in us:

God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him.

If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar:

For he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen.

And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also.

I Corinthians xiii

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love,

I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal.

And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge;

And if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing.

And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor,

And if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil;

Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away;

Whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part; but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child:

Now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things.

For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face:

Now I know in part; but then shall I know fully even as also I was fully known.

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

SELECTION 43

FATHERHOOD AND BROTHERHOOD

Isaiah lxiii

I WILL make mention of the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord.

According to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us,

And the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them

According to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his lovingkindnesses.

For he said, Surely, they are my people, children that will not deal falsely: so he was their Saviour.

In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them:

In his love and in his pity he redeemed them;

And he bare them, and carried them all the days of old.

For thou art our Father, though Abraham knoweth us not, and Israel doth not acknowledge us;

Thou, O Lord, art our Father; our Redeemer from everlasting is thy name.

I John iii

BEHOLD what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us,

That we should be called children of God;

Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be.

We know that, if he shall be manifested, we shall be like him;

For we shall see him even as he is.

And every one that hath this hope set on him purifieth himself, even as he is pure.

In this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil:

Whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother.

For this is the message which ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another:

We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren.

He that loveth not abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer;

And ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.

Hereby know we love, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

But whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need,

And shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him?

My little children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue; but in deed and truth.

And this is his commandment,

That we should believe in the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another.

SELECTION 44

THE DUTY OF BROTHERLY LOVE

Isaiah lviii

CRY aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet,

And declare unto my people their transgression, and to the house of Jacob their sins.

Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not?

Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge?

Is such the fast that I have chosen? Is it to bow down his head as a rush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him?

Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?

Is not this the fast that I have chosen: to loose the bonds of wickedness,

To undo the bands of the yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?

Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?

When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?

Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy healing shall spring forth speedily;

And thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.

Then shalt thou call, and the Lord will answer;

Thou shalt cry, and he will say, Here I am.

Job xxxi

IF I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail,

Or have eaten my morsel alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof.

If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or that the needy had no covering;

If his loins have not blessed me, and if he hath not been warmed with the fleece of my sheep;

If I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, because I saw my help in the gate:

Then let my shoulder fall from the shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

James i

PURE religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this,

To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.

SELECTION 45

PRAYER FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

Psalm x

WHY standest thou afar off, O Lord?

In the pride of the wicked the poor is hotly pursued;

For the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire, and the covetous renounceth, yea, contemneth the Lord.

The wicked, in the pride of his countenance, saith, He will not require it. All his thoughts are, There is no God.

He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages; in the secret places doth he murder the innocent;

His eyes are privily set against the helpless.

He lurketh in secret as a lion in his covert; he lieth in wait to catch the poor:

He doth catch the poor, when he draweth him in his net.

He saith in his heart: God hath forgotten, he hideth his face, he will never see it.

Arise, O Lord; O God, lift up thy hand: Forget not the poor.

Psalm ix

I WILL give thanks unto the Lord with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvellous works.

I will be glad and exult in thee; I will sing praise to thy name, O thou Most High.

When mine enemies turn back, they stumble and perish at thy presence.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;

Thou sittest in the throne judging righteously.

The Lord also will be a high tower for the oppressed, a high tower in times of trouble;

And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee;

For thou, O Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.

Sing praises to the Lord, who dwelleth in Zion:

Declare among the people his doings.

For he that maketh inquisition for blood remembereth them;

He forgetteth not the cry of the poor.

SELECTION 46

SOCIAL SIN AND PENITENCE

Psalm xv

O LORD who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh truth in his heart;

He that slandereth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his friend,

Nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor;

In whose eyes a reprobate is despised, but who honoreth them that fear the Lord;

He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not;

He that putteth not out his money to interest, nor taketh reward against the innocent.

He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Daniel ix

O LORD, our God, we have sinned, we have done wickedly.

O Lord, according to all thy righteousness, let thine anger and thy wrath, I pray thee, be turned away from thy city;

Because for our sins, and for the iniquities of our fathers,

Thy people are become a reproach to all that are round about us.

Now therefore, O our God, hearken unto the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplications,

And cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake.

O my God, incline thine ear, and hear;

Open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name:

For we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousnesses,

But for thy great mercies' sake.

O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not,

For thine own sake, O my God, because thy city and thy people are called by thy name.

SELECTION 47

NATIONAL PENITENCE

Hosea iv

HEAR the word of the Lord, ye children of Israel; for the Lord hath a controversy with the inhabitants of the land,

Because there is no truth, nor goodness, nor knowledge of God in the land.

There is nought but swearing and breaking faith,

And killing, and stealing, and committing adultery.

Amos v

FORASMUCH therefore as ye trample upon the poor, and take exactions from him of wheat:

Ye have built houses of hewn stone, but ye shall not dwell in them;

Ye have planted pleasant vineyards, but ye shall not drink the wine thereof.

For I know how manifold are your transgressions, and how mighty are your sins—

Ye that afflict the just, that take a bribe,

And that turn aside the needy in the gate from their right.

I hate, I despise your feasts, and I will take no delight in your solemn assemblies.

Yea, though ye offer me your burnt-offerings and meat-offerings, I will not accept them;

Neither will I regard the peace-offerings of your fat beasts.

Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs;

For I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

But let justice roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream.

Psalm lxxix

REMEMBER not against us the iniquities of our forefathers:

Let thy tender mercies speedily meet us; for we are brought very low.

Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name;

And deliver us, and forgive our sins, for thy name's sake.

So we thy people and sheep of thy pasture

Will give thee thanks for ever; we will show forth thy praise to all generations.

SELECTION 48

TRUE RELIGION

Jeremiah vii

THUS saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel,

Amend your ways and your doings, and I will cause you to dwell in this place.

Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these.

For if ye thoroughly amend your ways and your doings;

If ye thoroughly execute justice between a man and his neighbor;

If ye oppress not the sojourner, the fatherless, and the widow, and shed not innocent blood,

Neither walk after other gods to your own hurt:

Then will I cause you to dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers, even for evermore.

Behold, ye trust in lying words, that cannot profit.

Will ye steal, murder, and commit adultery, and swear falsely, and burn incense unto Baal,

And walk after other gods that ye have not known,

And come and stand before me in this house, which is called by my name, and say, We are delivered?

Is this house, which is called by my name, become a den of robbers in your eyes?

Behold, I, even I, have seen it, saith the Lord.

Isaiah i

WHAT unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices? saith the Lord:

I have had enough of the burnt-offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts;

And I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he-goats.

When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to trample my courts?

Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me;

New moon and sabbath, the calling of assemblies,—I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn meeting.

Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth;

They are a trouble unto me; I am weary of bearing them.

And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you;

Yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear:

Your hands are full of blood.

Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes;

Cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed,

Judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow;

Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

SELECTION 49

PRAYER FOR THE PEOPLE

Isaiah lxii

FOR Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest,

Until her righteousness go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.

And the nations shall see thy righteousness, and all kings thy glory;

And thou shalt be called by a new name, which the mouth of the Lord shall name.

Thou shalt also be a crown of beauty in the hand of the Lord,

And a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem;

They shall never hold their peace day nor night:

Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give him no rest,

Till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth.

Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people;

Cast up, cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up an ensign for the peoples.

Behold, the Lord hath proclaimed unto the end of the earth,

Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh!

Psalm lxvii

GOD be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his face to shine upon us;

That thy way may be known upon earth, thy salvation among all nations.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy;

For thou wilt judge the peoples with equity, and govern the nations upon earth.

Let the peoples praise thee, O God; let all the peoples praise thee.

The earth hath yielded its increase:

God, even our own God, will bless us.

God will bless us;

And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

SELECTION 50

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE

Isaiah xliii

BUT now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel:

Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;

And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee:

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.

Isaiah liv

FOR a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.

In overflowing wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment;

But with everlasting lovingkindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.

For this is as the waters of Noah unto me;

For as I have sworn that the waters of Noah shall no more go over the earth,

So have I sworn that I will not be wroth with thee, nor rebuke thee.

For the mountains may depart, and the hills be removed;

But my lovingkindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall my covenant of peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted,

Behold, I will set thy stones in fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.

And I will make thy pinnacles of rubies, and thy gates of carbuncles, and all thy border of precious stones.

And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations;

Spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes.

For thou shalt spread abroad on the right hand and on the left;

And thy seed shall possess the nations, and make the desolate cities to be inhabited.

For thy Maker is thy husband; the Lord of hosts is his name: and the Holy One of Israel is thy Redeemer;

The God of the whole earth shall he be called.

SELECTION 51

GOD'S CERTAIN VICTORY

Isaiah lii

AWAKE, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city:

For henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean.

Shake thyself from the dust; arise, sit on thy throne, O Jerusalem:

Loose thyself from the bonds of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace,

That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

The voice of thy watchmen! they lift up the voice, together do they sing;

For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord returneth to Zion.

Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem;

For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

And all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

Psalm xxiv

LIFT up your heads, O ye gates;

And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory will come in.

Who is the King of glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;

Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors:

And the King of glory will come in.

Who is this King of glory?

The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 52

THE HOPE OF THE KINGDOM

Isaiah li

ATTEND unto me, O my people; and give ear unto me, O my nation:

For a law shall go forth from me, and I will establish my justice for a light of the peoples.

My righteousness is near, my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the peoples;

The isles shall wait for me, and on mine arm shall they trust.

Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath;

For the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment;

And they that dwell therein shall die in like manner:

But my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law;

Fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye dismayed at their revilings.

For the moth shall eat them up like a garment, and the worm shall eat them like wool;

But my righteousness shall be for ever, and my salvation unto all generations.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord;

Awake, as in the days of old, the generations of ancient times.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion;

And everlasting joy shall be upon their heads:

They shall obtain gladness and joy; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

I, even I, am he that comforteth you: who art thou, that thou art afraid of man that shall die,

And of the son of man that shall be made as grass;

And hast forgotten the Lord thy Maker, that stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth;

And fearest continually all the day because of the fury of the oppressor,

And where is the fury of the oppressor?

The captive exile shall speedily be loosed; and he shall not die and go down into the pit, neither shall his bread fail.

For I am the Lord thy God, who stirreth up the sea, so that the waves thereof roar:

The Lord of hosts is his name.

And I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of my hand,

That I may plant the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth,

And say unto Zion, Thou art my people.

SELECTION 53

THE WORLD-WIDE GOSPEL

Psalm cxiii

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord.

Praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord

From this time forth and for evermore.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his seat on high,

That humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth?

He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,

And lifteth up the needy from the dunghill; that he may set him with princes.

Even with the princes of his people.

Isaiah ii

AND it shall come to pass in the latter days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established on the top of the mountains,

And shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.

And many peoples shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord;

And he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths:

And he will judge between the nations, and will decide concerning many peoples;

And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks;

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation,

Neither shall they learn war any more.

Psalm cxvii

OH praise the Lord, all ye nations;

Laud him, all ye peoples.

For his lovingkindness is great toward us;

And the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord.

SELECTION 54

THE GREAT MISSION

Isaiah lx

THE Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek;

He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted,

To proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound;

To proclaim the year of the Lord's favor, and the day of vengeance of our God;

To comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them a garland for ashes,

The oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;

That they may be called trees of righteousness,

The planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified.

Isaiah xlix

YEA, saith the Lord, It is too light a thing that thou shouldest be my servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel:

I will also give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth.

Thus saith the Lord, In an acceptable time have I answered thee, and in a day of salvation, have I helped thee;

And I will preserve thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people,

Saying to them that are bound, Go forth; to them that are in darkness, Show yourselves.

They shall feed in the ways, and on all bare heights shall be their pasture.

They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them:

For he that hath mercy on them will lead them, even by springs of water will he guide them.

And I will make all my mountains a way, and my highways shall be exalted.

Lo, these shall come from far; and, lo, these from the north and from the west; and these from the land of Sinim.

Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains:

For the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have compassion upon his afflicted.

SELECTION 55

THE HOPE OF IMMORTALITY

Psalm xvi

THE Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

I have set the Lord always before me; because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth:

My flesh also shall dwell in safety.

For thou wilt not leave my soul to Sheol; neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy;

In thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

I Peter i

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,

Who according to his great mercy begat us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,

Unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,

Who by the power of God are guarded through faith

Unto a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, ye have been put to grief in manifold trials,

That the proof of your faith, being more precious than gold that perisheth though it is proved by fire,

May be found unto praise and glory and honor at the revelation of Jesus Christ;

Whom not having seen ye love;

On whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing,

Ye rejoice greatly with joy unspeakable and full of glory:

Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

II Corinthians iv, v

WHEREFORE we faint not; but though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is for the moment,

Worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen:

For the things which are seen are temporal;

But the things which are not seen are eternal.

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved,

We have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens.

SELECTION 56

THE GREAT KING

Isaiah ix

THE people that walked in darkness have seen a great light:

They that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder:

And his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end,

Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to establish it,

And to uphold it with justice and with righteousness from henceforth even for ever.

The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this.

Isaiah xi

AND there shall come forth a shoot out of the stock of Jesse, and a branch out of his roots shall bear fruit.

And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding,

The spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

And his delight shall be in the fear of the Lord; and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes,

Neither decide after the hearing of his ears; but with righteousness shall he judge the poor,

And decide with equity for the meek of the earth;

And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth; and with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.

And righteousness shall be the girdle of his waist, and faithfulness the girdle of his loins,

And the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid;

And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;

And a little child shall lead them.

And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together;

And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.

And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den.

They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain;

For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

SELECTION 57

THE NATIVITY

MAGNIFICAT

Luke i

MY soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaid:

For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is unto generations and generations on them that fear him.

He hath showed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their heart.

He hath put down princes from their thrones, and hath exalted them of low degree.

The hungry he hath filled with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath given help to Israel his servant, that he might remember mercy,

As he spake unto our fathers, toward Abraham and his seed for ever.

BENEDICTUS

Luke i

BLESSED be the Lord, the God of Israel; for he hath visited and wrought redemption for his people,

And hath raised up a horn of salvation for us in the house of his servant David,

As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets that have been from of old,

Salvation from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us;

To show mercy towards our fathers, and to remember his holy covenant;

The oath which he sware unto Abraham our father, to grant unto us that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies

Should serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all our days.

Yea and thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the Most High:

For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready his ways;

To give knowledge of salvation unto his people in the remission of their sins,

Because of the tender mercy of our God,

Whereby the dayspring from on high shall visit us,

To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death;

To guide our feet into the way of peace.

SELECTION 58

THE GLORY OF THE CROSS

Romans v

BEING therefore justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;

Through whom also we have had our access by faith into this grace wherein we stand;

And we rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

For while we were yet weak, in due season Christ died for the ungodly.

For scarcely for a righteous man will one die:

For peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die.

But God commendeth his own love toward us,

In that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Isaiah liii

WHO hath believed our message? and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground:

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised, and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief:

And as one from whom men hide their face he was despised; and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows;

Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way,

And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong;

Because he poured out his soul unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors:

Yet he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

SELECTION 59

CHILDREN'S DAY

Psalms xliv, lxxviii

WE have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us,

What work thou didst in their days, in the days of old.

We will not hide them from their children,

Telling to the generation to come the praises of the Lord,

And his strength, and his wondrous works that he hath done.

That the generation to come might know them, even the children that should be born;

Who should arise and tell them to their children,

That they might set their hope in God and not forget the works of God.

Psalm cxlviii

PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens:

Praise him in the heights. Praise ye him, all his angels:

Praise ye him, all his host. Praise ye him, sun and moon:

Praise him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heavens of heavens,

And ye waters that are above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord;

For he commanded, and they were created. He hath also established them for ever and ever:

He hath made a decree which shall not pass away.

Praise the Lord from the earth, ye sea-monsters, and all deeps;

Fire and hail, snow and vapor; stormy wind, fulfilling his word;

Mountains and all hills; fruitful trees and all cedars;

Beasts and all cattle; creeping things and flying birds;

Kings of the earth and all peoples; princes and all judges of the earth;

Both young men and maidens. Old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord; for his name alone is exalted;

His glory is above the earth and the heavens.

SELECTION 60

THE NEW YEAR

Psalm cii

MY days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

But thou, O Lord, wilt abide for ever; and thy memorial name unto all generations.

Of old didst thou lay the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

They shall perish, but thou shalt endure;

Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed;

But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

Psalm xc

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,

Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:

In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

So teach us to number our days, that we may get us a heart of wisdom.

Return, O Lord; how long? And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

Oh satisfy us in the morning with thy lovingkindness, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us.

And the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory upon their children,

And let the favor of the Lord our God be upon us;

And establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

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